

THE
PEOPLE'S JOURNAL

THE

PEOPLE'S JOURNAL

EDITED BY

(JOHN SAUNDERS.)

(VOL. I.

"The grand doctrine that every human being should have the means of self-culture, of progress in knowledge and virtue, of health, comfort, and happiness, of exercising the powers and affections of a man,—this is slowly taking its place as the highest social truth."—CHANNING.

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SPRING LIBRARY



THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL

COMBINING AMUSEMENT, GENERAL LITERATURE, AND INSTRUCTION, WITH
AN EARNEST AND BUSINESS-LIKE INQUIRY INTO THE BEST MEANS OF
SATISFYING THE CLAIMS OF INDUSTRY.

IN this, the first page of the *People's Journal* (using that word in its widest and most legitimate sense, to *express a nation, and not a class*), it may be useful to place upon record the views that actuate us in endeavouring to establish a new periodical.

We propose, in the words of our title, to deal in an earnest and business-like manner with the Claims of Industry. One of the profoundest thinkers of the present day has announced as with a prophetic voice, "All human interests, combined human endeavours, and social growths, in this world, have at certain stages of their development required organizing; and Work, the grandest of human interests, does now require it." But how is this to be attempted? The same lips have told us:—"The organization of labour must be taken out of the hands of absurd, windy persons, and put into the hands of wise, laborious, modest, and valiant men; to begin with it straightway; to proceed with it, and succeed in it more and more; if Europe—at any rate if England—is to continue habitable much longer." Taking this lesson deeply to heart, may we not all do something? **THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL** will at least do this, open freely its pages to those who, in the spirit of Thomas Carlyle, will seek to aid in the solution of the mightiest of all problems.—How shall we Emancipate Labour?

We also propose to make **THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL** a zealous, and,—if it may be,—an efficient helpmate to the Working Man, by affording him full and timely information of

what Philanthropists and Philanthropical Societies, of his own and every other class, have done, or are doing in his behalf;—by interesting itself in his HOME, and in the all-important subjects involved in that word,—as Suitable Buildings, Domestic Management, Care of Health, Household Education, the Garden, and the Field Allotment;—by putting a really useful Almanack and Calendar ever ready at his hand, under the head of the "Coming Month;"—by describing to him the New Book that he would like to read, or the New Play, New Actor, or New Exhibition that he would probably like to see;—by giving him, through the means of the engravings and accompanying letterpress of the People's Portrait Gallery, an almost personal knowledge of our great and good men and women, especially those of our own time;—by endeavouring, in short, to promote the true business and duty of man's life—the development of *all* the capacities of his nature. For this, we require not only the knowledge how to support life by industry and the Useful Arts, or how to guide life by the Social, Moral, and Religious Laws, but how to vivify, elevate, and spiritualize life; in a word, to make it happy, in the highest sense of happiness, by the study and enjoyment of Science, Art, Music, Poetry, and Literature, with all their varying and endless ramifications.

We have spoken of these aims and endeavours in connection with the "*Working Man*," and we do so because we conceive he most needs sympathy, aid, and above all appreciation.

his temporal or spiritual interests really are the temporal and spiritual interests of the people. Are we not, or ought we not all to be, such men? Both these questions, receive, we hope, some present answer in the plan of operations we have sketched out; a still better answer will, we trust, be given by the Journal itself, as it proceeds.

We propose, lastly, to seek the aid of Writers, eminent not only for their original ability in their several departments, but also for the steady devotion of their talents to the noblest of objects—those of increasing the happiness or elevating the characters of the People.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

It is only necessary to say, that quality, rather than quantity,—permanent rather than temporary interest will here be studied; and that whilst the subjects will be ably and judiciously chosen, there will be attached to each such illustrations upon its origin, as they be necessary to enable the reader to judge for themselves of its value.

Under the Head of the

ANNALS OF INDUSTRY,

We propose, first, to show the disciples of industry to state their own wants and wishes in their own words; and, secondly, we propose to furnish them with regular information on all the subjects that most deeply interest them in a business point of view; such as—the history and present state of their Trades or Occupations, including notices of New Inventions, and Local Customs of peculiar interest;—Law, in all its more direct bearings upon the interests of Labour;—Wages, their Rise and Fall; and present, as contrasted with former Rates;—Employment, whether deficient or ample; healthy or unhealthy; its hours of daily labour; and the movements tending to lessen their number;—Movements that will obtain the zealous co-operation of the People's Journal;—Employers, distinguished for their attention to the comforts, and feelings, and interests of their work-people;—Sanitary condition of Towns and Dwellings;—The Arts and Sciences, as applicable to Trade and Manufacture;—Experiments in Social Experiments, &c. &c. The Annals will be open to Employers and Employed, and written in a spirit of candour and perfect impartiality towards both, from original materials furnished on the part of the employed, by Trades Secretaries and others in all parts of the country. The facts we thus propose to collect will be carefully authenticated.

JOHN SAUNDERS.

Reports of Lectures,

ADDRESSED CHIEFLY TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

BY W. J. FOX.

ON THE DUTIES OF THE PRESS TOWARDS THE PEOPLE.

THE new power which arose upon the world in the fifteenth century—the invention of the printing press—is very far yet from having developed either its extent or its energy, or the benignity of its influence upon man. Every age since that has shown more and more the application of this mighty agency, spreading light into the darkness of the past, and even lending its aid to penetrate into the obscurity of the future. Every age since that has shown more of its capabilities for raising the human character and condition, for enabling men to enjoy more of good in this world, and for rendering him in the magnificence of his character, and in the growth of his moral qualities, better fitted to reap that substantial and enduring good for which he is destined. We have not learned how best to work this great machinery. Mankind is only yet serving an apprenticeship to it; and perhaps it will be the best mode of accelerating the times of those to whom this engine is destined, and the benefits to be derived by those who are the recipients of its influence, if we trace rapidly the progression of services which it has already rendered to different classes of society. At the first view of it

the printing press was only an improvement in a mechanical operation—it made copying easier work; it did that which the power-loom achieved in place of the hand-loom. Instead of the long and painful task of transcribing works, copies became indefinitely multiplied; and, as the natural consequence, the price became lowered. But against this, as against every other operation of the kind, an antagonistic feeling arose. The question of machinery—that eternal question—was once mooted. Six thousand scribes found their occupation gone in the city of Paris alone.

There was no more work for their pens—no more use for their services; and they felt as thousands since have naturally felt, when invention has been applied to the useful arts, as if some wrong had been done to them, and that there was more of evil than good in this strange and novel process. They did not—they were not able to foresee that for their six thousand deprived of the pen, full sixty thousand would be employed by the press in that same city where they dwelt. They only felt the immediate operation of the invention upon themselves, and against that they remonstrated. We oft-times now hear of similar protests. We are told of labour being driven from this and that department by the application of machinery, and there are proposals made to tax it in order that it may not bring its products into the world's market upon cheaper terms than the products of manual labour. But whoever dreams of applying such a principle to the printing press? Had that been taxed, to make printed copies as dear as written transcripts, it might have been urged that the advocates of such a tax were pleading that the effect of this new machinery had only been to throw hands out of employment.

In a word, every topic, every argument, might then have been properly advanced which have more recently been urged under different circumstances, but in analogous cases. But what would have been the consequences of such a course? We should not have had printing brought to the perfection it now is;—the many scores of thousands now employed by the press, and in the different departments connected with it, would have found no occupation; we could have had no real or permanent cheapness of books; the stores of literature could not have been unlocked to the great mass of the people, who would have remained, as in former times, deprived of the privilege of enlightenment; and so this mighty agency would have been undeveloped; the light of learning which had been steadily advancing would have been thrown back—all human improvement would have been arrested—the history of whole countries would have been darker and gloomier in its character—the race of mankind would have been stopped in its onward course—and all, all this merely to prolong a species of hand-work, which the materials that mechanism furnish not only supercede with the greatest ease and the greatest usefulness, but ultimately to the advantage of all parties concerned.

If any proof were wanting that machinery—the application of it instead of bone and muscle—the substitution of it for human thow and sinew—tends to the general good of mankind: that it affords multitudinous employment for the operative classes, and that it is in the closest connexion with the advance of the human race, we point to the printing press, and from that we receive an answer the most broad and decisive that can be required by the human mind; and this enduring tribute raised to the memory of those who have brought science and invention to bear upon the arts of life, shows to us in its practical operation that such men are leading us onward to the time when it shall be the business of material elements to labour,

and of man simply to direct, to feel, to think, and to enjoy. Not but that it was a hard case, that of those copyists—men trained to a particular occupation—an honorable one, a useful one; one, if never very profitable, yet at least, sufficient for their support;—it was a hard case that society should say to those men, "We have no further need of you—get about your business—starve if you must—live if you can." I am not the apologist of society dealing thus with any useful class whatsoever. Society does not so deal with the useless classes. Let there be a set of men holding property in the bodies of their fellow-men; we are told of their sacred rights, the chartered privileges in that property; and, we may not even recognize the right of man to freedom, unless we recognize also the right of his proprietor to compensation.

There are those who claim a property in the food of their fellow-creatures—the privilege of taking something out of it for themselves and for their dependants—in order, as they say, that they may be encouraged to produce more food; and they, too, are held to be entitled to compensation when their system of robbery is interfered with. And thus it is in every department connected with corporations or with governments! If any office be abolished, how useless soever it may be, still the holders cry for compensation. And so in truth it should be in respect to men who have rendered services to society such as those performed by the copyist, whose case we are now considering. If the world gained a treasure so wondrous in the printing press, then the world could the better afford, when thousands were to be benefited by its introduction, to provide that hundreds should not be injured by it; then the world could better afford to provide some retreat, some remuneration, for those whose lives had been passed in doing good for others, and in the service of mankind. Much better in this case could the world afford compensation than in those I have cited, where compensation has been given or demanded.

As I recently observed in a lecture on the poor-law, if it be honourable to grant half-pay and pensions to those who have served their country upon the roaring main, or upon the battle field, let the veterans of industry have their retirement too; and, for those who have life and health yet vigorous, let there be such provision in education as shall make the passing of a man from one employment to another more facile, and destroy the barriers which exist between different occupations. Then the world may receive its blessings with a safer conscience, inasmuch as we may be sure that in all these improvements—in the progress of invention and discovery—in all that leads onward—we need grieve for no victims immolated in the career; for no human beings fruitlessly trained in some pursuit at last driven forth to seek what relief they may from chance or charity; but be sure that the car of social improvement, rolling in its majestic course, unlike the car of Juggernaut, crushes no victims beneath its advancing wheels.

The first view of the application of the printing press was, as I have said, simply as a mechanical operation—a change in the mode of producing a given result. The next application of it was to minister to the enjoyment of those who usually take the cream off all advantages resulting from discoveries that should tend to the general good of mankind: it rendered service first to the aristocratic class. We are apt generally to form a wrong notion of what was accomplished by the press upon its first establishment. We are apt to suppose that the most important of books would first be re-produced and multiplied. Naturally we think of immortal poems, of philosophical treatises, of the Scriptures. But these were not the

works that came forth from the press. They were things of a much lighter description, and more in demand among the titled and wealthy classes. The first books printed in this country were tales of old Troy and old Greece, got up in the chivalric style, and with the knightly embellishments characteristic of the middle ages. Then there were stories of King Arthur and Charlemagne, and works on chess and on love.

These were among the earliest productions of the press: it took the place, as it were, of the minstrel, the fool, and the page; it was to do what it could to minister to the pleasure, the luxury, the refinement, the improvement of the great. And it was well it should be so, for baronial tastes were susceptible of amendment—baronial manners admitted of refinement. It was needful and proper that that class should be fitted for its position. Churchmen had held the highest offices in the state, and the press aided in qualifying the lay aristocracy to step into those positions; it set them for afterwards becoming the leaders of the people, the guides of the masses; in those movements which tended to curtail the power of the king, and give a check to the establishment of despotism. It rendered them, moreover, more adapted to become the patrons of literature, when literature needed patronage, and more deserving of intellectual power, from the pleasure they took in beholding its exertions and rewarding them with that countenance and support which wealth and rank then enabled a patron to bestow. This the press did: it carried on the great work of social advance; it rendered the first services to those who by their position were in the van of society; qualifying them for going further themselves, and for leading onward the mass of their countrymen. The next thing the press did was to render service to the studious class. It became the servant of the learned, and brought within their reach the objects of their research. In those days were men whose whole lives were devoted to study, earnest seekers after knowledge, scattered about the world; many immured in monasteries; some living in colleges; men who would travel hundreds of miles for the sight of a manuscript; men who went on silently, practically, accumulating the stores of their own observation and experience, doomed only, some of those learned hoards, to moulder away and perish within the walls of the collegiate and monastic establishments where their authors had dwelt—men like Friar Bacon, profound in physical science and experimental deductions far beyond their era—to men such as these what a beneficial power was the press! It gave to them what has been since too exclusively called learning and education. It opened to them the treasures of the ancient world; it gave to them the classic remains of old Greece and Rome. Then a new state of things burst at once upon their view, and new ideas were imparted to their understanding; new works were submitted to their contemplation, constructed with a degree of art, proportion, harmony of parts, and order, which elevated their mind, refined their tastes, and made them sensible how much grander, nobler, were these models than the things to which their mental vision had been accustomed.

The press made these men familiar with heroic characters, and with heroic deeds; a new world was opened to them, not like the new world of Columbus, peopled by savage tribes, or by men in a low stage of civilization, but by beings who had attained the highest degree of refinement, liberty, power, greatness. Then it was the life of old Greece and Rome were placed side by side with the men of modern Europe, and breathed into the souls of the new students the spirit of ancient literature and ancient philosophy; infusing it, as it were, into the very core and heart of society.

One after another came the teachers of ancient learning, bringing with them the enlightened comprehension and love of freedom. Then commenced a revolution in men's thoughts, feelings, principles, modes of action—a revolution which has spread wider and wider, but is only yet in process of accomplishment, and will not rest until the modern world shall be the rival of the old world, in art, learning, literature, and freedom; superior to it in the absence of slavery, and in the universality with which all good things are distributed and enjoyed. How they multiplied those precious old works, our first printers! They were themselves generally men who could read and understand the works they printed, and who inhibited somewhat of their spirit. They sent these books abroad; and what is even now the resource of the poor student anxious to hear the tale of antiquity from its own writers—who would form an acquaintance with the first and prince of bards, not through bald translation, but would fill his ear with the resounding notes themselves that were such sweet music to the Greeks—what, I say, is still the resource of this poor student? He finds it in the work of our old printers. He looks about the book-stalls, and he picks up one of these precious volumes thrown aside among the refuse, like crumbs from a rich man's table, but to the poor student indeed a cherished treasure. He eagerly seizes it, and renders his thanks to Heaven for the invention of the printing press.

The aristocracy, and learning, having been thus served by the printing press, religion came next. The grand effect of this mechanical invention was the translation of the Bible into the vernacular tongues of different countries. This it was that fixed the languages both of Germany and England in their finest, purest, and strongest state. It told to men those truths which they had hitherto obtained only through the intervention of a few; but which were now brought home and placed within the grasp of all. The priests no longer stood between the inquirer and the Divine truth he sought. He was invited to look, to read, to judge for himself. He was taught what revelation was. Coming clothed in Oriental grandeur, the simple truths, the holy precepts, the lovely examples all blended together in the Bible, roused those who had been plodding on all their lives, and whose minds nothing but religious enthusiasm, and the influence of religious principle could stimulate. As the student of the classics had become knit in brotherhood with the Greeks and Romans, so the student of the Scriptures felt himself one with the Oriental nations. What a spirit thus became infused into men! How soon that spirit grew into a claim of religious right! How soon that claim of religious right swelled into a demand for political right! It could not be otherwise. In their close connexion the very battle cry of old was caught up. As the shout of the ancient Jews was, "The Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon," so, in later days, did the great champions of religious freedom go forth to their contest against kingly tyranny and ecclesiastical domination with the war-cry of "The Sword of the Lord, and of Cromwell;" and they conquered even like those whose shout they were re-echoing. Also, it was the office of the translated Scriptures to raise the thoughts and minds of men above the grovelling and servile condition to which they had been brought by the pressure of church and state tyranny; for while it preached to them of citizenship in the new Jerusalem, it answered likewise their longing hopes of free citizenship in the earthly community to which they belonged. While it taught them that men were brethren of one blood, they learned the sentiment that, in that nearness of kin—that unity of being—there could be no room to pretence for the monstrous faith under

which they had so long groaned, of millions made for one.

The next function of the press was to minister to literature. It was an opening through which the poet could chaunt his strains to a larger audience; it was the means of communication by which the man of science could make known his discoveries and his difficulties; it was the agency through which the speculations of the philosopher were brought home to other minds, the truth of them tested, and, when they were sufficient, cooler and sounder thoughts sent back to him for consideration. It was a sort of world's journal; keeping account, from time to time, of what any one had to say to the world which seemed worth preserving or worth disseminating.

A new class of men—literary men—sprung up; men who lived by their pens; because, in consequence of the printing press, they could give money's worth from their pens to thousands eager to receive and buy it; and who could confer high recompense upon those who toiled for their enlightenment. Thus the good work went on—thus the great drama was enacted. The tale of the past was made a book of household knowledge to those who, but for the press, must have lived and died in utter ignorance of what humanity had thought and done before their time. So from one grade of society to another the influence of the press passed, and spread wider and wider, till the vast reading public arose, and the reign of patronage passed away, leaving men of literature to know and feel that the best of all patronage is the general opinion and judgment of mankind.

Last of all, the press came to minister to the service of the people. It was only by slow degrees it arrived at the exercise of this function. Still, books were multiplied; chiefly works intended as of good counsel, and wisely or foolishly indicted, which some men were desirous of distributing abroad. Then standard works appeared, and were so much in request, that they were made more and more accessible, until that very accessibility increased the demand for a more extended reproduction. Then came periodical works, bearing within their narrow compass the toilsome labour of the literary and the learned. To those succeeded the newspaper, a poor imperfect thing at first, but gradually advancing until it attained its present enormous dimensions; its wondrous aggregate of matter and information; its universality and freedom of communication. The power it exercises, and the influence which follows in its train, identify the press with the interests and happiness of millions, and render it the means of communication between the most distant classes of society; as if the penny post sent letters open that all might be read by all.

The press is an open place where any one may bring counsel for his fellows—a tribunal where he may prefer complaints against grievance and injustice. Around it the high and the low, the rich and the poor, may gather together, all being represented; and its tendency, if not to make all men one great family, is at least to make them one great society, where pleadings of every kind are heard, and where, finally, the decisive sentence is pronounced. This state of things indicates what in our own day are the duties of the press. As of old, let whatever tends to refinement, enjoyment, luxury, improvement, be ministered to by the fancifully adorned books the press produces. As of old, let standard, classical, enduring works be carefully preserved and committed to posterity: let those who write for future time, who "build the lofty rhyme," or aspire to great discoveries, or would sound the depths of philosophy, let them, as formerly, use the press as their means for benefiting their race; and in this respect let the press

be as a boat launched upon the stream of time, for the broad ocean of eternity. Yet with all this it is the business of mind, the duty of philanthropy, the "very stuff of the conscience," that those who can employ this machinery should keep in view what the world now needs for its advancement and happiness, and what in its present state are the means best calculated to promote them; if there be ignorance, how it shall be dispelled; if there be mistake, how it shall be rectified; if there be obstinate inveterate prejudices, how they shall be removed by reiterated attacks of reason, until they give way. In all directions where good is to be done for man, or by man, the press may have its share in the great work. And beautiful and grand it is to see this one great means of intercommunication at work in the development of these varied functions; so that all, however lowly, may listen to the noblest melodies all poet's soul ever poured forth—that all, however dark their ignorance, may be reached by the rays of philosophy; that all alike may be visited and influenced by the play of this vast and varied power, in all its different forms and tones, whether like the scream of the wild eagle soaring to Olympus with the thunder in its grasp, or the chirp of the "cricket" on the poor man's hearth.

But by some the press, and all things connected with it, are regarded as a matter of mere trade; in too many instances it is carried on not without sundry tricks of trade, and is thus reduced to the level of the most sordid occupation. Why should this surprise us? Arms which should only be borne by men when right has to be defended, or an invaded country preserved from subjugation—arms that should belong to free men only, and be sacred to the assertion of freedom, are they not borne as a trade?—and do not people become hireling shedders of human blood, letting themselves out to justify the acts of any oppressor or despot who may choose to employ them? Law! is it not a trade as well as arms? That which should be the pure simple administration of justice—the balance of equity held between man and man—becomes instead a trade, where the vilest falsehoods are promulgated by the tongue of the hired advocate; where truth and falsehood are out of the question; where the pain of skill, the reward of merit, the highest honour are given to him who can most triumphantly carry through the worst cause; where calumny and opprobrium are ready to be cast upon those to whom reverence is due, and where aspersions are always at hand for innocence and virtue. These, and such as these, are thought good sound lawyer-like proceedings, because law, like the press, is deemed by some to be a trade—a sordid trade—instead of being, as it ought to be, the protector of the helpless, the redressor of injuries, the vindicator of the rights of our fellow creatures.

So is religion made a trade. The opportunity—the office—of being the shepherd of souls, the guider of flocks, is made a bargain and sale of; is advertised for in the newspapers—a thing to be obtained for money; and, in too many instances, the priestly office is one of profession only, and the minister, while pointing to his flock the road to Heaven, remains himself something like a finger-post very far off the goal. So legislation—the most solemn and sacred duty that man can exercise in relation to his fellow-men—legislation, that builds up the character and influences the destinies of a nation; that should secure the rights, the liberties, and property of a people—that should be the shrine of the holiest principles of justice—that should call up in its exercise the noblest powers of the intellect and the purest qualities of the mind,—legislation, too, is made a trade. Individuals and parties invest their thousands and their millions in the functions of legislation; and the power

that has been bought from the baseness of constituents, is prostituted by the baseness of representatives; used by them to clutch the spoils of office, or to wring from the toiling masses for the benefit of particular classes, that, which if exacted at all from the people, should be for the universal advantage—to defray the expenses of government, and the maintenance of social order. If, then, the use of arms, the practice of law, of religion, of legislation—if all these be degraded into mere sordid trades, what wonder that the press should be so too; and there should be those who talk of going into its market for talent, as they would talk of buying cattle in Smithfield? In such a corruption and perversion of the press, its records cease to be regarded as truth; its arguments cease to carry with them power of persuasion; because there is no conviction of their sincerity and earnestness: and its whole scope and tendency becomes an object of suspicion, because experience has shown that they have been directed to party and sinister purposes. Thus a barrier is raised against that benignant influence which has already done so much good, and is capable of effecting so much more. In all those who wield this mighty power, there should be a consciousness of a nobler calling—a sense of higher aims. As no man should meddle with the functions of arms, of law, of religion, or of legislation, unless with more exalted views and grander purposes than that of merely serving himself, so no man should meddle with the press simply and only with a view to serve himself, or he will prostitute it to undue influences and dishonourable courses, to secure that petty advantage. Truth, justice, the rights of his fellow men, the intellectual and moral development of the people—these should be the objects.

Jealous watchfulness over the perpetrators of wrong, the ardent assertion and defence of what is right—these are the qualities that should distinguish those whose hand is upon the very ark of a nation's freedom, and who have to do that by which millions are either exalted or degraded. And there are very many who are ready to require these things of the persons connected with the press, but of whom I would ask a few questions in their turn. I would say,—you are not writers, you are only readers; but that does not exonerate you from all duties, more especially when you talk of the duties of other people. None of you like to see falsehood in the press, if it tells against your party in politics, or your sect in religion; but is there that within you which regards with favour the same thing when it tends to promote the objects of the class to which you belong, and which blame the press when it does not subserve those objects? Are there not those who regard the press as a useful thing to teach others their duties, but disclaim any application of the same test to their own conduct? Are there not those who regard rather the quantity than the quality of the article they purchase, and who when they go into the press-market look only to getting the most for their money, careless of the intellectual nutriment offered to their own and their children's minds? You, then, who talk of the corruption of the press, look to your own by which you have fostered that which you censure. Let the public look to the encouragement which it grants to different kinds of publications, and learn to be more strict and stern with those whose derelictions are notorious; and let them be more liberal, kind, and generous, when there is a hearty and sincere desire to do public service. Let the public at large do this, and then we shall have a right to exact from all connected with the press, that they shall be rigid in the discharge of all their duties.

There will be some propriety in such a tribunal passing censure or awarding praise. A pure high-minded

public will never exist long without a press corresponding in those attributes; and it will disdainfully cast off from it those spots and blemishes by which it has hitherto been polluted. What a noble work it is—what mighty powers are exercised in it—to grapple with every kind of evil in the world. Why, there is no ignorance, though dense and deep as Egyptian darkness, but may yet be reached by means of the press, and some rays of light directed upon the soul of man. Is there a state of things injuriously affecting the physical or moral well-being of any set of men; habits or customs inconsistent with health or comfort; an institution of which the more prudential application of its funds would extend its usefulness—the press is the agency by which those mistakes may be corrected, those errors rectified. Then, as there are great wrongs which the laws does not reach, if one human being injures another, the press is the agency to track out the iniquity—to drag it forth—to hold it up to the gaze of the world—and, if it is not invested with the powers of legal punishment, still it gibbets the enormity in the face of mankind, and leaves it exposed and withering to the scorn of posterity. Are good measures—the repeal of a noxious law, the substitution of an equitable one—to be obtained? How, but through the press? Is a work to be accomplished which requires the dissemination of a principle from mind to mind till its acknowledgment by conviction results, and the voice of millions declares that they will no longer be debarred from their sacred rights for the caprice or gratification of a few, how is this to be done save by the agency of the press? In every shape and form that men's actions can assume, the press, although vested with no political function—vested with no physical power—is a tribunal which the mightiest and the vilest alike acknowledge—a power which reaches throughout the world, extends through all the ramifications of society, from the palace to the prison—a power to which none can be indifferent, from the autocrat of the boundless North to the exile in the penal settlements of Australia—a power which all men know, and all, in some degree, reverence—a power, of which all fear the vengeance, all covet something of its sheltering protection, something of its improving voice. This wondrous and growing power, of which other developments will successively arise, impresses my mind with a sort of respect for all connected with its use, even to the lowest and humblest agent; and I think that the world will, one day, find more nobility in that class—for it renders better service—than in those who succeed to vast estates and sounding titles, but work no such benefits to society as are achieved by the poorest workman employed in the machinery of the press, in its daily operation.

The most ancient nations believed that their laws were the result of inspiration, and that in obeying them they were obeying the behests of the Deity. To us, that inspiration, that power of discriminating between a bad and a good, a just and an unjust law—that analysis of institutions, whether grown hoary with age, or now first planned, is in the influence of the press. At a later period there were philosophical schools where the sages delivered their lessons to their disciples, whether of Stoicism or Epicureanism, in shady groves. We have no such institutions now; but to communicate information—not to disciples, but to universal man—to send it abroad as on the wings of the wind—to bring down the truths of science and philosophy to dwell amongst men, this is the privilege of the press. At another time, in the middle ages, men sought justice by means of secret tribunals, hoping to find in them at once that purity and power to which the highest and the lowest must alike yield; and from whose decision there was no

appeal—from whose punishment no escape. But we need not the secret tribunals of the middle ages—we need not decisions made in the darkness of night. We have a better tribunal than that—a nobler administration of justice: we have a security beyond the law for the punishment that opinion can inflict, and for reward the most valuable that opinion can bestow. We have it in the press. At different times, men have fought for freedom in the battle field with daring success; sometimes victorious, sometimes defeated even when most deserving success. But our fight for freedom is waged with no such weapons as they employed, and is subject to no such reverses as theirs. In the triumph of freedom by means of the press there can be no such reverses; for it is the peculiarity of this agency, that while the fight is raging, the preparations for victory are carried on likewise. Men are rendered at once more fitted for liberty, and more secure of enjoying it by the struggle for its attainment; and no country can be otherwise than free, noble, and prosperous, so long as it has a free and truthful press.

Our Library.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH. A FAIRY TALE OF HOME.—BY CHARLES DICKENS*.

The Cricket on the Hearth! "What an excellent title!" cried one; "I wonder what it will be?" said another; "Nothing can be equal to the 'Christmas Carol'—But 'The Chimes'! that was a beautiful book too." Such were the phrases that rung through many a household from the day this work was advertised to that of its publication, when swift-footed Mercuries distributed it to anxious thousands.

Chirp the First—or, to speak dramatically, for it is a most dramatic story—scenè the first, opens with the interior of the cottage of one John Peerybingle, carrier, whose pretty little wife, years younger than himself, but on every occasion—save one—the very pattern of a wife—is preparing tea one cold January evening, in anxious expectation of her spouse's return. At first the kettle is a rebellious kettle, or in the author's words—

aggravating and obstinate. It wouldn't allow itself to be adjusted on the top bar; it wouldn't hear of accommodating itself kindly to the knobs of coal; it would lean forward with a drunken air, and dribble, a very idiot of a Kettle, on the hearth. It was quarrelsome; and hissed and spluttered morosely at the fire. To sum up all, the lid, resisting Mrs. Peerybingle's fingers, first of all turned topsy-turvy, and then, with an ingenious pertinacity deserving of a better cause, dived sideways in—down to the very bottom of the Kettle. And the hull of the Royal George had never made half the monstrous resistance to coming out of the water which the lid of that Kettle employed against Mrs. Peerybingle, before she got it up again.

It looked sullen and pig-headed enough, even then; carrying its handle with an air of defiance, and cocking its snout pertly and snooking at Mrs. Peerybingle, as if he said, "I won't boil. Nothing shall induce me!"

• However, bye and bye

the kettle began to spend the evening. Now it was, that the kettle, growing mellow and musical, began to have irrepressible gurglings in its throat, and to indulge in short vocal snorts, which it checked in the bud, as if it hadn't made up its mind yet to be good company. Now it was, that after two or three such vain attempts to stifle its convivial sentiments, it threw off all reserve, all reserve, and burst into a stream of song so cozy

and hilarious, as never maudlin nightingale yet formed the least idea of.

So plain, too! Bless you, you might have understood it like a book—better than some books that you and I could name, perhaps. With its warm breath gushing forth in a light cloud which merrily and gracefully ascended a few feet, then hung about the chimney-corner as its own domestic Heaven, it trolled its song with that strong energy of cheerfulness, that its iron body hummed and stirred upon the fire; and the lid itself, the recently rebellious lid—such is the influence of a bright example—performed a sort of jig, and clattered like a deaf and dumb young cymbal that had never known the use of its twin brother.

That this song of the Kettle's was a song of invitation and welcome to somebody out of doors; to somebody at that moment coming on towards the snug small home and the crisp fire, there is no doubt whatever. Mrs. Peerybingle knew it, perfectly, as she sat musing, before the hearth. It's a dark night, said the Kettle, and the rotten leaves are lying by the way; and above, all is mist and darkness, and below, all is mire and clay; and there's only one relief in all the sad and murky air; and I don't know that it is one, for it's nothing but a glare; of deep and angry crimson, where the sun and wind together, set a brand upon the clouds for being guilty of such weather; and the widest open country is a long dull streak of black; and there's hoar-frost on the finger-post, and thaw upon the truck; and the ice it isn't water, and the water isn't free; and you couldn't say that anything is what it ought to be; but he's coming, coming, coming!

And here, if you like, the Cricket DID chime in!

Have our readers observed that the song of the Kettle runs into the rhyme and rhythm of verse? The honest carrier arrives safely with his dog Boxer, and innumerable packages, great and small, among which with feminine sagacity Mrs. Peerybingle—familiarily and generally called "Dot"—discovers a wedding cake. This brings on the *lapis* a certain Tackleton (some relation we believe to one Scrooge, with whom our readers are acquainted) a toy merchant, a hard-hearted curmudgeon, who nevertheless is to be married in a day or two to a blooming bride, May Fielding by name, she being persuaded to have him by her silly mother, a body who "always wears gloves," and lives upon some recollection (or tradition) of by-gone "gentility." Here too we must introduce Tilly Slowboy, the damsel who is installed as assistant nurse to the infant hope of the house of Peerybingle.

She was of a spare and straight shape, this young lady, inasmuch that her garments appeared to be in constant danger of sliding off those sharp pegs, her shoulders, on which they were loosely hung. Her costume was remarkable for the partial development on all possible occasions of some flannel vestment of a singular structure; also for affording glimpses, in the region of the back, of a corset, or pair of stays, in colour a dead-green. Being always in a state of gaping admiration at everything, and absorbed, besides in the perpetual contemplation of her mistress's perfections and the Baby's, Miss Slowboy, in her little errors of judgment, may be said to have done equal honour to her head and her heart; and though these did less honour to the Baby's head, which they were the occasional means of bringing into contact with deal doors, dressers, stair-rails, bed-posts, and other foreign substances, still they were the honest results of Tilly Slowboy's constant astonishment at finding herself so kindly treated, and installed in such a comfortable home. For the maternal and paternal Slowboys were alike unknown to Fame, and Tilly had been bred by public charity, a foundling; which word, though only differing from fondling by one vowel's length, is very different in meaning, and expresses quite another thing.

The carrier has given "a lift" to a traveller he met on the road, apparently a deaf old man with silver hair, for whom finally a bed is made up. We think the interest of the work will be heightened rather

than lessened by telling the reader, that this is a "old young" lover of May Fielding, returned from America, but who, for reasons not, by the way, very satisfactorily explained, assumes this disguise, which however is pierced by Dot; and the interest of the story chiefly hangs on her single fault of keeping this one secret from her husband, for the carrier witnesses familiarities quite harmless with an old friend, and the betrothed of her school-mate, and, worked upon, believes that his household gods are shivered, that the "Cricket on the Hearth" for him can chirp no more!

One however of the most exquisite and poetical creations in the book is Bertha—the blind girl. Caleb, her father, is workman to Tackleton, the toy manufacturer; but hardly used and poverty-stricken as he is, he, too, "has a Cricket on the Hearth"—a spirit of love and peace and domestic happiness.

Caleb and his daughter were at work together in their usual working-room, which served them for their ordinary living room as well; and a strange place it was. There were houses in it, finished and unfinished, for Dolls of all stations on life. Suburban tenements for Dolls of moderate means; kitchens and single apartments for Dolls of the lower classes; capital town residences for Dolls of high estate. Some of these establishments were already furnished according to estimate with a view to the convenience of Dolls of limited income; others could be fitted on the most expensive scale, at a moment's notice, from whole shelves of tables, sofas, bedsteads, and upholstery. The nobility and gentry and public in general, for whose accommodation these tenements were designed, lay here and there, in baskets, hanging straight up at the ceiling; but in denoting their degrees in society, and confining them to their respective stations (which experience shows to be lamentably difficult in real life), the makers of these Dolls had far improved on Nature, who is often forward and perverse; for they, not resting on such arbitrary marks as satin, cotton-print, and bits of rag, had superadded striking personal differences which allowed of no mistake.

But the blind girl knows not that they are hardly used by their task-master. She lives in a fairy world created by the fond father, who hides from her every sorrow, pitches himself to procure her luxuries, and carries his loving deception to the extent of painting Tackleton to her as the most benevolent of masters, hiding his philanthropy under eccentricity of manner. But there is a fearful awakening from the dream. Unconsciously to herself, until she learns he will be the husband of another, poor Bertha has cherished a fervent love for this ideal benefactor! "Great Power!" exclaimed her father, smitten at one blow with the truth, "have I deceived her from her cradle but to break her heart at last?"

We must find room for a part of the carrier's vision when the fairy Cricket and her fairy train pluck the desperate thoughts from his heart:—

He recoiled from the door, like a man walking in his sleep, awakened from a frightful dream; and put the gun aside. Claspings his hands before his face, he then sat down again beside the fire, and found relief in tears.

The Cricket on the Hearth, came out into the room, and stood in Fairy shape before him.

"I love it," said the Fairy Voice, repeating what he well remembered, "for the many times I have heard it, and the many thoughts its harmless music has given me."

"She said so!" cried the Carrier. "True!"

"This has been a happy home, Jehu; and I love the Cricket for its sake!"

"It has been, Heaven knows," returned the Carrier.

"She made it happy, always,—until now."

"So gracefully sweet-tempered; so domestic, joyful, busy, and light-hearted!" said the Voice.

"Otherwise I never could have loved her as I did," returned the Carrier.

The Voice, correcting him, said, "Do."

The Carrier repeated "as I did." But not finally. His faltering tongue resisted his control, and would speak in its own way, for itself and him.

The Figure, in an attitude of invocation, raised its hand and said:

"Upon your own hearth!"

"The hearth she has blighted," interposed the Carrier.

"The hearth she has—how often!—blessed and brightened," said the Cricket: "the hearth which but for her, were only a few stones and bricks and rusty bars, but which has been, through her, the Altar of your Home; on which you have nightly sacrificed some petty passion, selfishness, or care, and offered up the homage of a tranquil mind, a trusting nature, and an overflowing heart; so that the smoke from this poor chimney has gone upward with a better fragrance than the richest incense that is burnt before the richest shrines in all the

gaudy Temples of this World!—Upon your own hearth; in its quiet sanctuary; surrounded by its gentle influences and associations; hear her! Hear me! Hear everything that speaks the language of your hearth and home!"

And when all comes right at last,—though not till the Carrier's heart has been tried in the furnace of agony, and comes out pure gold,—and when May is married to her early love, and Caleb and Bertha find a rich son and brother, the "genteel" old lady is sent for, and the whole winds up with a wedding-day and a merry dance worthy to rival that of Mr. Fezziwig, of deathless memory; and even Tackleton relents, and bestows the wedding cake, which he comes to share, and sends a packet of toys for the baby.



FROM A PICTURE BY MARGARET GILLIES.

ENGRAVED BY W. J. LINTON.

CHARLES DICKENS.

We propose that our Portrait Gallery shall be a gallery of the true nobility of England—a gallery of God's and the People's nobles. We hold no man noble merely because some ancestor of his some time killed a great number of his own species; destroyed violently those that God had made to live happily; seized on a great piece of some other man's possessions; was the favourite of some silly king, or the tool of

some king's base minister. Nobility from such sources is a strange abuse of terms. Still more strange is the abuse of words which styles those noble who are merely descendants from such violent, or such venal. The English language is becoming far better understood. As we view it and comprehend it now, we look upon such customs as worn out barbarisms. What! Is a man a noble because he lives in a great country house, and,

like one of Pharaoh's lean kine, devours the herbage of a great many acres? We rub our forehead at such phrases, and cannot understand them. Does a man who can name a great many dead ancestors, but does not lift a finger for his living brethren, think himself a noble? He is greatly mistaken; and the world is coming to think him greatly mistaken. They are the true nobility who are actively at work for the good of the great body of their fellow-men. The narrow spirit which could make a class happy or honourable, grows obsolete. It did very well for the dark ages when people could not see far around them; but the sun is up now, and we awake in it, and see far and wide in it; and warm ourselves in it; and want, most naturally—finding that we are all of one flesh and blood—with the same souls, the same tastes, the same aspirations—to see all happy together. They then are the genuine nobles who are working and striving, it may be, and is, in a hundred ways, for the accomplishment of this great, this common, this long neglected, but only important end. They are the nobles—the artists, the authors, the scientific inventors, the scientific manufacturers, the discoverers and planters of new lands, the philanthropists and disinterested statesmen, be they who or what they may—be they of the castle or the cottage—the be-titled or the entitled—each and all who feel the pulse of human sympathy in their hearts, and do the work of blessedness in their day. Who then are the nobility of to-day? Do not numbers of their names start at once to your lips? The Wordsworths, the Dickenss, the Jerrolds, the Cobdens, the Foxes, the Southwood Smiths, the Tennysons, the Bulwers, the Eastlakes, the Macreadys, the Charles Knights, the Elliots, the Martineaus, the Channings, the Mrs. Frys, the Faradays, the Liebiggs—but they crowd upon us: let us take breath and thank God that they are really so many! Yes! it is glorious to find that the truly noble—the right-thinking, and generously-acting, are become—Legion. And as the true object of life, and the true mode of arriving at that object, are better and better understood, the number will be daily increased. When people have really convinced themselves—and they have pretty nearly done it—that they are born without either horns or spurs, and were therefore never made for fighting and kicking, but are really born with hearts in their bosoms capable of the noblest sympathies—capable of a large participation in God's own divine feeling of benevolence, and with hands most admirably adapted for pressing the hands of their fellows, there will be from year to year immense augmentations of the genuine peasage. The man of woman who diffuses with the pen or the pencil ideas of beauty and sentiments of goodness—he or she who makes food and clothing, and books, and household comforts and embellishments plentiful—who in the wholesale or the retail business of human benefit—in the senate or the Sunday-school—in the factory, the printing-office, the study, or the studio,—whether round-flocked labourer in the field, or jacketed sailor on the ocean—whether he be stubbing thorns and thistles, or rooting out of the mind the spiny prejudices which

have for ages made this a hard and bloody earth—he shall feel in his own soul that he is a descendant of the Deity, and will leave other distinctions to the less enlightened.

From this class, the one that we shall select as the first of our series,—shall be the unquestionably most popular man of his day—CHARLES DICKENS. And it may bring us at once to the illustration of the most prominent features of our subject, if we ask what it is that has made Mr. Dickens so popular? In nothing does there seem to be so little of mystery as in this. Nobody can take up a story by the author of *Pickwick* without feeling almost instantaneously the exuberant wit, the genial humour of the man, his intimate knowledge of the life and habits of the masses, and his admirable application of the fruits of his experience. The knowledge and the genius themselves must have given him a high rank in literature, but they could not have given him a tenth part of the influence and estimation which he possesses. They might and would have astonished; they would have delighted too, to an eminent degree, by their brilliancy and graphic power; but that which has made them welcome, as widely and as warmly throughout the whole reading world of every civilised country as in his own, is just that which makes the sun welcome, because they warm and gladden. Every one feels instantly the keen eye which he has for the ludicrous in every character, and the uncontrollable tendency to have his laugh at it. But every one feels at the same moment, that in that laugh there is no malice; it is the merriment of a genuine heart which, while it laughs, loves and does justice. Is there a man in all the round of your reading at whose simplicity and little whims you have laughed so heartily or so often as *Pickwick*? Is there a man that you so thoroughly esteem for his worth? In the wit there is nothing reckless; it flashes, but does not scorch: in the humour there is nothing cynical, it is wine, not vinegar. The weakness and the strength, the folly and the virtue, are equally estimated and dealt with; and what especially charms and gives confidence, is this sense of generous justice in your author; you feel that he writes as a man, and not as a partizan. It is the heart of a man that beats through the whole substance; it is the man and nothing else that he cares for; the man with all his oddities and excellencies, his virtues and his pleasures; you stand in unconscious admiration of the sound, healthy, moral constitution of the writer.

It is the direct consequence of this fine human constitution which has made Mr. Dickens so universal in his influence for good. It is not necessary for a man to be a politician, far less the zealot of a party, in order to advance the interests of even his own country; on the contrary, they who do this narrow their sphere of action; they become the heroes of a sect; they are the idols of a few, and the aversion of many; they think it necessary to act violently, to put out their articles of faith, prominently, to love and hate according to their colours. This is to diffuse heat as a kitchen-range does, which half roasts your face while your back freezes; not like the sun which gives a universal glow, or leaves you to the uniform and healthy coolness of

night or of winter. No man has dreamed of Mr. Dickens' politics, or cared to inquire after his religion; he has stood amongst us belonging to us all; of our creed, of our party, of our way of thinking, let us have been of what creed or party, or peculiarity of ideas, we might—simply because he had no party of prejudices, but treated human interests as they belonged to man and not to classes. By this means, and it has been evidently the simple result of feeling and not of policy, his public has consisted of every rank and grade; he has found entrance into every circle, however tabooed to scores of other writers with not a tenth of his power or his dexterity in sketching people's portraits, while they have thought he was painting their neighbours; and the Lords Verisopht themselves have not felt comfortable without their weekly Nickleby, or the moral Pecksniffs either without their Chuzzlewit. Yet what man has hit harder at the vices, laughed harder at the follies, or thundered more genuinely against the oppressions of society. But then there has been pity and not spite at the bottom of it; and when all classes have had their visits of mercy or of censure, which of them could venture a plea for offence? We talk of the universality of genius, but which of its qualities are so universal as its human sympathies, and its sense of right? Perhaps the sensitive Americans may be inclined to question our award of the quality of strict justice to Mr. Dickens; they may regard his strictures as more national than generic; but time heals wounds both of the heart and the eye, and we will wait awhile ere we ask America to look at Mr. Dickens, or to pronounce her final verdict upon him.

If Charles Dickens, however, does not belong to a class, he does certainly to a school. There are two great schools of novelists which may be termed the feudal and the popular. In the feudal school Sir Walter Scott is the greatest and the most genial. But beautiful, and masterly, and generous as are his characteristics, the spirit of the school sticks fast to him. It has been well remarked that the feudal school, like the feudal system, must not only take its hero from the privileged class, and make all the other characters move in subordination to him, but in a serial subordination to each other, according to their station on the artificial sliding-scale of society. Mr. James with all his morals, is another voluminous evidence of this; nay, even D'Israeli with his popular tendencies is pinned down to the tether of gentility, and can take but a certain range. His Gerard, the man of the people, must turn out a lord before his daughter Sybil can marry a lord. But the popular school has no tether; it is not necessarily confined to the walls of a building, it can be held as well on the open common. It knows no distinctions of blood, it cares for no badge, it can afford to have as many heroes as it pleases. Every man, woman, or child is its hero or heroine, so that in his or her bosom there are the gifts and qualities of a hero, good or bad. Is Pickwick the hero of Pickwick, or is Sam Weller? or is old Tony Weller? In *Oliver Twist*, is it Oliver himself, or the worthy Brownlow, or on the other hand Sikes, or Fagin? In *Nicholas Nickleby*, is it Nicholas, or poor Smike, or Newman

Noggs, or the brothers Cheeryble, or that dark hero Ralph Nickleby? In *Barnaby Rudge*, is it Barnaby, or the locksmith, or Joe Willet? In the *Old Curiosity Shop*, is it that sweet creature Nelly, or the old grandfather, or the peerless Dick Swiveller, or honest Kit? And so on through everything. They are all heroes and heroines in their way. They are all living; and stand individually as strong and distinct on the canvass as they would in real life. This is exactly as the author meant it to be, and knew it would be by following merely the bent of his natural disposition. In the preface to *Pickwick* itself, in the very outset of his labours, he shows that he is as well aware of the nature and character of his genius as any one else could be:—"If it be objected to the '*Pickwick Papers*' that they are a mere series of adventures, in which the scenes are ever changing, and the characters come and go like the men and women we encounter in the real world, he can only content himself with the reflection that they claim to be nothing else, and that the same objection has been made to the works of some of the greatest novelists in the English language." Can there be a more gratifying judgment on an author's works than that they are so exactly like real life that you cannot point out the difference? Can there be any praise like such censure?

Mr. Dickens has most successfully shown that in the popular school of novel literature so far is it from being necessary to depend on lords and ladies and the like dainty personages for giving interest to your pages, that you have only to plunge boldly into the mass of humanity and seize on such materials as it is perpetually presenting. He has himself gone down into the very lowest depths of the great Pandemonium of London; into the most vile and filthy dens; through its closest alleys and most hidden courts, swarming with creatures steeped in vice and misery to the lips, and has thence dragged out heroes and heroines to the astonished eyes of the world. Into these dismal haunts of crowded crime and utterest misery, he has let the daylight of the press, and has made those who were reclining on silken sofas, and walking only amidst the happy and the pure, start to find in the midst of what a hell of woes and horrors they were living. The Quilps, the Fagins, the Sikes's have risen horribly on their imagination; the feeble victims of harsh and inexorable avarice and cruelty have made through him their moans audible; the struggling virtues in the bosoms of creatures from whom they have been accustomed to turn with the aversion of pharisaical virtue, have been made objects of their consciousness, and have pleaded with them for rescue and salvation. What

Regions of sorrow, doleful shades where peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges;—

has Mr. Dickens laid bare in the very heart of the wealthy, refined, and brilliant London: and in doing this he has not the less strikingly demonstrated another great fact. The devil descends into the haunts of vice and fiercely-tempted indigence, in order to drag down after him to still lower pollution and woe those that he goes amongst;—an angel of mercy to bring them up

to better men and their sympathies. The one gathers ranker corruption as he goes—the other becomes even purer from the purity of his motives. Never was this more manifest than it must become to every reader who compares the writings of Eugene Sue—not to mention writers of a similar stamp on this side the water—with those of Mr. Dickens. In the one class there is an ever downward tendency to moral depravity—to corrupt, and be corrupted; on the other, as buoyant a tendency upwards to a perpetual growth of higher and more glorious purposes; to the diffusion of active desires for good—glowing sympathies for the forlorn and oppressed. Mr. Dickens does not hesitate to introduce us to the very worst haunts of the very worst men that breathe; he does not hesitate to draw forth and make these monsters of crime walk in full daylight before the public; he follows them, and makes us follow them with the minutest assiduity, through all their darkling and hideous career; but it is not to orray them in factitious colours, and teach us, or if not us, those where there lies a far greater danger, to admire them. No; he gives the realities of life in their extremes; he shows us the monsters that are bred amid the slime of a false condition of the social system; and thus calls on the lovers of their country and their fellows to arouse from their somnolence, and avert still worse things at a future day. To enable him to do this he has only to lay hold of the first weak creature that comes near him, and gives us his history; it may be a workhouse orphan like Oliver Twist, or even an idiot like Barnaby Rudge. His object he tells us at the very outset again, in the preface to *Pickwick*, is to make us think better of mankind—"should he only induce one reader to think better of his fellow men, and to look upon the brighter and more kindly side of human nature, he would indeed be proud and happy to have led to such a result."

Now it may seem to many that to do this it was an odd way to reveal so much horror and misery and oppression going on in society; to show us villainy stalking on in gigantic force; to set us down in the swarming regions of Rotherhithe or St. Giles's, where nothing but squalid wretchedness, vulgar ferocity, and dreadful objects of vile and festering vice seemed to meet us on every hand; and this state of things existing without the notice or the care of the higher classes of society. But strange as it may seem, through these fearful haunts lay the directest way to the author's generous object; and he did not shrink from it. He gave us the real truth, and in that truth the seed of a grand remedy. He drew the most repellant characters that moved, and, as it were, reigned in those Cimmerian regions of vicious poverty; but he showed us at the same time that in the sufferings of their innocent victims there lay motives imperative upon us to rush in to the rescue. He showed us that there must be something dreadfully wrong in the condition of society, which it was our bounden duty to search out and amend. He showed us that in the hearts of numbers of those who lived like Nancy, in *Oliver Twist*, hand in hand with the very worst of characters, there were god-like qualities still unextinguished and unextinguishable; and

that to look on these with the eyes of austere abhorrence was to forget that great example of our Saviour who came to seek and save such, was to act the part of the proud Levite instead of that of the Samaritan. In a word, he demonstrated to us that the very moment that the blackest features of the blackest recesses of life were revealed to us, we were not to rush to the conclusion that all was villainy, and only to be annihilated; that there were corrupt but reclaimable brothers and sisters, unhappy ones groaning under the sense of their degradation, who demanded our sympathy and help; and that there were, even amid those whom we were accustomed to look upon with contempt, virtues, and a kindness of heart, that were all the more divine because they flourished amid ignorance and neglect. Lastly, the brothers Cheeryble, and their class, were held up to us a glorious example of the noblest, yet most unobtrusive good.

It is to this bold and successful attempt to vindicate the claims of the less fortunate, and as we might think, less virtuous part of our fellow-men to our warmest affection, that the public owes, and will ever owe, the deepest obligations to Mr. Dickens. We should owe him much if our debt was only that of enjoyment derived from the affluent list of his admirable literary creations. *Pickwick*, the Wellers, those two Sawbones, Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen; the Bumbles, the good Brownlow, the warm-hearted Losberne, Squeers, Noggs, the Cheerybles, the Willets, Gabriel Varden, Tom Pinch, Jonas Chuzzlewit, the moral Pecksniff, that inimitable representative of a class; old Scrooge, the Fezziwigs, Trotty Veck, and lastly, Peerybingle, the carrier, and his little wife Dot.

This were of itself a rich title to the thanks of the public; but this is merely the result of Mr. Dickens's genius—that of his moral nature is still behind and far higher. His writings are a continual preaching from the text of Burns—

A man's a man for a' that!

While they tend to call forth the best feelings of the wealthier classes, they tend equally to elevate the self-respect and estimation of the people. They make them feel that humanity is paramount to all artificial distinctions, and that, spite of the harshest treatment of fortune, if we maintain our inward worth we never can become contemptible. They wean us, too, from the morbid propensity of looking only for great virtues as connected with great and splendid talents. The genial nature of the author imperceptibly draws us to enjoy the company, and find excellent virtues in what, in ordinary life, we should think very ordinary people. What is *Pickwick*? A man of no great talent; on the contrary, pursuing very small objects of emulation with very small companions; Winkle is an empty pretender; Snodgrass, a mere poetaster; Tuppman, a nobody; the young ladies nothing extraordinary; and yet through the cordial medium of the author's kindness, we soon take wonderfully to them, and find that they are men and have virtues. What a jolly old soul is that Wardle! what a Christmas is that at Dingley Dell!

But the noblest feature of Mr. Dickens's writings, is their championship of the weak and oppressed. With what a generous and yet judicious hand he has laid open what are called "the petty oppressions of society," but which, in fact, are the giant oppressions, because they are inflicted on the helpless, and on thousands and thousands of them. The selfish cruelties of the parish workhouse, of the cheap schools, of the milliner's workshop, and of the kitchen of many a house, have found in the writings of Mr. Dickens an exposure which must for ever operate for the benefit of those unfortunate beings who are exposed to the selfishness of low officials, or the rapacity of base speculators. Being taught the evils which exist, we become criminal if we do not continually watch for their detection and extinction; being made to feel how sacred is the heart of a child—and no one has made us feel this more than Charles Dickens—can anything, indeed, be more affecting than the climbing of poor Dick up the garden-gate to kiss *Oliver Twist*, and lisp his good bye as *Oliver* is setting off for London, Dick sinking into the grave from starvation, *Oliver* running away from ill treatment—being made to feel this, we are no longer free to neglect the promotion of any social reform which can clear the paths of millions from the cruelties which crush out life at its commencement, or make it one long misery.

Such is a hasty limning of our first portrait. If we are told that there requires some shading to throw out the features, we are at a loss where to look for it, except in a degree of exaggeration, which seems to result from the very exuberance of spirits in the writer, and from his pleasure in his task. The power which described the final catastrophe of *Sikes*, the last night of *Fagin*, or the murder-haunted mind of *Jonas Chuzzlewit*; the pathos of a hundred scenes, requires none of the slap-dash of the sign-painting school, but may still occasionally verge on the extravagance of a great excitement. The faults of Charles Dickens are not, at all events, moral faults—and when the people gaze on his portrait from the pencil of our gifted friend, *Miss Gillies*, they will behold that of one of their most able and most genuine friends.

W. HOWITT.

Poetry for the People.

TO A GREAT POET.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Thou art a true soul'd poet,
Skilled in the art divine;
And when my soul is weary
I read some lay of thine!

I never bought thy volumes,
Their worth is more than pelf,
They were given by those I honour—
The last thou gav'st thyself.

And when my soul is wearied,
When human life seems vain;
When all our best endeavours
Like wasted seed remain:

When pride, and rank, and splendour,
And the court that's paid to gold
Oppress me, and my lips are mute,
And my very heart is cold:

Then, then I read thy volume—
Thy latest and thy best—
And the smothered flame of human love,
Re-kindles in my breast.

I walk the streets of London,
That city of joy and care—
That city of wealth uncounted,
And measureless despair.

The fallen slaughter of beauty,
I see through her disguise—
And gentle pity is in my heart,
And tears are in my eyes;

I see her smile heart-broken—
God! what a gulph between
Victoria, young and worshipp'd,
And the suicide Magdalen!

And yet they both are women—
Eve's daughters both: and chance
Hath only made them different!—
Such power hath circumstance!

— Up poet! up, be doing;
There's many a bitter wrong
That claims thy warm heart-sympathies,
And thy glorious gift of song!

List to those doleful voices,
That sing, "The sea! the sea!"
They have hardly rags to cover them,—
That artizan family;

Famine is stamped on their faces,
'Tis an evening damp and bleak;
One little child goes on crutches,
And they all are thin and weak.

They want work which none will give them,
Unfed, unwarmed, they pine;
They would reach the hearts of the people,
And they sing a song of thine!

— Up poet! write for the farm-slave
Whose best estate is toil,
For the ill-paid, ill-taught thousands,
The children of the soil.

They feel the rich man's scorning,
They see their life, aghast,
Seventy years of hardship,
And the parish coffin at last.

They think the rich despise them;
That the gifted heed them not;
That want, and sorrow, and contumely,
Is the honest poor man's lot.

No wonder if they grow hardened,
If their hearts are mad with ire,
If they score the hour of midnight
With the hellish glare of fire!

No wonder if deeds more deadly,
Than this they darkly dare,
For in their souls is ignorance,
And in their hearts despair.

— Up poet! up, be doing,
A better day hath begun,
A man hath learnt to know that he
Is brother unto man.

The love He taught of Nazareth,
The poet well can teach;
His words of fire can strike the proud,
The meanest soul can reach.

He hath a large and gracious heart,
And, like his master mild,
Can sit with sinners and publicans,
And yet be undefiled.

Can see beyond the outward veil,
The heart that breaks within
The wretch's breast; can separate
'Twixt poverty and sin.

Can teach, can preach, is trumpet tongued
To brand the tyrants' deed,
And then, as with an angel's voice,
For misery can plead.

This is his task, the singer
Who doth his art no wrong;
Up, poet, up, be doing!
Unsheath the sword of song!

THE FEVER'D OF FAMINE.

BY EBERMEER ELLIOTT.

Away to the street—"Let us see the bricks grow;"
For crime is man's watchman! and in the back-row
A quick-breathing creature creeps silent and slow;
Though eye hath not seen him, and no man can know,
Till he kisses gaunt faces, and down his pets go,
Where the fever'd of famine rot thickly below.

He breathes in gaunt faces the breath of his name;
Then, strength, like a giant, up-girds the weak frame;
The cheeks of the farthingless burst into flame;
Joy laugheth in frenzy, where joy never came;
And victimless victims, from honour and shame,
Are rescued by Fever! whom no man will blame.

No, fever of famine! but why seek the row
Where law curses labour, as soot sullies snow?
Dumb dog of th' Infernals! why dost thou not go, woo?
Where Salmon-Saint-Richmond wrings blessings from
Or Buckingham's wines of the famine-act glow!
Or hypocrite——is Hypocrite's beau?

Nay, Breather of Darkness! work wisely, and save
The few and the many, the lord and the slave:
Ere hunger's blind ocean all masterless rave:
Ere famine's wild spirit be whirlwind and wave,
And pomp, not unwept by the good and the brave,
Write, "Child of my Sorrow," on apathy's grave!

TRUE GREATNESS.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS.

Like a summer's sun, should a great man's life
In its dawn, all promise be:
In its noon-tide strength a Power to bless,
To fruitage all humanity:
In the evening sink, with his work well done,
In glory tranquilly.

THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOUR.

EXPERIMENT I.

BY THORNTON BENT.

A STRANGE movement is to be observed among the working classes. In former times they have been disturbed by the long-waged war between the employing classes and the employed. The work-people have had their organizations from time immemorial; some of them, as the members of the *Compagnonnage* in France, drawing their incorporation from days so ancient as the building of the Temple under Solomon. Associations of the kind have chiefly had for their object the maintenance of the workman's interest by some species of terrorism, or by a restriction of the numbers engaged in a trade under arbitrary rules of

* We trust the author will pardon us for the omission of a name here. There are some in whom we have no doubt Mr. Elliott has faith, who have still a kind of faith in the good intentions of the party in question, and who would be deeply hurt to see the listless ruled up. For their sakes at least we are satisfied the poet will not object to allow the prisoner at his bar the benefit of the doubt that such difference of opinion is calculated to raise.—Ed.

apprenticeship. The results of those attempts, although the policy is as old as the hills, have been little worth the incalculable cost and trouble, because the means employed did not go to the root of the difficulty, or did not suffice to counteract the overwhelming influence of greater wealth and information. In more recent times, the working classes have sought to attain political power as a means of bettering their social and economical condition. That seems to be inverting the order of events; political power is seldom possessed to much purpose, except by classes comparatively comfortable in circumstances, and well-informed. Such is an inevitable condition of society. Express rights can never avail against the strongest moral influence; and that will always be possessed by the class that has most available knowledge, and the most available material resources. We say the most available knowledge, not meaning mere book learning, but knowledge of the world, and of the art of governing others. It is useless to complain that this or that class governs: if it does so, it is because it has the power—it knows how to do it: if other classes are aggrieved, let them augment their own worldly knowledge and resources, and the balance of power will be altered, without violence or injury.

It is not surprising, indeed, if they do exhibit discontent, and desire for change. The arrangements of society, if such a term may be applied to the fortuitous growth of customs, have been made with small reference to the wants of men and women in the labouring ranks. On the contrary, the workpeople have been rendered the mere tool of the employing class, and placed at the mercy of a terrible influence, in the evoking of which they have not been consulted—competition. To run amuck against the "competitive system," indeed, is as idle as to suppose that it has fulfilled all the just desires of the working man. It has even helped, by the advancement of commerce, to improve his condition. But no human being can claim the right to dispose of his fellow man, even "for his own good,"—without his voice in the matter—no class can claim to do so; and when one's interest is looked after in that manner, by some irresponsible second party, it is apt to be only half satisfied. So it is with the working man, who has been the sport of other's interests or caprices. Theorists have made a hobby of his condition; planning their schemes at the best by *a priori* reasoning as to what ought to be—forgetting the essential question of what is—the starting point for the enterprise; and forgetting too, that those who live in a condition so totally different from their ideal of perfection, are not in a position even to guess by anticipation what ought to be. We must go through many stages of progressive improvement before we can attain that desired but undescried goal. On the other hand, "practical men" are lost in the contemplation of what is; the present material world so overlays their understanding, that they cannot extricate their ideas, and they submit to present custom as immutable, in hopeless, helpless acquiescence.

A more cheering movement is discernible among the working men of this country; not displayed in clamour or demands on the attention of others—though it well merits that attention—but shown by an internal activity. They begin to look to themselves for rising from their present state; and to that end more than one interesting experiment is at work, which it will be our task to report. We begin with one near home of a large interest.

Several trades of the metropolis and the provinces sent delegates to a conference held in London, last summer, to devise some plan for the protection of industry. They have devised a plan which may be

called one for the self-defence or strengthening of industry, rather than its protection; since protection implies some intervention of other influences. Two associations were formed. It was originally proposed that there should be only one; but some of the more timid wished to depart less than others from established practices, and they formed a separate association. The object of that branch is to regulate "strikes" among the working classes; and as we learn from an address delivered at Manchester last month, by Mr. DAVID ROSS, a lecturer attached to the central committee, this association then comprised 13,000 members, and 8,000 more were daily expected to give in their adhesion. That is a goodly growth for so young a project! If the association achieve its purpose, mere partial, and therefore inefficient "strikes," or such as are not amply warranted by the fair rights of labour, will be discountenanced; but when a strike is sanctioned, it will be backed by all the associated trades.

The other association is not a rival, but a companion—"The United Trades' Association for the Employment of Labour." It is managed, like the former, by a committee, under the control of the Conference.* Its objects are these:—it will raise a capital of £100,000 in £5 shares, payable by weekly instalments of 3d.; the fund will be devoted to the establishment of factories wherein to employ the shareholders at their proper trades, or in the purchase of land whereon they will be located by a kind of home colonization; and the surplus will be used in employing the persons thrown out of work by any strike which the companion society may sanction. In place, therefore, of a mere strike, and a suspension of activity in a particular trade, there will be a transfer of the trade from the class of "masters" in it to the work-people themselves. It is evident that an enormous accession of strength must be obtained by the working classes thus associated, and that the experiment indeed is a very interesting attempt to go beyond the mere competitive system to one in which the interests of the few and the many, of employers and employed, shall be identified.

We forbear at present to express any opinion on the details of this experiment, or of any other, until we shall have taken a glance at some further facts. Meanwhile, we shall report such facts as come to our knowledge with an earnest desire to turn them to account for the benefit of that vast class that forms the staple of "the people."

THE SCHOOLFELLOWS.

By AÆNEIDT WEAVER.

It was a wild night. The wind went grumbling through wide streets, and played the very maniac in courts and alleys—shrieking—howling—shaking the insecure doors of the crazy tenements—in many instances bursting them open, and taking forcible possession of the houses, which it did not quit till it had penetrated every hole and corner,—ransacked every recess,—turned all moveable articles topsy-turvy, and filled the wretched apartments with suffocating, blinding smoke, sending children into paroxysms of coughing and sneezing, and making mothers as frantic as itself. Thus did the wind.

But the snow led the van that night. People could have borne with the wind, but the snow was too much for them. It was a fine sight to witness in its driving, headlong career,—in its infuriate headstrong rage; but God help the wretch who, on such a night, can look on nothing else. The streets, of course, were deserted by everybody, but the houseless and the police.

The clock of St. Martin's church struck the three-quarters past eleven, as a man of middle age, if years be reckoned, but judging from his appearance, a man turned of sixty, issued suddenly from a dark archway in the Strand, one of those obscure passages that lead down to the river, and followed closely in the steps of one of his own sex, who had just passed hurriedly in the direction of Charing-Cross. The cabs were withdrawn from most of the stands,—the weather being too severe even for a cabman's defiance, and along the streets which the person thus followed had traversed not a vehicle had appeared within hail, save a solitary omnibus which was going in an opposite direction. Thus he was compelled to walk, or was more properly driven along by the wind.

The man who issued from the low-browed archway, had fought with the weather from his youth upward, and exposure to the elements in this our English climate makes a man prematurely old. He had been hungry too, lean and hungry, from his boyish days; and constant hunger is a great promoter of senile appearance. For many previous years he had slept in metropolitan and suburban churchyards,—an animate corpse, unconfined amongst tombs. He stole when he could; but not being an expert thief, he ate but seldom, and the wolf gnawed his vitals at all hours and upon all days.

He followed the individual we have alluded to, and overtook him in Parliament Street. For some minutes they walked abreast, the almost nude beside the well-clad and warmly-wrapped man. Suddenly the former, falling two steps backward, aimed a savage blow, and a senseless body was stretched upon the snow that covered the pavement to the depth of several inches. The hungry man, having scanned the street with an eye quick to detect the advance of a passenger, knelt over the body and commenced to rifle it. He quickly possessed himself of a purse tolerably well-filled, a gold watch and a pocket-book; then secreting his booty as well as he was able about his person, he fled: almost equalling the wind in his speed. Some five or six minutes afterwards, the plundered man recovering himself, got up and started off towards Westminster, crying "thieves! thieves!" But the thief had gone in a contrary direction. Encountering only a policeman emerging from a tavern, and smelling powerfully of rum, who proposed to run and inquire at the station-house, and hearing no footsteps ahead, he gave up the supposed chase, and resigned himself to bear his loss.

The thief once secure from pursuit, took his way more leisurely towards St. Giles', where he procured a supper and a bed, and awaited the daylight that he might, unobserved, examine the pocket-book more particularly, and dispose of the watch to a cunning Jew living in Houndsditch.

The wind had subsided, and the snow had ceased to fall before the breaking of the dawn. The man early quitted the den where human creatures slept by dozens of both sexes in one room, and hurried towards the Jew's residence. But turning into an unoccupied corner on his route, he paused to examine the pocket-book. It contained nothing that was valuable, only a few papers, and a letter or two, that revealed the owner's name and address. The man read, for he could read, the superscription of these letters. When something that was extraordinary happened. The reader started, as though touched by a torpedo. He read and read again. A cold perspiration burst from every pore of his frame; tears stood in his eyes. He turned, with faltering steps, and set out to find the abode indicated by the letters.*

* Completed in pages 27, 28.

SCENES FROM SOCIETY, BY KENNY MEADOWS.



THE PIT AT THE PLAY.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

A MILDEWY whitewashed passage—a battered-looking dingy door—a crowd of muffled-up people hustling each other in the one, and those that can,

keeping up a continuous fire of kicks against the stout pannels of the other;—such is the pit passage, the door, and the group, who will form the nucleus of the Pittites.

'Tis a weary wait that, until the doors are opened; a time of listening for the unshooting of bolts, and turning of keys, and grumbling at the tardiness of the powers that be; and mutual assurances that it must be long after the proper time, and dismal forebodings that the other door is opened, and the best seats being monopolized by the people who were lucky enough to besiege the more favoured entrance. Then little boys who hold their shillings in their hands, drop them, and nobody can stoop to pick them up; and ladies lip piteously, "Pray, pray, don't squeeze us,"—and gentlemen, in coarse cloth bags, called Taglionis or pale-tots, angrily ask each other, "Where are you shoving

to?" And everybody wonders why everybody else can't keep quiet; and a little man, who is half smothered beside a stout gentleman, can't make out what business fat people have there; and the only satisfaction one has, is the malicious one of standing on tip-toe and watching new comers, vainly trying to pierce the outskirts of the throng, and thinking what shocking bad seats (without backs) they are pretty sure to have.

Not that anybody is grumbling. There is a quiet, clean-looking old gentleman, who smiles as if he were used to it—and an active little lady, with a merry twinkle of her eye, and a faded shawl which has stood many a pit-door crush, who has walked through the snow in pattens from Camberwell to the play—and two quiet servant girls who have their day out, and who suffer moral torture from a consideration that the oranges in their pockets are being squeezed all juicily into the sandwiches; and an honest pair—good old London trades-folk—back-parlour-behind-the-shop-people, with children innumerable, who are continually getting lost between people's legs—all these, I say, would be quite happy and content to wait, heaven knows how much longer, if the gentleman could only get at his snuff-box—if the lady had not lost one patten—were it not for the squeezed oranges in cook and housemaid's pockets—and the eternally missing

children, in the worthy male and female greengrocers' hands.

But at length the time does come. A rumbling behind the door—a popular movement in front—a creaking, cracking, yielding of the hinges—a general exclamation, “Now then!—easy—easy—can’t you!” A moment’s terrific squeeze (think of the oranges and sandwiches!) just at the narrow part of the passage—two energetic remonstrances from two hapless individuals, who are performing the parts of revolving pivots round each door-post, the sharp corners on familiar terms with their ribs;—then an extrication from the human mangling-machine—a scamper along the flaring white-washed passage—a momentary stop to perform the insignificant operation of paying, the cash being swept up by a couple of dirty paws protruding from a thing like the back of a sentry-box with a hole in it; another momentary pause to choose the door of entrance: shall it be at the back of the orchestra? Then a triumphant push to the balze-covered, easy swinging portal,—and lo! here we are fairly in the pit: lights—gilding—a gorgeous sweep of boxes all round above, glittering with what in the first hurried glance seems a delicious chaos of rich bouquets and gay silks, and fair pale faces—and the sparkle of diamonds, and fluttering fans and coquetish lorgnettes—and around, below, spacious half-occupied benches, soon to be filled by the sombre groups of hatted and bonnetted men and women, who are, as it were, gurgling up like human wells from the lower level of the pit passages, and spreading thinly over its extent—far up at the back the dimly-seen regions of the galleries—the white of shirt sleeves just apparent in the gloom, and straw bonnets made fast to the brass stanchions, showing like bunches of unwieldy flowers—close to us, in front, the empty orchestra, with its stools like chairs neglected and starved in their youth, having a scraggy and stunted and most anti-sitting-down upon in their general appearance—beyond them, the yet dim array of the footlights, which always appear to be turning their backs to the audience in the most uncivil way possible,—above, the dark extent of the huge green curtain.

And here let me pause for a protest against the fashion gaining ground in most London theatres, of cutting a bit off the pit, nicknaming it “stalls,” and making it a sort of chapel-of-ease to the boxes. It is a French plan. Now our neighbours have many capital theatrical regulations which we should do well to honour; but the English pit is different in many respects from French *parterre*; invokes a different train of associations and feelings, and should not be treated after the same fashion. Look upon the pit as the theatrical House of Commons. It represents the middle classes—the sturdy bourgeois race—it ought to be sacred to the essence of working-day-clad John Bullism. The House of Lords may be very well in its way, but who would wish to see it smuggling itself into the House of Commons—in sinuating itself upon benches which don’t belong to it—clapping aristocratic cushions on democratic forms? No, no. Let the Lords keep to themselves, and the

Commons to themselves. The box people to the boxes—the pit people to the pit.

And so we come round to our friends, with whom we managed to scrape acquaintance at the door. All grouped together too—all perched on the same bench.

The clean-looking old gentleman with the little boy who dropped his money next to him—his eyes yet red with crying over his loss—but has not the old man consoled him, and told him “to be a good boy and never mind.”—Aye, and has he not paid for him too, out of his own pocket, and hoisted him on the seat next to him? and is he not now explaining the play-bill to him? Meantime, the little Camberwell lady with the one patten—the other is probably being kicked about up and down Little Russell-street—looks on approvingly and whispers to the old gentleman, that she must pay half for the poor child; and the old gentleman is in a storm of indignation at the proposition—that is to say, pleasant old-gentleman-like indignation, nothing more; not far off too, we observe, and mentally shake hands with, the honest greengrocer and his wife, and his olive branches—they have all somehow turned up—only Tom’s hat is crushed, and Jane has lost one sandal, and Mary Anne’s frock is torn, and the state the mud has reduced Bill’s stockings to makes his mother shudder at the thoughts of next washing-day. Betty and Mary are all safe and at hand. The oranges and sandwiches are rather on intimate terms, but never mind, their possessors are staring round the boxes and criticising the ladies’ dresses admirably, particularly the pink—Mary says, “it is a duck of a frock”—worn by the lady under the third chandelier from the orchestra, who, by the way, one of the young gentlemen in the coal sacks, tells the other confidentially, is “rather a goodish-looking girl.”

And now the orchestra is tuning, and upwards of three dozen unmusical pitties, who take it for the overture, say they never admired Rossini before; and people who have finished looking round the house, and read the play-bills twice over, and yawned and wondered why they didn’t begin—are reduced to perusing the maker’s name in their hats—the last degree of literary destitution!

Crash,—and on goes the overture; horns and fiddles keep talking to each other from different parts of the orchestra; sometimes you hear nothing but the faint musical shriek of a violin soliloquising; spinning a thin melodious thread; then the roar and clang of brass drowns its chirping, as with a flood—and the overture alternates from small still voices to lusty metal and outgut thurusses, until it at last gets into a galloping consumption, and expires in strong convulsions—the little bell that rings up the curtain tinkling a silvery dirge.

And so the play goes on. The old gentleman listens tranquilly, and now and then explains to the boy. He is very anxious that the youngster should understand; as for himself, he has often seen the play. Heaven help you! he remembers it fifty years ago, and he has never tired of it—not once—never got *blasé*—always kept his young heart. The theatre has always been a pleasant place to him: he loves it and its old associ-

ations. He can roar with laughter at a pantomime—as heartily as he did when he was a boy, and George the Third was king; and it is even whispered that he has been caught on more serious occasions with one tear in each eye, and the third on the end of his nose—acknowledging that he was an old fool, but that he couldn't help it. Somehow, no one laughed at him, and he speedily recovered himself, vowing that modern acting was humbug, and that the sun had set with the Kembs and the Kembles; and that he would not give a button to see the stuff they played now, and the sticks who played it; and then he relapsed into silence—thought of the acting and the play he had just witnessed, and his eye got moist again. He said it was cold—I don't believe it. Neither, I can tell you, did the little lady who lost the pattern, and who happened—how odd—to have been close to him on the occasion in question. They have recognised each other long ago, as old playgoers; and when the drop-scene is down, the little lady acknowledges that she “does dearly love a good play, and she don't care who knows it; and though her nephews and nieces, bless their hearts! don't care for anything but the opera and the ballet, she trudges in from Camberwell, or 'busses it, as the case may be—she ain't afraid—Lord—she's old enough to take care of herself, and—ugly enough;—” she says this with a merry laugh—and the old gentleman laughs too, but he does not think it true—not by any means. No, No. “A nice little woman, sir—a pleasant little woman,” he says to his next hand neighbour, as they are stretching their legs just before the third act. Take care Mr. Bachelor Jones! Don't be making a fool of yourself in your old age! Don't give up those delightful bachelor parties at Bayswater, in the snug little cottage—“Jones's Folly,” you call it—where everybody knows the golden glory of the sherry, and the sublimity of the port. Look at the domestic picture beside you!—Help Mr. and Mrs. Greengrocer to answer the thousand-and-one questions of their “younger branches of families admitted at half price.”

“Why does the man with the feather want to kill the man with the crown?” “Is that a real castle?” “Ought they to let the dark gentleman run off with the handsome lady?” “What did the gold on the king's robe cost?” “Does he always have that crown on?” The greengrocer can't for the life of him keep pace with his sprouts. Twice was he on the eve of telling his wife how much he wished he was snug in his usual nook, with his pipe and the beer, in the parlour of the public-house round the corner in the street at Battle-bridge. But the wife, good little woman as she is, exerts herself to the utmost; smooths down Mary Anne's hair as she tries to smooth down Bill's tongue—and tells the lady of the one pattern that Tom is just turned seven; and thanks Betty for the sandwich she has benevolently made over to little Jane; and whispers to her husband her fear that the nice tidy little supper which is simmering by the fire at home, may be spoiled, “all along of Caroline a talking with that 'ere policeman at the airey,”—and all this in a breath.

And, meantime, the play goes on. Betty and Mary

are in tears—extacies—amazement—fits of laughter—all by turns, and all at a moment's notice. They admire every thing—all is perfection—faultless. They can't imagine how people can object—“I'm sure I never see anything half so beautiful.”—They are entranced—absorbed during the progress of the piece—the heroine's fortune is for the time being their own—and revelling in the glory of lace and plumes, and kneeling cavalier—bless you! it is little they think that there is such a thing in the world as a greasy kitchen dresser, or that to-morrow is washing-day—that “Missis's” bell is sure to ring at five; and that “Missis's” tongue is sure to begin its daily round of scolding soon after. The dropping of the curtain leaves them in tears, for the piece has a tragic end; but they are wiped away in a moment. If you look sharply, you can just catch a suspicion of a brown substance, partially involved in a pocket handkerchief, which seems to occupy their attention. Can it be gin in a ginger-beer bottle? If they have not got something of the kind, however, to wash down the sandwiches which make their appearance in unheard of quantities from a brown paper bag—mashed into a sort of pulpy paste of bread, beef and butter—I tell you I pity them. They don't patronise the “Cream of the Valley” too extensively, however. Room for the apple-girl and her basket—our two friends have signalled her from afar; and here she comes, edging her way through long rows of legs, which are drawn up grumblingly, or jokingly, to let her pass; a smart, tidy damsel, with her eternal, unchangeable—“Any oranges, apples, lemonade, or ginger-beer?” uttered in a monotonous, listless drawl, interspersed every now and then by the ringing pop which announces the freedom of one of the two foaming liquids from their stone or glass prisons.

'Tis an odd employment, the life of the theatrical basket-girl. From the pleasure of others she draws her subsistence. What is sport to the many, is life or death to her. She looks to the place of pleasure as a place of business; while we think of the drama, she thinks of apples; while we talk of the rise and fall of managements, she attends to the subject but as connected with the chances of selling nuts. And her calling is curiously emblematical of the every-day doings of this selfish, every-man-for-himself, money-making world of ours. Night after night she sees before her scenes the most gorgeous and the most touching. Lovers are made happy or die, kingdoms seem overthrown, and their rulers left wailing in desolation. The great are humbled, the humble exalted: leal hearts struggling manfully, true love gloriously triumphant; tyranny or wickedness for a time brag-gart in success, only to be thrown down to their native dust. She sees this—all this strange web of human passion, joy, and folly, virtue, wickedness, and pride, moving in all their varied colours—modest and glaring, bright and sad-toned before her—and all she thinks of, and all she says is, “Any oranges, apples, ginger-beer, or soda-water?”

And so with us. We have all our baskets of petty wares. Revolutions may change kingdoms, and great

principles be triumphant or downcast—the destinies of the world may whirl their awful machinery visibly round us—how many will only think of—will only speak of—their “oranges, apples, soda-water, and ginger beer?”

• Reports of Lectures, •

ADDRESSED CHIEFLY TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

BY W. J. FOX.

RETROSPECT OF THE CLOSING YEAR.

THE closing year is by no means abundant in topics for commentary: it will not rank amongst remarkable years. The trumpet of fame seems called upon for no loud blast. There has been no bright victory gained, no laurels have been awarded, no illumination has appeared: no revolution has overturned old thrones or old dynasties. There has been fighting, indeed, and pillage, but upon the small scale. Science has made none of its gigantic strides—it maintains the same calm that pervades the political world. Within the last few weeks a new planet has been discovered, but it is a very little one—a mere baby in the great celestial family. The world has gone on in a commonplace fashion; there has been nothing to stimulate hope, nothing to excite extraordinary complaint or reaction; and although the future historian will find much that he must get down somehow in his record, and give a place to in the annals of the time, yet upon the whole it will be an unsatisfactory year for such a work as his; and he, perhaps, may not feel indisposed to exclaim—

Too bad for a blessing; too good for a curse;
I wish from my heart it were better or worse.

Among foreign occurrences, the first that has claims to any notice, is the outbreak which took place last spring in Switzerland, and which has not yet subsided. That industrious, intelligent, and comfortable people, seem to be very strait-laced in matters of religion. They made a disturbance about Professor Strauss because he was too Protestant for them, and they fell to fighting about the Jesuits because they were too Catholic for them. After their own way—although they seem to have a very pragmatical mode of asserting it—these people have an ardent attachment to their peculiar views, which they have carried to the length of engaging in conflict and shedding their brother's blood: an illustration of that incongruity which seems to prevail at a certain stage of industrial civilization, when we see man thriving and prosperous in this world, yet embarking in great speculations as to the next. Whatever may be the particular tenets in their creed that have occasioned this outbreak, there is a preposterousness and absurdity in thus mingling fighting with faith, that reminds me of the answer made by Howqua, the Chinese mandarin, to Mr. Morrison the missionary, who was endeavouring to convert him. After the latter had elaborately expounded to the heathen the mysteries of Christianity, Howqua exclaimed,—“How wonderful that a people should believe all this nonsense, and yet make such good watches!” Now, the Swiss are good watchmakers, and, as it appears, good believers too; yet after this display of their earnestness in matters of faith, they have received from the different ambassadors of Europe a very significant hint to be quiet, and especially not to make any attempt to remodel their constitution. The British minister for one is said to have declared in one of his diplomatic notes, that if the present confederation was dissolved, the great powers of Europe

would not allow a new constitution to be formed upon different principles to the great settlement of 1815. “What, I should like to know, have the great powers to do with the constitution of Switzerland? What business have they to intermeddle with the arrangements of an industrious, intelligent, democratic people, who are quietly pursuing their own course, and who have shown no disposition to interfere about the constitutions of the great powers? Why should there be any intermeddling with those who have given full evidence of understanding their own interests, and proved themselves quite as capable of managing their own affairs, as any of the great monarchies by which they are surrounded? Where is there a people better off—I might almost say as well off—than these industrious Swissers? Their country is well worth visiting, not only for the majestic outlines of its physical features, for its stupendous mountains, or its lovely lakes—but it has other peculiarities, as great, as remarkable—as rich with instruction—as fruitful for observation—in the thrift and industry of its people in the comfort they enjoy, in the principle upon which the security of their earnings is effected, and in the extent of the advantages which have resulted to them from the observance of that principle. In a very excellent little work, published some five or six years ago, upon the subject of arts and artisans at home and abroad, by Mr. Jelinger Symons, there is also a comparative view of the state of the working classes in the different countries of Europe, and I will read to you a passage containing an account of the condition of Switzerland:—

It appears to me, that Switzerland presents the only perfect specimen of prosperity of any nation in the world,—one which we cannot too deeply study. I attach great weight to the frugal habits, and to the moral restraint of the Swiss people, as causes of their signal welfare. I attribute their diligence and skill to their virtue and to their intelligence. I attribute the benefit of their almost stationary population to the force of reason and foresight which induce it; and of none of these several elements of popular welfare do I deny the power. But when I look to the small quantity of grain Switzerland produces,—one third only of the proportion of grain to population in Great Britain—when I see her untoward position for the carriage of her imports and exports; I am compelled to look further for the sources of eminent prosperity, where all physical circumstances seem calculated to produce peculiar poverty. Her soil even refuses to furnish, with trivial exceptions, the material of any one of the productions in which she chiefly excels; and yet, hemmed in as she is by a cordon of custom-houses, these productions find their way into the remotest markets of the world.

I assign two causes for this state of things. First,—nearly all the consumers in Switzerland are producers; they have no funded debt,—that is to say, there are no body of persons whom those who labour have to keep, and the amount consumed by whom, being non-producers, is as a dead burden on the industry of the rest. Secondly, and this is the most effective cause, I attribute the prosperity of Switzerland to her entire freedom of trade. She exchanges what she can best produce and spare with whatever country has the most of what she wants. Not a single country in return admits her goods free of duty,—not one among the commercial people of the globe reciprocates her absence of customs. But what is that to her? Does it prevent her buying from whom she will the commodities she desires, and enjoying those commodities when she has them at the cost price, instead of augmenting them to her domestic consumers by a duty? And if foreign countries, who must be repaid in Swiss goods, choose to refuse to give themselves and their consumers a similar benefit—or if they choose, by heavy duties, to put difficulties in the way of their own merchants being paid—what, I repeat, is that to Switzerland? As for protecting duties, the Swiss people believe that if a trade cannot support itself

without a protecting duty, that is sufficient proof that the trade is not suited to the capacities of the country; the proof being, that the articles in question can be produced for less money elsewhere. This is taken as sufficient evidence that it is injurious to the country to continue, or to protect, any such trade; first, because consumers in Switzerland must lose the difference between the low price of the foreign article, and the higher price of the home article; and, secondly, because the trade in articles, which Switzerland can produce, is injured to a greater extent than the other is benefited, by preventing the far greater sale of its produce to the foreigners who produce the goods excluded. The produce which is capable of being sold in other countries, is the most profitable to the producing country; and, so far from protecting others which cannot be exported, it is the interest of a community to discontinue it. The fact that a trade wants protection, is an amply sufficient reason why it should not be protected. These principles are fully appreciated and acted on by Switzerland, a country beset with disadvantages, and yet eminently prosperous. This is a problem which the opponents of free trade are bound to solve.

And such is the country with which the kingdoms surrounding it would interfere—to which they affect to dictate what should be the form of its government, whilst they themselves are widely distinguished from that country and her institutions at once by their custom-houses and their post-houses. They go out of their way to teach those who might be their teachers. What do they want? What do they deprecate? If the Swiss make themselves more democratic, what then? If it tend to their advantage and prosperity, what state—what monarch—has a right to interfere to prevent them from being prosperous? But if the reverse be the case, and the democratic tendency of their changes is to their own disadvantage, is it for these foreigners, with their hatred of democracy, to complain of a result which, according to their tenets, must be regarded as a beacon—a salutary warning to their own subjects—an example to be shunned by them—as tending to render them all the more sensible, by the contrast, of the greater blessings and advantages they enjoy under a different and a better form of government. In whatever way the argument is taken it is in favour of letting that community alone, whether it is to stand as a warning illustrative of our superior system, or as an example of better means of securing the objects of government and society, and of realising among the people a greater amount of prosperity and comfort than is elsewhere to be found under paternal sovereignties.

I suppose it may be reckoned among the memorable events of the year, that Don Carlos has renounced his claims to the crown of Spain, that crown having been long in a position as regarded him which may be illustrated by the popular phrase—"Don't you wish you may get it?" He relinquishes his right to the Spanish crown in favour of his son the Prince of the Asturias, who half a century hence may find that right in the same position as the old freehold votes of Scotland, which once separated from the property, became vested in the person, and were capable of being transmitted from generation to generation; representing a land, and totally alienated from the country or district for which they dictated a nominal representation. They are great nuisances in the world, these discarded kings. They seem to know very little what to do with themselves when their occupation is gone. The craving after kingship still remains in the mind, and they wander about from country to country, and now and then succeed in picking up a few poor mad-headed creatures, who are ready to spill blood in their cause, not seeing (these ex-kings), that they are thus acting in the very worst possible way for themselves and their own interests; for if the

maxim be true, "Once a king always a king;" and if nothing can make them give over troubling the world, they may drive people to take extreme measures, and to resolve that if these pertinacious assertions of kingship must be made, it shall be amongst saints and angels, and not amongst the denizens of this lower world. It is a great pity that these kings do not, like other people, when they are discharged from one occupation take up with another. They cannot well follow one with less of honour, less of utility, than that they have left, as exemplified in many of its attributes and functions. And if a man cannot be a king, surely he might be a carpenter, or something else of the kind, to enable him to get a useful and honest living among his fellow men.

Perhaps among the events that have occurred out of our own country, few excited a stronger sensation at the time than the massacre of the Arab tribe in Algeria by the French—the suffocation of hundreds of men, women, and children, in one of the large caverns in which they had taken refuge. The circumstances will be fresh in the memory of every one—the summoning the tribe to surrender by the French officer—the piling the fagots at the entrance of the cavern—the repeated command to surrender—the closing up the mouth of the cave—the application of the torch—the opening of the cave again, and the discovery of the blackened corpses of that little Arab army. It was a horrible transaction this—a fearful specimen of the way in which civilized nations make war upon barbarous nations. Yet how much of this sensation of horror with which we regard it, arises from the strangeness of the mode, and not the actual degree of the suffering. Why in glorious, honourable warfare, there is seldom a town stormed in which there is not more of anguish and bitter suffering, more enduring results of deep black mischief, than in this transaction. It is the habit of war to deal with enormities at least as painful, though they are smoothed and glossed over with that gay varnish called military glory. This war in Algeria seems to be a sort of safety-valve, through which the military spirit of France may go off: a disposition which might else be troublesome nearer home. It keeps the military spirit in play,—gives it some sort of amusement; that childish hankering, that infantile craving, not yet having been outgrown by our French neighbours, but hanging still about them, misdirecting their energy and exertions, perverting their many fine qualities, overclouding the native delicacy of their character and keeping them back in that career in which they ought to have made progress; and preventing them from achieving on their own behalf, what at one time they professed to give to others—complete political freedom and civil equality. Oh! that wisdom may grow up among this people, to point out to them the folly of such a course; to teach them the real glory of freedom, the true spirit of their revolution; and that the conquests of peace are more valuable than the most glorious of wars. But we who talk of their childishness, let not a similar disposition be cherished among ourselves. There is at the present time too much disposition to swagger and bluster about territorial rights, and about fighting for Oregon; all of which is sheer nonsense, but may grow into a serious evil. We read at the present moment that in our dock-yards all is activity of preparation, so as to render available at any moment such a commanding British fleet as shall keep in order any part of the globe accessible by the ocean. What end have we in all this?—what object? There is always in every great old country a party which has a sinister interest in warfare,—a party looking for contracts, commissions, and advancement,—a party which remembers

how in time of war, estates and titles are distributed, and principalities given away,—and it is therefore the business of the great peaceful body of people in the country to keep such a class as that in continual check; never to allow the national prejudice or passion to become roused by babble about a remote and an useless territory; to learn that our best territory is our own industry, thrift, and intelligence, and thus defeat the unholy efforts of all those who seek their individual gain and advantage at the expense of the suffering, the impoverishment, the destruction of millions.

To advert to a theological topic historically, I may observe, that in the course of the past year, Puseyism in the church has died out after a short life, and a noisy, if not a merry one. It was a curious instance, this Puseyism, of an attempt in our day to construct a new religion, to graft a church within a church; a new form of Christianity caused by the invasion of Irish tithes, and intended to check what was deemed a too liberal ministry. It originated in a resolution passed at a meeting of the clergy held in the Archbishop's palace. Its course was a curious one: it covered the country with tracts, many of them very able; it revived old forms, old vestments, old buildings. The architect attempted to work conversion by means of brick, and wood, and stone, as well as the preacher by reason and persuasion. It set the church world in a ferment, this Puseyism. Resolutions were passed protesting against such Catholicism. The war of the surplice raged far and wide. The imposition of the offertory set John Bull obstinately buttoning up his pockets, and objecting to a religion which came to him in the shape of a new demand upon his purse. The fever seemed to have reached its height; but by the rallying of the Evangelical party—indeed all parties—against the Oxford tractarians, they were at last beaten. Some of their preachers were silenced; others were censured. Others again set out, like the Apostle Paul, on their march towards Rome, and not only towards Rome, but to Rome, where so many have actually arrived, that the sect may be called fairly extinct. The church, then, is quiet again. The Bishop of Exeter no longer fulminates; the Bishop of London no longer cudgels his brains for a clever compromise; and the peaceable old Archbishop enjoys his dignity and his honours at Lambeth Palace once more in quiet. Puseyism has sought the bosom of Rome, the mother of so many sects, and not only their mother, but their grave. That grave the church may regard with complacency, having been so much teased by her deceased partner, as the man who erected a tombstone to his wife, in a country church-yard, with this epitaph,—

Beneath this stone my wife doth lie;
She's now at rest, and so am I.

The year has witnessed not only the extinction of certain theological forms, but perhaps I may say of some political forms also; for the late Earl Grey may be regarded as the last of the old Whigs, that is old Whigs as regards the present Whigs, but who in 1792, when his political life was at its meridian, were the new Whigs protesting against the old Whigs of the Fitzwilliam and Spencer school, who took part with Edmund Burke in his hostility to the French Revolution. Earl Grey was a remarkable specimen of the class to which he belonged. With more attainments than the rest, and of higher moral qualities, he was a man whose views might be limited, but were all single; a man of strict, and stern integrity, high feelings of honour, who would not compromise his personal qualities and rights for any consideration; a

man who was very willing to serve the people of England in his own way, but with a more special regard to his own way, than to the great objects towards which legislation should be directed. At the very outset of his public life he was elected, while yet a minor, to represent a large county, and we see him settling that matter with his conscience by not taking his seat until he had attained his majority. We then find him in opposition to Mr. Pitt's first French treaty—the very best measure, perhaps, that minister ever propounded, and which, cut short as it was by the war, had even then begun to demonstrate its beneficial results. This course showed the policy of Earl Grey to be identified with that section of the Whig party to which he remained attached throughout the rest of his life. Good service he did in 1796 when he presented that famous petition for Reform in Parliament, which by its complete exposure of the corruption which then prevailed, and its masterly analysis of the mode in which members were returned, rendered that corruption incapable of retaining the specious mask she had worn before. A blow was struck then from which parliamentary corruption never recovered. It is true Earl Grey did not identify himself with popular reform; he kept himself aloof; he was founder of the society of the friends of the people, and that expressed his character; he aimed to be rather a friend of the people than one of them. Still the services Lord Grey rendered cannot be obliterated; and it was his good fortune, late in life, to carry a measure founded upon the plan which forty years before he had propounded. But that plan he adhered to, regardless of the demand which during these forty years had arisen not only for the extension of voting, but the security of its exercise. He stuck to Whig maxims when the great mass of the community had outgrown them; still doing good in his own way, narrow though it was, and limited; standing by "his order" intellectually and morally, as well as in rank; and at last, having achieved that one sole triumph, was found to be too unbending for his own associates, and dismissed the public stage, leaving behind him a reputation strangely mixed up of solid worth and narrow views; good services, yet short comings; which deprived them of much of their worth and importance. He did for his country all and whatsoever aristocracy can do in its best phasis. He was the finest specimen that can be produced of liberal aristocracy. This much he did; no more could he do: showing that the day for the country to rely upon liberal aristocracy is gone by,—that such persons are but as the monuments of a past state of things,—it may be a nice monument, nobly sculptured in pure and stainless marble, but wanting that spark of life with which political struggle is in our day animated, and by which its best triumphs must be obtained.

After Earl Grey died his associate, Lord Spencer, an excellent-tempered man, and a good agriculturist, whose urbanity of manners enabled him to be leader of the House of Commons in the absence of many qualities that would naturally have suggested themselves as essential to that position, and who won the appellation of honest "Lord Althorp," because he was always in good humour with everybody—and could they be less in return than good humoured with him, who, by cordialness of manner made much pass that would not have been endured, if coupled with another mode of expression, and whose death is to be lamented as the loss of a kind, gentle, and genial spirit. The death of Lord Spencer germinated, it is said, one of the pensions procured for the representatives of Edmund Burke by Lord Spencer's father in 1796: 1,500*l.* out of the civil list, and 2,500*l.* in the 4*th* per cents. Now, if

these pensions have been running since 1795, the total amount paid—not to Burke, for he survived the grant but a few years—but to somebody or another, who has since been regarded as his representatives, is 185,000*l.* of the public money. Revolutions are costly things to reflect upon, as well as to oppose, for we have paid 185,000*l.* for Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution; and certainly in proportion for Pitt's opposition to it; and if more revolutions are yet to follow, we must hope there will not rise up new reflecting minds to publish about them, or more heaven-born ministers to involve us in costly and burdensome wars in opposition to them.

In the course of the year just closed, we lost the Rev. Sydney Smith, one of the founders of the Edinburgh Review, and who in that particular, rendered important service to literature; although, certainly, the tribunal he established was none of the gentlest or kindest, especially at the outset. Sydney Smith was the promoter of both liberalism and laughter; a man whose wit, if not characterized by much wisdom, was suggestive of prudence; and whose lightest jokes were always indicative of sound observation and good sense; a man who drew not upon his fancy or imagination for the doctrines he inculcated, but upon the material realities of life; whose great idea of the aim of all good government was roast mutton, claret and broad cloth; who had the moral courage to plead for the large payment of the clergy, upon the ground that in this country poverty is infamous; a plea which it required no small amount of moral courage to put forth. There was something very cool, too, in some things done by this reverend gentleman. For instance, in the preface to the collected edition of his works, he says—"I have always denied being the author of 'Pater Plymley's Letters!' but as the world persists in ascribing them to me, I have included them in this collected edition of my works." Had this man been more favourably placed as to politics, he would have made a capital archbishop. If the church had undergone no searching reforms, it at least would not under his superintendence have been a church antagonistic to all the good feelings and to all the innocent enjoyment of a nation. It would not have been a church always "in danger," and always in warfare. It would have been managed with the same prudence that characterized him as a private man. If it won no brilliant victories, it would have harboured guilt in no snug places; and if useless, it would have been as far as possible rendered inoffensive to the nation. He would have improved education too. Few things have been soid more severe upon the present system of education in this country than by Sydney Smith. Two or three years ago, he wrote some letters to the *Morning Chronicle* upon the subject of Pennsylvanian bonds, and several misprints occurred: he wrote again correcting the misprints, but the corrections were in turn misprinted. In the next letter he wrote, he explained himself in this way:—"I was fifteen years at school and college; I know something about the Greeks and Romans, and have read a great deal about the preter-pluperfect tense, but I cannot do a sum in simple addition, or write a hand that anybody can read."

There are other names I have to mention in this obituary of men we have lost, which excite very different sensations and recollections. The intellect of the country has lost ornaments—the people of the country have lost friends in more than one writer taken from us during the year. I especially refer to the names of Laman Blanchard and Thomas Hood. To the grace, ease, facility, consistency, the free thought, the genial spirit of Laman Blanchard,—to the wondrous power of language which Thomas Hood possessed, and

which threw so much of philosophy and deep meaning into the quirks and cranks which delighted his hearers, and made him truly pathetic when he seemed most ludicrous,—all acquainted with their writings can bear testimony. In that remarkable production, "The Song of the Shirt," Hood showed how to give a distinct voice and utterance to the moaning of misery, which is ever striking on the ear of society, but is disregarded, because it wants the power of making itself understood. By that extraordinary lyric the particular distress it represented gained the general attention of society: something has already been done to alleviate it, and it is to be hoped something more will yet be effected.

Of Laman Blanchard I would say he has won his claim to notice here by his zealous, his attentive, his disinterested exertions, when the attempt was made to establish for the working classes a daily paper,—*The True Sun*. Blanchard edited that paper when its finances were in such a state that its existence from day to day was the result of a struggle, and when he had almost to force his way into the office through a host of claimants, whose haste and eagerness tended to defeat their own object. At that time Blanchard supported himself by literary labour in other ways, and rendered his gratuitous services as editor to aid in the establishment of this newspaper. He did more: the stamps required for publication had to be paid for from day to day, yet with all the difficulties the paper never failed to appear. On one occasion the emergency was pressing, and Blanchard, whose services he it remembered were gratuitous, actually pawned his watch to purchase stamps for the day's impression. The paper came out at its proper time; it bore the marks of his talent and industry on its pages, but no indication of the hard struggle by which it had won its way into the world. These are things to be remembered of a man. While these struggles were proceeding, the multitude, whose rights and interests were advocated by that paper, looked on quietly. The wealthy among the leading political economists and radicals remained quiescent also; the little help which gathered from one quarter and another would have sustained this attempt to advocate the rights and liberties of man, was not given. Still Blanchard strove on; and when no longer connected with this paper did what he could in other ways to forward those true, just, sound, and beneficial principles of which he never lost sight, and by which he was ever actuated. Oh! had those who possessed the means laboured as he laboured, the working classes would not have wanted their organ; no public right would have wanted advocacy, no public wrong exposure. Such men as this were engaged in working out the great change that is now quietly taking place, and every step of which must be contemplated with the greatest interest and sympathy; and I rejoice to see the time coming when men of genius and intellectual endowments—men of literary talent—are becoming more to the world than the means of gratification and amusement, however refined, and exalted; more personally engaged in that great moral advancement of the best interests of humanity with which they are identified. Surely it was a mistake of Mr. Knight when he said a little while ago, that he did not think the place for literary men was upon the hustings or the platform. That I think is the very place which brings them into actual contact as actors with the great changes I have alluded to, and with which in spirit they are already identified; causing them to regard their mental powers as gifts for the use of which they are responsible, to be applied not to the mere purpose of passing amusement, but to the nobler object of elevating the character of the great mass of the people,

and endowing them with their rights, whether political, religious, or industrial. Again and again I trust will the world see such sights as that when Dickens and Jerrold presented themselves before that crowded assembly at Manchester, and by the play of wit, the effusions of fancy and genius, won a position which had been only reserved for mere political combatants; and when the enthusiasm with which they were welcomed offered to them the strongest encouragement to persevere in the course they had taken.

The year at first promised to prolong our temporary prosperity. Low prices, increased employment, and rising wages, were among its characteristics. One party looked on at this and exclaimed, "Peel has done it all! the corn law works well." But the breath of Heaven passes over the fields, and what then becomes of the law? The machinery of the sliding scale breaks down at the very first trial, and the market now exhibits the anomaly of good corn almost at famine price, while, by that of inferior quality the averages are kept down. And now our ports are closed while the apprehension of famine in Ireland, and of scarcity in England, are agitating the minds and hearts of men. How well might we take a lesson of that little Switzerland, where, although she does not know how to frame a constitution to the satisfaction of sovereigns, and produces a smaller proportion than we do of grain to her population, no such alarm or apprehension is felt. What makes our system the more preposterous is, that at this moment, with the fear of scarcity before our eyes, we are not only turning back corn from our doors, but the little we had stored in our bonded warehouses is sent away to Belgium, because there it found a ready admittance and a facile sale. Well, the machinery of the law has thus broken down, and what have the machinists been about? They have been turning out and turning in again. They have been working in darkness, and the result as yet, to the country, is nil; all involved in mystery and incertitude. Scripture says, we know not what to-morrow may bring forth, and certainly the nation knows not what Sir Robert Peel may bring forth. Whether he himself knows is uncertain. We only know this—that the reliance of the nation must be upon itself, not upon either Peels or Russels, but upon its own enlightened and invincible determination: its reiterated assertions of its industrial as well as its political rights: its stern resolve that the people shall not be taxed and starved while the world has abundance and we the means to buy.

There is one set of men of whom we may say we know what they are about. There is no mistake about the men of Manchester. There is nothing ambiguous, nothing Peelish, about them. At their meeting the other day, 60,000* were subscribed in two hours. The men who do this show that they know what they are about. For eight years they have conducted an agitation unprecedented in its nature and its results, and which, besides the direct accomplishment of its purposes, will be of inestimable benefit to the country, because having wrought by reason and discussion, by the accumulation of facts, they have established principles which sweep the whole field of taxation, apply to all the burdens laid by one class upon another and cannot but eventually affect the whole of our political and social condition. Above all, the multiplying of county votes has rendered this movement more formidable, politically, than any display of physical force. The breach which the League has made in misgovernment can never be repaired again. There is a greater triumph to be attained than the mere repeal of the corn law,—the defeat of the class power which made the corn law. That must pass away with the

deformed and mischievous creature it produced,—it will sleep in the same grave with its venomous offspring never to rise again, and thus the triumph of justice, in one particular, will be the precursor of the attainment of universal justice and equal rights.

Our Library.

THE BARON'S YULE FEAST.*

BY THOMAS COOPER.

WE own we should prefer meeting the author of the "Purgatory of Suicides" on more original ground than is afforded by "the Baron's Yule Feast," and in connection with subjects better calculated to develop the lofty powers exhibited by fits and starts in the earlier of the two poems. But poets will have a voice in these matters; and we are not sure but that in a large majority of cases, they understand better than their critics, the measures necessary for the promotion of their permanent progress. What seems to us a retreat is often but the mere preparation for a decisive advance; the step backwards that is to give the impetus for the onward leap. Or it may, perhaps, be more correctly likened to the wary precautions of the skilful general, who, having learnt by experience that this arm of his forces is weak, or that one undisciplined, sets to work in earnest to remedy those particular deficiencies before he ventures upon the struggle that is to end in his crowning achievement. We venture to think these remarks may be fittingly applied to Mr. Cooper, and his "Baron's Yule Feast." There was a want of finish in the "Purgatory of Suicides;" and that is in a great measure remedied in the new poem. There was in the former work, a fierce and reckless spirit of denunciation, that did not always care to weigh very accurately the questions of who or what should be denounced, and that blemish has also disappeared in the new production. It would be idle to deny that the poet suffers for the moment under these processes. What then,—if he has done the work which a consciousness of the necessities of his own nature demanded? In the intellectual, as in the gladiatorial arena, to be suitably armed at all points, never did—never will—necessarily weaken. The "Baron's Yule Feast" is but an exercise or a sport. Thomas Cooper has work to do. Many have the faith he will do it.

The "Baron's Yule Feast" is, the author states, "a metrical essay, composed chiefly of imperfect and immature pieces," some of them written "many years ago;" but which, have no doubt been more or less touched in adapting them to the purposes of a poetical Christmas entertainment. The scene of the poem is laid in the baron's hall of Torksey, in Lincolnshire, which is revived with all the festivities of a Christmas of the olden time. Opportunity is here afforded for the introduction of various songs or narratives in the ballad style. Passing over these, there are a few lines, the concluding ones of the poem, that arrest the reader's attention, and which are calculated to awaken an echo in the breasts of but too many of the people of England.

But more it needeth not to sing
Of our father's festive revelling :—
How will the dream agree
With waking hours of famish'd throngs,
Brooding on daily deepening wrongs,
▲ stern reality!

* How, 259, Piccadilly.

With pictures that exist in life.
Of thousand waging direful strife;
With gaunt starvation in the holds
Where Mammon vauntingly unfolds
His boasted banner of success?

Oh that bruised hearts in their distress
May meet with hearts whose bounteousness
Helps them to keep their courage up,
"Bating no jot of heart or hope!"

My suffering brethren! still your hope
Hold fast, though hunger make ye droop!
Right, glorious right, shall yet be done!
The Toiler's boon shall yet be won!
Wrong from its fastness shall be hurled.
The world shall be a happy world!
It shall be filled with brother-men,
And merry Yule oft come again!



SKETCHES FROM FLEMISH LIFE.*

In Three Tales,
translated from the
Flemish of
Hendrik Conscience.

READILY do our
engineers and ca-
pitalists proceed
to lay down the
highways that shall

bind country to country; steadily also does another
and still more interesting and valuable set of labourers,
the literary engineers, the men of intellectual wealth,
go on making a road of their own, across which,
mind may pass and repass, on its grand and humanizing
mission of binding man to man. English literature is
deeply and widely studied in Germany; German
literature is becoming a study in England. France
promises soon to understand Shakspeare; we are
giving a hearty welcome to La Martine and Victor
Hugo. Sweden tells us, through the eloquent tongues
of William and Mary Howitt, of the merits of Fred-
rika Bremer, and cannot but be willing to listen, more

attentively than ever, to whatever
this country may have to impart to her
in return. And now Manders sends us
one of these messengers of peace; and
cries out to us—we, too, have a litera-
ture. Welcome to the new-comer—
Hendrik Conscience! We are told,

Conscience was the first in Belgium
who wrote a novel. His first produc-
tion was 'The Year of Wonders,'
(1866), which met with a very favour-
able reception. His fame went on
increasing, until the publication of his
'Lion of Flanders,' in 3 vols., a work
which crowned his exertions, although
he did not derive that benefit from it
which he was entitled to expect. From
that period he has given up historical
novels, and applied himself chiefly to
the delineation of pictures from every
day-life; amongst which the genuine
Flemish Sketches of 'What a Mother
can Endure,' 'The Progress of a
Painter,' and 'Siska Van Roosemael,'
may be called masterpieces, and were
so admired, that we may assert of
them that they were not 'sold off,' but
actually 'fought for.'

The design of "Siska Van Roose-
mael" is to promote the growth
of national in contradistinction to

foreign habits of life: the satire being especially
directed against the *Frenchification*, which it seems
from the story, prevails to a great extent among the
Flemish people. And certainly any man who has a
love for, and a pride in his native land, cannot but feel
humiliated when he sees it, putting aside its own solid
claims to attention and respect, in order to become the
mere ape of some foreign nation. What is graceful, for
instance, in the French people, as being natural and
unaffected, may become ludicrous and contemptible
in the people of any other country; and we should
say in none more so than in those who here chiefly fall
under the lash,—Flemish tradesmen. Van Roosemael
is one of these. He becomes infected with the pre-
vailing taste, and his wife is still worse than himself.
Nothing will content Mrs. Van Roosemael but sending
her daughter Siska to a French boarding-school, or
"pension." And once there the young lady pro-
gresses rapidly.

The first month, she had a silk gown of the newest
fashion; the second, a silk bonnet with flowers; the
third, a parasol; the fourth, a gown that exposed her
neck; in the fifth, she began to use pomatum and milk
of almonds, and kept a small box, wherein she now
and then dipped her fingers, to tinge her blooming
cheeks with shameless rouge, merely to try how it
would look. Was not this a respectable education, be-
fitting a burgher's daughter?

But the father is speedily recovered from his delu-
sion by the sight of the misfortunes that befel his
friend Spinael, who is ruined in his business, and
laughed at by his own children, in consequence of his

Frenchified tastes. Siska is sent for home. The mother goes in eager expectation to meet her.

Oh! what joy she will experience.

Ha! there the roaring train is coming up. From all sides the officials rush forward, out of corners, nooks and warehouses. The iron voice of the monster engine changes the silent station into a bustling field; and amid innumerable shouts and cries, the machine stops. Now that the happy moment of meeting approaches, the maternal heart beats louder. The old lady stands at the entrance of the terminus and scrutinises the features of all the females that pass by. Already the carriages are driving to the town, one after the other the heavy omnibuses join them, and in less than a few minutes the iron horse is stabled, the servants returned into their domes, the travellers vanished, and the silence of death restored. Mother Van Rosemael sees the gates close; deep sorrow is swelling her heart, a painful sigh escapes from her bosom; she has not seen her dear Siska; still she remains as if a secret power fixed her to the gate, and long would she perhaps have remained there, lost in sad meditation, if she had not seen, at a little distance, a young lady standing near a cab, in the attitude of one who was waiting for somebody.

Could she be her Siska? Impossible! She is a young lady of quality; her splendid silk gown leaves bare a great part of her neck; a gauze shawl, to be sure, seems intended to cover, but does not conceal it; at each movement long ringlets are dancing round her cheeks; from her costly bonnet a grand plume of feathers is waving; her hand holds a pretty little parasol; a score of boxes, of various shapes and sizes, and two large trunks, are piled at her feet. That is not Siska!

Such are the observations which mother Van Rosemael is making, and the thought that creeps into her afflicted mind. Suddenly the young lady makes a sign of impatience, in the direction of the matron, and in doing so, shows her features more distinctly. Heavens! it is Siska; and look! the old stiff mother jumps towards her, like a young girl, tears gush from her eyes, a smile brightens her features, she opens her arms, and ejaculates with touching joy, "Oh! Siska, my child!"

Siska's dress proves but the beginning of the troubles which await the unhappy mother. Siska is ashamed of that mother's appearance. Then Van Rosemael is too vulgar a name. Siska must be called Eudoxie Van Rosmal. Of course she cannot dine before three o'clock:—had she the stomach of a peasant? And then the kitchen—what miserable cooking! The shop must of course be transformed. Everything must glitter with gilding and varnish. Suddenly the impending blow falls. Van Rosemael, after long pining away, dies broken-hearted. Siska, too late, is repentant. The shop of a hundred years standing is shut up. But what of Siska? Would you see where she is and what she is doing?

Well, then, if such be your desire, go on a Friday morning, at about six o'clock, or perhaps a little later, to the church of the Dominicans, open the door on the right and walk through the old churchyard as far as the Mount Calvary and the vaults where are represented the torments of the souls in purgatory. There you will see a young woman kneeling, wrapped in a dark cloak, and her face covered by a veil. If you look attentively, you will observe the beads of a rosary gliding through her fingers, and now and then hear a sigh rising from under the veil as from a contrite spirit. She kneels, however, motionless, and in the twilight of the chapel will appear to you like a statue.

If, then, you see her rising and pressing a fervent kiss upon the hand of the bereaving image of a tormented sinner that is placed there, and slowly leaving the vaults without having observed you, then you may boldly assert that you saw Siska Van Rosemael.

The work is profusely illustrated with cuts, which, like the tales, are of true home-growth. With the permission of the publishers we quote one of these Flemish engravings at the head of the review. It is entitled, "High-sour, deep fall!"

THE HEROISMS OF PRIVATE LIFE.

By CAMILLA TOULMIN.

"Alas! for Sydney Bernard and the gallant volunteers of the 'Eclair,' alas for their widows and orphans!
No testimonial is proposed to record their daring humanity."
Times, Nov. 19th, '93.

TRULY has it been said that the English, as a people, do their hero-worship worse than any nation on the face of the earth. As a mere matter of taste—if one can fancy the venerative principle confined to calm admiration—they do not seem to have arrived at the appreciation of simplicity, or a knowledge how intimately true grandeur of soul is connected with it. They have vulgarised their minds by the contemplation and worship of False Glory, tricked out in paint and tinsel, and riding in her Juggernaut car, till they have no eyes for the serene beauty of the beneficent Deity whose name she has usurped.

It is true that in a few hearts the name of Sydney Bernard is shrouded as something holy, the mere contemplation of which has a power to elevate and purify. The story in its own grand simplicity stands above and beyond the adjuncts even of poetry. A floating lazaret-house, with its freight of sick and dying, touches at Madeira. "Off, off from our shore," cry the authorities, "or you will infect us too." A harsh, and yet, alas! no doubt a wise and necessary decree. But an inclement season was coming on, and stormy seas had to be crossed, and death had worked such havoc, that the ghastly crew numbered not enough to reef the sails, and guide the helm of the ill-fated plague-ship. Her surgeon had found a grave fathoms deep already, and there were none to whisper hope to the ailing, or alleviate the sufferings of the dying! And still the cry was "Off, off, or we too shall sicken and die!" What a picture may the mind realize of dread despair, before it bursts into frenzy! and among that wretched band, apparently deserted of God and man, what a recognition must there have been of the principle of human selfishness! But by the blessing of God, and for the honour of humanity, there were hearts too generous to look coldly on. Seven merchantmen seamen—why are not their names recorded?—volunteered to work the vessel home; and Sidney Bernard, a young English surgeon, risked more immediately still, the life which he has forfeited, casting his skill and experience on the altar of humanity, and linking his fate to that loathsome stranger crew. Imagination can but feebly picture how like something more than mortal he must have come among them, himself in the bloom of youth and health, to lay down life if need be for their sakes. And the penalty was demanded—and paid. He was spared awhile to help the afflicted; but the demon with which he had wrestled seized him at last; and when the ill-fated *Eclair* was anchored in sight of the English coast, the heroic spirit of Sidney Bernard was released from its home of clay.

And is there to be "no testimonial?" it is asked. His deed is not of the class to be recorded by services of plate, with inscriptions for the most part as true as epitaphs. Nor by marble or bronzed statue in a public square; surely you would not degrade him to a level with the destructive soldier! Nor by cenotaph; such monuments have covered the remains of the meanest mortals. Nor by ribbon and title to some surviving relative. Why, simple gold could buy all this. His "testimonial" will live when all such have decayed. His name has a tone of music in its sound, and a glory around it when written. Friends and kinsmen must feel and say with honest pride, "he was ours," and every British heart rejoices to think "he was our countryman." Yet his was a heart that owned a wider brotherhood than kin or

country; and in the brighter future of which we fondly dream, his memory, perchance, may shine like a jewel amid corruption.

We wonder whether this simple history going the round of the press, and proving—not a nine days'—scarcely a nine hours' talk and marvel—has given rise in the minds of other readers to the same thoughts it has elicited in our own? Not, by the way, that it has been looked on as much "marvel;" everybody seems to think it very natural that some one should have volunteered a service of humanity, however imminent the peril. And what an expressive sign is this very opinion and belief of the amount of true heroism which does exist in the human heart, waiting but to be kindled by the torch of circumstance! Like a traveller by starlight, we grope our way, and can only perceive the objects immediately beside us; while the beauty of majestic scenery, or of flower-bespangled mead, are alike hid from us; and we can but guess at the whole from the loveliness of a part. So are the heroisms of private life met with and recorded singly—looked at, as it were, through a chink; and it must be from a higher ground than we now tread, and by a brighter light than we now enjoy, that all their radiance can be understood and acknowledged.

What thousands are there whose names have passed away from the earth, whose bodies have resolved to the elements without a stone to record the place of their burial, whose acts of true heroism, if weighed in a just balance, would prove a hundred-fold worthier of fame and honour, than those by which crowns and coronets have been won! Aye, and such deeds are being constantly enacted around us; miserably unfortunate must he be who cannot record some such in his own private circle.

When will the world understand that the courage of endurance is of a quality at least as high as that of action? There are martyrs of the present day who wear no crowns, and for whom no faggots burn; nay, who are so accustomed to sacrifice "self," and to daily habitual generosity, that they are unconscious of the halo which surrounds their lives. Surely, the most conspicuous to those who look for heroism with the mind's inner eye, are the generosity of the poor to the poor, and their wonderful powers of endurance and forbearance. False be the tongue, we say, which calls it "improvident" to share, as they share, their last meal with a famishing companion. From the abundance of their thousands the Rich give—units; the Poor divide with each other their last mite! And the struggling! How they help one another in the hand to hand wrestle with fate, for right, for room to exist! If one need a helping hand, commend us to the friend who is but a little before us in the race; he it is who will have sympathy enough to hold out at least a finger. And these are the things which remain unrecorded, because they are so common as to be looked on as a matter of course. The men who relinquish all the sweets of domestic life to be the support of helpless relatives; and the women who have done the same; are not theirs heroic lives? The sacrifices of disinterested friendship, and those nobler spirits still, who, unswayed—unrewarded by the ties of affection—have devoted health, strength, fortune, life itself, to the cause of progress and humanity,—such spirits walk the earth, not seeking the "bubble reputation," but content to do well according to the limits of their influence and ability, without fee of vulgar reward:—either alone, or in good companies, "finding their work and doing it."

They will not have a "testimonial" of silver or gold, or bronze or marble, any more than Sidney Ber-

nard and the seven merchant seamen, who, like the angel band of the "Ancient Mariner," brought the plague-smitten *Eclair* across the ocean. But not the less do they stand—changing only Coleridge's glorious stanzas into the present tense, as

"A seraph-band, each waves his hand,
It is a heavenly sight;
They stand as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light.

This seraph-band each waves his hand,
No voice do they impart;
No voice; but oh! the silence sinks
Like music on the heart."

Poetry for the People.

SONNET.

By KENNEDY ELLIOTT.

How many men, who liv'd to bless mankind,
Have died unthank'd! Far-teaching, and self-taught,
They did what learning seems to learn or teach;
Their deeds are portion of the general thought;
Their thoughts have pass'd into the common speech,
And labour's wages; yet they left behind
Nor name, nor record! save the good that grew
Out of the sacrifice which gives and saves!
God! what a tree is rising from their graves,
To shelter, ev'n on earth, the wise and true!
Then worship not fam'd words, which, like the winds,
Or Homer's song, seem things that cannot die,
And ever-liv'd they are but names of minds,
Whose good or evil speaks immortality.

DESTINY OF MAN.

By THE AUTHOR OF "ORION."

Fall oft midst woodland scenes and passive flowers,
Clear, thought-absorbing lakes and pastoral peace,
My soul doth seek serene contentment's bowers,
But from life's tumults cannot find release.

For man's perturbed spirit hath arisen,
And struggling yearns to gain an unbar'd sky;
Famine within and flames without, his prison,
Threatening existence if he stand or fly.

He knows not of his dangers; but the wants
Of present being, now expanding high
In mental purpose, he pursues,—and pants
With devious, disunited energy.

Oh man! whose dust is redolent of light,
My heart your onward aspiration greets;
And sympathies with all your sufferings, blight
My grassy dream, and scatter all its sweets.

A moral revolution works beneath
The social scheme, with deep and constant stress
And when at length are sown the dragon's teeth,
Arm'd hands will rise which nothing can repress.

Giant of life! stride onward to thy goal;
With wider charity shall wisdom come,
And teach that happiness of heart and soul
Was meant for man before he sought the tomb.

THE WARRIOR'S PRAYER.

By L. B.

The morning broke, the glorious sun arose,
 Gilding all Nature—even Nature's foes.
 Up starts the warrior, full of health and life,
 With heart and hand both ready for the strife.
 The muster's called, and every name is there;
 But hark! the signal; 'tis the hour of prayer.
 Of prayer? Oh! mockery! and will they dare
 In such a cause to bend the knee in prayer?
 What will they pray for? How their hopes express?
 What are the deeds they'll ask of Heaven to bless?
 I almost tremble while I humbly dare
 To put in its true sense the warrior's prayer:
 "Give us, O Lord, such strength and power to day,
 That thousands of thy creatures we may slay;
 May drive our horses' hooves thy image over,
 And die our hands and swords in brethren's gore
 May crush their trembling souls out in the dust;
 And for this work, Lord, in thy aid we trust.
 And if a glorious victory we gain,
 We'll count in triumph o'er the thousands slain;
 And sing *Te Deum* on the battle plain.

WHO HATH A DEVIL?

By EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Wrongs, in themselves, are feeble weeds;
 And yet how fast they grow!
 For slaves make tyrants, and the seeds
 Of all that tyrants sow.
 Weeds, tyrants know, wherever sown,
 Will clothe in weeds the sod:
 Therefore they say, "Man, mind thy own,
 And leave the rest to God."
 But God hath will'd that wretched man
 Shall work while it is day,
 And help his brethren, if he can,
 Along their painful way;
 Nor fail to plant, as on he goes
 From humble door to door,
 Soul-features'd Beauty's pink or rose,
 To bless and raise the poor.

ASSOCIATED HOMES.

By MARY LEMAN GILLIES

THE present is essentially the age of fact and action. Every eye is turned to the great roads over which the locomotive rushes like light, making distance a matter of indifference. Nothing calm, nothing quiet, in this whirl of excitement and speculation, seems left us. But it is not so: there are still objects of interest as vital as they are unobtrusive, and among these is the poor man's home. Never was there a time more full of prospect for efforts of real purpose. A great change is looming in the distance; already we may say its dawn or the grey gleam that heralds the dawn, is streaking the social sky. To the poor man, and all who feel with him, or think for him, this is a moment of paramount importance, and that the numbers of these sympathizers with the wretched are not few, a proximate experience it is believed will prove. Old ground is everywhere breaking up, the new is not yet

laid out, and pitiable is the state of those who stand amid the wreck on one side, and the yet unappropriated waste on the other. It cannot be that this state of things should remain, or that the old elements and new opportunities may not be disposed promptly and wisely into new combinations, establishing and dispensing good, and dissipating the evils that have hitherto deformed humble localities, and infected their surrounding neighbourhood.

The principle of union may be safely left to itself; it has struck deep root in the social soil, and will inevitably spread. It is recognized and adopted in union with the selfishness and exclusiveness of the passing state, and that it will advance with accelerated power, is a moral certainty. But the pressure is so great on one part of the community, that an immediate movement in its behalf is earnestly to be desired, or the grave will gather the harvest which an active charity might reap at once.

Association is one of the most important of the influences of social life; to every circumstance that can render association unfavourable have the poor been hitherto subjected. Confusion and corruption have been active fiends in the crowded neighbourhoods, in which the poor congregate—fiends who have barred the access of benevolence, or rendered all its efforts nugatory. Yet, amid these wild abodes, which hope rarely visits, and where happiness never smiles, the charities of nature, we may not say flourish, but they survive, and that is saying much; were it not so, an universal mortality among the wretched would awaken the other portions of society from the guilty apathy in which they live, with regard to so large a number of the offspring of that Almighty Being, "who hath made of one blood all nations of men."

The poor man's home, such as it is, such as it has long been, a bane to him, and a brand upon his country, he pays for. In this circumstance may not speculation see profit, and rent;—rent, that grand charm to which hearts in the highest places are so open—may not rent induce the experiment for gain, which philanthropy would desire from higher motives? Visions of such co-operation, rumours of such schemes, have reached me. Oh, be they realised with all speed! Let philanthropy consent to be even a sleeping partner, and in a traffic for the production of decent homes for the poor, leave the spirit of speculation to realise all the profit possible. One example realised, would induce others, and good would ramify in a thousand directions as yet undreamed of even by the most sanguine.

But not to the very poor man alone is the object of associated homes matter of interest. It is difficult to say whether the negation of happiness, under the existing state of things, is more the lot of one class or another; but it may, perhaps, be safely asserted that the comparatively poor realise more of social happiness than the rich; and that men realise more of social enjoyment than women, from the simple fact that the humbler classes, and men in all classes, make a nearer approach to that general association which best develops the energies, and keeps alive the interests and sympathies of the human heart. Oh, the miseries endured in isolated homes, (which the power of mere association would relieve) might exhaust the eloquence of a Burke! How often does the loss of a wife consign the husband to despair and suicide; the loss of a husband surrender the wife to deep despondency, and mental imbecility! How often does the close of life find the mother of a large family widowed and alone, at a period of existence when most she needs the cheer and solace of society. One sad, and ever mourning widow rises, like an effigy of grief, before me as I write: four sons and a daughter

have successively passed beyond the broad Atlantic; and in her desolated home all that now remains are their silent portraits, and the memory of their voices. What to her are the occasional calls of friends, with their brief tarryings, kindly though they be? How comes to her of the lonely heart the still returning night with its darkness and solitude—the re-awakening morning with its light and waste of hours? Approaching age is invading her health, and restricted means leave her little for the luxury of benevolence. Had her's been one of many associated homes how different were her position now! The bereavements from death and separation she must have still known and felt; but when all that are most dear to her were gone, instead of silence and solitude, she would have had around her the stir of life and occupation; at her very threshold she might have found interest and employment, or, if capable of nothing more, at least the power of passively contemplating the interests, employments, and amusements of others,—in fact, of much that would have awakened anew the deadened emotions of her heart, and revived its sympathies; she would be in a position for the kindly access of sympathy, which the isolated and secluded home so often shuts out, by shrouding the sufferer in impenetrable and unsuspected loneliness.* Nor is this the only picture that may be presented of the bitterness incident to the anti-social plan of human life. When youth is launched upon the world from the paternal home, it finds itself, among surrounding homes,—homeless. The lonely lodging strikes a chill upon the heart, whose first want is sympathy; the silent walls, the unaccustomed cheerlessness, numb the faculties and feelings; and thus so many of the one sex rush to dissipation for refuge, and of the other, fade, or fall, or leap into ill-considered marriages.

Strong in the prejudices of habit; full of the self-dependent confidence which health and happy circumstances generate, there are many who will cry—"We seek no change, and least of all such change as you would bring us." Alas! how long may they be thus independent of the aids of associated humanity? The opulent who has daily called convivals to his dinner-table; the domestic drawing-room which has seen the evening ever full of the throng of love and friendship; the selected circle of wit and intelligence; all in their little isolated spheres, may meet the blight of fate or fortune, which a more social, a more Christian union with their fellow-creatures would ward, would soothe, would compensate. But it is not to the higher orders in spirit or position that this is a subject of importance for themselves,—it is for those who fluctuate in the various grades above want, and below competence; in short the aggregate mass with all their many wants and mutual claims upon each other. The deterioration to which they are surrendered, living not more in ignorance of each other, than of themselves—the enjoyment and the improvement of which they are defrauded, is incalculable. Shut from the light and air of human communion, or admitted to it in a partial and adulterated state, and for an uncertain tenure, they are like plants of sickly growth to which free air and light are ill admitted. A feeble hand, thus writing by an expiring taper, may provoke a better advocate for the great object of Associated Homes.

THE SCHOOLFELLOWS.

(Concluded from page 14.)

BY ARNHELDT WEAVER.

The felon soon reached the house of the man he had stunned and plundered on the preceding night.

It was in ——— Street, Westminster. He passed and repassed. The sun was shining in the street; the fallen snow was thawing fast; the air was fresh and mild; the sky was unclouded and very blue. The upper blinds of the house were drawn; it was large and roomy, the abode of a prosperous, world-favoured man. The outcast went towards the park hastily, with clenched hands and convulsed limbs. About to enter the enclosure, a beadle repelled him, telling him in surly tones to begone about his business. A well-dressed man arriving at that moment, the beadle made way for him.

A second time he reached the house. On this occasion he summoned courage and knocked. The door was opened by a liveried footman, rubicund, and greasy; a smirking, cringing fellow, when accosted by a wearer of good apparel, but of freezing, repulsive front, when the owner of an indifferent garb addressed him. He had too faithfully aped the manners of the different masters he had served to be even civil to the likeness of God when garmented in rags. The outcast fell back from the door, repelled by the haughty, insolent air of the menial who confronted him. He could not speak the words he longed to speak to such a man; something he stammered out, but the lucky's "what d'ye want here? You have mistaken the house, hav'n't ye?" accompanied by a wanton gesture of contempt, sent the applicant back to the street.

But old associations had been that morning awakened, and they were not thus roughly to be trampled out. The man wandering he cared not whither, passed the Abbey. He saw the door at Poet's Corner open. He remembered to have been once—many years ago it was—in the interior, and a wish to see again those speaking sights which are there treasured up in chiselled stone, took possession of him. He approached the door, a verger stood on the threshold and drove him away—away from God's temple.

Driven from the enclosure of the park,—driven from the temple,—the poor outcast directed his steps towards Westminster Bridge; there, at least, he might stay, thence he would not be driven, and there he could see the sun-rays descend into the river. But being weary, for he had had only one night's unbroken rest in the last ninety-six hours, he sat down upon a door-step. He had not remained there many minutes before a policeman came up to him. "What do you do here?" demanded the myrmidon of the law.

"I am tired out—I am only resting," replied the outcast.

"I shall take you to the station-house, then, and you'll go up before a magistrate."

"What for?"

"FOR EXCITING CHARITY,"*

And the policeman was as good as his word. Behold them before the officiating magistrate. "Do you mean to say," cried that functionary, "that you have arrested this man for merely sitting on a door-step?"

"He was exciting charity, your wusship."

"How do you know that? Did you see him beg?"

"No, your wusship. But I think he sat there to excite compassion."

"You think? Did you watch him?"

"Yes, your wusship."

"Did he accost any one?"

"I can't say as he did, your wusship."

"Then he is discharged. You have exceeded your duty, policeman. Be more careful in future."

In his unfortunate hurry to get out of the dock the outcast dropped the pocket-book which he had con-

* Fact.—See the report of a Clerkenwell Police-case in the "Daily News," for January 22d, 1848.

coaled about him, and in his attempt to catch it before it reached the ground the watch appeared in sight. The policeman pounced upon him.

"A pocket book and a gold watch, your wusship, he's got about him. I knew he was a queer character. I never exceeds my duty, saving your wussship's presence."

"Hold your tongue, policeman. Place the man in the dock again. Now, prisoner, I suspect you of stealing those articles. Where did you get them?"

The outcast replied not. The policeman seemed struck by a luminous idea.

"A gentleman was knocked down and robbed in Parliament-street, last night, your wussship," he said deferentially. "Information was laid at the station by one of our men who was on duty."

"Hand me the pocket-book and watch," said the magistrate. On receiving them, he examined the former, and read the owner's address. In a few minutes the policeman was on his way to ——— Street, Westminster. Other cases were called and examined. About half an hour had elapsed, when the officer of the law returned, accompanied by the plundered man. How curious an employment wore it to analyse the emotions of the thief, as he devoured every lineament in the features of this individual! Expectation vividly on the rack before he entered, and then, ———

Not a feature the same. The youth's visage had disappeared. The sharp set lines indicating the countenance of the man, showed too plainly, how deep the world had driven its ploughshare into the heart that, as a boy's, was noble! Each succeeding furrow too, deeper than the last.

The magistrate exhibited the watch and pocket-book, and said, —

"Is this your property, Sir?"

"It is," replied the other. "I was knocked down, and robbed of it last night."

"Do you suppose you could recognise the party who attacked you?"

The plundered man looked round and singled out the thief immediately.

"There he is. He trembles you see, Sir."

The examination proceeded—the robbery of the purse was stated, and the purse itself, with only a trifle of its contents abstracted, was delivered up by the thief. In a brief space of time his commitment to Newgate was made out. But what is this scene which takes place?

The thief, forcing his passage from the dock, as his prosecutor was about to quit the office, threw himself at his feet, and clung to his legs, impeding his further progress.

"Arthur Willis!" he cried "do you not know me then? Has my name really escaped your recollection? Do you forget your old playmate? Look at me—look at me. I am he—I We were great friends, you know, in our boyhood. We had everything we possessed in common. You remember that, do you not?"

Thus far he had run on weeping, abject, clutching the other's apparel, when the man so addressed, speaking to the magistrate, said,

"Will you assist me, Sir?"

"Remove him, policeman," was the mandate delivered.

"What you do not—will not recollect me then?"

"Remove him, policeman."

But the outcast saved them all further trouble. He rose from the ground. The prosecutor made his exit from the office. From that time the prisoner assumed a sullen aspect, and avoiding his fellows

in Newgate, remained apart, sundered from his last hope, his last affection.

He was sentenced to seven years' transportation; but underwent his punishment at the hulks, instead of leaving the country. Not altogether destitute was he dismissed at the expiration of that long period. The chaplain,—a man of God in a stricter and better sense than a mere professional one,—struck by his history and praise-worthy behaviour, made him a present of five pounds. Meanwhile, his prosecutor had been ruined by the failure of a speculation in which he had extensively embarked, had removed from house to house, always going downward in the scale of respectability as applied to residences, and was now occupying a small apartment in an obscure street in Southwark.

Chance led the man released from the hulks into this street, led him to take an apartment therein with the intention of carrying on the business of shoemaking, an employment he had been taught on board his marine prison. One day as he sat in his little shop, he saw a man issue from the opposite dwelling, and limp with faltering steps along the uneven pavement. Could it be? Had possibility no limits?

The cordwainer hammered at his shoes all that day, and late into the night, and the next day, and the next the same, stringing old songs to one another so rapidly, that he did not cease to croon and sing the while time. But the fourth day?

He did not work that morning. He did not sing. It was beautiful summer weather. A man going by his door offered flowers for sale. A linnet at the adjoining house went off into an intoxicating career of song. He bought some flowers. He stepped into the street to look at the linnet. He felt his eyes moisten, and experienced a choking sensation at the throat. Returning to his apartment, and making himself as tidy as he could, he crossed the road, and knocked at the door opposite to his own.

"You have a person named Willis living here?" he said to the woman who appeared.

"Yes, what d'ye want with him?"

"I wish to see him."

"He's ill, but you can go up stairs: you can't miss the room."

And in another minute, the late felon was in the presence of his late prosecutor,—the dear companion and cherished friend of his boyhood. Willis was dying, it required no experienced eye to see that.

"Ah! you know me, Arthur Willis. I am Alfred Pole; look on me; see me now, as in my boyhood, nothing changed—but your dear friend still; true to you in your adversity, as he would have been in your prosperity,—as he was when we were boys together—so help him God in Heaven!"

The speaker fell on his face, and his sobs shook the floor of the apartment. "My first offence," he continued, presently, "when deprived of your counsel, and seduced by evil companions, was my ruin. I think, I know, that I should have amended, and become useful in my limited sphere to society, but society shut me out, considering that the boy who had robbed his employer, and had undergone punishment for the offence, had better be cast forth to be a thief for evermore. What necessity that I should trace in your hearing the steps by which I descended,—down—down—ever and ever down, until I attacked and robbed you."

He spoke no more; the man he addressed had died while he was speaking, and a human soul was absorbed in the Infinite Spirit.



THE FAVOURITES, BY EDWIN LANDSEER.

ENGRAVED BY W. J. LINTON,

With the permission of Mr. ALDERMAN MOON.

THE FAVOURITES.*

BY THE EDITOR.

IN a thousand different shapes the people of this country have had opportunities of studying and enjoying the works of the older masters of painting; but of the productions of eminent living men, they have been left in utter ignorance. Not for them are the luxuries of "Proofs before Letters,"—"Proofs,"—or "Prieis;" even the last and cheapest of these would, in an ordinary case, require the sacrifice of two or three weeks' wages. Should this be so? Great artists are great teachers. It is their mission, as it is the poet's, to stir the heart as with the sound of a trumpet, by exciting it to the contemplation of noble deeds,—to show their fellow men all the grandeur and loveliness of external nature,—to make them weep or smile, by their pathos or their humour,—to redeem the world, in a word, from the slough of despond into which its love of money, its pride, ambition, jealousies, and self-seeking, too often plunge it.

The people are practically denied these teachers. And it is really curious to note the peculiarity of the whole case. The fate of poets has again and again been a matter for solemn and painful reflection. They have sought an audience, but found none, until death had given to their voices that tone which none can mistake or resist,—the tone that speaks of a life beyond death. But here it is the audience who seek the teacher,—the people who are destitute,—the people who must wait and watch for the death of the men they honour, because till then they have not the means of exhibiting their reverence by the only suitable mode, namely, a study of their works. Again we ask, should this be?—And present, a first sentence, as it were, of our answer in the engraving on the preceding page.

There are few even of those least familiar with art, who will not instantly perceive in this charming picture, the pre-eminent characteristic of Edwin Landseer's genius—his expression of animal character. No matter how many dogs, or how many horses he paints, they shall be still every one individualised. And that not merely by external features; he makes them all feel and think. Is not the painter here a philosopher also?

But will the reader look again at our picture? There is a meaning in all he sees there, not unworthy of the exercise of his sagacity to find out. Let him guess why the dogs look so full of patient sympathy,—or why the Highland boy casts down his eyes in sad thought,—or why the boat on the lake has just arrived with friends, perhaps relatives, of the owners of the poem but—*or why the pony seems to listen so earnestly, and gaze upon you so eloquently,—or why the lady's saddle upon his back is vacant.* The noble picture, in fine, represents a truly noble incident,—a Visit of Benevolence to the Poor, or the Sick,—perhaps, alas! the Dying.

* Moon, London.

Reports of Lectures,

ADDRESSED CHIEFLY TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

BY W. J. FOL.

ON THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE IN ITS INFLUENCE UPON THE CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

THIS nineteenth century was called the age of progress before its claims to that appellation had accumulated to their present extent; before every town in the kingdom was lighted with gas, before the most expeditious rate of travelling had exceeded ten or a dozen miles an hour, before it was found practicable to cross the Atlantic regularly in fourteen days, and when steam voyages to America were deemed chimerical, before the application of the arts in manufactures had set the power-loom to its whole-sale work; before observation of the heavenly bodies had made us acquainted with several members of our solar system; before geology had unfolded the records of the earth's past ages; before it was found practicable to multiply literary works in such a manner, as to bring our great authors within the reach of the mass of the people in the cheapest form; before engraving had multiplied pictorial representations, so that they were sent out by scores of thousands instead of by hundreds, and that at a twentieth part of their former price; before the knowledge of the human mind had been rendered so popular as phrenology—whether it be true or false in all its details—has now rendered metaphysical phenomena; before the art of denomination had been rendered so systematic, powerful, and lucid, as it has by the work of John Mill, whose "Logic" has done in the present age what Bacon did in his for the advancement of learning; before all this, the denomination of the age of progress was rightfully applied to the present century; and now with all these means so accumulated, when we are so much in advance, it cannot but be admitted that it is a description which essentially belongs to our time. The application of science to the useful arts, is that by which the pages of the future historians of these times will be long characterised. This cannot be without its results—this has not been without its results—upon the great mass of society; although, I grant, not in proportion with the power of such agencies. The light of science by no means finds its way so easily to the cottage, as to the palace—the influences of discovery are often long in extending themselves over the broad surface of society—long in penetrating the depths of some of its ravines; the light is often gleaming on the mountain top, while the vales below are shaded in mists and darkness; still, if we take the broad and striking features now characterising the great mass of the people, and compare them with what they were a few generations back, we cannot but perceive that there is a difference—and a most important one—a difference which associates itself, not with the exertions of benevolence in high stations, nor with the grant of charity put forth by one class for the aid of another, not with the efforts of legislation to raise the condition of those whose well-being should be the object of legislation; but which connects itself distinctly, and exclusively, with the progress of science, and which should lead us to regard science as one of those great means by which the life of man is rendered more glad, more productive of benefit to himself, and of good to others, than it has hitherto been in this world of ours. Let us now look at this question without regard to the temporary differences which exist between the extremes of grandeur and wretchedness—let us look at the distinction between the general state of society as it now is, and as it was—

let us review the amount of existence as exhibited in the more comfortable among the working classes, and in the middle classes, and we cannot but see that it is a great advance on the state of society, some generations back, when there were no distinctions but of lords and vassals; when trade was only yet struggling to gain its proper position; and when the abodes of even those who had the most command of the good things of this world, presented a most glaring contrast to the comforts and convenience they now possess. Look to the time when the floors of mansions, halls, and palaces, were strewn with rushes: when windows were such luxuries that they were only put up when the lord visited his castle, and taken down, and carefully packed away, when he departed; when the loan of a book was accompanied with a security bond for its safe-keeping and punctual restoration; and think, if such were the condition of the great, what must have been the state of the lowly, in the absence of those holding intermediate stations between the abyss of wretchedness and the summit of grandeur. Think on the ameliorations that have been effected since those days, and which are mainly to be ascribed to the progress science has made in its application to the useful arts. Cottages have been improved—wretched as are the mud huts in which some of our peasantry are unhappily condemned to dwell—still we have now a class of buildings in the country such as our ancestors knew not of. Attention is now paid to the sanitary condition of towns, although yet imperfectly; still the subject is making progress, and the way is being paved for more efficient arrangements. In such public arrangements as tend to the general safety and convenience of society—such as the application of gas lighting to large towns—all classes, the lowest as well as the highest, are participants. The increased facilities of locomotion have given to the working classes the power of seeking for employment, as well as for enjoyment, at a comparatively easy rate. These facilities are every day multiplying; and, in addition to these, whatever relates to the preservation of health, and the preservation of life, the advances of medical science bring to bear upon one class of society as well as upon another. It is better to go into an hospital where one in 250 die, than, as formerly, where one in thirty falls a sacrifice. The ravages of the small-pox have been stayed by vaccination. Plague and pestilence, the results of unwholesome dwellings, have ceased to visit us; and there has been a marked advance in the means and appliances of producing life and of rendering it agreeable. Nor is this true with respect only to the physical condition of the people, but it applies also to their intellectual and moral advancement. Mind has been excited, knowledge has been brought within the reach of millions; and not in vain. There has been shown a readiness to receive it. However daring, as it might seem, the multiplication of books, the eagerness of intellect for acquisition has kept pace with it. The cry has still been, "Give, give!" and although the powers employed in answering this demand would have seemed miraculous to our ancestors, the expansion of the human mind, and the augmentation of its desire for knowledge, have arisen with the opportunity for gratification. Still the cry has been for more; showing the inherent tendency of our nature to advance; and that while the development of science has been most rapid, it is only in harmony with the tendency of man to rise in intellect; and that if we carry our speculations into the future—when the world shall be filled with knowledge, when science shall be the playmate of children, and when man shall be able to draw from the earth and the material elements their full tribute to his existence and enjoyment—still there is nothing in all

these conceptions of an Utopia which seems out of the power of human nature, in due course, to realise and perpetuate to its own advantage. The tendency to intellectual advancement is one to moral good, also. The smallest effort in physical science, the merest mechanical adaptation of theory to practice, bears its moral fruit. Knowledge cannot be the companion of the gross vices, the sordid and brutalising excitement, which belongs to a condition of ignorance. They will not inhabit under the same roof. They cannot be compressed into the same unity of being. The habits of the people, in this respect, have improved as much as their physical condition. Temperance societies, in the earnestness of their zeal, and with an exaggeration not unnatural, perhaps, may speak of the prevalence of the habit of intoxication—but who that has had the opportunity of personal observation for a long time past in the same locality will not bear witness to improved sobriety and decorum of manners having made among the people advances corresponding with the spread of literature and science? And to the fact, that while the world has been improving its machinery, man also has been amending his ways? In fact, the one is the result of the other; for the facilities which bring home comforts and conveniences to the general body of the people, tend also to make them better and more moral beings; to bring their intellects into play; to make them more thoughtful persons; to lay the foundations of charity and goodness: and to make them feel humanity to be better, more dignified, than at first they imagined. You may send abroad missionaries, and their preaching may have its effects; but lay down railways, introduce steam-engines, cheapen food, multiply the means of improvement, raise societies, and institutions, and Athenaeums, spread the light of knowledge abroad—do this, and you issue forth a more powerful mission than any which consists in merely expounding doctrines and delivering exhortations. Every addition to the comfort of the people is a preacher which admonishes them to raise themselves to the proper condition of humanity. An improved loom is to them as good as a pastoral visitor; a steam-engine bearing them along with new thoughts, new ideas, to new advantages, to a new and improved condition, is to them as good as a bishop or an archbishop guiding them on, if not to the Heaven above us, to at least a comparative Heaven that may be realised here below. And science does this for the great mass of the people, not by charitable communication from one class of people to another. They have well earned their share, the people, in this great patrimony.

The poorer classes have furnished their full contributions to the general advance of society. They have not been idle lookers on. Who have been the discoverers—who the inventors—who the improvers? You find them not in the leisure classes, but among men of industry, of toil, and of energies. Your Stones and your Simsons—these have been the movers and the improvers in mathematical science. Your Arkwrights and your Watts, your men of mechanical genius; these men were not bred in the lap of ease and indolence, but following humble occupations to earn their own existence. And so it is always; the poor have always been the promoters and advancers of science. So is it also with the fine arts. Your Opies and your Chantreys came from the peoples' ranks. These, and such as these, have contributed well to the advance of that science, which in turn has contributed to their good; and not only theirs, but the good of all. The people then have earned their right and title to share amply in all and everything that science can effect and work out for the general advantage of the human

race. Besides, it is the inevitable tendency of science, of itself, and not by voluntary exertion—not by legal contribution—to work for humanity at large. When we speak of it beaming forth like the light of heaven—of its working regularly and surely like theebb and flow of the tides, we use metaphors: but such figurative expressions have truth, and they depict the advance everywhere taking place by the intercourse of mind with mind—thought passing from one to another—and taking root and germinating in particular intellects, as if selecting the soil best fitted for its reception, spreading abroad daily, more and more widely, and giving and expanding with increasing rapidity. And this is independent of all eternal agency, for it is the tendency of truth and knowledge to increase and multiply, and bear fruit abundantly. When fairly known and left to itself, what is there science will not do to raise man to that condition when he shall really be the lord of the earth, and making the material elements his servants, compel them to minister to him the rich harvest of their powers and usefulness? Why is it that this is not now the case more proportionally, as to the advance of science? Why is it that the claim of the great body of the people to share in the advantages which science has in its power to bestow are not more universally recognised? Why is it, the tendency of science being universal, that we find so much exclusiveness and restrictiveness in its results? This is the problem, the solution of which I shall attempt in the present lecture. One obstacle—it seems almost a truism—is ignorance, and the habits engendered by ignorance. Philosophers talk of the *vis inertiae*, or the indisposition to move. The habits of the ignorant are adverse to the adoption of improvement, not only because such persons are unacquainted with the particular art or science to which the improvement is referable, but on account of the general indisposition or indifference to improvement which ignorance produces. Take two persons equally unacquainted with any particular science in which an alteration or improvement is suggested, and the one of these persons who has general cultivation of mind, although not bearing upon this particular science, will be far more ready to admit the change than the other, who, I will suppose, to be in that state of general ignorance which is unhappily the lot of so many. You cannot drive such people out of their way; you cannot make them see and feel the advantage of a different method to that they have been mechanically accustomed to. I knew a person who had a stove, the principle of which was that a stream of air should pass through it, requiring the fire to be kindled at the top, but he never could get his servants to light the fire in it except at the bottom. When wheelbarrows were first introduced into the West Indies, the negroes put them on their heads and carried them bodily, load, wheels, and all. So it is ever with the utterly uneducated. They will not be put out of their way; they cannot see the advantage of change. But let light into their minds—raise them a little out of the mire of ignorance—give them some taste and perception of what improvement and advancement are, and then they become disposed to adopt them with facility, even if not bearing directly upon their daily occupation: they have then faith in improvement; they feel that the world is in a state of advancement, and they are willing to coincide in the movement. What is wanting to give full effect to the improvements of science is a more general education—not that narrow exclusive instruction some time ago contemplated by certain philosophers for the benefit of the working classes, namely, an education solely confined to their particular vocations; and an educa-

tion from which a working man would be often glad to escape to realise the claims of novelty and amusement—but sound general education—education that should “create a soul beneath the ribs of death”—blow into a flame the spark within, and irradiate thought in the minds of millions—thought which once conscious of its own power, will of itself go onward and expand indefinitely. Yes, education is what is wanted,—education, brought within the reach of all, and accompanied with no degrading and perverting circumstances—education with a prospect of indefinite accumulation of knowledge—education whose powers put forth with zeal and earnestness shall daily increase this store—education untainted with the desire of class to predominate over class, and to make instruction itself an instruction for working out its own purposes—education not limited in kind or degree, but seeking to accommodate itself to the intellect of individuals and enable the world to reap the benefit each is best fitted to bestow; education extending beyond the range of mere catechisms, and the ordinary routine of Sunday instruction, and embracing the whole scope of science—education really adapted to the nature of man in a free country—education in a free country being one of the rights of man—this is the great necessity, this the means by which science may be made to yield its fruit more richly and more generally, and show itself a tree of life indeed, whose very leaves are for the healing of the nations.

Another class of obstacles to the amount of benefit actually derived from the advance of science is the state of the law as to machinery. Our system in this country seems to me wholly wrong and absurd as respects useful discoveries. Indeed, discoveries prove sometimes to be great plagues instead of blessings to their authors; they are often restricted in a small circle, when they are capable of benefiting the whole mass of society; and the principles upon which they are remunerated and treated are such as to apply to them most awkwardly. I allude to the patent law. What is the fate of a man who serves his country by useful discovery? What happened to Arkwright and Watt? For years and years their lives were embittered and embarrassed by the operation of the law which ought to have been their protection and reward. There were continual infringements of their rights. Workmen were bribed to betray their secrets, and their reputation was injured by imperfect machinery being put into operation; then they had to expend thousands of pounds in legal proceedings, although, surely, the lawyers had nothing to do with their useful inventions. Thus the law operates in harassing an inventor, and if benefit should arise from his inventions, it often happens that such benefit is enjoyed by his successors and not by himself. And all this I take to be a monstrous wrong and a gross nuisance, as well as a serious obstacle to the advantages derivable from discoveries in science. Thus fourteen years of patent, or even the extension of it sometimes obtained, is often not sufficient time for their discoveries to come into general use. They have no time to experiment beforehand. An illustration may be found in the battle of the Gauges now going on; the relative merits of the two systems should have been ascertained before, instead of putting the railways of the country in a state of confusion by their competition. I would say, let every discovery of this kind—every application of the truths of science to the arts of life, be the property of society, and not of the inventor. Remunerate the inventor if you please. There are exceptions, but it generally happens that he is not a man of business—but a man whose genius lies in putting together various combinations of machi-

nery, and discovering their results. That is his taste, and that he will go on doing, remunerated or not; and ten to one, if he endeavours to bring the most useful invention to bear upon his own profits, he fails in the attempt, and becomes a beacon of warning to others, rather than a benefit to himself. And so it was with Richards, the inventor of the power loom—when the idea of his machine first occurred to his mind he had no knowledge of the existing inventions, which were then used to produce the same kind of manufacture—he had never even seen a common loom; and when he first mentioned the idea with which he was possessed, the manufacturers laughed at him—but he said an automaton had been made to play chess, and surely it could not be more difficult to produce a machine suited for this kind of work—he was still laughed at, but nevertheless he persevered, and completed his power loom, and so paved the way to a long series of after improvements. But these are not your men of business; the department is totally distinct; and when you bring these inventions into practical operation, you want men of quite another kind—then you must call in your Hudsons, your railway kings—men, who though necessary for the purpose of carrying out improvements, and extending their benefits to the world, are not the men to make improvements in steam engines—to facilitate mechanical operations—these are not the men who improve your roads, and invent carriages the most convenient and the most pleasant to travel in—these are a widely different class, and the two should not be confounded together: they will take care of their own remuneration, but society should, for its own sake, take care of the inventor, that he falls not into the hands of the scheming monopolist—that he, being the friend of society, be rewarded by society, leaving the world to make the most and best of that which he by his skill and perseverance has accomplished. Mr. Brotherton the other day at Manchester, speaking of the remuneration for destruction, said, seeing that we have paid to the Duke of Wellington 500,000*l.* for shooting our customers, surely the world might afford to give something to those who gain for us the means of supplying our customers. It may be said that in so doing you would give the benefit of the invention—not only to your own country, but to the world—not only to society who pays for it, but to those who do not. And why not? There is no prudence in avoiding all generosity—nor is the procedure so generous as it may at first sight appear; you cannot help the progress of science—you cannot altogether monopolise good, nor is it desirable that you should. You had laws existing up to a recent period to prevent the exportation of machinery—why were they repealed? Because they were found to be absolutely valueless for their object. If a machine could not go out entire, it went out piece-meal, one part by one vessel, and another by another,—out it would go; and at the very time your prohibitory law was most restrictive in its operation, machines framed in Birmingham and Manchester were to be found in full work all over Europe; and not only English machines, but Englishmen to manage them: thus while we were adhering to our restrictive system here, English machines, managed by English superintendents, were to be found in every manufactory from Lyons to Warsaw. All over Europe, then, they were—and there they are now—Englishmen abroad competing with Englishmen at home, in consequence of that restrictive law which endeavours to alienate humanity into antagonist interests, instead of, by uniting all together, making each serve himself as well as his neighbour.

Another obstacle to the progress of science in its influence upon the condition of the many, is to be found in the laws which render co-operation more difficult and hazardous than in the absence of that law it would be to those who have not ample resources to co-operate with; in the defects of the existing law, in regard to the responsibility of agents for small sums entrusted to them, by several contributors, until they accumulate into one large sum, to be used for the general benefit of all who may have contributed; the various forms of registration that have to be complied with, and the inapplicability of these in ensuring that security which is asked and required, and which if it existed, would be eminently useful to the working classes. Here is an interposition, and an unfriendly one, in the absence of a sufficient degree of security in legislation, by which the blessings of science to those, by whom they are most needed, are unnaturally and unwisely restricted. We say in our publications addressed to the labouring classes—beware of over stocking the market with toil, which is your stock in trade, take yourselves out of the labour market for a while, become capitalists, though it be to the smallest extent, and take your share in the profits of capital, as well as the wages of labour, we tell you this, and you find when you proceed to take our advice, and put our theory into practice, that you cannot be secured—that the path is beset with difficulties, and while philosophers admonish that the way they would direct you is strewn with thorns—the law interferes at every step they take, and they get nothing but exhortations for their good.

Another obstacle to the progress of science is the interference—the baneful interference—of legislation and of taxation with the freedom of interchange of whatever can be produced by the inhabitants of different countries. I will not now enlarge upon this subject, because taxation is in the list of lectures announced for the present month. But every interference of this kind, every impost upon articles which it is convenient for any man to possess, wheresoever made, is an interposition between him and the social benefits of science. He is not to have what he requires, because produced by another country and another race. What can be more absurd? And though there may be some factitious advantage to some particular class, depend upon it, that, in the long run, their share of the disadvantage will be more than commensurate to the good they obtain from the especial monopoly. Passing by this, there is also a serious obstacle to the progress and application of science in our superstitions. Superstition and science never were on good terms from the beginning of the world—there is between them a moral antipathy which must one day end in the destruction of one or the other—and science is not the most likely of the two to be defeated in the struggle. But superstition is an obstacle which has always been thrown in the way of the very simplest operations of science. Notwithstanding the loathsome ravages of the small-pox, I well remember the time when a strong feeling prevailed in the country, not only against vaccination, but against the previous amelioration of inoculation. It was called a tempting of Providence—it was said to be an impious interference with the laws of Heaven—something unnatural. So, also, when the first census was taken, many people were unwilling to give any account of the number of persons residing in their houses, because they said it was opposed to Scripture to number the people; and that, to do so, would be to bring down a plague and a curse upon the country. Again, what is the shutting up of our museums and zoological gardens on the Sundays but superstition?

If as a nation, we recognise the progress of intelligence in the world—if, as we profess, we believe that there is wisdom in the movements of the stars of Heaven, and in the bringing forth of the fruits of the earth, it cannot be impious—it cannot be other than a grateful offering to that universal intelligence which includes all nature and all art—that particular intelligence should be cultivated by a general knowledge of its works, that the mind of man should expand and improve, by seeing and knowing what nature has produced, and what human art has achieved—and that, by this knowledge, it should be imbued with that spirit of wisdom and goodness which pervades all things. The cultivation of whatever enlarges, purifies, and exalts our intelligence, is a sanctification and not a desecration. But these who find advantages—those who retain power—by keeping the human mind in leading-strings, by acting on its timidity and exciting its apprehensions—those whose highest objects of ambition is dominion over the consciences of their fellow-creatures—they, like black magicians, raise up their hideous phantoms to guard their enchanted ground, and call forth foul shapes to fill the mind of man with doubts and fears, in order that it may not venture to pierce through the circle of ignorance in which they should confine it, and ascend upwards to its own appropriate sphere of knowledge. Now, science seldom takes a decided step in advance, but there is a clamour made as though there were danger in it to the souls of men. Why the clergy of Hampshire, we know, petitioned against railways, because the rustics kept away from church to see the trains pass by; and without doubt, it was a more striking sight to them than any they beheld in the church. In their minds it was, perhaps, a lesson more important than what they learned there. And what a clamour was raised about a work which was published a year or two ago, called "the Vestiges of Creation;" what denunciations of impiety men hurled against the author about materialism—what endeavours were made to heap obloquy against him, because what he had advanced in his book was thought to endanger certain theological doctrines. Positions laid down in that work which had previously been recognised as the results of science, and were concurred in by all who had made geology their study, such as the gradual formation of the world, as proved by its various strata, and by fossil remains; facts which had long been accepted by the scientific world—the moment they were found connected with obnoxious inferences, were attacked, disputed, and made the subject of the grossest misrepresentation, in order to uphold the views and interests of a particular class. I do not mean to say that the author may not have been wrong in some cases—but the course taken by his opponents was like that of a bullying counsel, who endeavours to throw discredit upon a witness, and influence the mind of the jury against him, for the purpose of obtaining a verdict against evidence, which he knows, in his conscience, is in justice fatal to his client's cause. Freedom of speculation in theory is the natural ally of the advance of useful discoveries in human science, and it becomes us to cherish carefully the one if we regard the other.

To this list of obstacles we must add that of manners and habits, arising in some way from national prejudices and peculiarities, the influence of which has also been powerful, as offering a serious prevention to the further application of science as applied to the useful arts. How many attempts at social co-operation have failed because people could not accommodate their tempers to each other, and change their habits,—because nurtured in the

orthodox creed that every man's house is his castle, they preferred to live isolated in a pig-stye, rather than in a palace in common? But there is something that leads the mind in spite of these prejudices to the perception that society affords the best security for solitude, and that though the studies of different persons may be incapable of union, they find in society the best stimulus for study, and that by union they obtain the necessary facilities for the advancement of knowledge. Much of the evil arising from habits and prejudices has yet to be overcome,—much of it must give way to the light of reflection, and the progress of thought, before, in external circumstances, we can reap the full amount of benefit which, without any alteration in the law, and without any further improvement in science, the advance which science has already attained is by co-operation alone, calculated to confer on society. The aristocracy have shown a much keener perception of the advantages of this co-operation than have those classes by whom they are most needed. In the clubs of the rich we see the practical advantages of combination. We see this combination in reference to those whose more ample circumstances, and better condition in the world, make it not a necessary, but an enjoyment; we see it prevail more with this class of persons than with those in whose well being it would enter,—whose comforts it would increase,—and whose condition,—and the condition of whose families it would in every particular raise,—in their dwellings,—their bedding,—their food, their means of literary improvement and social pleasures,—throughout all these it would run, and render them more observant to the improvement of their present condition, and bring them nearer to that elevated standard of physical and moral enjoyment in which we say all men should exist.

Such are the chief obstacles to the development of that tendency which science has to raise mankind. Merely to sum up and enumerate them, and to show that they exist, is to indicate how they are to be grappled with,—how in our own minds, as well as in the exertions by which we endeavour to influence either the state of legislation, or the opinions of society, our encouragement to such efforts and our encouragement generally, as to the improvement of science in raising the condition of our fellow-creatures, is the knowledge that, although all science is the friend of mankind, the existence of humanity itself is the result of the great laws of nature,—and that the laws which produce humanity must, in proportion as they are known, be found in accordance with it, and subservient to its well being. They are the results of the same system, and are to be traced to the same source. Our being, and that of the world we inhabit, all spring from the same great origin,—there is an essential bond of union between us; and to know more of the power and principles of elementary existence,—to know more of the combination of different substances and powers, is to know more of what will place human nature in its rightful and just position. Science is the friend of man,—its honours may be monopolised by a class,—may be bestowed conventionally by a system of instruction that embraces not the broad interests of general intelligence; its benefits may be restricted by artificial exertions, and be rendered a monopoly for the benefit of the few rather than of the many,—ignorance may raise its banners against the application of science in ways that would eminently serve the toiling and suffering classes,—superstition may interpose with its ghostly terrors, and, launching forth its thunderbolts, say, thus far shalt thou come and no further,—and legislation by the mode of rewarding and encouraging mental enter-

prise, may limit the extent to which any man may serve his country and mankind, by creating difficulties that prevent the combination of numbers for the full enjoyment of what can be done for them by the dissemination of knowledge. But, under all these disadvantages, in spite of every thing, science shows itself the friend of man,—the history of its advance is the history of human progress,—it sheds a light on the past, and by doing so, in some measure illumines the coming future,—it is in harmony with the being and well-being of all the inhabitants of this world of ours: and in proportion as it makes known to us the great principles and influences that pervade creation, it makes us at one with creation, and the recipients of its goods and of its blessings. Science is the friend of man—raising and dignifying man, and qualifying him more and more for the full possession of his rights, the exercise of his powers, and the accomplishment of whatever is good and great in this world, and of all that its various means and appliances are capable of rendering. In the discoveries of astronomical science, last year has been rendered illustrious by the perception of a new planet—they have called it *Astræa*. May it rise on the world as a star of JUSTICE,—may it be the herald of a time when discoveries stretching to the remotest regions, are brought home to the minds and bosoms of the toiling multitudes. There is no advance in theories the most profound—in speculations the most abstruse, but must reverberate with a thrill throughout the whole frame-work of society, operating for its benefit and advantage. So that as discoveries, progress, humanity is exalted, and made a more glorious thing in the world, and in that proportion to every individual of the great multitude will then redound a great and accumulating sum of good; of present enjoyment, and of future and glad expectancy.

Our Library.

FOREST AND GAME-LAW TALES.*

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THESE tales belong to that class of fiction which is an embodiment of essential Truth; and such works we have no hesitation in saying let in the light of a knowledge better worth having, than that of a long list of mere facts, sometimes called history, or the acquirement of many names for the same thing, often called learning. We think few readers of Miss Martineau's varied productions can have failed to remark how happily her mind combines the power and vigour of a masculine intellect with feminine grace and tenderness. From this union there naturally arises a keen and extended sympathy with all the circumstances and emotions of humanity. In "Deerbrook," how touchingly she portrayed domestic life; in "The Flour and Man," how marvellously she depicted life under a tropical sky, the wrong of the negroes, and the heroic character of the unfortunate Toussaint! In all her works—no matter what difference of opinion many of them may excite,—how much has she taught and delighted us!

A hope and a purpose, as high as ever guided the author's pen, are evident in these "Forest and Game-Law Tales." In the preface she says—

It appears to be generally thought that some change must take place with regard to the preservation of game, and the administration of the game-laws. It is thought by some that such change might be made in a

more wise, easy, and amicable manner, if a clear knowledge of the operation of the present system on all the parties concerned, were more general than it is found to be. It has been represented to me that this last object might possibly be promoted by such a work as I am therefore venturing to offer.

Accordingly, the author judiciously begins at the beginning, fully conscious that the present condition of things could not be understood without a review of the past; without tracing link by link the long chain of events which seems to have been of tyrannic forging, from first to last; galling, more or less, at all times; and a singularly prolific cause of crime and misery. Hunting may be "a manly" sport, as it has always been a "royal" one, and certainly its origin must have been so early that the animal instinct of self-preservation, which led to it, must be as ancient as every other. But save the mark!—self-preservation, self-sustenance, have nothing to do with "sporting" now-a-days; and just as men are multiplying the most, and famishing from many causes, game is preserved most strictly—as if to be a temptation to one class, and the means of pampering and keeping from its natural decay a savage instinct in the other.

The first story, "Merddin," illustrates the forest laws of Canute, and describes most graphically the state of the country under the rule of the great Danish king; when, wise and good as he might be, some of his laws, as ministered by his officers, pressed hard upon the Saxon people. Merddin, a farmer, has been guilty of the great crime of concealing a small portion of grain for the sustenance of his young children through a severe winter, well knowing the appearance of anything but the hardest and most abject poverty, would bring down upon him some "Lord Dane, as a visitor." He is discovered, and condemned to the ignominious punishment of collecting a tale of wolves' tongues—a sentence usually reserved for the vilest criminals—those "who have robbed a friendly host, or murdered a weary traveller, or eaten the bread of young children." How the proud spirit of the husband and father is crushed beneath the weight of his shameful punishment we have not space to tell; nor how his first night's work is accomplished, in the keen air of a biting frost. He has entrapped ten wolves, but the cunning creatures it is well known will take warning by the fate of their fellows, and no more are to be caught in a pit. Another plan must be adopted, and mark how early it seems that these forest laws led men on from small offences to committing greater ones. Merddin is concealed in one of the trees of a grand old English forest:—

A wild sow, with her litter of very young pigs, was busy under the trees, rooting out the beech nuts, acorns, and dried grass, which the squirrels and mice had buried in their winter holes. Merddin had begun to feel hungry some time before; and now the sight of the young swine, and good spirits together, made him long for a hearty supper. "That is a young sow," thought he, "Under a year, certainly; and she has farrowed early; every pig of all that litter must be a delicious morsel. One, two—fifteen in all. I don't know whose chase this is; but whosoever it be, I may fairly have a supper out of it for my services against the wolves. And out of all the troops of swine in this solitude, no one will be the worse for sparing me one little pig. And if it belongs to a Lord Dane, as it no doubt does, he has no more right to it than I. And in return for the hospitality that I myself have given to Dances, it is too contemptible a trifle to be worth a thought. And above all, they have treated me in such a way that I am much disposed to do what I please, for the rest of my life, without minding any of them, so as not to put Hildelith and the children into any danger."

* Three volumes (Moxon.)

When he had thus, with the speed of thought, put away one bad reason by bringing in another, till more will remained, he cast a javeline, and struck down a delicate young grunter,—just such an one as the abbot of Thorney would relish for supper, after a cold pilgrimage to meet his brother of Peterborough. In the midst of the outcry of sow and unhurt pigs, Merdhin slid down from his tree, and dispatched the little creature with his knife. "Its offal will be good bait for the wolves," said he to himself, "and that is another reason for my making free. And now—" But at this moment he heard a terrific rush through the thicket.

We need not detail his desperate conflict with the boar.

"I did not think to have been driven on by the pig to kill the boar," thought Merdhin, "and in a domain that I know nothing about. But it is so much more bait for the wolves."

Merdhin kindles a fire, and cooks his supper, and apprehensive of the wolves arriving a little too soon, carries it up into the tree, forty feet from the ground. The enemy, more to be dreaded, however, than beasts of prey, appears—a keeper with his dog—the latter discovers the retreat of the poor Saxon, and Merdhin learns to his great horror that he has helped himself to a king's pig, and slain a king's boar!

We have not space for any further extracts. Miss Martineau carries her readers completely to the scenes she depicts, whether they be the destruction and uprooting of homes to extend the new forest—the doing of "The Staunch and their Work," at Runnymede, or the selfish injustice of the Stuart.

We look with much interest to the concluding volume, which will be published in February, and will bring up the history of the Game-Laws to the present day. We shall refer to the work again when it is complete.

HOW THE WORLD MENDED WITH TIMOTHY COSSINGTON.

BY MARY HOWITT.

TIMOTHY COSSINGTON was a village tailor; he was a poor man in every sense of the word; and the proverb of three needing nine tailors to make up a man was true enough in his case, for nine such as himself would never have made up such a man as Mr. Giles Heavysides. Mr. Giles, or Farmer Heavysides, as he was called, was a great man in many ways. In person he was as large as one of his own fat bullocks; Timothy was lean and shrivelled as a last year's hemlock stalk by the brook-side. Farmer Heavysides' voice was strong and deep, and came forth from his capacious chest like the bellowing of a bull; he had a deal to say on all occasions, and had a confident, self-satisfied way with him. Timothy had a small, weak, cracked voice, that never seemed able to raise itself above a thin whisper, add to which his timid spirit had so forcible a sense of his own slender gifts, that he shrunk from speaking or putting himself forward in any way. The full, florid complexion, and round, moony face of the farmer, made a strange contrast to the ashy paleness and hollow-cheeked, lank-haired, shabby sort of face of the poor tailor; but after all, in no one particular was the difference between them so striking as in their limbs. Stout and strong, and in the

goodliest proportion, were the legs of Farmer Heavysides. Standing or walking you were sure that his knees would never fail him, and his large, firmly-planted feet presented base sufficient for the support of his ample body. He was truly a well-endowed man in comparison with poor Timothy; he was one of nature's favourite children, whilst Timothy had found her a hard step-mother! Timothy had an unsteady step, and a shuffling sort of gait, which was occasioned by his long, thin, shapeless legs, having an inveterate tendency to turn inward at the knees, so much so, indeed, as almost to wrap one over the other at that joint. Walking was not an easy or pleasant exercise to him at any time, and running was next to an impossibility, especially as any agitation occasioned such a trembling weakness in his legs, that his knees seem to become, as it were, entangled, and throw him down. Poor Timothy! The greatest misfortune that could happen to him, was that his knees should thus entangle, or as he called it "hank," for then his fate was inevitable, down he came, and was the victim of ridicule, if of nothing else.

Fate seemed to have formed the farmer and the tailor as two opposites. The farmer was fat, rich, stern, and the parish overseer; the tailor half-starved, poor, meek, and now and then in need of parish pay. The gruff, loud voice, and overbearing way of the farmer, when the poor went for relief, was but of very little consequence to most of them. They looked upon parish-pay as their right, and they had it regardless of the manner in which it was dealt out to them. But who can describe the fear, the sinking of heart, the feeling that he would as soon die as go for parish relief, in the soul of poor Timothy, when after weeks of hard shift, nothing was left for him but to ask a little relief from the parish! Had he been a lone man, he certainly would have died rather than have asked for aid so hardly dealt out to him; but he had a bed-ridden wife and a sickly daughter, and he could not bear to see them perish before his face, so his trembling heart armed itself with that courage it could command, and his poor shaking knees bore him to the parish committee-room, where he always modestly waited to the very last moment when the burly overseer was out of humour, and wanted to be going, and then he told his story in such a weak, frightened, and confused manner, that the farmer was sure to get into a passion of impatience, and assail him with some expression of contempt or anger. A kind encouraging word would have been the making of Timothy, but kindness and encouragement he did not get. Poor fellow, what humiliation his was! He cried many a time as he went home with the miserable parish dole in his pocket, and wished that he was dead and buried, and vowed that they would all three of them die together, rather than he would again ask for relief. But affection was a strong thing in his heart, and for the sake of his wife and child, he was obliged to subject himself again and again to the same suffering.

The consequence, however, of all this was, that if

there were one person in the parish that he feared above another, it was Mr. Giles Heavysides.

"I would as soon meet his big bull as him, any day," said Timothy; and though the direct road to the parish doctor, to whom he was often obliged to go on account of his poor invalids at home, lay past the farmer's house-door, he preferred going half-a-mile round, difficult as walking was to him, rather than run the risk of seeing him.

Gruff and stern, however, as Farmer Heavysides seemed to be, he was not naturally a hard-hearted man. He assumed, as many a parish-officer does, a cold, unfeeling manner towards the poor, believing that thereby he fulfilled his office more faithfully, inasmuch as he made it no easy or pleasant thing for the poor to apply to him. Besides this, poor Timothy's feeble, irresolute, confused way of telling even the simplest story excited his impatience. He had himself no difficulty about anything, and he could not understand how any man whose cause was honest need have any fear. If the farmer, however, could have looked down into the poor fellow's heart, and have seen its deep, patient affection for his sufferers at home, his own brave stout heart would have honoured him; could he have known what he endured rather than apply for relief, he would have been the last man to have added bitterness to his pain; could he have seen the rejoicing there was in the house when a little job of tailoring came in—mending or making—he would have sent for him at once, and ordered him to make him a whole suit of clothes. But the farmer knew nothing of all this, and though he often was sorry afterwards for his harshness and impatience towards him, poor Timothy was sure the very next time to make him sin in the same way again.

But things when they get to the very worst must mend,—so it was with Timothy Cossington.

It happened one dull, cold March afternoon, that Timothy was sitting on his board over a little job of tailoring. He was working very hard, for he wished to finish it in daylight, that he might take it home in the evening, more especially as he knew he should be paid then for his work, and he wanted to bring home a few necessaries from the village. He was merry in a small way over his work, and pulled out his needle to the tune of some old song that he was tweedling to himself.

"Put the kettle on, Sally," said the bed-ridden wife to the sickly daughter, "and get father a dish of tea; there's bread enough, may be, for us all to have a snack, and he'll bring a loaf at night."

Sally filled the little tin kettle, and put it on the fire, which she coaxed into a blaze by the help of a few sticks. One blessing of a tin-kettle is that it soon boils. Sally set out three odd cups and saucers on the little round stand, and treacle-pot which was to serve both for sugar and butter,—milk was out of the question—and the fragment of the loaf, and now stood with the little brown tea-pot, with a broken spout, in her hand, ready to pour in the water the moment it boiled. Thus she stood, watching the jirking of her father's whole body as he plucked out his

needle, when, all unconscious to herself, the corner of her apron caught fire, and before she was aware she was all in a blaze. Her scream made Timothy look up from his work, and the next moment, spite of his poor, weak legs, he was on the floor. The girl, in her terror, rushed to the bed on which her mother lay, and threw herself upon it. Fortunately, the bed was covered with a coarse woollen rug, and this extinguished the flame. Her clothes, however, were all burnt from one side, and her arm and neck sadly scorched.

There was an end of the tea; there was an end of finishing the work that night; there was nothing now to be done but for Timothy to hasten with all his poor speed to the parish doctor for "some burn-salve, or something," to allay the agony of the girl. For this time Timothy did not hesitate about taking the shortest way to the doctor. With misery at his heart, tears chasing each other down his hollow-cheeks, and a ten-fold feebleness in his knees, he took the road up the farmer's fields, shambling onwards like a man who dreams of running rather than runs in reality. Scarcely had he reached the middle of the large meadow in which stood the large farm-house, when a sound reached his ears, which, for the moment, drove every other thought from his mind, and that was the low bellowing of the farmer's bull. He turned his head round in the direction whence the sound proceeded, and there, to his inexpressible horror, he beheld the huge monster coming on at a sure pace, with low bellowings, and his head to the ground. Timothy felt as if he should die; a little prayer, dictated by terror, was in his heart, and he made every effort to get forward.

The large red-faced farmer was sitting all this time in the porch of his house, within ten yards of the path by which the tailor must go. There was a pipe in this mouth, a saug of ale before him on a round table, and the newspaper which he had been reading in one hand. Nothing could be more comfortable, body and mind, than the farmer at that moment; his ale was good, his pipe was good, and he had seen nothing in the newspaper to disturb his equanimity. He was sitting there in a sort of pleasant reverie, when the sound of the bull reached his ears. That, however, did not trouble him, for he did not consider the bull dangerous, when all at once the feeble terrified figure of poor Timothy hove in sight. As Timothy had approached the house, he had the power left for just one thought—what if he should see Farmer Heavysides!

The farmer, seeing Timothy, started from his seat, and cried, "Whither away so fast, Timothy?" But Timothy, in the height of his terror, kept wildly struggling on, and exclaiming to himself, "the bull! the bull! Pray, God, my knees may'n't hank!"

At the sight of the tailor's frenzied terror, the farmer dashed forward, and seizing him by the collar, cried, "Stop, madman, it's thy running that makes the bull run! Stop! I'll keep him off!"

Timothy turned, and looked wildly and speechlessly at the farmer; the farmer, meantime, was gazing at

the bull, which, at sight of him, had stopped where he was, and then giving a low, short bellow, and tearing up the ground with one horn, wheeled round, and slowly stalked off.

The farmer now turned and demanded from Timothy the cause of his haste.

"I'm going for the doctor—our Sally's badly burned!" said he, not able to articulate more.

These words, the piteous tone in which they were uttered, and the chance of his knees having "hanked" on so momentous an occasion, touched the heart of the naturally compassionate farmer. He saw at once, as if by a magic touch, the hard and pitiable fate of the poor fellow.

"Stop, Timothy!" said he, in his strong resolute voice, seeing him about to proceed; and Timothy did as he was bid. The next moment the farmer had drawn Timothy into his house. "God help the man!" said he to himself, and then shouted into his kitchen,—

"Dolly! Nancy! some of you wenches tell the missis to come here! Sit you down, Timothy;" then said he, pushing towards him the strong chair, on which he himself had been sitting a few moments before. Timothy, spite of his hurry to be gone, laid his hands on the back of the chair, for he seemed to want support, he was so surprised at the farmer's manner, and the next moment only still more increased his surprise.

"Jack," said the farmer, to a big strong lad in a carter's frock, who just then came up the meadow with a fork on his shoulder, "run down to the doctor as fast as your legs will carry you, and tell him from me, to go to Timothy Cossington's, with all his burn-selves and things, for there's somebody nearly burnt to death there."

Timothy cried like a child; he dropped at once into the chair, he never felt so weak before in all his life. And this was Farmer Heavysides! And now, Mrs. Heavysides, who was reckoned quite a grand body, was standing there in her black silk gown and scarlet shawl, and her husband was telling her all poor Timothy's troubles.

"Lord help them, poor souls!" said she; and then, turning to Timothy, she told him that he had done quite right to come to them in his distress, that he had, and that she would go down this very minute to see what she could do for them.

Timothy wanted to say that he had not made any application to them for help—that he never could have thought of such a thing; and that he was quite confounded, and taken by surprise by all this kindness—but he could not, for the life of him, say one word.

The farmer, in the meantime, was acting like a servant to him; in the twinkling of an eye he bustled into the kitchen, and fetched out a piece of cold meat and a loaf, and told Dolly to fetch some ale, and set a plate and knife and fork before him, and laid a great slice of meat on his plate.

"Come, take a mouthful, man," said he, "it will put a bit of life into thee!"

"Lord bless you, sir, I couldn't eat a bit for the world!" said Timothy; and he spoke the truth; for though he had been very hungry an hour before, when tea was talked of, he had now no power of eating left, and that more from amazement at the farmer's unexpected kindness, than from his own private troubles.

"Well, may be you can eat a bit for supper," said Mrs. Heavysides, who now came in with her bonnet and cloak on, and making a sign to Dolly, who likewise had her bonnet and shawl on, the cold meat and the loaf disappeared into a largeish basket, which Dolly was evidently going to carry with her.

"Bless the Lord!" said poor Timothy at last, who had required all his strength to prevent himself from sobbing aloud, "bless the Lord that he has found me friends at last!"

The farmer wiped his eyes. Nothing in this world could have astonished Timothy so much as that there should be tears of pity in those eyes; he never dreamt of such a thing even then,—but there they were, nevertheless.

Timothy walked down the large meadow again, and passed the bull, (which Dolly had frightened away with a hedge-stake) by the side of the farmer's wife. He had dropped behind her, as he thought was only becoming at first, but she insisted upon it that he should walk by her, and as they went along he poured out quite unconsciously all the troubles of his full simple heart. Mrs. Heavysides wiped her eyes. "Timothy," said she, "you ought to have told us all this before; my husband has a hasty, stern way with him, but he is the best-hearted man in the world. We'll see what we can do for you. You shall have all our mending, and if you can make a suit I dare say Heavysides will employ you."

Timothy saw in idea a full suit for the bulky farmer lying in progress on his board; the very idea of it caused a ray of hope to dawn on his soul, and he actually smiled.

"If I ever should have that honour," began Timothy, amazed at his own fluency, "you should see how well I should do them!"

The poor tailor had that honour; the farmer announced to the whole parish that he never had had such an excellent fit before; and from that day poor Timothy never needed parish relief.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO THE PEOPLE.

BY MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

THERE is an upward tendency in the people: they are rising and will rise, whatever may be the attempts and contingencies calculated to keep them down. True glory is now understood by the multitude, and, in a manner, beyond any former precedent. It is no longer the privilege to commit carnage; and the parade of crimson and feathers that are conjured up to the rational mind by these words, falls upon us. Moral dignity, honest independence, knowledge, and a disposition to diffuse advantages, as well as embrace them, are among the items of the great account the people are employed upon. Even the great captain of

the age is more in estimation among them for his straightforwardness, his talent, his integrity, and punctuality, than for that ensanguined wreath that encircles his name. The thirst for such renown now chiefly infects those young knights who are more anxious to wear than win their spurs, and would rather adorn a drawing-room than defy an enemy.

A rising body must necessarily raise along with it many members who contribute little or nothing to the general advancement; but be it ever present to the people's mind, that they are essential to themselves, and good achieved by themselves has a standard of value infinitely greater than any good accomplished for them. In proportion as every individual puts his shoulder to the wheel, will the period be accelerated at which the waggon will be lifted up out of the mud. The people are the grand base upon which society is built; the Corinthian capital of aristocracy were hollow indeed without such a foundation. Labour is the wealth, and the multitude the might of the land. Let not industry defraud itself, nor real strength succumb to factitious power: the latter may trust to ancient prejudice—to time-consecrated custom, and to a thousand specious supports as trifling as the colour of a ribbon: not so with the former; the stalwart wrestler must have muscle, and exert it; he has no broad-cloth and gold lace to prefer pretensions for him; his drill and duty must owe all to his innate energy and ardent zeal in his great cause,—nothing to mere panoply and parade. He must not be an automaton, moving, like the puppets of an organ, from the influence of a power he neither comprehends nor is permitted to canvass: he must, and will act in proportion as he understands and feels the high motives that alone ought to move him. Those among the people whom a fortunate juxta-position, not intrinsic merit, may raise, will do well to look to themselves, and those in their neighbourhood to look to them: let the latter remember that those who do not help us to rise, too often assist to drag us down: and to the defaulter, or the inert, it cannot be too closely urged, that falling bodies have a fatal facility in descent, and a most unexceptionable chance of being trampled upon and extinguished. Be it said, then, in the holy cause of the people, "England expects every man to do his duty;" say, and every woman, too. These are considerations that induce deep thought, and they go searching into households for the sources and supports of moral power. It is not "monster meetings," but fire-side virtues that will best show and establish the people's power. There are not wanting those who say, that the boasted improvement of the people is more specious than real; that many can now read, nay, even speak well, who a few years back could have exhibited no approach to such ability; but that it is sound rather than substance, the excitement of individual vanity, not the aspiration after general good: that many among the mechanic artists, who form the most striking intellectual strata that the heavings of the times have thrown up, carry the dogmatism of political debate home, and domineer at the fire-side: that the women evince even less real improvement; that some showy acquirements have superseded qualities of a homely, but holy value. It rests with the people themselves to contradict all this, as I, who dip my pen in my heart when I write for them, firmly do. Let them contradict it by the most irrefragable of all arguments—conduct. The patriot's duty is interwoven with the parent's:—"Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord—as arrows are they in the hands of a mighty man—happy is he that hath his quiver full of them." Education, then, is one, and one of the grandest of the great objects of the people.

They may do well; but be they assured their children will do better; that their progress will outstrip their fathers, as the railway carriage now does the fly-coach of seventy years since. But in preparing *what is to be*, let them not neglect to make the most and the best of *what is*. Temperance, patience, and devotion, must remodel existing homes, as forethought and moral motives must govern the creation of new ones. Sympathy, so often shut out from the connubial contract, fairly dividing the house, giving the wife the inside, and the husband the outside; or in other words, delivering him to the external world for the exercise of his intellectual energies, and leaving her to the narrow scope of the kitchen and the closet, which move little, if any, intellectual power at all,—sympathy of aims and community of thought, if possible, of endeavour, must be cultivated—there must be a mutual divergence from the cross paths into which they have strayed. Party spirit is happily dying out,—the mere effervescence of political feeling is letting off its steam, and is only heard of among vapouring folks. The real ends and objects of advancement, worth and weight in the people themselves, and their proportionate preponderance in the national scale, are now the animating, not agitating, subject of thought and discourse: and to these the matron, as well as the man, may advance: and let both be assured, he will advance all the more bravely, and bear up all the more steadily, for being cheered and supported by his wife. Englishmen and Englishwomen, to you and your olive branches, a happy new year,—we will talk more of all these matters another time.

SKETCHES IN BRITANNY.

By A RESIDENT.

An Adventure in a Diligence.

EVERY one is acquainted with the characteristics of a French diligence; yet I cannot forbear giving a description of the one to which we committed ourselves, with no very promising chance of arriving at our destination—l'Orient! The vehicle appeared christened in joke, and the celt of the horses confirmed the supposition. Our carriage was a sort of double omnibus—the levathan of the road! and we would advise all little fishes to steer clear of it! Horses, the perfection of clumsiness in size and shape, slovenly fettered in rope harness; their pace a lumbering gallop, yet they accomplished a distance of twelve miles per hour, of which feat our conducteur assured us beforehand, but without even gaining the shadow of credit for his improbable assertion. The conducteur himself was the most vociferating, gesticulating, and important person (in his own estimation) in all France: he rejoiced in a long pig-tail and jack boots, and his whip was a hazelwand with a strip of cow-hide, which he flanked right and left incessantly. At starting, we had to descend a long, and almost perpendicular hill, on one side of which was a high wall, and on the other a precipice. We sat on the imperial, beside the conducteur, the only place from which a glimpse of the scenery can be obtained, and our nerves, albeit none of the weakest, were sorely tested. Before we set off, our driver proceeded to wind up a machine attached to the vehicle, by turning a long iron handle, which turned a screw, the screw a joint, and the joint, acting on the hind wheel of the carriage, pressed upon the felloe of the wheel a block of hard wood which thrust firmly against it, in proportion to the turns of the screw, thus checking the impetus, at will. We insensibly

compared this complicated contrivance to Hogarth's well-known machinery for drawing a cork; but ere a cork could have been drawn, our reflections were cut short. *Once in motion, the wheel'd leviathan went thundering down the steep descent—now within a foot of the precipice, anon rasping the wall on the opposite side—our conducteur all the while bawling, swearing, stamping with his feet, jerking the reins, and flanking his whip like a bedlamite, 'till, amidst this din and clouds of dust, we arrived safely at the bottom.* Was this the Cambridge "Fly," packed like a handbox, and as light in proportion? Were we on "the" road? Were these snorting dragons, four vicious tigs? Was this Jack Walton, with a whip like a trout-rod—who could clip a fly off the leaders' ear, and keep them together, so that you might cover their heads with a pocket handkerchief? Gentle reader, I ask, "Is there any comparison?" We set out on our tour with a determination to leave behind us what an Englishman generally resolves to carry with him—our prejudices. There is nothing like an old proverb, it is a truth from the bottom of the well. "Never judge by appearances!" We did our twelve miles an hour, with an ark on wheels, and Norman carter; the crack drag, and three-parts-blood cattle could do no more. "Bless the bridge that carries you safely over." Walton, one fine day, upset the Cambridge, and broke his leg or arm, we forget which, and a professor's head! A diligence never upsets—it can't—it covers half an acre of ground, bless the foundation! The difference, after all, is mainly the appearance.

The country which we passed through during daylight, was common-place, but well cultivated throughout. It had, however, the singular effect of seeming uninhabited; not a house, or even cottage, was visible, owing to their being built in glens and hollows. Fifty farms existed within the range of the eye, and yet no living creature was visible. This rendered the landscape monotonous, and its continuance for many miles stamped the face of the country with dullness. Such indeed would have been the character of the journey, but for one of those little incidents which arise occasionally for the relief of the traveller. A few miles out of Rennes we met a Berlin, which our conducteur appeared to have expected. A tall meagre old man, of severe aspect, stopped from it, having under one arm what looked very like a case of pistols, and leading on the other a lady of slight figure, wrapped in a thick veil, who descended from the one vehicle and mounted the other with a nimble agility which indicated youthfulness. They were packed into the diligence; and, *flank!*—we were off again. A passing observation that there was a peculiarity about our fellow-travellers arose in my mind, as we became for the first time aware that the imperial contained a third individual; who had been lying perdue curled up behind the luggage, and now crawled over it to the front. He appeared nothing more than a good-looking young peasant, clad to the feet in a long blouse, and wearing the straw hat of the country; but as he proceeded to light his cigar, breathing an involuntary sigh of complacent satisfaction, we fancied we could detect a repose of soul more allied to a certain air of breeding that betrayed itself, and a pair of *cherished* moustaches, than to his plebeian garb. Shortly after the window of the coupé was slid down, and, looking round, we had just time to reconnoitre a sweet little face, and pair of sparkling black eyes, that met ours for the moment, when the owner was forcibly withdrawn, and the window closed with violence. Could that glance be designed for us! Behave! What absurd vanity. This little additional

circumstance, joined to the gravity and importance of the conducteur, indicated by the agitated vibration of his preposterous queue that swung rapidly from side to side, endangering a neighbouring eye—as it was full eighteen inches long, and might, according to appearance, have contained the handle of a window brush—convinced us that something "out of the common" was on the tapis. We attempted to draw our young neighbour into conversation, but he was too shy; and as evening was approaching, we descended to the coupé to take our place for the night. This division of the vehicle contained places for four persons. The old gentleman and his fair *mystery* occupied one side, and we were seated opposite the lady. If silence had presided outside, dumbness itself reigned within. Our vis-a-vis sat immovable as a statue, and muffled like the "veiled prophet." After it had grown dark, we halted for another passenger to enter; and in the stir for his admission, we changed our position to the other vacant seat. We soon after dropped into a doze—rambling over Boccaccio, and imagining the delight of witless Cymon when he came suddenly on the sleeping Iphigenia, in all her beauty among the flowers, and recovered his reason by the force of love!—when we were a little startled to feel a diminutive, gloveless hand inserted into ours, warm, and courting an acknowledgment by a gentle pressure of its taper fingers! Piquing ourselves on punctilious morals, the reader will imagine our consternation. The first impression was, that we were scandalised; the first impulse, to draw away our hand from the soft snare, with ungallant indignation, and a detection of the too widely-spread, too uncharitably-believed immorality of the French ladies! But we paused, on a second thought. There might be some strange mistake, and we felt a curiosity to see the denouement. Another pressure being, as before, virtuously unreturned, the hand was lingeringly withdrawn in apparent disappointment; and for an hour our coupé and its tenants continued silent and motionless as a tomb. At twelve o'clock we all alighted from the vehicle—the diligences from and to Rennes meeting at this spot. By the lamp of the little cabaret at which the lad stopped, we recognised in the fourth occupant of our coupé, our suspicious friend of the blouse and sentiment. We also became alive to a whispered conspiracy between the two conducteurs, whose pig-tails, meanwhile, worked as perseveringly as pendulums. The signal "*en route*" drove us once more to cover: we took our seat first, and kept a peering look out on the motions of our fellow travellers. The old gentleman, who had not for a single instant dropped the arm of his mysterious charge, handed her in, and was stepping after her, when the conducteur let fall his lamp and plunged us into darkness; we could detect nothing further than that, in an incredibly short space of time for these bunglers of the road, we were off with accelerated speed. We happily discovered a soft cushion, and soon fell asleep. But our doze was speedily broken by the shrill scream of the wary custodien, who was shouting at the top of his voice, "*dites donc, dites donc, Pauline! Dites donc; diable! Pauline!*"—Conducteur, arrêtez!" A thumb was at the same moment thrust with violence into our eye, causing intolerable agony, whilst a pair of bony hands were flying about in all directions.

"What the devil is the matter?" was our natural, but not very courteous ejaculation, writhing in an equal rage, and from a similar cause, as Polyphemus,

† Speak, speak, Pauline! speak;—the devil. Pauline!—Conducteur, stop!

but all the answer obtained was, "conducteur, arrêtez ! je vous donnerai un coup de pistolet !"*

Our conducteur, however, whether designedly or otherwise, the result alone could show, kept up such a din with his horses, that the exclamations and orders of our furious companion were evidently inaudible: but his last threat being accompanied by a click of a pistol, we became seriously alarmed at the probable danger, which our proximity might render personal, so we joined our most stentorian lungs to his. "All down hill, all down hill—can't stop till we get to the bottom," was the reply, as the diligence tore along. We made an attempt to reason with our desperate companion, but he continued frantically shouting, "Diable ! je les tuerai tous les deux—je les tuerai.†" At last, our diligence did make a stop, and the conducteur descended, with the remaining lamp in his hand.

"Where is the lady ?" roared the old gentleman, in a deafening voice. "Where is the lady ?" he repeated, hoarse with passion.

Cold as a flint, the conducteur answered, in an unmoved tone, "Where you put her yourself, I suppose ; in the coupé!"

"Polisson ! Canaille !"§ cried the other ; "she is gone, and you are in the plot !"

"I shall call you to an account for this, when I am off duty," replied the conducteur, drily: and he proceeded deliberately to remount the imperial.

We attempted to become mediator: for the old gentleman still grasped his pistol, and, was beside himself with excitement. To provoke him further, might increase the danger of the conducteur; to leave him in this state, might prove fatal to himself. The road had for some time wound on the outskirts of a forest, and we were some leagues out of the reach of any conveyance save our own. After several efforts, we succeeded in making him sensible that he had no option but to proceed, and he suffered himself to be drawn back into the vehicle, where he continued muttering angry threats and complainings, till, on a sudden, he raised his voice to its previous high pitch, and cried out, "I see it—I see it—she is gone back by the other diligence! We are flying in opposite directions! Every moment increases the distance that separates us! The fiends take her! Mais ma vengeance l'attend!"|| We were not sorry to arrive at the next post house, where the frantic old man ordered horses for pursuit. Whilst his orders were being obeyed, with all the alacrity that the promise of double pay could produce, he was dealing out invectives against every person, place, or thing, that could enter into his frenzied brain, with no other effect than that which recoiled on himself. We saw him off to retrace his route, and quietly resumed our outside seat—the morning having already dawned. The conducteur was chuckling over the successful manœuvre, and no way disposed to conceal the important share he had had in the plot; and from him we gleaned the following particulars of the exciting incident:—The old "Furioso," was a wealthy "notary," of Rennes, and the young lady, his niece and ward, whose hand and fortune, he designed for his eldest son. The swain was twice her age, and had qualities that she did not find harmonious; especially as her affections had been stolen by a young "militaire," our disguised "paysan." To prevent the intercourse of the lovers, the old guardian designed to carry the lady to a spot remote from the young

soldier's station. But love is quick-witted; she perceived and communicated her destination to her lover, and received, in return, the necessary hints for the part she was to perform in the farce, with a rapidity which her antiquated persecutor could not have anticipated. The gallant arranged that he should travel as we have related; and that at the spot where the change of vehicles took place, that the lamp should be dropped at the very critical moment of the notary's re-entering the coupé! so that, as the guardian handed the lady in at the one door, she should be handed out at the other, and, with her lover, return to the town which they had quitted at the commencement of the journey! How well they succeeded up to this point we have seen; and we will indulge the reader's sympathies with the fugitives, as we did our own, by adding the final result. They were overtaken. "Alas!" is your exclamation, gentle reader; for we plainly perceive you have no serious regrets at the baffled, selfish cupidity, of the falsely called guardian. Yes! they were overtaken! and, notwithstanding his sentimentality, the young officer proved himself a bit of a wag, by indulging in a joke, a French joke, too! The furious notary followed them back to Rennes—thence to St. Malo—and from there to Jersey! He traced them to their hotel, to the very apartment they occupied; and, on gaining the door of the "chamber," his persevering pursuit having, it would appear, been calculated with exactitude—he was struck aghast to behold, nailed on the door, a marriage certificate, and a pair of inexpressibles!! A thousand pardons, gentle reader!

THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOUR.

EXPERIMENT II.

BY J. BOURNE.

Whatever opinion may be formed of the efficacy of the system of strikes, as one of the bulwarks of labour, every reasonable man will, nevertheless, avail himself of any other instrument of defence which can be shown to be more effectual. Strikes are but the tactics of industrial warfare, which must be changed as soon as they cease to be efficacious; and to adhere, with a blind pertinacity, to any particular method of fighting not warranted by success, only shows that we have lost sight of the object we are fighting for, that we confound the means with the end. The end to be attained is, to secure to the working man a fair share of the wealth he produces, and that plan is undoubtedly the best which most effectually and most promptly accomplishes this object. We want for the working man, moderate and equable employment—we want his ingenuity to be stimulated to the device of new machines and superior methods of manufacture, by giving him a participation in the benefits arising from such improvements, and we want his intelligence and self-respect to be increased by such substantial additions to his comforts, as will lift him beyond the reach of want and elevate his position in society. These are the objects for which working men, however dissimilar their political creeds, have always contended: they are the objects held in view by both the associations to which we referred in our former remarks upon this subject, and whatever be the means recommended for their accomplishment by the successive apostles of industry, to this bright destiny all hearts aspire. Whatever, therefore, may be the prepossessions of the reader, now perusing these pages, respecting the organization of labour—whether he places his trust in strikes, in location upon the land, or bows

* Conductor, stop! I'll blow your brains out.

† D—n! I will kill them both—I will kill them.

§ Rascal! Blackguard!

|| But my vengeance awaits her.

down before any of the chimeras which superficial zealots may set up for his adoration, we believe that where he has so much at stake, he will be willing to adopt any equitable expedient which promises to be productive of the desired success, and will not reject a measure of salvation merely because it cannot be carried into effect by the idols he has worshipped.

The order of nature is progress, and any scheme of amelioration is radically vicious which runs counter to the manifest designs of the Creator. Some men look upon machinery as their worst enemy, as if they, too, were meant to be machines—but such persons have a most inadequate conception of the dignity of human nature, and do not apprehend how high a place in creation is their rightful inheritance. It is no doubt the fact that, by machinery, men have been thrown out of work, and have been doomed to suffer many privations; but the remedy lies not in the extinction of machinery, but in such an employment of it as will bring benefit to the working men instead of injury. This end would obviously be attained if workmen were made participants in the profits of their employers, for in that case, every innovation which benefited the master, would benefit the man. The interests of master and man would then be identical, and an end would be put to strikes and all other injurious contentions, while the ingenuity of every workman would be stimulated to the device of superior methods of production, and a prodigious impulse would be given to improvement. The managers of factories are generally made participants in the profits realised, and the most beneficial results have sprung from the arrangement, but the principle has not been generally extended to the workmen employed, though recent experiments show that, in their case, it might be applied with equal advantage. M. Leclaire, a house-painter, in Paris, has for some years made his workmen participants in the profits of his establishment—and, in a pamphlet, recently published, he speaks of the system in the highest terms of praise. Lord Wallscourt has long pursued a similar plan in the cultivation of his estates in Ireland, and its operation has been such as to stimulate the supine Irish peasant into active industry, and to shed prosperity and gladness over a district that was formerly the abode of famine and despair. In reply to our inquiries, Lord Wallscourt says, "I have tried the plan for seventeen years, and have found it to answer much beyond my hopes, inasmuch as it completely identifies the workman with the success of the farm, besides giving me full liberty to travel on the continent for a year at a time, and, upon my return, I have always found that the farm had prospered more than when I was present."

Lord Wallscourt's practice is to reckon every workman as the possessor of as much capital, as will yield at five per cent. per annum, the sum paid to him in wages. In a factory conducted on this principle, the capital requisite for the erection of the necessary works, and for carrying the business on, would be regarded in the light of a debenture, upon which a sufficient rate of interest to cover risks would have to be paid before any profits could be divisible among the workmen, but a certain rate of wages would be secured to the workmen as a minimum, whether there were profits or not. The profits might be divided every year, and to avoid a partnership transaction, might be distributed as gifts instead of profits, whereby, too, any workman discharged for misconduct, would have no further claim upon the establishment. This is the plan pursued both by Lord Wallscourt and M. Leclaire, and we have their testimony to show that it is in every respect satisfactory.

It is clear that the principle of a fair division of profits satisfies every aspiration of industry, while it aids the progress of humanity to that higher condition which concurring events proclaim to be its destiny. Machinery, instead of being the competitor of the working man for subsistence, will, so soon as this great principle gains an effectual introduction, be his assiduous slave, and will work for him more precious enchantments than those attributed to the obedient genii of fairy tales. If machinery ploughs, or spins, or toils in the mine, it is for the working man that it will perform these beneficent labours; and whatever advantage the introduction of machinery brings, he will participate in it in a fair proportion. Every intellectual capacity will be brought into increased exercise, and men will not require to labour so much when they gain some voice in the disposition of their labour, as the vehemence of competition between rival factories will be thereby arrested. We own we think that even six hours of work in the day would be enough; for with good machinery, efficient direction, and such activity as must arise when men are made participants in the profits arising from their labours, as much work may be done in six hours as in 10 or 12 hours, according to the present system. "To this complexion we must come at last;" for men will not for ever be willing to consider themselves as mere instruments of production: they are already beginning to understand, that they are men as well as workmen—that they have minds to be enlightened—hearts to be exalted, and souls to be saved; and that the existing hours of labour are such as to prohibit the due cultivation of any of the talents with which they have been entrusted by Providence. Public walks and baths, mechanics institutions, and the other means of recreation and improvement provided for the industrious classes, must all signify nothing so long as there is no time available to enjoy their advantages; but the abbreviation of the hours of labour would flow naturally from the system of a division of profits, as workmen would then have influence enough in the management of manufactories to gain the repeal of any obnoxious regulation.

One very obvious consequence of the introduction of the principle of a division of profits, is to make all working men free traders, for then the only condition of prosperity will be, to have work enough to do. It appears to us, moreover, that the turn which the application of this principle happens to take, must determine the fate of the aristocracy, for with whatever party the working classes connect themselves, they will make that party irresistible. Many working men are, it must be acknowledged, distrustful of the league; and if the aristocracy, instead of investing money in land or in railways, were to invest it in joint-stock manufactories, worked on the principle of a division of profits, they would not only be insuring a beneficial employment for their capital, but would entrench themselves in a political strong-hold, from which no power probably could ever drive them. If, however, as we expect will be the case, the aristocracy is wise only when it is too late; if it lets the present opportunity slip, and suffers employers and employed to adjust their differences as they show an increasing disposition to do, and to enter into a new compact by which ancient breaches are healed, and they are bound together by an identification of interests for the time to come, it needs no great perspicacity to see, that the power of the aristocracy must receive a shock, from which it will never recover, while the democratic element rushes irresistibly onward, until all ancient land-marks are submerged, or swept away by the swelling flood.



FROM A PICTURE BY MARGARET GILLIES.

ENGRAVED BY W. J. LINTON.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT

WHAT has Wordsworth done for the people? That is the great question, which, whether expressed or not, we set out with in surveying every successive portrait in this Gallery. What has this man done for the People? While he has been erecting the monument of his own fame, has it been with a single, selfish object? Has it been to found a brilliant but a barren fame, or has the man, with the heart of a man, regarded the good of his fellow-creatures as the only desirable or enduring foundation of renown? We call every man, however great, by this means, before the tribunal of his nation. We ask him, in the presence of his cotemporaries, what he has done to earn the thanks of them and of their children? It is true that the very fact of presenting his portrait here, decides the question to a certain extent, *a priori*. The individual, unless he had benefited, and sought evidently to benefit mankind, by his acts or writings, could not appear here. This is a list of worthies;

and yet, though these worthies, in our opinion, are decidedly benefactors of their race, it remains a question for us and for posterity to determine whether they are of the first, second, or a still inferior order of merit. Whether they have exerted their talents with more or less devotedness to the glorious object of the advancement of human happiness. This is an inquiry which has a most obviously salutary tendency. It may lead those who are starting on the crowded and arduous highway of ambition, to pause, consider, and settle with themselves what it is which they are really seeking. It may lead many to perceive that the surest way to secure the praises of mankind is to lay hold on their affections. To those who, on making the essay, find that their powers are not equal to their untried presumption, it may present a deep consolation to perceive that the heart as well as the head can achieve fame. That there is a brilliant path for the philanthropist as well as for the genius. That there is a moral as well as an in-

tellectual greatness; and that men who have, perhaps, no other creative faculty within them, have that creative vigour of the heart which extinguishes misery, raises the degraded as well as the desolate, roots out old barbarous customs, and diffuses through all society the generous spirit of a new era, adding one step more to the grand ascent towards man's true condition of happiness on "The Delectable Mountains" of love and knowledge. The Frys and Howards have earned, and will from age to age earn, a beautiful immortality. The light which attends such luminaries is the light of wisdom, purified of self; the warmth which they diffuse is the glow of an all fraternal heart; the dews which fall sweetly on their setting are the tears of an eternal gratitude. For the blessed consciousness of such a fame, how many a laurel-cinctured head, as it lies on its last pillow, would gladly surrender the monarchy of genius over a thankless posterity.

In every time that is worth anything there must be more or less of this moral renown. The question in judging of celebrated men will, I am persuaded, be ever more widely and frequently asked by the public—"What has this man done for the people?" and by the people, we mean the nation, including all classes:—in a wider sense,—"What has he done for mankind?"

There may be some who, on a superficial view, may think that Mr. Wordsworth has not done much for mankind. He has not come forward into the front of the public contest for rights. He has been a politician, but only in his own neighbourhood, and there as a staunch conservative. In this point of view, we may safely regard him as a retarder rather than a promoter of the good of the people. He has shunned the great highway of life; he has gone away into the very nook of distant seclusion, and in that nook he has endeavoured to build up a little stronghold of opposition to popular progress. The epithet applied by him to Milton, may also be applied to himself—

His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.

No man has, perhaps, at any time, so completely taken the great course of his life through solitudes and unfrequented ways. He has devoted his whole life to one great object—that of a great mastership in the art of poetry. To many, a life devoted to poetry at all, appears, at best, an idle life; but a whole long life given up exclusively to spinning rhymes, and humming them from day to day along mountain glens, by the brink of waterfalls, and under the boughs of the far-off forest, seems even to the most imaginative and conceding of us carrying matters a great way. When, moreover, it turns out that this musing anchor of rhyme has lived in uninterrupted ease and enjoyment; that his path from one cause or another has been a path of velvet softness; that though his nest has been built in a lonely region, it has been well feathered: a thousand voices will ask with renewed eagerness,—"What then, in all the world, has this man done for the people?"

The answer must be, spite of all external seeming, he has done much, and done it well. The realities of

his life have been wrought out by him in this solitude. It is his mind that sought, because it needed it, this withdrawal from the throng, in order to labour most-effectually for the throng. In his far-off walk, he has pursued great but abstruse truths. In his hidden abode, he has toiled hard and long to render them simple and universally comprehensible. In his silence he has enunciated great principles, and sought, while seeming to decline human sympathies, to knit up those sympathies, by pouring new light on the heart of man under those circumstances which make the tenderest fellowship requisite. He has lived long with the great spirit of Nature in her deepest mountain solitudes, amongst her most magnificent and awful, as well as lovely forms; and has found that she is capable of communicating the deepest teachings of wisdom, of inspiring the loftiest and purest sentiments. It is this acquaintanceship that he has sought to extend to all of us; it is this love of the beautiful and impressive in nature that he seeks to inspire us with. He tells us that nature is full of cheerfulness and consolation;—that she

never doth betray

The heart that loves her; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our mortal life, to lead
From joy to joy.

No man has therefore reconciled man and nature more effectually than Wordsworth has; and while doing this, while opening up in the bosom of the common mother such an inexhaustible fountain of general enjoyment, he has not the less laboured to reconcile man to man. This grand old conservative is at the same time, unknown to himself, the grandest of levellers. It is Wordsworth who proclaims the truth hostile to all pride,

He that despiseth any living thing
Hath faculties that he hath never used.

He was amongst the very first to assert the dignity of man by selecting his subjects from amongst the lowliest of the human family; and as to that liberty without which no social good or moral greatness can flourish, there is no man who has spoken out so boldly as he.

In an article in "Tait's Magazine," called "The great modern Poets, great Reformers," so long ago as March, 1835, I laid down the doctrine "that all truth is democratic." It matters not what poets may be in their own individual practice or position; they are compelled by the invincible power of truth, paramount to every other great power in every truly great mind, to write so as to become the foster-fathers of liberty." This position, since then taken up by other writers, I maintained by an ample review of the writings of Scott, Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. I cannot do better than quote the main argument in reference to the liberty-breathing spirit of Wordsworth, on this occasion:—

"Mr. Wordsworth's writings are almost entirely poetical, and those so entirely radical, that taking into the account his living apart from political life amongst his native mountains, we cannot but wonder how he came to be called a conservative at all. It

seems as if nobody could have found it out, unless he had been pleased to tell them, for it is only in his conversation that you perceive it. Look at his poems altogether, and they are radical, deeply, essentially, entirely radical. Is the man who chooses his themes from the lowest and simplest walks of life—who associates himself in spirit, if not in person, with the poor and the suffering—whose heroes are waggoners, strollers, pedlars, beggars, hedgers, ditchers, and shepherds—very like a Tory? But it is not this mere choice of subjects, or the mere spirit with which he has animated them, which is most remarkable; he has dedicated a series of sonnets to liberty, in a manner that savours more of republicanism than aught else. It is a series of sonnets not to be excelled by any in the language—not even by those of Milton: they are living, breathing, burning, inspiring, and intoxicating compositions. Their tone is that of a trumpet. They would of themselves have given him place in the highest rank of poets, and a title to be styled the Tyrtæus of England. Hear with what a voice of power he calls on liberty:—

Advance—come forth from thy Tyrolean ground,
Dear Liberty! stern nymph of soul untamed,
Sweet nymph, O rightly of the mountain named

Hear in what deep and eternal sources he lays
the springs of our patriotism:—

The land we from our fathers had in trust,
And to our children will transmit, or die.
This is our maxim, this our piety;
And God and Nature say that it is just.
We read the dictate in the infant's eye,
In the wife's smile, and in the placid sky:
And at our feet, amid the silent dust,
Of them that went before us!

Hear his noble idea of liberty, as the birthright
of man, and the propriety of the common people
vindicated that right:—

Avaunt all specious piliancy of mind
In men of low degree, all smooth pretence!
I better like a blunt indifference
And self-respecting slowness.

But above all, hear this:—

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour.
England hath need of thee, she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again,
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power!

This is, in faith, marvellous language for a conservative! Altar, sword, and pen, that is, the Church, the army, and the law—all are corrupt to the very core, and require reform—and no man but Milton for this work! We need not tell a man of Wordsworth's genius and information what sort of a man Milton was. He knows that he was a stern republican, and he calls upon him to give us freedom and power. How would he give them? In the shape of a republic. It was for this that the secretary of Cromwell wrote against Salmasius, the defender of kingship. He would have reform in the Church, and Milton would do this, by sweeping

away the Establishment. He deems Milton "the holiest of men," and that there may be no mistaking him, he goes on to name other great objects of his admiration—all republicans.

Great men have been among us: hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom—better, none.
The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.

Thus it is that liberty has bent to its sovereignty the greatest minds of every age, however they might be biassed by education, by connexion, by the natural desire of prospering in life; and has made even those who, like the seer of old, came to curse, unconsciously to themselves, pronounce upon its adherents a blessing, and a prophecy of triumph!—"Tait, March, 1835.

By this extract, however, we give only one phasis, brilliant as it is, of the services rendered by Wordsworth to the cause of the people. He was one of the first and most eloquent advocates of general education. (See the *Excursion*, book ix.) He was one of the first to point out the neglect of the agricultural population; the necessity of ameliorating the condition of children in factories; (book viii.) In the "Female Vagrant" he forcibly depicted the horrors of destitution in this wealthy land.

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood
And near a thousand tables pinned and wanted food.

But it would require a much larger space to point out the humanising and popular tendencies of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry. So effective have been the efforts of himself and others to create a love of nature in the mass, that the public has seen of late the great magician shrinking before the spirit which he has raised. The laureate has launched a sonnet at the steam train, which threatens to bring all the thousands of the manufacturing districts—to enjoy the lakes and mountains which he has rendered so attractive. Like a modern Actæon, he is in danger of being devoured by his own hounds. Poetry, though a giant, dares a vain contest with Hudson, the dwarf. It would require a mountain of sonnets to stop a steam engine. Already the railway line shows itself above the banks of Windermere; already a steamer glides along its waters. It remains only for "the old man eloquent" to show, that he possesses a philosophy equal to his poetry; to rejoice in the enjoyment of the million, though it should crowd with its noisy jollity a little too near his lovely retreat: and thus practically carrying out his own beautiful sentiment,

To prize the breath we share with human kind.

Reports of Lectures,

ADDRESSED CHIEFLY TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

BY W. J. FOX.

ON THE POLITICAL MORALITY OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

THE subject of the present and of the next Lecture—the political morality implied in the plays of Shakespeare, is one which, properly to work out, would require volumes; for it must include a critique

upon the individual characters drawn by the great master—his monarchs and his slaves; his patriots and his conspirators, the fat knight and the lean apothecary; in a word, all the diversities of individual being and social station, all the varieties of human existence, its feelings, its humours, its enjoyments, its calamities, its passions, the deep grief, the inextinguishable laughter—all these must be subjected to analysis to arrive at results which are contained in them, but which do not appear upon the surface. Besides the analysis of individual character, we must pass in review the several conditions of society by which the great classes of the dramas are characterized—the old heroic ages as seen through the chivalric medium—the barbarian monarchies—the state of Southern Europe, as derived by the poet from the Italian novels and romances which formed the groundwork of some of his dramas—our own history, from the reign of John to that of Henry VIII.—the different modes and forms, and features, as recognized by him, that society assumed at such different times and in those distant ages—all these would be part and parcel of the great work of a comprehensive criticism of Shakespeare and his works, as regards their political morality. Even his preternatural creations have to do with the subject; his ghosts and his witches have their oracles interfering with the course of human events, and human passions and crimes. His Oberon and Titania quarrel like other sovereigns, causing sorrow and affliction to unoffending people; and, by blights and mildews, turning aside the course of the seasons. Even the savage brute, Caliban, puts forward his title to be a sovereign over the island, in right of his mother, Sycorax, thus opposing the claim of legitimacy against the claim of knowledge to superiority, and like others of the same class in the real world, seeking to overpower human wisdom and virtue by brute force. To pursue such an inquiry to its limits would require a range of mind almost as vast as his whose creations suggest it; for it is the prerogative of the universal genius of Shakespeare to identify himself with all and every character he portrays; to think their thoughts, to speak their words, to realise their deeds; and the critic who would ascertain the particular character or habit of the man himself would have to trace it as a fine thread through all the complexities of his creatures, would have to inquire what would be the mode in which the same things would be treated by others who were different in their intellectual and moral being, and to draw that fine thread out from the great mass in which it is entangled, and present it by itself as the thoughts and feelings of the individual man who generated this boundless diversity. To pursue such an inquiry there must be a familiarity with the abstractions of philosophy, and with the homeliest affairs of the world, with the habits and feelings of the richest and the poorest, with characters the most opposite, with motives the most diverse, with elements the most antagonistic; there must be an acquaintance with the machinery of the theatre, and of the great theatre of political institutions and legislation; and with these varied powers must be combined leisure, and the habit of patient research and of accurate deduction. All this would be the work almost of a life-time, and the attention such a work would demand from others would be very different from the passing attention which is all that lectures like these can deserve. It would be a study from which both writer and reader would reap most inestimable advantages, but it is not an undertaking to grapple with upon occasions like

the present. All I can aim at, all, indeed, that in this form can be advantageously done, is to give an impulse to this sort of research, to stimulate your minds to study of this kind; and if I can impart such an impulse to your minds, I think I shall best discharge the undertaking I have imposed upon my own. It may be asked by some, perhaps, what would be the corresponding advantages to arise from so laborious an occupation: for that, after all, we should arrive at the opinions and principles of one man only. That is true: but that one man was Shakespeare, the unrivalled, the immortal, the universal; and there is something done, if, in glancing at an inquiry of this kind, we do but twine another wreath for his glorious brow, and raise another altar to political truth; not as to an "unknown God," but to that god-like principle which gives to property and prosperity their security, which produces intellectual and moral, as well as physical good, and thus contributes to the well-being of nations as of individuals. There are some whose first thought is—let us have the poetry without the politics. If by politics you mean the little dirty tricks of faction, the turning in and turning out of place those who are the aspirants after the good things that place can bestow; if by politics you mean transactions worthy only the pollution of the kennel, the hustings, or St. Stephen's, why then, by all means let such base and foul things be kept clear of Shakespeare and his dramas. But if by politics you mean something better and greater than these things; if you mean the principles by which countries are banded together, their interests secured, their happiness advanced, and which are to nations what moral and spiritual principles are to individuals, why then the productions of Shakespeare are the very place in which to seek for them,—and for this reason,—they are the development of human nature, and upon human nature must be founded all institutions which are worthy of mankind, consistent with their rights, or tending to their happiness and advantages; all such institutions are based upon the principles of our intellectual and moral being, and when they are connected with the assumption of divine right, with class arrangements or class compromises, the true principles of political conduct are altogether forgotten, and lost sight of. Politics are universal; there is no escape from them. Go where you will, there is no writer whom politics do not reach in the darkest recesses of the solitude to which he may have retired for meditation: they extend from the noise and excitement of the public meeting to the bosom of home and family. There are politics in every thing. Science—remote, abstract, indifferent, neutral as it may appear—science itself involves politics; and when the astronomer with his telescope discovers a new star in the firmament—when the geologist with his hammer brings out the form of some unknown fossil from the rock—and when, as the result of the discovery, some hitherto unquestioned tenet of modern belief is controverted, then the new star, or the new fossil, becomes another claim for the freedom of human thought, for the unbounded range of human inquiry; another protest against the interference with thought and inquiry, another assertion of that mental liberty which sovereigns would put down, against which the law often launches its denunciations, which churches seek to crush which the advocates of blind faith attempt to annihilate; but which every man respecting himself, feeling his obligations to society, will preserve as a precious treasure, will enshrine in his heart and

keep it there, will regard as the charter of his best principles, the sanction of his noblest efforts, and the promise of his brightest prospects. Unless there were political principles to be found in Shakespeare, the very titles of some of his dramas would accuse him of presumption altogether incompatible with what we know of his character. For what is the range of his dramas? He seems to penetrate into the secret thoughts of men—to lay bare the motives, to exhibit the springs of action of the patriot and of the demagogue, of the wise statesman and of the foolish pretender, of the sovereign and of the slave, and shows to us the inner working of their mental and moral powers; and in doing so he claims to know how station and circumstances influence these powers. He claims to know what it is to be a patriot or a conspirator, a monarch or subject, a free man or a slave. What form of society is not included in his powerful delineations? He shows to us the heroism of an antique age—the Grecian chieftains warring against Troy, and the form, the heroic character then assumed; he glances, although but slightly, and in passing, at the Athenian state in his *Timon*. He dwells long with the Romans, and traces several different phases of their society. He shows us in *Coriolanus* a character formed in the principles of a preceding state of society—a truthful, impetuous, but ungovernable and unyielding man, of a really heroic age, in conflict with a period of corruption extending alike among patricians and plebeians. In *Brutus* he shows another individual in contest with the spirit of his own age, one with the old republican enthusiasm glowing in his heart, while it was dead in the bosoms of all around him. The picture he presents to us of the different phases of English society are all true to the spirit of the time, however untrue in the external costume of the time. He certainly took to a great extent the costume of his own time, to clothe the beings belonging to another age. But he did not take the intellectual features of his own age. He penetrated deeper than that. And as to those anachronisms with which he is sometimes charged, such as making the Roman citizens speak like the tradesmen or workpeople of his own time, why what do they amount to after all? Nay, in some instances, these very anachronisms are part and parcel of the spirit of the piece, are in harmony with it, render it more true, life-like, and of deeper interest, as in *Lear*, that strange jumble of Roman mythology with a druidical period, of chivalric customs with a barbarian monarchy, of feudal manners with a comparatively savage state; all these are in harmony and keeping in a play where everything is chaotic, where all the moral elements are in as great confusion as the material characteristics, where parent and child are brought into collision, and the form of human nature itself seems disoriented; so we can well forgive old Gloucester for speaking of signs and portents and prodigies, for there is analogy in these things with the disorder in his world below! In all this there is truth and keeping. The fool who first struck out the part of the fool from *Lear*, was himself too far gone in folly to wear the motley. As the subjects of the plays of Shakespeare descend towards his own time, and in those illustrative of the Wars of the Roses, what a fund of political wisdom do we find. When in *Henry VIII.* he winds up with what seems at first sight to be merely a compliment to his royal mistress, how much of judgment, how much of accurate and wise discretion there is in the selection of topics for that compliment. I trust for your attention while I read one or two

extracts from this part of the drama, as I think they illustrate in a striking way the accuracy and honesty of Shakespeare's intellect in reference to the current political subjects of his own day. Here is the prophecy he puts in the mouth of Cranmer of the future greatness of Queen Elizabeth—

CRAN. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never,
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be; all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and feared: Her own shall bless her;
Her foes shall like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:
In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

Now that is the language of the living poet to the living sovereign, written to be recited in that sovereign's presence, and it is remarkable alike for the topics upon which it dwells, and those which it passes over. I would bring into comparison with this the estimate formed by a modern political philosopher and writer, who now looks back to the reign of Elizabeth, and estimates what she was and what she did. I take the essay of Forster, prefixed to his "Lives of Statesmen of the Commonwealth," and he speaks thus of her character and policy:—

The glory of this extraordinary woman's reign was the final uprooting of the Roman Catholic faith, and the establishment of Protestantism. Amidst many passions she indulged, and more over which she exercised a great control: amidst many crimes she committed, and many from which she most magnanimously refrained; this has consecrated her memory. It was a policy not restricted to the country which she governed: she championed it throughout the world. All who were carrying on against overwhelming numbers the struggle of the new faith in other lands, were taught, not vainly, to appeal to her; and, as it was one of the grand peculiarities of the reformation to have given a new interest to ordinary politics, by lifting them out of the selfish regions of factious party into the nobler and serenest atmosphere of conscience and religion, the English queen, while she deservedly won the fame of a defender of mental freedom, assumed, without desert, to be entitled to the office and the praise of a defender of political freedom also. Nor was this delusion practised unsuccessfully. It lasted for at least the half of her entire reign. The delusion was then discovered, and, in the other half, a difference arose.

Her desire and resolve to work out the problem of the political system of her father and grandfather appeared immediately on her accession. Everything was in favour of the plan. The House of Lords had now no power independent of the crown, for by the sole pleasure and will of the sovereign it had of late existed; the fear of confiscation and the scaffold on one hand, the hope of influence and church property on the other, dealt out with a most impartial regard to the regal interest, from the steps of the Tudor throne, held that house, from the beginning to the close of the reign, in the basiliest subjection to Elizabeth; a nullity, a negation in the state. For the House

of Commons, there was every reason to suppose that the business of the establishment of Protestantism would so far occupy the members, as to leave undisputedly, at the first, a dictation of the main branch of the civil government in the Queen's own hands. And this was a just belief; the members were so propitiated. "I have heard of old parliament men," said Peter Wentworth, from his place in that house, twenty years afterwards, "that the banishment of the pope and popery, and the restoring of true religion, had their beginning from this house, and not from the bishops." With regard to the people, it was always Elizabeth's fondest purpose to place herself at their head. The idea which had entered her great spirit seems to have been, that she could fling down every barrier between the sovereign authority and the popular allegiance. Her subjects she would have made her children. Her kingdom was to be to her as her own palace. It might be said even, that she did not so much desire to be a sovereign prince, as to be a sovereign demagogue. She would mix with the people, gladly make their interests hers, condescend to their amusements, uphold their prejudices, gossip with them, joke with them, swear with them, but never, on any pretence, suffer them to mount higher than her knee. Their aspiring tendencies she never countenanced. While she patted a mayor or an alderman on the head, she disdained to lift her finger for the support of a Spenser or a Shakespeare. The man of genius found no protection in her, nor did she ever give any direct encouragement to the cultivation of literature. The reverse of this has been stated so confidently and so long, that it is hazardous to replace it by the truth. Sad and sorry as it may be, it is the truth notwithstanding.

But the people, in her despite, had their Spenser and their Shakespeare; they had their translation of the Bible, with its lessons of brotherhood and charity; they had their tales of a new world, their lessons from the old; they had as free an access to the great literature of the ancient writers as to that of the living and surpassing genius which surrounded them; they had poetry in thought, and poetry in action; adventure and chivalry moved in living realities through the land; and the commonest people might lift caps as they passed along the streets, to a Drake, a Sidney, or a Raleigh. It was only necessary that the rising influences which marked the accession of the Tudor family should thus appear in full and active operation on the minds of the English people, to sentence to a gradual but certain downfall the half political, half patriarchal system of this famous woman, by far the greatest of the race.

Such is the summary by the philosopher, and which you may take in conjunction with the prophecy of Cranmer written by Shakespeare which I before read to you. Again, I would refer you to the epilogue of the same play, which I beg you to remember was represented before Elizabeth, the daughter of Anna Boleyn, whose pretensions to legitimacy were contingent upon the legality of the divorce of Henry VIII. and Queen Katherine; and whose life was devoted to the establishment of the Protestant against the Catholic faith, and yet this epilogue contains lines alluding to the wrongs of Queen Katherine, and speaking of her as an excellent and injured woman—

I fear
All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we showed them;

That was Shakespeare's reverential and fearless tribute to the memory of injured greatness, in the face of the successor of her who had been injured.

That Shakespeare was ever true to nature has been said over and over again; it has been said by all his critics; it has been said by those who are no critics; it is felt by all: but what is truth to nature but the development of those principles which must govern man both in solitude and society—what is it but the real morality of which politics are merely the offshoot or branch? We find it not only in describing characters of the most

opposite kind under different circumstances of political conflict, but entering into them—impelling them—influencing them—and if the rights of man be founded upon the nature of man, where should we seek for so apt an illustration of them as in the pages of the great interpreter of nature. If it be asked what we find there to illustrate the rights of man, I answer that we find Shakespeare quite alive to the corrupt tendency of irresponsible power. The days of Elizabeth were characterised by a feeling of loyalty which had grown up in the country between the sovereign and the people against the oppression of the barons, a feeling which extended itself through all society, and left its vestiges to later days. But this did not close the mind of Shakespeare against the perception of what irresponsible power is; he has shown his sense of it in his portrayal of Caesar, and of the elder Hamlet, the latter of whom, although we are led to suppose he possessed many virtues, was consigned to purgatory until the foul crimes committed in his lifetime were burnt and purged away: he has shown, too, his sense of this power in his awful delineation of the conscience-stricken Macbeth, whose fears oblige him to keep hired spics in the castles of his nobles: he has shown it, too, in his character of Henry V., whom we see coldly shaking off the old companions of his youthful sports. We see Wolsey, too, with all his grandeur, a party to taxation, which drove the industrious population of the country to riot and insurrection.

For, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, cauders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compelled by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar.
And danger serves among them.

K. HEN. Taxation?
Wherein? and what taxation? My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Take this sentiment, too, from *Measure for Measure*—

Man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

Nor were these merely the reflections of his later days, when knowledge of the world might have taught him the lesson, but we find indications of the same spirit in his earliest plays. In *Pericles* there are reflections which sufficiently prove the tendency of the young writer's mind. I will select one—

3 FISH. 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 FISH. Alas, poor souls! it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 FISH. Nay, master, said I 'not as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say they are half fish and half flesh: a plague on them! they ne'er come but I look to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

2 FISH. Why as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale: 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a' the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

PER. A pretty moral.

3 FISH. 'Faith, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 FISH. Why, man?

3 FISH. Because he should have swallow'd me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept up such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind—

PER. Simonides?

3 FISH. We should purge the land of these drones that rob the bee of her honey.

I think the moral of that passage is pretty plain. But there is something in it besides the lesson to purge the land of drones. There is a perception in these lines written in the early days of Shakespeare of the character of the Church of England. The fisherman would have relied upon the noise of the steeple bells, and the church relies upon the noise she makes. She sets her bells jangling, she sets up her cry of the church in danger. Oh, the jangling of those bells!—whether considered literally or figuratively—is one of the nuisances the church entails upon us. Pretty things, it is true, have been written and said of church bells, and in rural spots there are pleasant associations connected with them, and they may have their utility to call the people from distances to the common place of worship, for the people who toil through their lives for 6s. or 7s. a week, have nothing to spare for clocks and watches to tell them the time they ought to go to their prayers; but what has this to do with the jangling of bells in great towns, disturbing the quiet of the Sunday, and breaking rudely upon the disposition to reflectiveness and calm which belongs to it. Why cannot they hold their noise on that day in places where there are plenty of clocks and watches to tell us the hour; and any one may ascertain the time at which service begins at his parish church. Such a nuisance ought to be brought under the operation of the new police act; and it would, if people only judged of it by reason and common sense instead of by old prejudices. Such noisy jangling of bells is not allowed to anybody but the church, and I will read you a case in illustration which occurred before a magistrate.

CLEKENWELL.—A decently-clad little boy, in the employ of Mr Douglas, a baker, residing in Kingland, was charged with ringing a bell in the public street.

Sergeant North, 17 N, deposed that at four o'clock on that evening the prisoner was ringing a bell in Richmond-row, Islington, for the purpose of selling crumpets. Having previously cautioned him not to do so, he took him into custody. The inhabitants complained of the noise occasioned by these muffin-sellers as a great nuisance.

The prisoner, who seemed much frightened at his position, and cried, acknowledged that he had rung the bell to sell his crumpets.

Mr. Greenwood told him he had subjected himself to a penalty of 2l., or a month's imprisonment, and cautioned him not to repeat the offence. He would fine him 1s.

The boy said he had but sixpence, and begged that it might be accepted.

He was, however, removed to the cell, crying bitterly, but had not been there more than a few minutes when some good-natured spectator, who heard the case, advanced the money, and the little fellow was set at liberty.

Now why, I should like to know, are the crumpet-bells to be put down, and the church bells kept up? Why, on our one day of quiet and cessation from much of the bustle and noise of the metropolis, is there to be this tuneless jangling clang disturbing us through so much of that time? For the worst of it is that they won't agree to ring all at once. Why the intrusion of this abominable nuisance upon the quietude of the Sabbath day?

You will find tyranny and tyrannical doings exposed in the pages of Shakespeare with an impartial hand, but he never exaggerates the tyrant; he remembers that he is still a human being, with human feelings, and partaking of common nature. Even in the character of John, while we abhor his crimes, we cannot avoid pitying his sufferings.

It is because the maxim that man should study man, is so true, that we find Shakespeare referred to by the philosopher and the moralist, as if to a perfect literary biography.

In *Troilus and Cressida*, one of his latest productions, he strips the varnish from conventional heroism, and has given us Homer's heroes as men of flesh and blood; he rates them for what they are

really worth; the cunning of Ulysses, the brutal ferocity of Ajax, the pride of Achilles—and he has shown us in Priam's sons, that fiery impatient spirit which is ever ready to plunge their country in the horrors and calamities of war, to gratify their desire to flesh their swords. In all this we see the hand of the master depicting that to which mankind has ever paid the most blind reverence.

If it be asked how these dramas have a bearing upon the questions of the day, I answer, that the questions of this time are the questions of all times, and are most satisfactorily resolved, can only, indeed, be satisfactorily resolved, by an appeal to everlasting principles. The great principles of human nature are the principles to decide even the most subordinate questions of the passing hour. The rights of man are the results of the nature of man; and the great interpreter of nature who exhibits and develops that nature to the gaze of his fellow-countrymen in crowded theatres, is, by the very act of his true interpretation, the teacher of political wisdom, the recorder of social progress, the agent of advancing rights and of repressing wrong, the champion of liberty, and the benefactor of humanity.

Our Library.

SCHOOL EDUCATION FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

By SAMUEL PRESTON.

This is an excellent little treatise on a most important subject, by one who has well considered it, and is able to do it justice. He is a disciple of Pestalozzi, that apostle of education, who opened his large and holy heart to children with an entireness that has no parallel. Mr. Preston has seized some of the most important points in the matter of school education, on which the rising generation must be chiefly dependent; for perhaps never was there a time when men were more graded in the race of life; to find the means of existence devours the time and strength of parents, who must therefore commit the dearest of home interests to other hands: happy would it be if all came to the business of education in the spirit of Mr. Preston. He says, "in the ordinary practice of education the intellectual faculties alone are considered to require culture, our moral nature is left to itself, or imagined to be included in that of the intellectual. In like manner, the body in most cases receives no direct culture, and in many cases its vigour is altogether sacrificed to a morbid appetite for intellectual distinction." Nothing can be more true. The natural appetite for knowledge is superseded in children by an ambition to gain a prize at the distribution of rewards at school, and to win applause at the exhibition to friends at home. It cannot be too continually present to the educator that the moral, physical, and intellectual are component parts of the whole human being inseparably connected, and perpetually acting and reacting on each other, and that system is the best which most perfectly and most simultaneously develops them all. The adoption of love and the negation of fear, as instruments in the work of education, are well insisted on. The spirit of tyranny that once marked school discipline, is one of the most revolting features of past times: mischief and cruelty ceased to be the schoolboy's characteristics just in proportion as severity fell into desuetude. The culture of language "as a means of develop-

* London: Simpkin and Marshall.

ing thought and the power of reason," and the attainment of "distinct and agreeable enunciation," are highly important points in education, upon which Mr. Preston lays judicious stress. To read well is a delightful accomplishment, and ought to share, if not precede, the present devotion to music. (Apropos, we are glad to see in this little work a well deserved notice of Mr. W. E. Hickson, who is a zealous worker in the great cause of the moral elevation of the people.) The power to speak well, and to write with force and elegance, deserve to rank with high attainments, and it is a power which all are liable to be called upon to exercise. The remarks on the culture of "the habit of acute and diligent observation," deserve peculiar attention. Our senses, like our moral nature, are too often left to themselves, and are, in consequence, vague, instead as they might be, efficient aids to the intellect. Our interest in our subject, and our sense of its importance, would carry us far beyond the limits we can afford; yet we cannot conclude without expressing our sincere acquiescence in Mr. Preston's observations on the importance of female education. Humanity in its most plastic state is submitted to female influence, and the impressions then made are rarely otherwise than permanent; how momentous then that women should be invested with the power of giving efficient aid in the greatest of all human interests—the interest of education.

THE HEROINE OF THE IFUON.

BY MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

It was a bright spring morning when the signal at Mount Nelson announced a ship in sight, and immediately the yellow flag was hoisted at Mulgrave battery, and proclaimed the welcome news to the inhabitants of Hobart Town. Those of London, that emporium in which culminate all the great interests of existence, could but poorly imagine the emotions excited by the event. Expectation was on tiptoe; the vessel might be from Sydney, from India, above all, it might be from England. At the period of my story all were exiles. Natives, save the dark race which is fast disappearing before the white man, there were none. All I repeat were exiles, but all were not *penal* exiles. The exiles to whom I allude were those settlers whom step-dame fortune had driven from their fatherland, or whom the hope of winning her favour had allured from it. All these had left their loves and dearest interests behind them, and all their dreams and wishes were directed to the fair fields and bright fresides of their childhood. It is now far otherwise. Van Diemen's Land, like other lands, has grown national, with the usual exclusive prejudices and partialities. Beautiful girls and gallant youths, born in its sweet valleys, have ripened into womanhood and manhood, have become surrounded by a young progeny, and they love the land of their own, and their children's birth, in a manner impossible to their fathers, to whom it was but the land of adoption.

If the approaching bark was anticipated by many a beating heart in Hobart Town and its vicinity, what were the feelings of those on board the Dart, the gallant ship that had now been nearly five

months from England. It carried a miscellaneous assemblage of passengers, and had touched at Cork to take in some women and children who were going to join their husbands and fathers in the colony. In all this freight of humanity there were two women singularly remarkable: the one, Dora Callan, for beauty; the other, Bridget Ryan, for an extreme ugliness, which would have been repulsive, had it not been redeemed by honesty, simplicity, and good nature. She had an infant of a few weeks old, to which she was a tender watchful mother; but it did not engross her genial heart. She had a kind word for every one, and a helping hand for all who needed her aid: the sick found her ready to forego her rest to soothe his sufferings, and the sorrowing never called upon her sympathy in vain; and it was soon the feeling of all on board to seek Bridget Ryan under any emergency of annoyance or distress. But above all, she came to Dora Callan the very stay and prop of her existence: the young creature had come on board in bad health, and with the prospect of becoming a mother, a prospect realized before they were many weeks at sea. In her hour of trial who was beside her? Bridget Ryan. When the new-born made its feeble appeal to its feeble mother, who took it to a cherishing breast? Bridget Ryan. Amid all her own and her infant's wants, she found the means to minister to the wants of the young mother and her nursing; amid all the claims upon her time and toil, she found hours to devote to them.

"Bridget Ryan," said Dora, "I shall never see the far land we are seeking, and one is waiting me there to whom it will be a sore sorrow. Here is his last letter, which I have read every night after my prayers, and every morning as soon as it was light. He will be on the watch for our ship, and among the first on board."

"Heaven speed him, my woman!" exclaimed the cheerful Bridget, "and wont he be proud of the gift you have for him," she added, looking at the sleeping child; "oh, sure and it is I must be at the merry meeting?"

"Who has such right, Bridget? But it will never be."

"Tush, woman dear, tush! Don't talk such nonsense, child. It is the *wakeness* that has come over you. Wait awhile, and a blithe christening we'll have when we are once on shore."

The young mother bowed her beautiful face upon her pillow, and the heaving of her breast revealed the emotion that convulsed her. After an effort at composure, she raised herself in the bed and flung her arms around the neck of her friend.

"Oh, on this wide, wide sea, where I thought to find only danger and sorrow, I have found a friend like unto the mother I have left. You will have her blessing, Bridget, and *his*. Oh, that I might live to tell him all I owe you!"

"Now, Dora, dear, if you go on after this manner," said Bridget, struggling with emotion, and gently trying to disengage herself, "what will I do! Sure I shall be fit for nothing this blessed

day—and the babes, too—why we are changing places with them, and crying, as if they could not do it much better than we. Take heart, woman dear, the boy will need all your care.”

“All your’s, Bridget, all your’s. Oh! tell me you will never forsake him. I know it, I feel it, he will soon be alone with you—have only you. Oh, let him creep to your heart when the salt sea covers his mother. Nay, Bridget, you shall not unclasp my hands till I have your promise: say that in danger, in distress, in sickness, he shall be to you as your own.”

“Mother of God, be my witness!” fervently ejaculated Bridget. “He shall have half my heart, half my strength. When I forego my hold of him, sorrow be my portion. But you will live, Dora Callan, and my child may call you mother by *manes* of this boy of ours; for now he is mine, you see, and I *mane* to dispose of him.”

A faint smile played upon the lips of the sinking girl in answer to this sportive sally, and then closing her eyes, she folded her hands upon her breast in silent prayer. The prophetic spirit in which the young creature had spoken was soon apparent. A rapid change passed over the fair face; the power of utterance suddenly failed; but while life lingered her grateful and beseeching eyes were raised to the face of Bridget, at whose breast the creature so soon to be orphaned nestled in comfort.

The next night a white hammock was lowered into the sea beneath the solemn starlight. The passengers and crew stood round whilst the captain read the funeral service; his voice often faltered, and at intervals a deep sob was heard; it burst from the bosom of Bridget Ryan, who, with both children clasped in her arms, kneeled upon the deck. When the solemn ceremony was over, and the fair form of Dora had sunk many fathoms to its deep and silent grave, a low wail of excessive anguish broke from the lips of Bridget.

“Dora Callan! Dora Callan!” she at length uttered, with a deep fervency of tone which was in itself eloquence. “Why have you gone from me—from me whose heart loved you like its life? But who may keep what the Great Maker wants? Bright be your place among the angels—welcome be your fair face where all is beautiful! Ooh! shall I ever forget how sweet you were, how kind, how loving. When you wake from your great winding-sheet, Dora mine, may we who mourn you now, meet you rejoicing.”

Then her voice sunk till its murmurs became inaudible; while rocking herself to and fro on the deck, she covered over the children and bathed them with her tears. Impressed by the scene, all stood in deep silence, watching the subsiding struggles of her grief. Almost unmarked a change of weather had gradually come on, and a more than common activity on board declared that some exigency was approaching. Low winds seemed from afar gathering the clouds that soon overspread the sky, till the hollow dismal wailings became long howls, and hoarse shrieks, and the darkness grew

into blackest night. Oh, for the pen of Cooper to portray the storm which broke above the devoted ship, while it reeled and staggered amid the rage of contending winds and boiling seas. The captain and the crew did their duty firmly. Perhaps there is no energy, no courage, equal to that of the English sailor; no sense of duty so high, so perfectly, so nobly fulfilled. Vain were all their efforts; the sea surged above the yards, sweeping down on the doomed bark, which would bravely rise again and again above the briny deluge. Desperately she ploughed her wild way, till at midnight she became a total wreck on one of the small islands in D’Entrecasteaux’s channel.

The morning broke at length, but it came rather to reveal, than to relieve their distress. When the vessel struck, a shriek, compounded of many wild voices, pierced the thick darkness; the masts went by the board, a rushing sea swept the deck, carrying many despairing wretches into the engulfing waters; but with the grey drear light of morning came a lull. The captain, who still survived, with some few of the passengers and crew, felt deep anxiety for the fate of Bridget, and was seeking her, inquiring for her, when she crept forth with the two children in her arms. “The bravest heart on board, by heavens!” he exclaimed, as he beheld her. “Hope on,” he continued, springing forward, “we are rescued; there are boats making towards us!” At these words Bridget started to her feet, just as a tremendous wave struck the ship, and, sweeping the deck, carried her and the children overboard. Much is said of human selfishness in the emergencies of great danger, and much is of course exhibited, but so powerfully had Bridget’s example and beauty of character impressed her fellow-sufferers, that the most vital interest was felt in her fate, and, at this catastrophe, many cried aloud, “Save her! Save her!” while at the moment hopeless of saving themselves. The boats, which had put off from Brune Island, redoubled their efforts. Bridget succeeded in grasping a fragment of timber, and thus kept herself afloat; the heavy rain, which had been some time falling, increasing, refreshed her, and the sea subsided, as if calmed by the tears of heaven; the cheering voices of the approaching men kept alive the pulses of her heart, and at last Bridget and the children were rescued, the little helpless creatures, wonderful to relate, alive. This, however, she scarcely was herself; yet amid what were apparently the pangs of death, her sense of duty was still paramount. Carried on shore, soothing voices and succouring hands were soon around her, but she made a feeble effort to retain the children, while she exclaimed, with what strength remained to her, “Michael Callan.” The name was repeated aloud by those who marked her anxiety, and immediately a young man who had helped to man the boat that saved her, pressed eagerly forward. “Here I am,” he cried, “what would you with Michael Callan?” He was directed to the dying woman; he knelt down beside her. Bridget opened

her eyes, which a moment before had been closing in the last extreme of exhaustion and faintness, "Are you he?" she asked. "I am, Michael Callan." "Now the father of mercy and all his saints be praised," she faintly ejaculated. "Michael Callan, here is your child—DORA'S CHILD!" and with these words her long sustained energies forsook her, and she sunk insensible into the arms of the people near her.

The story soon spread through the colony, and by the time Bridget was restored to health and strength, she found herself possessed of a little fortune. All who like herself had survived the wreck, bore testimony to her Christian charity and heroism, and from every quarter of the island subscriptions in her behalf poured in. Her home was on the banks of the Huon; thither every year Michael Callan and his boy make a pilgrimage to the fond friend of Dora, and the faithful preserver of her child.

Poetry for the People.

THE COMING DAYS.

Air—"The days when we went gipsying."

BY W. J. LINTON.

O, the days when we are freemen all, whenever that shall be.
Will surely be the worthiest that earth can ever see;
When man unto his fellow-man, whatever may befall,
Holds out the palm of fellowship, and Love is lord of all;
When man and woman, hand in hand, along life's path-
way go;

And the days of youthful joy eclipse the sorrow long ago.

O, the days when we are freemen all, when equal rights
and laws,
Shall rule the commonwealth of earth, amid a world's
applause;

When equal rights and duties claim the equal care of all,
And man, as man, beneath high heaven assumes his coronal;
When the day of Pentecost is come, when the poor man's
hearth shall be

An altar for the beacon-fire of Peace and Liberty.

O, the days when we are freemen all, the days when
thoughts are free

To travel as the winds of heaven towards their destiny;
When man is sovereign of himself and to himself the priest,
And crowned Wisdoms recognise the manhood of the least.

Then God shall walk again with man, and fruitful con-
verse flow,

As in the noon of Paradise, a long time ago.

But holier still shall be the day when human hearts shall
dare

To kneel before one common Hope, the common toil to
share;

When Love shall throw his armour off, to wrestle with
the fear—

The selfishness which is the seal upon the sepulchre.

Hark to the Voices of the Years! the springtime of their
glee—

Love hath overcome the prophecy; humanity is free!

THE POET'S HERITAGE.

By R. BEDINGFIELD.

A noble and a spacious realm
That human thought may overwhelm;
Mountains, and clouds, and rivers bright,
His swift and eager soul delight;
A bitter scorn for all that's vile,
For all that's pure and great a smile,
These every poet's heart engage;
These are a royal heritage!

And when he finds the nothingness
Of things that worldlier bosoms bless,
And that the splendid is a dream—
Reality—which doth but seem—
So gross and vile, he soars and soars,
And in the starry air adores;
He sees not death, decay, and age.
Th' immortal is his heritage!

The shadows fly before his eyes,
And he discerns Eternities,
The majesty of nature's face,
Ethereal, soft, and joyous grace,
Till lost in wonder he forgets
All other pleasures, and regrets,
And he feels one with that high page,
God's light—man's truth—our heritage.

SKETCHES IN BRITANNY.

BY A RESIDENT.

The Table d'Hôte.

We had made our visit to the "Gallery" of Rennes in the grey of the morning, it being our object to reach Basse-Bretagne without loss of time, and were wandering leisurely down the street, after quitting the cathedral, digesting our intellectual feast, which had proved no mean banquet, and thinking what emperor had ever equalled in happiness a great painter! he who can use nature at his will, giving eyes of life to the grand and beautiful, nay, calling it from the dust of centuries, the silence of the tombs,—and bidding it to exist anew—when we were aroused by the breakfast bell of our hotel, and reminded that all things have their season, and that the feast of physical must, of necessity, supersede the feast intellectual! A table d'hôte in Brittany may be a novelty to many of our readers; we will, therefore, describe the routine of our *dejeuner* for their amusement.

The salon in which the repast was served was of vast dimensions, liberally supplied with chandeliers, (for glass paying no duty in this country is only a fourth of the price that it is in England, and at the same time not to be compared in quality,) and well lined with statues,—Venuses, Dianas, and Apollos,—dealing largely in French grace, which, it must be confessed, owes little to the tailor or dressmaker; the paper of the room highly varnished, displaying knights and dames, and hawk and hound, reminding us of Falstaff's "German hunting in waterwork;" and vases of artificial flowers filling the niches. Our table formed two-thirds of a square, and our number was about eighty: the company ranging from the general officer and colonel, to the employe, or clerk in a government office, at a salary of 50*l.* per annum. There was a fair proportion of ladies, equally various in grade,—countesses, *voyageuses*,* and wives and daughters of the bourgeois. The revolution, which has equalized society in France, in any other nation would be an intolerable nuisance; but here politeness governs them all,—etiquette is natural! "French polish" pervades all classes, and people mix together in perfect harmony; every exchange of words is accompanied by a smile and polite salutation; familiarity is tempered with ceremony and good breeding; and two artisans known to each other do not meet without raising the hat with as much deference as to a superior. A cabman may call out a peer; and some short time since a noble was shot in a duel by the driver of a *fiacre*,†—an old soldier jealous of his honour! Of late years the stringency of the law on this point—confinement to the *bagne* for life—has somewhat remedied this

* Travellers.

† A cab or hackney coach.

danger: they have still no objection to measure swords, or to a sanguinary political encounter; but boxing, violence, and "rows," are eschewed in France, and Cribb or Tom Spring would either have starved, or become manufacturers of *rau subre*,* or lemonade.

To return to our breakfast. Heading the table sat our host, with a fine sturgeon at his disposal; and on either side an assistant server presiding over dishes of red and grey mullet, the table being garnished at intervals with lobsters, crabs, and every seasonable variety of shell-fish, whilst each third dish, at the least, contained the everlasting salad, without which no Frenchman's meal is ever complete. The second course was composed of meats disguised in such various ways as would "puzzle a conjuror" to tell of what they were prepared; nor did tasting them mend the matter; but by the estimation in which they were held by those accustomed to such mysteries (judging from the rapidity with which they vanished) they were, doubtless, more relishing than they looked. Next followed a course, "*à l'Anglais*,"† fowls, roasted, boiled, devilled and grilled; a round and sirloin of beef—but not of "Old England;" an epicure would mourn the absence of the fine marbled fat and lean; the cutlets, too, were poisoned with herbs, and fried in oil. After this, another course of indescribables, omelets and eggs, dressed in every possible way; light dishes approaching the sweets, and then the sweets themselves. An immense *gâteau de riz*,‡ floating in preserves, formed the centre, and was flanked with all varieties of cakes. Last came the grand item—the dessert—consisting of all the fruits in season, with abundance of melons. A street band was playing under the windows, upon the chance of getting some donation; but within was still sweeter music; the ear was momentarily enlivened by the smart report of a cork from the champagne bottles—for you may wash down your luxuriant repast with Sillery, Chateau Margeaux, Bordeaux, or Burgundy, at a charge of 1 franc to 2 and a half, not to omit the delicious "*petites verres*"§ of liqueurs, which serve to keep the palate on the "*qui vive*."

Two things particularly struck us during the déjeuner; one was, the enormous quantities of raw artichokes, piled in pyramids, of which nearly all partook. Besides astonishment, I was troubled with a mild disgust—mild, in deference to the culprit—to see the daughter of a military officer—a delicate sylph-like creature of sixteen, devouring an artichoke with as much avidity, and as little grace, as her mother Eve did the apple—tearing it in pieces with taper fingers, chumping it up, crude and raking, with little pearly teeth, the green pulp from the broad leaf that distorted her pretty mouth. Anything more insipid, at least to our taste, cannot well be imagined: and then what a digestion must it require! The other matter of surprise was, the perfect order and regularity with which so large a party was served—the noiseless gliding of the numerous waiters, the prompt attention to each request, as though the asker had been at the very elbow of the carver. To be sure, the shifting of plates was scanty; and as to the knives and forks, (the former are, however, rarely used in France), one pair served throughout, an occasional polish on the crumb of your roll being the only means of intercepting the mixture of the incongruous flavours of which you might have partaken.

A word in praise of the real "Cognac," which

was delicious—the very smell a *perfume*. We had nearly a pint of this for one franc! Hear this, ye tipplers of "Brett's patent," and the *burnt sugar*, and alcohol, which you call brandy, at a shilling the glass! and confess with Imogene, "there's liver out of Britain!"

This déjeuner, with wine and liqueurs, independent of brandy, cost a sum under three francs; and had we been content with humble Bordeaux, it would have been only half as much. This sound, substantial meal, at the appetizing hour of ten o'clock, carries you on to five; at which hour a similar supply is again devoured, with an additional course of soups, in endless variety. Habit, however, has a powerful influence, and this sort of omnium gatherum does not suit the exclusive taste of the English traveller; therefore he usually secludes himself and family in private apartments, at five times the cost! Not so the French, who fly *ennui* as a disease. Nature is said to abhor a vacuum, so they shun the solitary, for the gregarious!

ANTAGONISM OF THE CLASSES.

By MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

It is one of the impressions of the present day that the classes are more antagonised than they were at any former period. If this be the case it is worth inquiring *why* it is the case. Does the fault lie with the poor man or the rich? Let us allow the latter the usual courtesy, let him speak first in virtue of his position in society, which, till a better mode of classification be found, must be admitted. The commonest charges against the poor man are, that he is improvident, ungrateful, and ungainly: that he rushes into marriage, unmindful or regardless of the burthen he throws upon society in his unprovided progeny; that he is a thankless receiver of the crumbs often cast to him from the rich man's table, and that personal neglect and uncouthness of manner render his neighbourhood unacceptable to those of nicer habits. To these charges are added the crimes of discontent with his own condition, and a grudging spirit regarding the allotment of the wealthy and luxurious. Now for the counter charges of the poor man. He says that the rich man regards him merely as the tool of toil: that if he have work, though it be only sufficient to find food enough to oil the hinges of his physical machinery, leaving him no leisure but for sleep to recruit him for the recurrence of labour, without provision for recreation, improvement, or old age, that he is thought to have enough: that if not treated with contempt, he is only preserved from it by the avoidance which shuns all contact with him, and that an utter apathy exists to his many miseries and privations; that his labour, which makes the wealth of society, avails him little or nothing; that though he weaves blankets, he often wants one for his own bed; that though he makes shoes he must see his children barefoot. These are extreme cases in both instances, and may be summed up as indifference on the one part and discontent on the other. Which has the most valid plea?

It is said that formerly, when far less was done for the people, they were in better subordination and in greater contentment than now. This is true. The captive who lies in darkness scarcely knows that he is fettered, at least never thinks of setting himself free; but let light in upon him, and how long will he remain in such a state of apathy? He will first look upon his manacles, and his next effort will be to break them, especi-

* Sugared water, generally flavoured with orange flower water or gum.

† In the English fashion. ‡ Rice cake. § Little glasses.

ally if he sees in his neighbourhood those who walk free of such incumbrances. The poor man of the present day has learned to think, to compare conditions, and weigh desert, and if he be at times unjust to the costly classes, let them remember the measure of injustice they have dealt to him. By the arrangements of power and policy the illiterate have been totally at the mercy of the informed, and what did they do for them? Of how recent a date are all the plans for the amelioration of the condition of the mass! Of what date are the mechanics institutions—coffee shops—short hours of labours—places for popular exercise and recreation—baths and wash-houses for the poor? and with whom did these measures originate? Let the privileged classes point out in what instances, and to what extent, the unrepresented have had an earnest regard for their condition evinced.

But a better state of things is approaching: some say extorted from fear at the advancing intelligence of the people. It is true those only will be helped who can help themselves. Pity is a short-lived emotion, and akin to contempt; the more, therefore, the people understand their rights, and know how to exercise their power, the better those rights will be secured and the power extended. The poor and the rich have been like the giant and the pigmy in the fable, one has got all the glory, the other all the blows; and when such a state of things is modified or corrected, unless an utter oblivion of the past supervene, the poor will have more to forgive than to be grateful for. As the time for toleration in matters of religion is past, and it is now almost universally allowed that the mode of seeking salvation is a matter between conscience and the Creator, so also is the time for concession passing, if not past. The privileges of humanity are not to be received as boons, though they are to be held as blessings; and how much *all* are entitled to the power of exercising and improving the feelings and faculties with which the Almighty Maker has endowed man is too self-evident to be denied by the veriest optimist existing. Equality in any of the ordinary senses of the word, none contend for or expect, unless it be the mere theorist, who, if he would but open his eyes, must perceive that

Order is Heaven's first law, and that confers'd,
Some are and must be greater than the rest.

Who the greater are time always settles. Let royalty retire and commune with the heart that beats beneath its ermine,—ask itself what it was at birth? "An infant mewling and pawling in its nurse's lap." And what will it be at the last hour, when the flagging pulses fail, and the clay lies waiting for the coffin? All the difference then lies in the intermediate space, in the pomp or poverty of circumstances, and not always even in them, for what comparison can worldly grandeur bear to Paul Richter in his poverty,—to Schiller in his struggles,—to Galileo in his dungeon,—to Milton amid blindness and privation? What scepter'd son of power will go down to posterity as these sons of genius?

We talk of the people in contradistinction to the aristocracy, but let us not forget, as we seem to do, that all are the people of one MIGHTY GOVERNOR, before whom the mitred and the miserable must alike lay down pomp and poverty, and rise in level ranks for judgment. With this present, vitally present, as in a community calling itself Christian, it ought to be, the antagonism of the classes should cease, a new spirit ought to arise upon the age, and forgetting the past evil in the hopes of the future good, men ought to move

onward together in the broad path of progression as the sons of "Our Father which art in Heaven," and brothers of all beings upon earth.

A TEXT FROM THE STREETS.

A Tale of 1846.

BY ARNHOLDT WEAVER.

"And by chance there came down a certain priest that way, and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side—but a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed,—came where he was, and when he saw him, he had compassion on him,—and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him."—PARABLE OF CHRIST.

ANOTHER year was born. The old year had died hard—had fought and struggled with its latest breath, going to its stern account as reluctantly as a human misdoer. It departed with the blessings of many, and the ban of many. But those who blessed it hailed its successor every whit as readily as those who banned it. The chimcs pealed from hundreds of steeples; and thousands of people—some with glass in hand, nodding to their fellows—some raising themselves on their beds of down, and listening to catch the sound of the swinging bells—some roused by the peal, and huddling closer to each other on their straw—some in mansions—some in cellars—some in their only home, the streets—greeted the advent of 1846. Some, and these perhaps were not the fewest, in their only home—the streets. The words will bear repetition. Only let us reflect on them, and we shall discover how fearful they are. And contemplating the picture they present, does not humanity bow its face to the hem of its garment, and gather up the folds to hide its emotions? 1846, so many years ago came wise men from the East to the manger-cradle of the poor man's friend. So many years ago—and yet in Christendom's most enlightened country, (so it boasts itself) there is a population whose only home is the streets. Oh! Divine Friend, how have we wronged thee! how have we misinterpreted thy mission and thy words of love.

Perhaps of all the wretches that wandered in the streets, and heard the bells break forth in their peal of jubilee, there was none more deserving of commiseration than a poor boy, who, without shoes to his blistered feet, dragged himself slowly down Holborn hill, and pausing when he came in sight of the gloomy walls of Newgate, burst into tears, evincing the most unequivocal signs of heart-wrung agony. There he stood at the corner of the Old Bailey, gazing on those stern, massive walls, which men should no longer pass without blushing for the ignorance of their fathers, who preferred to rear prisons in the place of schools; choosing to deface God's image, and transform its earthly tenement into the lurking haunt of demon guests, instead of building it up a fit tabernacle for angels. There he stood, the thing that his fellow beings had trampled upon from his cradle-days—the thing which they had made him—a vagrant in the streets—yet with nature pleading in the yearnings of his heart and the rivulets of his eyes for a better destiny. He had never been taught to pray—had never heard the name of God pronounced save as a handle to some drunken oath. No one with Christian pity for his wretched condition, had taken him by the hand and led him to the Sunday school. Ignorant as the beasts that perish, and more neglected—for the beasts are profitable to their owners—he had reached his present age of fifteen years a weed growing in the garden of humanity—an excrescence upon the body-politic. He had never, as we have said, been taught to pray—had never heard of God—

of the human soul—knew neither hope of heaven, nor fear of hell—and yet, strange circumstance! he *did* pray as he gazed on the walls of Newgate. He *did* pray—not in words—not in gesture. No clasped hands did he lift—no supplicating action did he use. But he *did* pray with the yearning with which his heart seemed to quit his body, and vault upward into boundless space, to fetch help from where the bright stars shine on serene nights in glory everlasting, to free his brother from the crime-engendering cells of Newgate. In all the wide world he had no relation, no friend, but this brother, pent in a cell of that great blot upon England's too besmirched escutcheon. Abandoned by their parents—vagrants like themselves—in their earliest childhood they had festered together in the streets, the growth of our rotten social compact. They could not be other than they were. From untought, unsought outcasts, they must, by a fatal necessity, defying the distracted jargon of rubicund sophists to refute, become thieves. Sisyphus might sooner have stayed his stone, than these have been arrested in their course of guilt. And heavy is the responsibility of those who rule and legislate, and make no provision for such orphans of the state.

Separated from his only friend the boy had no one with whom to exchange a word wherewith to ease his overburdened heart. From the hidden springs of his better nature—the angel that, veiled to the world, still pleaded for him with the orphan's God—there gushed forth such an intensity of sorrow, such a deep, oppressive sense of his loneliness, that the very stones, more easily touched than senators' hearts, might have grown softer at that sight and sound of woe.

St. Sepulchre's Church, a temple erected for the purpose of Christian worship—whose clock strikes the hour at which the hangman, in bold defiance of Christ, ties his dexterous knot, and strangles a fellow sinner beneath the insulted skies—sent forth from its steeple a merry peal of bells, welcoming the infant year; the boy turned upward to the belfry his streaming eyes, with a glance that chid the sonorous metal for its mirth, and slowly continuing his progress, passing along the Old Bailey, and stood presently upon the pavement of Ludgate hill.

"Come, young thief," cried a surly policeman, "tramp off, no loitering on my beat."

The boy eyed doggedly the guardian of the night—thrust his hands into his pockets—made a feint of whistling, and dragged himself onward towards Blackfriars Bridge.

Few persons were abroad: he, and there some drunken roysterer stumbled through the streets. Occasionally, one man paused to exchange the new year's greetings with another; and somehow, it happened there were fewer dark passions abroad, fewer evil reflections courting the midnight solitude, than upon any other night in the year.

The boy staggered forward. He was on the bridge. Down in the deep water shone the glare of numerous lights, and bulky creatures loomed through the partial gloom, like living monsters indescribable in form, undefinable even in outline. These, in the daylight, would have been barges—floating planks—some sort of craft at rest; but in the murky indistinctness that prevailed, leviathan shapes they seemed, lying as upon the threshold of creation, ere light was first summoned to chase away the primal darkness.

The boy staggered onward.

At the foot of the bridge, on the Surrey side, he encountered a girl, who, like himself, was house-

less and friendless. He saw that she was intoxicated before she addressed him. She was about twenty years of age; and might have rivalled in beauty the proudest belle of England but for the life she had led, which had imprinted its defacing mark upon her features. She was handsome still, even in her rags, and dirt, and drunkenness. Seizing the boy by the collar, she asked him "what food he had tasted since the wind howled on the previous night."

He answered, and truly, "None."

"I have," she cried, exultingly. "I 'ticed a child down a turnin', and stole a bit o' bread an' butter he was eatin'. Oh, it was *so* good!"

"S' help me—" the boy exclaimed, "I've had only a bit of orange peel that I picked up this morning."

"I think I see you at the beak's office in Mobbro' (Marlborough) Street, 'tother day, didn't I?" said the girl, "when that young bloke was sent to the Jug, for priggling the cully's wive."

"Yes," replied the boy, "he wur my brother."

"Wur he now? Was it his first visit to the beaks?"

"No, he's been had up three times afore—but he got off once."

"He'll go over the herring-pond, this time, anyhow."

"I knows he will,"—and the boy burst afresh into tears.

"Hang it, don't cry," exclaimed the girl; "I had a sister lagged for a fourteen stretch (transported for fourteen years) and I never handled the pump, (shed tears), though I went to 'Oolidge to see her the day before she sailed."

The boy was suddenly overcome with faintness. If his companion had not caught and supported him, he would have fallen down in a swoon, as genuine as was ever witnessed at Almacks. The girl became terrified as she saw, by the light of a neighbouring lamp, how pale his face had grown. Pale, indeed! for deprivation of every kind had reduced him to a skeleton, and the blood that flows so tenderly through aristocratic veins, scarcely circulated through his pauper frame.

There came by, while the girl thus supported the swooning boy, an individual dressed completely in black, save the white kerchief that embraced his neck. He wore no shirt collar. He walked erect, with his glance directed upwards, as if he sought commune with the clouds, for the stars did not appear that night. So perseveringly did he direct his gaze towards the firmament, that he would have passed, undoubtedly have passed, and, of course, unconsciously, the Magdalen, supporting with her enfeebled arms the boy fainting, perhaps dying, through the world's neglect, had not a gust of wind, sweeping over the bridge, carried with it the hat of the upward-gazing man, and thus reduced him to the instant necessity of bringing his eyes and his whole attention to the humble earth which he was treading.

Something the man uttered, sounding to the girl's ear like an oath—perhaps she was mistaken—as he pounced upon and pinned the flying hat to the pavement with the ferule of his umbrella.

"Oh, Sir," she cried, sobered by her situation, "pray help me."

"Ha!" exclaimed the individual, fixing his hat upon his head; "sinners so near me?"

"'Tis a poor boy, Sir. He has eaten nothing—nothing, sir, all the day, and I fear he is ill." The girl, it will be remarked, had ceased to quote from her vocabulary of slang. The person addressed,—this man, who, with heaven-directed

eyes, had lost and regained his hat in the manner just narrated—fixed a scrutinizing and frowning gaze upon the girl, whose strength was growing unequal to her burden.

"You? what are you?" he demanded.

"I—sir?" answered the girl, blushing.

"Yes—you?"

"I am a poor girl, sir—I have no home. I am afraid the boy here is dying."

And with the utmost exertion she contrived to shift the weight of the reclining body, and gained a momentary ease by the change.

"He is in want, is he?" said the gentleman.

"Oh, he is very much in want, sir."

"Then I will give him this. It will be of service to him. And who knows," said he, raising his eyes once more aloft, "but what the gift will be sanctified."

He drew forth from his pocket a tract. Pressing it into the girl's hand, he strode onward, and soon renewed his familiar intercourse with the cloudy skies. His steps had scarcely died away, and the disheartened girl with tears streaming down her cheeks, had just laid her burden on the pavement, for she could not longer support it, when a cab crossed the bridge. Its fare was a comic actor, well known to the visitors at the theatre. Having finished his professional avocations, he was hurrying to celebrate the new year's nativity with a party of friends at Kennington.

The comedian, attracted by the scene then passing on the pavement of the bridge, pulled the check-string, and alighted without assistance. Gazing at the prostrate and senseless boy—gazing at the girl—he comprehended the whole, and ordered the driver also to dismount.

"Help me in with him," he said to the man; "knock up the first red-lamp we reach—or don't, no, he doesn't want a doctor. Poor lad, he wants to be placed on the free list of a cook's shop. Help me in with him, and drive like Old Nick."

The fellow complied—judging that his singular fare would not omit an extra sixpence or so, it being New Year's morning, when the goal was reached.

"Go it like bricks, d'ye hear?" cried the comic actor, when the poor lad was stowed in a recumbent position upon one of the seats.

"Aye, aye," shouted the driver, "that I will."

"Treat him well, sir, for God's sake," petitioned the girl.

"Oh, I had forgotten you—jump in, my girl, and you can tell me all about it as we go along."

The driver was as good as his word—past the Obelisk—past the Elephant and Castle—whisk through Kennington Gate—catch the toll, you long-legged lurcher—missed it have you? there it lies on the ground then—and here we are in the Vauxhall Road.

Good fellows these, that keep the supper waiting at the risk of sending the cook to a Lunatic Asylum the next day, while they attend to the poor boy, who from the hour of his birth up to that precise time had never (on our credit as chroniclers) known what it was to call forth mere words, let alone wholesale acts, of sympathy, as on the present occasions. Sympathy! a clout, a kick, a name of scorn—threats of the gall and treadmill—had been his welcome from society, and hunger so ravenous that it brought the glare of the wolf's eye into his human eyes, had been his daily companion since first in his childish days he hunted the gutter for his food. "It is a doctrine entertained by theologians that the mere act of wandering, without anything else, carries with it a vehement suspicion of capital crime," says

George Borrow, in his "Gipsies in Spain," quoting a Spanish Doctor. By certain theologians also in England, if we may judge from their conduct, and by too many of the rich among the laity.

The cook could endure it no longer; the pheasants were removed from the spit, and despatched up stairs: come what might of it she did not care, she would sooner lose her place than suffer the birds to stay another turn at the fire. But her master and his friends did not repair to the table, in spite of repeated summonses. The boy, restored by generous cordials, and by more generous food, was telling them his story. And a sight it was to behold these men,—and be assured, Visitants that they were not aware of *did* behold them,—listeners to the touching narrative.

Our tale draws to its close. A call-boy's place at the theatre on a rising salary of nine shillings a week, with a certainty of earning some additional five or six as errand lad to the company, was promised our hero. And what touched him more at the time, the guests (actors all of them), joined their host in a subscription wherewith to fee a counsellor to defend his incarcerated brother at the next sessions, thus giving him a chance of escape,—of reformation—and an honest livelihood. The poor boy's ragged clothes were doffed on the spot, and his limbs were invested in a suit that had belonged to the host's eldest son, a previous ceremony, in the performance of which hot water and soap were greatly, in request, having been enjoined and complied with. Supper did not wait all this time, the cook was mollified when word was sent her that the viands were worthy of the occasion; and her heart expanded under the influence of port wine, and the leg and wing of a capon.

And thus, ere the New Year was yet two hours old—though young as it was, it was already pregnant with great hopes, and was, in fact, almost articulate in promises, to those who, disappointed in the Past, still looked forward with unabated expectation to the Future—at this early period of its existence, it had become a real benefactor. The vagrant boy had found friends—had tasted kindness. He was to be a vagrant no longer—eighteen hundred and forty-six had done this. Danger, sayest thou? these samaritans—outcasts themselves, according to the Bible creed of bigots,—considered none. Cherishing faith in humanity, which no ingratitude they had experienced had sufficed to trample out,—for they were not as some of our faint-hearted philanthropists who suffer the first disappointment to chill their sympathies,—they were willing to accept the boy's gratitude as a sufficient pledge for his future integrity.

But the girl?

They did not forget her either; but she declined, not unthankfully, their good offices. She was not fitted for a servant, she said. It was too late now, she maintained, to withdraw her from her old haunts, and her old companions. She had a lingering affection for them, notwithstanding all the ill that had been born to her of the association. They had entered into her being, and become the memories that could not be rudely torn, or lighter charmed away. Evil as they were, better, she falsely reasoned,—but what moralist had ever been her teacher?—to have her heart filled with them, than for that heart to become a place of tombs. Pity her hugely,—blame her gently, sparingly.

Thus, after having satisfied her hunger, and accepted a few shillings that were offered her, she went forth into the street, and into the dull, dark morning.

SCENES FROM SOCIETY, BY KENNY MEADOWS.

THE TAVERN AT
MIDNIGHT.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

WHEN the day world of London is silent and sleeping—when through long ranges of empty streets the gas-lights shine out on deserted pavements, and on the white of drawn window-blinds, ranged, as it

were, in tiers of light-coloured patches upon the walls, as if the houses, as well as their inmates, had closed their eyes for the night—when those quiet-going folks who have lingered in all the luxury of slippers and dressing-gowns over the fading, mouldering fire are at length in the act of lighting dumpy bed-room candlesticks—when those trades, the avocations of which often extend far into the night, have dragged their tedious length fairly to a close—when the fagged linendraper's "young man" has folded and arranged the last disturbed remnant of cloth or roll of ribbons—

when the longest lingering clerk, in the slowest of all counting-houses, on the latest of all foreign post-nights, has been at length set free to trudge his weary pilgrimage to an unheard of street, in a lonely suburb—when the watchers of the night in sick chambers, or sleepless beds, hear with a startling distinctness the jangling chorus of the London clocks lifting up their voices to proclaim with one accord that the end of time is an hour nearer—then, when through nine-tenths of its vast extent London seems an unpeopled waste—dwellings without inhabitants—streets without passengers—when even quiet houses of entertainment, in quiet localities, have been long since closed and empty—then does the night tavern exult and prosper—then is it in full life and wakefulness—then do its flaring lights shine out with double brilliancy, and the murmur of its festivity floats most invitingly into the cold bleak air.

Shall we obey the summons and enter?

A huge room, warm and comfortable—a haze of tobacco smoke, through which the great gas-burners are seen encircled like saints' heads with halos—ranges of boxes all round, crammed with talking, laughing, shouting occupants—every body almost without exception seeming to consider hats as necessary in a tavern, as they probably do night-caps in their beds—waiters rushing distractedly to and fro, counting reckonings, taking orders, rattling out the contents of bills of fare, almost all at once—a sodden, sickly smell of meat, and drink, and tobacco, all blended—for everybody is eating, drinking, and smoking together—a confused, stunning Babel-like clatter,—for everybody is talking, arguing, laughing together—a smothered sort of voice now and then heard above all, shouting through a tube into unknown culinary regions below, in a long monotonous drawl, "chops—for two; tatoes for one; waleh rabbit; kidneys for three;" such are the sights—such the sounds, which meet your eyes and your ears in the London night-house of entertainment.

Tavern life was once a much more curious feature of society than it now is. We have fortunately given up many of the barbarous drinking usages of our fathers. Great poets are not now-a-days carried off, as they say the greatest of our poets was, by a fever arising from a drinking bout—leading members of parliament are not now commonly picked up in the gutter—nor have we ever heard of a cabinet minister of our day, declaring to the leader of the opposition that he could not see the Speaker; while the leader rejoined that that was very odd, for he saw two. Tavern life, we repeat, so far, at least, as the more distinguished classes of society go, has become a very different thing from what it was of yore. Had we lived some three centuries ago, we might any night have heard Shakespeare ordering mulled sack from the drawer, at the Mermaid—while old Ben, who we have no doubt ruled the roast with a very high hand, and was perpetual chairman at that world-famous house, would be engaged in expounding to wild Will what a very much greater man he, the author of

the Alchymist was, than the author of Hamlet—what a learned Trojan he was—and what an ignoramus must the countryman be who had passed his early life among the bumpkins of Warwickshire—indulging himself now and then with a moonlit *razzia* in Sir Thomas Lucy's park; while to be famous, he ought to have been pondering over musty folios in the studious cloisters of an university. And I dare say Shakespeare thought stern, pompous, learned "rare Ben Jonson," quite in the right. To come down later: the Londoners of the time of the second Charles might at any time have been brought, as was young Pope, to hear Dryden thunder forth his dicta at Will's; and when Pope grew up, and good Queen Anne's formal days were come, not a wit of the time but was on view any night in one of the many literary taverns which the town abounded with. That was the age in which, for the price of a tankard of humming ale or a cup of strong waters, you might nightly hear spoken versions—fresh flowing from the author's lips—of the hits and conceits of the Spectator and the Tatler. Still later even, no man who walked Fleet-street need miss, if he pleased, hearing Johnson's awful ponderosity rallying poor Goldy for his peach-blossom coloured coat—while Boswell would be by, mentally noting down every word of the rolling periods. The doctor seldom passed an evening without looking in at the Mitre, and almost anybody who chose could look in there too.

But these days are gone and past. We have become more domestic, and less given to haunting such places of public resort;—clubs, too, in a great measure have absorbed the choice spirits of taverns. Who would expect now-a-days to find Moore, or Wordsworth, or Bulwer, or Dickens, laying down the law to all and sundry amid the roar and confusion of a night tavern,—discussing at one and the same time literature and gin toddy—poetry and mutton chops!

We have got quite another class of frequenters now-a-days to make up the ordinary population of our supper taverns;—not so many great men as of yore, but a body by no means unnoticeable—actors who certainly figure in one of the "Scenes of Society," and who are, therefore, not by any means to be omitted in our pen and pencil sketches.

Watch the occupants of a box in a night tavern. The theatres are closed, and many who have crowded them, are pouring in to crown the intellectual with a more substantial banquet. How easily you discern the regular frequenter of the place,—the man who would as soon think of going to bed before three in the morning as he would think of getting up before three in the afternoon—a sort of public-house man on town,—a sodden, swaggering hero, the hat carelessly pulled over the eyes with a knowing rakish look,—the easy assurance of the voice, which always summons the waiters by their christian names, and draws the conventional slang of the place as if he had learnt to prattle it in a mother's lap; the whole air of the man, in fact, redolent of that satiety and listlessness produced by a life sauntered away in billiard room and tavern,

—an existence sweetened but by the fumes of reeking drink, and tobacco. This is the hero who makes fiercest love to barmaids—is on most confidential terms with landlords—whom waiters love most to call “gent”—who designates himself a “sporting man”—wears big pearl buttons, with pictures of mail coaches on them,—never talks of a vehicle but as a “drag”—and in musical taverns has always some secret of immense importance to confide to the comic singer.

Again, we have the occasional frequenter of our supper tavern—perhaps a family man—a man of business probably—who comes in a business way, for a business purpose—eats his supper in business-like manner—swallows a tumbler of some comfortable and comforting fluid after a like fashion, and then goes quietly about his business. He is none of your tavern loungers. He has no purpose of looking in at a couple or so of similar places on his way home—or treating cabmen at bars—or wrenching off knockers,—or ringing surgeon’s night bells, or smashing their flaring red lamps. These exploits are reserved for the young man just emancipated from mamma’s control in the country, and who has come to London to “walk Guy’s,” or to “eat his terms,” or to polish the seat of a three-legged stool in a city counting-house, and who is undergoing that noviciate which nine-tenths of country youths go through in their introduction into London life. Six months of it will probably tire him of pursuing that most unprofitable of agricultural processes—the sowing of wild oats. He will begin to doubt the beauties of a “fast” life—begin to think that he may be “up to a thing or two” without rising to the elevation by means of slang and gin-and-water,—and that it is possible for a man to be a distinguished member of society without having a cigar in his mouth from morning to night.

There is generally a good deal of sameness in the costume and manners of the average run of our company. Hats polished and seedy—tagionis and pea-coats, smooth and smart, or rough and shaggy, make up the prevailing fashion; but now and then we can trace—or fancy we trace—something of the more inward character; and attempt a guess at the more secret motives of the frequenters of the supper tavern.

There is a gay, rattling, pleasant young fellow; not tipsy, or verging to tipsyness: he does not come here for the sake of the mere eatables, or drinkables, or smokeables—but for the society—the excitement—the flow of rattling talk. He has no home—he has chambers perhaps—a great wainscoted room, as dismal and dingy as a condemned cell setting up for a boudoir. It is a cold, cheerless place; faintly lighted by a straggling ray from the lamp which illuminates the paved passage outside; and he breaks his shins every second night in trying to get at the lucifer matches, which seem to have been always left for him in the wrong place. Why should he leave the warm genial air, and the gabbling merry talk, for the damp

chill and the drear silence of chambers? He won’t do so until he is sleepy, at all events; and ’twill be long, judging by his present wide-awakeness, before that comes to pass. See, he flings out a merry thought to the person opposite,—a young man like himself, but a sullen set-faced creature, who gloats over the unfinished remnant of the drink before him. He loves it for its own sake. It was different once—but the spell of Circe is powerful upon him. And what is his home? It may have been a once happy one—a young wife may even now be there. Conjure up the scene! The candles have almost burned down, and the fire is extinct: she has watched so for many a night. How long the dreary hours are—how silent—how forlorn:—everybody else in the street returned but the one she waits for—all lights vanished from the windows but the one she burns; all the house but her buried in sleep. Deep—deep silence. A footstep on the pavement! She starts up with a shiver, for the night is cold. Hark—nearer!—no! it has passed—no knock has followed its approach to the door. She hurries to the window—the light of the lamp shows the retreating figure of the sauntering policeman. She ought to know his step by this time:—Edward is out so often. It was not so once—no! no! The neighbouring chimes ring merrily out. The last who dies in the darkened room. Silence again! No; there is a smothered sound—the young wife weeping!

“Waiter, put that gentleman into a cab!” The order is obeyed, and the single gentleman who lives in chambers—that is to say, sleeps in them, is delivered from his *vis-a-vis*.

“And now a song!” Three in the morning! A rare time for singing. But the gentleman in chambers, and the medical student, and the man on town, and an actor—a seedy little man, shaved very close and somewhat bald, for (property-wigs are seldom well made)—and a parliamentary reporter just released from the “Gallery,” accompanied by the sub-editor of his paper, a leading morning journal (who have just dropped in, and joined the party) are about to begin to spend the evening.

And the song is sung—and the fun sparkles—and the piquante story draws forth the ready shout of laughter—and criticism on Peel’s last speech—and Jerrold’s last comedy—and the last debutante at Drury—and the last operation at Guy’s—and the last novel, the last farce—the last telling paper in such a magazine—the last powerful leader in such a journal—all delivered by men who know their subject—who are behind the scenes—who could make the uninitiated stare;—all this pleasant talk—garnished with all its wit—glittering with all its repartee—flashing as it were from mouth to mouth—a sparkling round of merry sayings and wise ones—clever fooleries and quaint drolleries—cannot charm and keep awake that unhappy waiter—who has gone off fast asleep stretched wearily out in the next box.

Reports of Lectures,

ADDRESSED CHIEFLY TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

BY W. J. FOX.

ON THE TRUTHS AND PRECEPTS OF HUMAN NATURE AS THE BASIS OF EDUCATION.

(Owing to Mr. Fox's temporary indisposition, the Lectures to the Working Classes were suspended for one week: we are enabled to preserve our continuity of publication by the following report, not before printed, of a Lecture delivered at Finsbury Chapel, a few years ago, during the discussions on National Education.)

In various discussions upon the subject of National Education there has been much mention of the "truths and precepts of Christianity;" more talk, it may be feared, of the truths and precepts of Christianity than evidence of the spirit of Christianity. The clerical assumption, sectarianism, and bigotry of the country, have prevented any decisive step towards the discharge of the first duty that devolves upon society; namely, that of taking care of the individual mental development of those by whom society is constituted. It may, however, perhaps throw some light on the real meaning of these truths and precepts of Christianity, if we make a previous inquiry into the truths and precepts of human nature. As we are human before we are Christian, in this we may, perhaps, find the best preparation for the comprehension and discharge of the other—the best illustration of their real meaning and tendency. The phrase to which I have alluded frequently occurs, and usually in some such connexion as in the following resolution passed at one of the meetings of the National Society of Education; the Archbishop of Canterbury in the chair:—

"That it is an object of the highest national importance to provide, that instruction in the Truths and Precepts of Christianity should form an essential part of every system of education intended for the people at large: and that such instruction should be under the superintendence of the clergy, and in conformity with the doctrines of the Church of this realm, as the recognised teachers of religion."

Lord Bacon said, "knowledge is power," giving that expression currency as an axiom amongst us; and he, perhaps, deriving it from the similar expression long before of King Solomon, who said in the person of Wisdom, "I have strength." But priestcraft had found out this truth long before Lord Bacon or King Solomon. It was understood from the earliest ages by those who aspired to the exercise of mental and spiritual domination; and there has been a gradation corresponding with the progress of the human mind, in the mode of their turning this truth to account. In the first instance, they showed their reliance on the fact, "knowledge is power," by making natural science, and much of its application to the arts, a monopoly to their own class; excluding the great bulk of the people altogether from any information beyond that which related immediately to their occupations as the hewers of wood and drawers of water for their superiors. The maxim was then exhibited in the juggling wonders of the priesthood, by which they impressed the multitude with the profoundest veneration for their own preternatural powers and skill; by which they attracted a homage towards the idols of their worship, which, for all essential purposes, centred in themselves; which was their power more than it was that of their gods. and which they exercised as if wielding an iron sceptre over the labours and lives of the multitude.

The priesthood next stilled themselves of the truth conveyed by this maxim in affecting to take the lead in that advance of intelligence which they could not

altogether prevent, as it arose from the very nature of things, and belonged to the natural progress of humanity. They then claimed divine prescience, the gift of prophecy, an acquaintance with the invisible, a penetration into futurity. They made themselves the monopolists of the gifts of wisdom, as they had been of those of power; and rendered subservient to their ambition the principles and maxims which they inculcated of religious and moral duty. But in time this mode of turning to the account of a class that which exists for the general good of human nature, became worn out also. Knowledge was desired, grasped at, and obtained: its enjoyments were experienced, and its enlargement was coveted to a much wider extent than in previous ages of the world; and then the aim of priestcraft was to guide and rule what it could not prevent. It took the command of education; made itself the supreme power in instructing, whatever the extent of the circle through which instruction was to be diffused; and thus became the teacher, or controlled the teachers, in every department of knowledge, in every class of society. And this is the stage at which we now are; these are the pretensions which are now set forth in such resolutions as that just read; and which are also inscribed upon the education of the country. For what is that which ranks as the best and highest education of the country? What is the instruction given in our universities? It bears the mark of ecclesiastical predominance upon it; has borne it from the time when those seminaries were first established; bears it now, even in whatever may seem least connected with religion or with Christianity; bears it plainly and broadly in the marking out for the aristocratical youth of the country—for those who are to be its future leaders, its future senators and legislators—a course of instruction which has as little bearing as may be upon the real business of life; which has as little tendency as may be to prepare the mind for the investigation, either of religious and moral truth on the one hand, or of practical, political, economical, and scientific truth on the other; and which mainly serves to cement an alliance between two classes of society, who sometimes combine themselves together, and affect to be the whole, under the sounding denomination of Church and State. And the seal or brand thus affixed on what is deemed the best and highest education of the country, is also attempted to be marked on that which is designed for the poorest and the lowest. It is required that both should bear the same stamp—that both should be distinguished by the same characteristics; that in each, though manifested in a different way, there should be a predominant priestly influence. Hence, in the pretension which has just been read, one sect is spoken of as the church of these realms, though both, in fact, and in law—both in natural right, and in recognised and constitutional right—there is much more than one church in these realms. Dissenters, Roman Catholics, are known to the laws and constitution of the country. The right of individual judgment, and of particular association, is not a right to be exercised in holes and corners: it is one which belongs to the legislative existence of our country, and is entwined with its very being. It would be as easy almost to annihilate the individuals whose opinions differ from a given standard of faith and doctrine, as it would be to obliterate from our institutions, and from legal recognition, the fact of this diversity.

I do not intend, however, to go into a dissection of this resolution; but to take the phrase which has been rendered very common, of "the truths and precepts of Christianity;" and without minutely enquiring what they are in such connexion, to enter into

the consideration of what are the "truths and precepts" of human nature, which we shall find universally undeniable, simple, and elementary, adapted to the purposes of education; and such as, when they are duly cultivated in real instruction, may serve for the clearer comprehension, and for the readier reception, of those which are properly "the truths and precepts of Christianity."

It is not necessary to affirm that the mind of the infant is merely a sheet of blank paper, on which anything whatever may be written; it is not needful to deny the obvious fact that there are in our physical and mental constitution original tendencies and propensities which require direction: for those which are best, require cultivation and training, in order fully to produce their fruits, or, as we might rather say, in order fully and fairly to exhibit their character: but still, contemplating human nature in itself—in its essentials—in its common qualities—we find certain truths; and, if truths, by implication precepts, which ought to be attended to in any plan or system of education; and from which, without reference to what is technically called education, all of us may derive instruction, which will prepare us to be better Christians for having consulted the truths and precepts of human nature.

The first of these which I would point out is, the tendency of human nature* to reflectiveness. And even in youth, in the first freshness of the senses, while every object is a novelty and a wonder—when the sun, the grass, the stars, all seem to the infant as something to be gazed upon with emotions like those which man fancies he would feel could he witness the working of a miracle; when every day brings some fresh combination of form to the eye, and some fresh combination of sound to stimulate and exercise the sense of hearing; when the whole frame of the child is in the act of learning from the impulses which are without, and when these are in constant succession; why, even at this time there are occasions when, if the child is left to itself, (and very desirable it is that the youngest should be left to themselves occasionally), the eye seems to turn inward,—the mind works without reference to the objects of sense at that moment around it—thoughts arise, as it were, from within, bubbling up from the deep fountains of intelligence, affection, and action, and often suggesting inquiries which, by their pertinence and profundity, are apt to perplex and puzzle the wisest of those who take upon themselves the care of instruction.

I am not, in this Lecture, endeavouring at all to sketch a course of education, or throw out suggestions on that matter; but merely considering those truths and precepts of nature which should have a guidance in education; inquiring what these are, and bearing also in mind the use which is to be made of them by ourselves in our own self-culture. Perhaps the best treatment which this tendency admits of is, that of the let-alone course; of allowing thought, when it will, to mold on its way uninterrupted in the youngest mind; of not being too eager or earnest to draw off its attention from whatever may bid fair to fix that attention for a time, and to sink into the soul as well as to occupy the sense: for thus it is, rather by the benignant operations of nature, which man abstains from interrupting, than by any positive influence, that humanity begins a thoughtful existence, and learns to exercise its prerogative of looking before and after. That it should do so, is evidently necessary to any high excellence of character—to any wide extent of usefulness. It is the voice of reflective solitude that society is most certain to hear from age to age. It is in times of solitary meditation that thoughts

germinate which afterwards spring up into great, enduring, and influential works. It was in the enforced retirement of his blindness that Milton meditated his immortal poem. It was in solitude, and amid the ruins of the Coliseum, that Gibbon conceived his great work on "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." It has ever been in retirement that the mind has gained strength and clearness for its most successful grappling with society. It is in a state then with which truth claims affinity, and commends itself to the soul, showing its correspondence and power with the human spirit, and diffusing its light, not by sudden jerks and violent impulses, but with a gradual advance like that of the benignant and seemingly spontaneous orb of day as it advances from sunrise to the meridian. This, then, is one of nature's truths and precepts.

Another, is the postponement of present to eventually greater enjoyment; and this, too, the little experience of the child will soon teach it for its own sake to exercise. It is a dictate of our being; the temporary abstinence for the ultimate greater pleasure, is a lesson which man may learn of the child, and might learn from the child to practice much more effectually than he often does in his physical maturity. Great as may be the provision with which the ignorance and dependence of childhood is surrounded by those of more mature years; much as every want may be foreseen, and every peril provided against; there is still room for the exercise, and there is the exercise of this disposition. Here, then, is a fruitful disposition for culture, needing culture, but existing in order that it may be cultivated; and were it rightly cherished and developed, how seldom would it happen that the temples of temptation which are so numerous opened for mere gross and animal enjoyment, inviting man to forget that he is a man, and to sink into the mere state of brutal pleasure—how seldom would it happen, I say, that these would exercise the power they do, even over the most uneducated individuals: how seldom would it happen either that struggling, successful, prosperous man, in his career of business exertion in the world, would find an old age come upon him for which he is not prepared, and for which he has no mental or moral resources; although, in his own imagination, he has been labouring all his life to render it a season of comfort and enjoyment, but for which he has nothing that can alleviate its evils, or multiply its pleasures; and finds himself utterly forlorn, because he is no longer in the exercise of those operations to which he should never have applied but as the means subordinate to something better. Were this disposition fully cultivated, death would never come, as it too often comes now, to those whose minds have nothing of that harmony and identification of the invisible with the visible, and of the future with the present, that forms the best connecting link between the great stages of our existence. All these are indications that man needs the truth and precept of his own nature to be more distinctly inculcated upon him than it now is—that he should sacrifice the present to the future, whenever to forego present good is eventually to realise a greater good. And when this is really done, how much more clear and impressive will appear the plan of the Scriptures, which always held forth something future to human nature: which, taking humanity in the first stages of civilization, excited the patriarch with the prospect of his seed multiplying as the sand on the sea shore, and becoming a people and a nation with a name amongst the countries of the earth; which afterwards excited a people dwelling like the Israelites in Egypt, in a house of bondage, with the anticipation of a country

of their own, a land flowing with milk and honey, where they should have undisturbed possession, and establish themselves in their tribes, and realise their institutions; which afterwards led on the Jewish people with the expectation of Him who was to come, and by whom the purposes of their constitution were to be carried into effect in a higher sense and over a wider sphere; and then led man still onwards from this world to a world to come, and after the promises and anticipations of a state of society upon earth, gave him the hope of more exalted society in a future state of being, and of eternal existence crowned with unbounded enjoyment. In all this there is the constant appeal to human nature of the future against the present; there is the realising of moral greatness that sees the invisible, and to which the immediate and visible good is rendered subordinate; and this truth and implied precept of Christianity, grand and beautiful to the contemplation, can only appear so to those who are previously imbued with the truth and precepts derived from human nature.

Sympathy is another truth and precept of our nature. The phrenologist finds an organ for sympathy or for benevolence in the head. More common-place philosophy has generally assigned it to the heart. The fact is, that the entire frame of man is an organ of sympathy, a provision against his being unaffected by the condition of others, and by social influences. It is all a truth and a precept of the wisdom of the necessity of rejoicing with them that rejoice, and of weeping with them that weep. Even unconscious infancy catches the smile or the tear from the faces around it; it echoes, when it can yet scarcely articulate, the sounds of joy or of grief that fall upon its ears. There is that in man which will not allow him to live an alien from the condition of his fellows, but from the very commencement of his being gives him in himself a physical testimony to the connexion of his own happiness and that of his fellow creatures. This indication of our nature is really the source of our morals; it is the principal guide to whatever is beyond the sphere of present caution and prudence. It may require regulation, it may need enlightenment of mind, but these are only its guides, they are the accessories to its more perfect development. Thus those who have made their observations beyond the narrow circle of their own connexions—those whose minds have been accustomed to realise, as if it passed before their eyes, that which is only made known to them by distant but by authentic report—their sympathies are acted upon not only by what is immediately presented to them, but by what they know beyond that. In the luxuries of a planter's enjoyment, the adornments of his house, all that ministers to the senses in his establishment, and all that he can command of the earth's produce from the most distant regions, the eye of a Clarkson not only sees a pleasure to be synthesised with, but it sees, also, the toiling negro, out of whose muscles, blood, and bones, these luxuries have been wrought; who was the property that served as outlay for that other property; whose sufferings were the purchase of these means of animal gratification; and, in that view, his own sympathy flows most strongly in the direction where most strongly it is needed: and the very sight of pleasure on the one hand stimulates the impulse of exertion which is to diminish suffering on the other. And so amid all the acclamations of triumph, the waving of banners, and the shout of crowds, the eye of philanthropy sees the battle-field, weeps over the extent of carnage by which all this is purchased, and never has a sympathy more strong with the victims of war than when witnessing the most gorgeous celebration of

the glories of victory. And thus in the contemplation of rags, and beggary, and want, the eye of a Bentham looks not merely at the relief which may give the meal for the day, or secure the shivering wretch against the cold, or furnish a temporary shelter, but looks to the institutions by which poverty is pressed down, the agencies by which its rights may be asserted, and justice claimed and exercised; so that man may be able to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and reap the fruits of a sympathy stirred up not merely for the casual act of charity, but for the permanent amelioration of institutions. This is the cultivation of human sympathy; a sympathy connected not only with philanthropic efforts, but with the grandest mental display; there is no great mind without it,—there is no great work that may not be traced to it. What but this is it that in the productions of our great dramatic bard ever makes us feel the reality of his personages? What is it but this that makes the philosopher appeal to his inventions with the same confidence as if they were really the works of God? What is it but that universal sympathy, that ability to realise the workings of thought and emotion in every kind of humanity, which is the nearest approach that intellect can make towards the divine spirit which lives and breathes, thinks, feels, and works in all creatures?

Veneration and aspiration are truths and precepts of human nature. The child, through the sense of its dependency on a power greater than its own,—on experience and observation surpassing its own,—first learns veneration towards the parent: in the impulses of its being, in the ever brightening hopes that belong to those early days, are the rudiments of that aspiration which in future time leads to the highest attainments of the mind, and directs towards the noblest objects of our existence. By calling these principles into exercise—rather by unfolding human nature than by attempting to train human nature—we should find the work of instruction, become much more natural, easy, and certain of its results; and the love of knowledge, and of truth and beauty, would germinate in the mind, and prove a far greater power for all the work of instruction than any of the artificial appliances that rewards, punishments, restraints, and emulation, have ever created. These appliances are, indeed, for the most part, perversions of our being; ignorance of the truths of human nature, and violations of the precepts of human nature. It is well said in "Combe's Work on Man," that "gathering knowledge is to the mind of man what gathering honey is to the bee;" and this deserves to be regarded as the foundation truth of education. Fortunately we do not interfere with the bees in their work as we do with human intelligences in their work. If we did, it is to be feared that the world's supply of honey would be very much diminished in quantity, and deteriorated in quality. We should begin to hear of the natural and total depravity of the bee tribe: there would be attempts to prevent any bees from gathering honey unless they had a sectarian mark painted on their wings; and what with this interference, and proscribing them from certain fields and flowers, or only allowing them a previously defined range, according to the conveniences of others, great would be the starvation and sufferance of the insect tribe itself, and manifold would be the injury to human beings who now reap profit and enjoyment from letting the truths and precepts of nature take their course with insects, though they strive against them in human nature.

When the mind had been allowed thus to furnish the material for its own cultivation, and give suggestive

guidance to teachers for its own instruction, in what a different state would it come to the Bible; and how much more of truth and beauty would it perceive there. If the advocates for different systems of instruction really think that the most important of national concerns is for the truths and precepts of Christianity to be inculcated upon the universal mind, they cannot take a wiser course than by first inculcating upon that mind the truths and precepts of human nature. All then would tend to a natural harmony, — to that harmony which the Author of Creation has established, and delights to contemplate through all his works. And I shall conclude these remarks with a few sentences from one of the Lectures of Dr. Biber, on Education, who, adverting to these circumstances, draws a beautiful analogy between the effect of music on the human ear and that of the working of nature, of religion, and of the various powers and elements that constitute universal being in the contemplation of the Creator:—

"As Haydn's Creation and Handel's Messiah is music to the ear of man, so is the progressive development of the human race, and its ultimate restoration to its pristine state, music to the ear of the Most High. As no piece of composition can be understood until it be completed, so, likewise, is the music of the world unintelligible to man, and must be so to every created spirit, until God's purpose in that part of his Creation be fulfilled; but to HIM before whom Time shrinks into nothing, and Eternity is no more than the twinkling of an eye, all his countless worlds are ever sounding together in one eternal harmony."

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POEMS AND PICTURES.*

WE doubt very much if any poetry, properly so called, can be other than poetry for the People. A living writer has said "Poets are they who feel great truths, and tell them;" and if, as we believe, this be one of the best definitions that ever has been given, it only confirms our opinion. Truth is surely that divine light which we fondly hope will one day penetrate into the murkiest and most obscure corners ever darkened by the night of ignorance; and he who makes any truth clearer and more apparent does a good deed, for all truth is beautiful, and comforts and enlarges the mind as much as it enlightens it.

The volume which has given rise to these reflections is a very costly one, got up in a binding of scarlet and gold, and enriched with a hundred illustrations on wood by eminent English artists. Some of these are exceedingly beautiful, and well deserve the name of "pictures," carrying out most charmingly the sentiments of the poems. It is true the work is only a collection from various sources, but the editor has selected so judiciously, and brought to light so many gems that are little, if at all known, that the book has all the freshness of an original volume. It contains several translations from the German, especially a very fine one of Schiller's celebrated ballad of "The Diver." A monarch is supposed to fling a golden cup into the seething whirlpool of Charybdis, crying to his attendants

"I grant the prize of that costly cup"
To the venturesome hand that shall bear it up."

A youthful squire, ambitious of fame to be won only by deeds of daring, risks his life, and by a miracle rescues the cup, unharmed himself: thus he speaks:—

"And joy to those
Who breathe in the light of the blushing sky!
It is fearful *there* where the dark wave flows;
Nor should man tempt the gods on high,
Nor ever to seek those sights presume
Which they graciously curtain with night and gloom.
Down, down I shot like a lightning flash,
When, lo! from the depth of the rocky ground
Did a thundering torrent to meet me dash;
Like a child's frail top I was spun around,
Powerless and weak; for how should I fight
With the double stream in its raging might?"

Then God, to whom I bitterly cried,
Display'd through the driving foamy blast
In the depth of the sea, a rock's bare side;
I grasp'd the edge, I was safe at last!
And there hung the cup on its coral brow,
Saved from the bottomless depths below!
For the purple darkness of the deep
Lay under my feet like a precipice,
And though here the ear must in deafness sleep,
The eye could look down the sheer abyss,
And see how the depth of those waters dark
Aro alive with the dragon, the snake, and the shark!"

But the monarch does not rest with this one cruel trial of the Diver's skill; he flings the goblet again into the foaming waters, tempting him this time, however, with the promise of a richer reward, the hand of his peerless daughter:—

"Burning so costly a prize to win,
For life or for death he plunges in:
Again that groaning!—that low, deep sound,
Which heralds the thunder crash;
With loving looks they are gather'd round.
It cometh, it cometh, the wave's wild crash!
Backwards and forwards it rushes and roars
But, alas! the youth no wave restores!"

It would of course be impossible to enumerate a tithe of the poems which comprise this volume. They consist of almost every description of verse, by authors English, Scotch, and American, already known to fame, or who deserve to be so. There are a great many pieces of the ballad or narrative style, in which a tale of thrilling interest is told in eloquent verse. Of this class is, "The Miner," a production founded upon a touching and well-authenticated incident. Some few years ago a body was discovered "like living man asleep," the body of a youth "not twenty summers old," whom for awhile none of the people belonging to the mine where it was found, or to the country round about, could recognise. It was the mortal remains of a miner who had perished fifty years before by one of those dreadful explosions caused by fire-damp; but thus strangely preserved from decay by some chemical influences peculiar to the soil. We believe the real story was, though we tell it from memory, that the body was recognised by her who had been his wife, and afterwards the spouse of another husband, now a decrepit wrinkled old woman. If we remember rightly the true story went farther, and showed an elderly white-haired man bending over the remains of his still youthful-looking parent. The poet, however, has chosen to depict the old crone as only the betrothed of the deceased, but one who has been faithful through her long life to the memory of her early love. We have some doubts if the true "unvarnished tale" had not more poetic elements in it than the other.

The story of the "English Merchant and the Saracen Lady" is versified with great skill and feeling. The tale is so well known that we need but sketch it briefly. The father of the celebrated Thomas à Becket,—him who was murdered in Canterbury Cathedral at the suggestion of a king, (the spot is

* Burns, Portman Street.

shown to the curious to this day,)—was a merchant who traded to Syria. There Gilbert-a-Becket is said to have met with a Saracen lady who was equally distinguished for beauty, wisdom, and virtue. He converted her to Christianity, and they were betrothed. How or why he quitted Syria so suddenly is not very clearly explained; but the maiden was left behind. She knew only two English words, the name of her lover and the name of his home; but with "Gilbert" and "London" alone, by which to express her wishes, she set out.

"She hath wandered down to the shore and there
Is a bark about to sail,
With tapering masts that seem to bear
Upon their crests so slight and high
The outspread curtains of the sky,
Hung o'er with star-lamps pale."

Oft hath the maiden her lover heard
When he spoke of his far-off home:
Back to her lip returns the word,
And "London! London!" in haste she cries
With a piteous tone and with streaming eyes,
While the seamen around her come.

It is sad and strange said the sailors then
That the damsel weepeth thus;
But oh, let it never be said that men
Look'd on a woman in sore distress,
And gave no aid to her feebleness!
The maiden shall sail with us."

Many are the perils she encounters before she
reaches London, where

"Through all that maze of square and street,
With pleading looks she went;
And still her weary voice was sweet;
But now was "Gilbert" the name she cried;
The world of London is very wide,
And they knew not whom she meant."

The facts of history are borne out in the poem before us. Zarina—who was soon after baptized by the name of Matilda—succeeds in meeting her lover, to the infinite joy of both. They were wedded, and still live in story as little less remarkable for the romance of their youth, than for being the parents of the renowned Archbishop.

DICK TIMBERLEY'S GOING AND COMING.

BY MARY HOWITT.

DICK TIMBERLEY said nothing to his grandmother about his new acquisition—not one word—although he himself could not sleep for thinking of it. Dick's new acquisition was a gun—an old rusty gun—with a twist in the barrel, and an old jingling lock. Nobody but Dick would have thought it worth owning; but to him it was a great treasure, and had cost no less than seven shillings and sixpence. Dick's grandmother was one of those inexperienced people who are frightened at the sight of a gun; she always thought that charged, or uncharged, it would go off; he had terrified her many a time with his key-guns and crackers; but he would have been the last person to harm her for all that; and, therefore, now that he had a gun of his own he carefully kept it out of her sight.

To anybody who knew Dick Timberley and his grandmother it would have been a mystery how he could get seven and sixpence to fool away in an old gun. His grandmother went out washing three days in the week, and the other three she cut candle-wicks

for the tallow-chandler; she was quite a poor woman, and as to Dick, he was a wild, graceless sort of lad, that had no regular employment, although he was now sixteen. He was a tall, stout lad of his age, and used to run errands for the whole parish. He was always at hand, either at the blacksmith's, or at old Henry Craythorne's, the wheelwright's, or at the King's Head, at which place he was a kind of deputy-ostler—for of all things he loved horses; and by one means and another he always contrived to have odd pence and sixpences in his pocket. He was a favourite every where; and when he had nothing else to do he used to sit on the horse-block in the street and crack his jokes on everybody that went by.

Sober-minded people all foretold that Dick would never come to any good; he was, they said, a ne'er-do-weel, and his old crumpled hat that never sat straight on his head told that as plainly as if it could speak. The clergyman's wife talked to Dick's grandmother about it, but the grandmother maintained that he was not a bad lad; he was so fond of horses, she said; and if he could get a place as a groom or ostler he would keep it and be a credit to them all. Neither a groom's nor ostler's place was, however, met with; but he tried service with a farmer, and then not liking it, came back to his old, discomforted grandmother, to the triumph of all the croakers.

Once Dick stayed three weeks in a farmer's service; but then he was sent "to tent the corn," as it was called; that is, to walkround and round the corn-fields in spring, with the farmer's gun on his shoulders, to frighten away any birds that ventured on the forbidden ground. That was pleasant service to Dick; and might he have had the gun on his shoulders all the year he would not have left so soon. This gave Dick a passion for a gun, and from that time he began hoarding and saving to buy one for himself. Old Henry Craythorne, the wheelwright, had a brace of pistols, and now and then the boy would persuade him to lend them for an hour or two at a time, and then not a sparrow was safe in the neighbourhood. He was really born to do mischief, everybody said; but old Henry, like his grandmother, seemed bent upon spoiling him, and always took his part against everybody. Dick knew who were his friends, and he treated them as such; he could read very well, and as old Henry's eyes were very indifferent, he used to borrow the newspaper from the King's Head and read it to him on a Sunday night, without even being solicited to do so, and that made the favour the greater. Dick spent a deal of time with old Henry; he used to seat himself on one of those barrel-like blocks of wood intended for the naves of cart-wheels, and talk with him as he worked. Many was the bit of good advice which the old man then dropped; and more than once he offered to teach him the wheelwright's trade, if he would only be steady and learn. But the wheelwright's trade had no temptations for Dick, and now and then, I am sorry to say it, he did not take the old man's advice as well as it was meant; and then after such occasions there would be a little pause in their friendly intercourse.

It was during one of these pauses that Dick, after long time of hoarding and saving, found himself possessed of his gun. The gun was concealed from his grandmother's knowledge, and the next evening he went out, with half-a-dozen ragged lads at his heels, to practice shooting at a mark. At an abrupt angle of the road, a considerable distance from the village, stood an elm tree, upon the bole of which he nailed two or three leaves of an old copy-book for a target. A tall hedge bordered the road, so that it was impossible to see any person coming up before they turned the angle by the tree. Dick never thought of danger either to himself or anybody else; he was shooting with all his might, thinking what charming fun it was, when all at once a cry was heard as of a person in agony; and a man rushed forward with both his hands clasped to one eye, and reeling as if about to fall. Though it was evening, and rather dusk, there was no mistaking the figure,—it was old Henry Craythorne—and he had shot him—shot him dead, as he at that moment believed!

"My lad, what hast thou done!" exclaimed the old man; "my poor eye is gone for ever!" and so saying, he threw himself on the bank, and rocked to and fro in agony, whilst Dick's ragged companions scampered off to the village, carrying the news with them.

It is impossible to describe Dick's feelings at this accident. Had the wounded man fallen upon him and beaten him to a mummy he would have forgiven him, but poor old Henry's words wrung his very soul; and no suffering could have been severer than his at that moment, when, as with a lightning flash, so many things rushed upon his memory at once; his weak eyesight; his old age; his kindness to himself; the little late estrangement between them! He detested himself; he was in his own sight a monster of ingratitude; and yet he really loved his old friend so truly. He threw his gun, the wicked cause as it seemed to him this cruel mischance, into the ditch, and fell at the old man's feet. He had not kissed anybody, not even his grandmother, for years, but he now kissed his knees and his feet, and wept like a child; he then started up and held the poor man's head to his breast. He knew not what to do; he would so gladly have borne all the pain; he would so willingly have given one of his own eyes, had it been possible in that way to make restitution.

"Let me go home!" said old Henry, in a weak voice, and pushing the boy aside; "I'm done for in this world, God knows!"

Dick made no attempt to withhold him; he groaned deeply, and evidently in great agony staggered onward. Dick offered to help him, but the poor old man impatiently pushed him aside. That action went to his heart; and he again felt a frenzy of self-reproach; he thought of dashing his head against a wall; he thought of hanging or drowning himself; and then he thought of something much better, to run before to the doctor, and send immediate help to the poor sufferer. He did so, and then went and stood at a little distance from old Henry's house, under the

gorse-roofed hovel, where the travelling tinker, when at home, kept his cart: it was now empty, and here he could stand unseen, and watch all that went forward. He saw a light in old Henry's bed-room; he saw the next-door neighbour rush out of the house and stop the first person she met—he knew she was telling of the disaster; before long, he saw the doctor go, and then his old grandmother hobbling up the street with her cloak over her head, she had not stopped to put on her bonnet; she then had heard it all; it was known in the village that he had done it; he fancied that there would be a warrant out against him before morning; he heard the people who went by telling of the affair—the clergyman's wife went down the village street with her maid; she, too, was going to old Henry's! What if the old man should die! All at once the idea occurred to him that some way or other there was a connexion between the eye and the brain; he felt sure that the shot would go to the brain, and that he would either die or go mad! With this idea came a new thought, and on that he acted. As soon as the street was quiet for the night he stole out from his hiding-place and took the only road which led out of the village, and this brought him to the very spot where the misfortune had happened. He picked up the gun which he had thrown into the ditch, and dashing it in a kind of fury against the bole of the tree, shattered it to pieces. It had ceased to be any pleasure to him now; he hated it, and stamped upon the broken pieces which lay on the ground; he tore down the old copy-book and trampled it too in the dust. There seemed, at the moment, to be some relief to him in this excess of passion; he fancied that he should feel much better for it: but no sooner was it over than a reaction took place, and all this seemed wickedness to him—an angel of self-accusation seemed to stand up before him, and all his life appeared a crime. Every word that old Henry had spoken to him of remonstrance or reproof seemed echoed back; he had been warned, but he would not listen; this man had loved him, and how had he rewarded him! He had made him blind, perhaps, for life—and he had no son to work for him! And then his grandmother, so as she had loved him, and had patience with him, and now all the village would reproach her for his idle misfortune! He had brought trouble and sorrow upon all! Overcome by the anguish of his soul, he threw himself down on the roadside and wished he might die. After a time, however, it seemed as if the angel of self-accusation stepped aside and gave place to the angel of hope and consolation. He rose up, and as he walked on he thought to himself that there was yet one thing left for him to do. He would go to London, where so many had gone before him, and make his fortune, and then come back and make old Henry and his grandmother comfortable for life. There was vigour, there was solace in the thought; and in the strength of it he walked on through the night, and before morning had passed the large neighbouring manufacturing town, and, with only three halfpence in his pocket, was on his way to London.

The news of the accident had of course spread through the village like wildfire; the doctor said that the old wheelwright would lose his eye; there was no possibility of saving it. He suffered a great deal both from pain and fever; and, half a year afterwards, might be seen walking slowly about the village with a handkerchief tied over his eye. His step was feeble, and he looked much older; the heart was gone from him, he said, and he feared he should never be good for any thing again.

The old grandmother was not astonished that Dick, in the first instance, should keep out of the way; she never feared but that he would come back again before long. People had found the broken gun, and the cause of it was easily understood; it was like his wicked, passionate nature, his enemies said, to go and wreak his vengeance on the gun; but when it was told to old Henry, he shook his head mournfully, and said "poor thing!" and then told how he had thrown himself down and kissed his feet, and how miserable and sorry he was for the accident. The old man suggested the idea that he had gone and made away with himself, so people dragged the river and the canal, and looked in all kinds of solitary places for some trace of him, but none was found.

In twelve months' time old Henry, with his one eye, and the hollow disfigured socket of the other, was again at work in his shop. Not a day passed but he thought of Dick; it was astonishing how much he missed him; he wished he would come back again, for he had freely forgiven the accident. It was his opinion, however, that the lad was gone to sea, and if so he might be wrecked or drowned.

The whole affair, of course, sunk deeply into the old grandmother's heart. She too looked very much older. She said she was not to call badly, but she was not heartsome; it was old age coming on she reckoned, and added, that her only hope was that God would please to take her when she could no longer maintain herself. In course of time she could no longer go out washing as formerly, and then her difficulties really began. Some of her neighbours once tried to persuade her to sell Dick's few clothes that he had left; his Sunday jacket, and his best hat and shoes; they told her that she might get a few coals or a blanket with the money; but she would not hear of it. She had put all that belonged to him, his old song book and his sheet almanack for the year, and some cheap coloured prints of horses which he had pinned on the walls, together with his hat and shoes, into a drawer, the key of which she kept in her pocket. She said she would never part with these things as long as she lived.

After Henry Craythorne got better, the old grandmother seldom went near him: she did not know why exactly, but somehow she felt more comfortable not to see him. If she had been rich, it would have been different, but she could see so plainly how badly things were going with them, and that troubled her. There was now a new wheelwright come to the village, and he got all the business.

One day when Dick had been gone three years, the

postman brought a letter to old Henry; he could not see to read it himself, but he could see, as soon as it was opened, that it contained a five-pound note. The letter was from Dick, but it said no more than that he sent this with his love, to be divided between his old friend and his grandmother. This was an event! and it made a great sensation. People now could not praise Dick sufficiently; everybody suddenly remembered that they had thought well of him; they should not now wonder if he did come back a rich man. Rumour magnified the sum sent to twenty, to fifty, to a hundred pounds, and one and another neighbour came to ask to borrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Craythorne and the old grandmother drank tea together on the strength of this pleasant event, and never was there a more charming little tea-party in this world; they talked of nothing but Dick all the time; they remembered so many anecdotes about him!

Time went on; one bad winter came after another; the poor suffered greatly, and the old wheelwright was now one of the poor. The new man had got his workshop by an increased rent, and what made his case more hopeless, was that he was attacked with rheumatic fever, the cold settled in his other eye, and in the end he became totally blind. The old grandmother owed two months' rent; the landlord said he would wait no longer. How anxiously had a letter been hoped for from Dick, but nothing came; their hope deferred only increased their distress; it was such a weary thing to wait and wait for what never came. The only coal that the old grandmother had that winter was what was given by a dole at Christmas; the clergyman's wife had given her also a blanket, but the landlord threatened to take this and her other few things for rent. The parish officers now interfered; the landlord was to take all on the next Monday and then she was to go to the house.

Monday came; old Craythorne was ill in bed; his wife had not the heart to tell him that the baker would sell them no more bread on trust. It was a good thing she thought, poor woman, that he was blind and could not see how one thing after another was sold and pawned, just to keep them going on, and to keep off the evil days when they, too, like the poor old grandmother, must go to the parish.

Afternoon came, and strange things in the meantime were happening. The men were attempting to carry off the old grandmother's miserable bed, which she was feebly resisting; when a tall, good-looking, strongly-built young man, in a handsome brown great-coat, stepped into the room. He had passed a hand-cart at the door on which he had cast a look of indignation. As he entered, he knew the old bed in a moment, and the sight of it, with its coarse blue-checked hangings, affected him greatly. He saw the rifled chest of drawers, and his own Sunday hat and shoes of former days. He remembered every thing so perfectly! Without saying one word, he went to the door, and dragged the grandmother's large chair from the hand-cart, and setting it down on the house-floor, took hold

of her and seated her in it. It was only just in time, for she certainly would have fallen on the floor if he had not found her a seat, for she had begun to recognize her own Dick in the stranger. He then bade the men replace every thing they had taken out, and carry off anything at their peril. He said he was her grandson, and he would not see her ill-used, and as he said this, he stood there like a king. It was amazing to see what a turn the tide took all at once! The very men who had been hauling at the bed enough to tear it to shreds, now begun putting all in order, and making it up with the most astonishing zeal. The candlesticks, and bellows, and toasting-fork, were all reared up side by side on the mantel-shelf; somebody came in with matches and firewood, and a huge shovel of coals, and soon made up a famous blazing fire, and then with the most perfect forethought filled the kettle and hung it on as if for tea. All this time, of course, the poor old grandmother was laughing and crying alternately: the only wonder was, that the joy and surprise had not killed her at once. She had seen at a glance how handsome Dick looked, and how well he was dressed, and the same observations had been made by every body else.

The house was soon put into a little order; and Dick sent word to the landlord that he would be answerable for his grandmother's rent, though he did not intend that she should be tenant to such a landlord much longer. The men went off in a great hurry, impatient to spread the wonderful news. Before they went, however, Dick gave them half-a-crown to drink, and told somebody to fetch in tea and sugar, and bread and butter, and then he and his grandmother sat down to tea. Was not that a pleasant tea-drinking? The only thing that troubled Dick was to see how old and feeble his grandmother looked; it quite made his heart ache; but as for her, poor woman, she forgot all her ailments; she felt as if she were quite young and strong again. She laughed and was quite merry--she was merry even about the men seizing on her goods! She then made Dick stand up, and turn round, that she might have a good survey of him; she made him measure himself against the mantel-piece; and then she would have him to try on his old Sunday hat; and she laughed so to see it stick on the top of his head. She laid out all his things before him, and told him what store she had set by them, and how she meant to have them put in her coffin. It was quite astonishing to see how talkative she was!

In the midst of all this a sudden interruption was caused by the loud pealing of the village bells; the sound was so merry and sweet, and the old woman declared that they said as plain as if they spoke, "Welcome Dick Timberley back to the village!" Dick was quite affected; and as the old woman listened to the ideal words, she could not help crying either.

Dick had just time to tell his grandmother that he was now, through his own industry, worth a clear two hundred pounds, and that he had good connexions in London, where, after he had seen his friends here comfortably settled, he should return, when the house-

door opened and presented for the moment a melancholy sight. There was poor old Henry Craythorne, totally blind, led in by his wife.

"He would get up; there was no keeping him in bed," said she, "as soon as he heard who was come."

Dick, tall and strong as he was, cried like a child. He kissed the old man, he could not help it, and with the tenderest affection placed him in a chair. Nobody said a word for some time; old Henry threw a clean handkerchief over his head and so covered his face; he felt some way as if this meeting was too much for him; he found how very weak he was; and he felt, too, how sad it was to be blind, and not able to see the face of one whom he loved so much.

"Forgive me, my dear old friend," said Dick, taking his hand affectionately; "henceforward I will be a son to you!"

"Cheer up your old hearts, every one of you!" said he then, in a stronger voice, and addressing them all, "for I can afford to be good to you, and please God, I will compensate to you for the trouble and suffering which I have occasioned!"

HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE.

• Introductory Chapter.

BY MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

HOMES for the People! the mere words are enough to warm the heart of a stoic: all that is most beautiful, all that is most holy, rises before us conjured up by their magic. The schoolmaster may be abroad, and schoolmasters may abound; the printing press may groan, and the arts and sciences spread; but mighty as are these agencies, HOME stands before them all. In the great chain of human improvement it must be the first link. In the great account of national happiness it must be the first item. Let us consider the parable of the sower. How fared it with his seed? What became of that which fell by the way-side--of that which fell in stony places--of that which fell among thorns--of that which fell into good ground? Alas, for the Homes of the People now and hitherto! Is the wayside hovel of the agricultural labourer, with its dirt and dilapidation, a fit home for humanity? Are the stony places which political economy has produced fit nurseries for the germinating being? Do the thorns which crime and ignorance plant in the walks of life leave a chance for the creature cast among them? Abject poverty, like a gaunt spectre--demoralization, like a ravening wolf--pallid suffering and appalling misery sit by the hearth-stone, and haunt the precincts of too many of the Homes of the People. Bad men whom home might reclaim, good men whom home should reward, alike turn from its threshold, when instead of love they meet strife, instead of decency, disorder. Woman, yet more miserable, abused and provoking abuse, she who should be the ministering priestess of the holiest charities, when she sits the personation of sloth, sometimes of intemperance, what do the children become? Born to be the disciples of love, they are debased to little demons, and are made the servitors of depravity. Yet with all this, there is an essential righteousness among even the most unfortunate of the people--were it not so, Power were poor to effect the security of society. A love of living by his own industry--of preserving his independence, lies

at the bottom of the paralysed heart of the poor man, and at the promethean touch of hope, its latent fires will leap into light and life.

That there is an awful amount of want in the world is but too true; but it is also true that there is a monstrous amount of waste. The unused, unguessed moral wealth that lies shut up in human hearts no human power could calculate or conceive. The nature of thousands are a secret to themselves, more perhaps to themselves than to others. It is not he who carries the light that is always most conscious of its lustre. Capabilities lie inactive, because they are unknown, uncalled for: hearts lie cold because their latent fire is unfelt, unaroused. Does the Chinese woman guess the strength and activity that was instinct in her foot? but who doubts that many, if not all such cripples, might have been made to move with the grace, and bound with the buoyant energy of Taglioni? In every soul there lies the germ of goodness and greatness. Locke says, "We are born with faculties and powers capable of almost anything, such at least as would carry us farther than can be easily imagined; but it is only the exercise of these powers which gives us ability or skill in anything, and leads us towards perfection." The moral mine only requires to be worked: the ore may be crude—it may be largely mixed with alloy—it may be overlaid with refuse—but there it is nevertheless, capable of being raised, refined, and moulded to the mightiest purpose.

Home, the citadel of civilization, should afford a nursery for the dawning affections and faculties,—a school for the expanding and strengthening powers,—a refuge from temptation,—a shelter amid struggle,—a reward for well-doing, and a reposing and preparing place for the great change that awaits all. We have glanced first at the most miserable of the people's homes; for to remedy that most prominent and appalling evil deserves the first consideration; but now let us go up grade by grade through those in which the shades of dereliction from the right way grow more faint, and the prospects of improvement more bright. Often amid even the best of these does the divinity within the breast battle bravely, but almost vainly, with a surrounding mass of adverse circumstances. Often does the toiling father, perhaps yet more often, the devoted mother, struggle day after day, and year by year, impeded less by poverty or incapacity, than by ignorance; possessing many of the means for creating comfort and promoting improvement, but ill-informed as to the best mode of applying these means. It is to this portion of the people we purpose chiefly to address ourselves; for to their energy and example we trust, to see practical efficiency given to our plans for Homes for the People. This department of our paper will be arranged under the following heads:—

ARCHITECTURE—with designs and estimates.

HORTICULTURE—flower, fruit, and vegetable garden.

MEDICINE—care of health, sick room, &c.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY—general household management, especially the palatable and economical preparation of food.

HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION—intellectual, physical, moral, and ornamental.

For each of these departments we have secured great ability, animated by deep feeling for our important object. If now and heretofore we reiterate truths, let us be forgiven; the hammer must strike again and again to drive the nail home. If some to be aroused

need but a touch, there are others who may almost require torture; and these latter who, from some cause, have thus sunk into apathy, are not always the most hopeless, since they often rise with an energy proportionate to their previous inertia. He never goes materially wrong whose heart has been deeply penetrated by home affections; he always has retreating ground—a spot, heaven-hallowed, upon which he can go back and renovate his injured nature. In tracing human progress from the savage to the civilized state, how strikingly do we perceive the latter reversing all that characterized the former. The savage is reckless of human life; he is the sacrificer of children; he is the desecrator of woman; he is nothing in fact but a warring, hunting animal, and physical superiority make his aristocracy. Now human life is held so sacred that very soon even law will not dare to lift its arm against it. Children are justly regarded as the world's best wealth—who can tell that the cottage cradle does not contain a Howard, a Pestalozzi, or a Newton? Is it not such cradles that have given us the philosopher, the poet, the painter, the engraver, the printer, in short, all the most essential workers in the cause of human advancement and happiness? Woman is now co-architect with man, helping him to bridge the way from earth to heaven; mere strength and speed, the savage's chief distinction, are transferred to the steam-engine, and the energies that wakened him into the warrior and the hunter, now, under the direction of intelligence and love, call forth the parent, the patriot, and philanthropist. This is often termed the iron age, but we will call it the moral age, for never were the claims of the heart recognised as now; many amid the mass of existing evil will deny it such a designation; but the darkest hour is that which immediately precedes the dawn. The dawn of a better state is fast upon us; it will soon strengthen into daylight. Not much longer need the people be poor, be miserable, or vicious. Mighty are the means that are around them, and which only need to be applied. But all must be up and doing. Selfishness must be set aside. The atmosphere of home must be that of love, and sympathy that of social life; the open hand must be given right and left; and if it can give nothing more, let it give the pressure of kindness. Let us cultivate courtesy; not the formality of ceremony, but that simple, gentle, good-nature, and good-humour, of which the manners of the aristocratic drawing-room is often a mere, but usually, a good imitation. The continental nations have, in the grace of social manners, a great advantage over England; it is a matter on which we have not now time to dwell. We will, then, here make our bow, by observing that the love of the beautiful is the base of all good: that spirit can make matter what it will, and, like light, bestow hearty where it was not: that harmony is one of the great laws of nature, and the nearer we approach to that—to harmony in mind, manners, and modes of life, the nearer we shall be to happiness: the seed will then have fallen into the good ground "which beareth fruit and bringeth forth an hundred fold."

THE ARTIZAN AND THE LOAN SOCIETY.

By CAROLINE A. WHITE.

SOME time back no page was more easily read than the worldly circumstances of an artizan or other working-man,—his effects expressed his condition, and the appearance of his family and home settled the

question of his prosperousness or poverty. There were no tally shops in those days where debt might deck itself (at so much a week) more finely than ever honest independence could afford to do. No loan societies to bolster up poverty at ten per cent, all the time it has a shadow of credit remaining, or can find a dupe to become security for the defrauding loan. These things do unfortunately exist in our times, and help the spread of poverty and ruin as effectively as low wages, or even want of work. Like too many young people the humble personages of my story, Margaret Mills and John Blachly, made up their minds to marry, without having considered (beyond the ring and church fees,) any of the contingencies that hang about the skirts of matrimony: they had neither provided furniture for a home, nor put by anything towards the purchase of it; fine clothes on the one hand, and what is called (amongst a certain class of young men) seeing life on the other, had swallowed up all that remained of their relative earnings, after the expense of necessities had been defrayed; and, as a natural consequence, when a week or two's outlay in furnished lodgings had opened their eyes to the economy of having furniture of their own, they both readily arrived at the conclusion, that nothing would be more easy than to procure a loan of ten pounds from a certain society in the neighbourhood; they would have twelve months to pay it in; and four shillings a week would scarcely be missed. Now it will sometimes happen in earthly matches that improvidence on one side is counterbalanced by prudence on the other; but between the young couple in question not a grain of the latter quality could have been extracted; and therefore the project no sooner occurred than it was carried into execution. It was necessary to have two securities for the amount required; so that if the borrower failed in any part of his contract, these parties might be made liable for the debt: one of them was the landlord of the house in which they lived, the other, young Blachly's father. These preliminaries being settled, the money was produced, the year's interest being deducted in the first instance from the sum borrowed, and which further laboured under the additional tax of fourpence fine in default of the instalment not being paid to the time agreed on, which fine doubled itself every additional week the payment was neglected; till at the end of some five or six (earlier according to the regulations of some of the societies,) if the sum agreed on was not kept paid, the principal received a letter informing him he would (in attorney's parlance) be troubled,—which threat, if unattended to, was enforced by the seizure of the borrower's goods: or where counter fraud rendered this impossible, (by the removal of the party, or some jugglery with regard to them,) those of the sureties, for the money. The Blachlys had found the raising of this loan so very easy an affair, and withal so very convenient under their present circumstances, that any trifling necessity would have led them to effect another, without the least thought of the ruinous interest they were paying, or the risk they run, of not always being in a condition to comply with the terms of the contract. At present, Margaret was enabled to work at her trade of stock-making during odd hours each day, and her husband's earnings were constant; so that the weekly four shillings did not fall very heavy on them; but when wanting not above two months of the twelve, a terrible accident obliged, the young man to give up his employment for a time, at the very crisis when his wife's confinement required additional labour to cover the necessary expense. Only one method presented itself to Blachly by which he could obtain money for present necessities

and pay off the remainder of the loan, and this was by raising another. To be brief, he carried out his resolution, paying the instalment out of the sum borrowed, which, before his own recovery, and the outlay consequent on Margaret's confinement had been all settled, was shrunk to a mere trifle. And now his new duties so occupied Mrs. Blachly's time, that it was quite impossible for her to make anything by her needle; while the four shillings a-week, that looked so little in the abstract, and had really been paid in the first instance with but little trouble, became a very serious object, when, in addition to five more for house-rent, it came to be deducted from the weekly earnings of one pair of hands, and these not at present in a condition to earn a full day's work. Fortunately, the growing cares of maternity brought with them the foresight and thoughtfulness poor Margaret Blachly had been so lamentably deficient in; and as their true position forced itself upon her, she made strong efforts by her management and industry to second the endeavours of her husband. Yet do what they would, they had contracted for a year of anxiety and impoverishment; and circumstances so fell out, that they were compelled to suffer it in its extremest sense. In order to keep their engagement with the loan office, they had fallen into considerable arrears of rent, besides suffering many bitter but uncomplained of privations; and at this juncture their landlord, an artful, and ill-conditioned man, began to be very insolent and loud, although he perfectly understood the young man's situation, and had even persuaded him to take up the second loan, assuring him that he would allow a quarter's rent to stand over till after its repayment.

He had, however, an object in his present conduct, as we shall presently show. It was late one evening, and Blachly and his wife were sitting over a meagre meal of bread and cheese, when some one rapped sharply at the door, and being desired to come in, the landlord entered. Meg Blachly's heart beat audibly, and she drew her babe closer to her bosom, as if to stifle its anxious throbblings; for the fact of his presence spoke at once the object of his coming, and filled her with apprehension and alarm.

"Don't disturb yourself, Mrs. Blachly; at least not to-night," said the man, brutally, as the poor woman motioned him to a chair. "What I've got to say can as well be said standing as sitting; I'm come about the rent, Mr. Blachly, which I can't be kept out of any longer; I'm hard up myself, and if you haven't got wherewith to pay, why, all that's in it, I must put an execution in the place, and take your goods."

"This is rather a sudden resolution of yours, Mr. Self," interposed Blachly, mildly. "It was your own proposition when my hand was bad, that the last quarter's rent should not be asked for till I had got out of difficulty at the loan office; it wants but little of the time now, you know; and I will pay you to the uttermost farthing as soon as it shall be in my power; but at present, except to insult my narrow means, you could have had no feasible reason for making the application. You know what the trifling amount of my wages for many months has been, and you know the liabilities I am under."

"I am to understand," interrupted the other, violently, "that you have no intention of paying me?"

"Good God, what would you have me do?" exclaimed Blachly, passionately; "by what means am I to pay you at this moment? You know that for your sake, as well as for my own, it is necessary to keep the loan paid,—in less than three months I shall be clear of it. My arm is every day getting the better of my accident—long days are coming—and in less than half that time I promise to be out of your debt; take my

things, and you take all that can prevent the society from coming on you and my poor father for the remainder of the debt, besides ruining me at the very outset of life."

"Rain you, my good young man," interposed the other, hypocritically smoothing his voice, "that is the last of my thoughts; why, hav'n't I stepped between you and ruin before now,—at leastwise, I and your father?" Blachly nodded his head.

"But," interrupted Margaret, reassured by his deprecating tone, "where can we find the means of paying you until this dreadful debt is paid? Indeed, sir, we have striven very hard to keep that paid regularly. We are as frugal as possible,—John spends nothing out of the house, and we live close,—very close indeed;" and she looked towards her husband, whose thin frame and anxious face bore witness to the truth of her simple statement.

But Mr. Self interrupted her with "yes, yes, I dare say all that's very true, *Mum*; but I don't see why I should suffer from short allowance because other people has thought proper to go in debt and make me answerable for it."

"But then you knew our means and promised to—"

"I know what's coming," interrupted the other; "and all as I have got to say is, this money I must have; an' if so be you can't pay me down regularly, why then I must have the goods."

Margaret Blachly said no more; she read the iron heart of the man before her and knew that further appeal was useless, and would only render more abject their position with regard to him. Her husband, too, was silent, for he knew not what to propose: honestly, he had no means of paying.

"I tell you what it is," said Mr. Self; "there's no good looking so down upon it. Why, can't you raise another loan, pay up what you owe of the last and me at the same time, then you can start fair."

"Never," interrupted Margaret, hastily; "have nothing more to do with the loan society, dear John, whatever we may suffer in order to pay this—Mr. Self," she added, correcting the appellation that was about to leave her lips; the landlord looked at her with a glance full of cruel vindictiveness, as he replied—

"Oh! of course, if your wife is the best judge of your business, eh! eh! of course she will settle the affair for you."

"I can't say," said Blachly, "that I like the plan any more than my wife does, and only regret that I ever resorted to it; it has kept us poor, and caused us more anxiety than we ever reaped advantage from it; and, besides, if I had no other objection, my father has declared he will never more lend his assistance in procuring money by this means; you are already my surety, and I know no one else to whom I could apply, for my master would not countenance the system, and I dare not ask either of my shopmates lest it should come to his knowledge."

"I tell you what you can do though," said the other, insinuatingly; "I want some five pounds myself. I will borrow ten, you shall have half, a friend of mine will stand answerable as one security—you shall be the other: there, what do you say to that plan?"

In this way poor Blachly found himself involuntarily drawn into fresh difficulty; and, as he afterwards discovered, fraud; for being himself a debtor, he had no right to become security for another. But he was what is called, an easy, good-tempered young man, and asked no question about what he considered a positive duty, since it was to oblige a man to whom he was indebted in the same way. To be brief, the loan was procured, and after the interest and other expenses

had been defrayed, Blachly received, as his half, 1. 7s. 6d. The deduction appearing as follows:—

Interest at ten per cent	1l. 0s. 0d.
Charge for seeking references with regard to securities	0 3 0
Stamp receipt	0 1 6
Society's book	0 0 6
	<hr/>
	£1 5 0

With this sum, Blachly immediately discharged his rent, which amounted to some two pounds of the money, and also the remainder of the former loan; after which they appeared to breathe more freely, for their way was now comparatively clear. As their landlord was the principal in this transaction, and the division of the loan contrary to the rules of the society, instead of paying the weekly instalment as is usual at the office, Margaret Blachly carried it, with the rent, to Mr. Self, in order that he might pay it in with his own. These payments had been going on some four weeks, when a fellow-lodger, a kinswoman of the landlord's, hinted to Mrs. Blachly that the sooner they moved the better, for that the man Self had been contracting debts wherever it was possible for some months past; and that he was daily expecting to have his goods seized by the sheriff's officers. The Blachlys lost no time in acting on this friendly advice; but alas! all that was gained by the removal was the procrastinating for a season the calamity that hung over them. Their unprincipled landlord, who, it turned out, had been carrying on a system of wholesale plunder, by obtaining goods on credit, which he afterwards turned into money, upon discovery of his conduct, had gone off, leaving little beyond empty walls to his creditors—the loan society excepted, whose rules provide for such contingencies in the persons of the securities. Unhappily for John Blachly, his fellow trustee, in all probability an accessory of Self's, was not forthcoming; and, at the very moment when hope and better prospects seemed returning, he found himself called upon for the full amount of the loan, no part of which had been paid by the principal. A prison opened for him on the one hand, and home denuded of every comfort on the other. My limits will not allow me, in the present paper, to follow further the experiences of John Blachly and his wife. In a future one I may, perhaps, have an opportunity of showing that, having thus managed to escape the Scylla of the loan societies, they very nearly foundered afterwards in the Charybdis of the tally system.

Poetry for the People.

SONNET.

By EDENFEEB ELLIOTT.

The mining grub that waits for wings,
 Pays for its lodging in the sod;
 And the arm'd fly that robs and stings,
 Hath work to do for man and God.
 Earth knows no wholly useless things,
 Save empty splendor and pretence;
 Then honour ye her throneless kings,
 Ye powers whom no slaves reverence!
 Honour the dynasty of hands;
 Reverse the dynasty of minds;
 For—have the wild growth of all lands,—
 All the vast world of work and skill,
 All that enquiring wisdom finds,
 Exists in human thought and will.

SNATCHES FROM OUR OLD LITERATURE.



A LYTELL GESTE OF ROBYN HODE.*

By JOHN SAUNDERS.

THERE is a book that is generally known as "Ritson's Collection of the Robin Hood Songs and Ballads," which certainly possesses one quality that all books should possess,—distinctive character,—for it is without exception the worst edited publication in the language. It becomes positively interesting on that ground. There is something like genius in its achievements. Ritson has done things that no one else has succeeded in doing. With some all-important and decisive facts in his possession for a life of his hero—and which he carefully gives us—he makes one rise with the impression that it is all a dream—a fable—that the man really never lived at all; with a poem before him unsurpassed—we had almost said unequalled—in his own peculiar excellence, by any other poetical composition produced before or since in England, he has

managed so ingeniously to bury the living with the dead, that we know no more, care no more, for the one than the other, and talk with delightful simplicity of some congregated heap of literary treasures, under the phrase—the Robin Hood Songs and Ballads. The fact is there is but ONE. The remainder are either half understood echoes of lost songs, or mere absurdities of the Catnach school of the Elizabethan era. And that one is by Geoffrey Chaucer; or, England has another great poet to add to the list of its illustrious; a man whose very name she knows not—nor his condition—nor his period. But there is every mark upon it of the Chaucerian mind. The phrase so happily applied to the Canterbury Tales, that they are "comedies, not intended for the stage," both gives and receives significance in connection with the "Lyte Geste," when we perceive that the last could not be better designated than as a romantic play, similarly fitted, but also similarly unintended for the theatre. We

* Printed by Wynken de Worde, about 1520; but supposed to have been previously printed by Rastall.

now beg to commend the poem to the best attention of our readers; premising that whilst we have here and there replaced an obsolete by a modern word, we have given the former (with inverted commas) in the notes.

Lithe¹ and listen, gentlemen,
That be of freeborn blood;
I shall tell you of a good yeoman,²
His name was Robin Hood.

Robin was a proud outlaw,
Whiles he walked on ground,
So courteous an outlaw as he was
Was never none yfound.

Robin stood in Barnsdale,
And leand him to a tree,
And by him stood little Johan,
A good yeoman was he.

And also did good Scathelock,
And Much, the miller's son,
There was no inch of his body,
But it was worth arome.³

Then bespake him little Johan,
All unto Robin Hood:
"Master, if ye would dine betime,
It would do you much good."

Then bespake [him] good Robin,
"To dine I have no lust⁴
Till I have some bold baron,
Or some stranger⁵ guest,
That may pay⁶ for the best,
Or some knight or some squiere
That dwalleth here by west."

A good mannér then had Robin,
In land where that he were;
Every day ere he would dine
Three masses would he hear;

The one in the worship of the Father,
One of the Holy Ghost,
The third was of our Lady dear,
That he lov'd of all other most.

Robin lov'd our lady dear:
For doubt⁷ of deadly sin,⁸
Would he never do company harm
That any woman was in.

"Master," then said little Johan,
"Ere⁹ we our board shall spread,
Tell us whither we shall gone,¹⁰
And what life we shall lead."

Where shall we take, where shall we leave,
Where shall we bide behind;
Where shall we rob, where shall we reve,¹¹
Where shall we beat and bind?¹²

"Thereof no matter,"¹³ said Robin:

"We shall do well enow,
But look ye do no husband¹⁴ harm,
That tilleth with his plough.

No more ye shall no good yeoman
That walketh by green-wood shaw,¹⁵
Nor no knight, nor no squiere
That would be a good fellow.¹⁶

(1) Attend.

(2) The exact meaning of this word is not known: probably the word itself, witness the imperfection of the rhyme, has been mistaken. But the general meaning seems to be this:—every inch of the miller's son was worth the whole body of another man.

(3) Desire.

(4) "Unketh."

(5) Where the old spelling is thus left, it is done in order to mark the extra syllable that requires to be pronounced.

(6) Drend.

(7) "And."

(8) Go.

(9) Shall or snatch by force.

(10) "Foree."

(11) "Husbandman."

(12) Shade.

(13) Companion.

These bishops and these archbishops,
Ye shall them beat and bind;¹
The high-sheriff of Nottingham,
Him holde in your mind."

"This word shall be hold," said little Johan,
"And this lesson shall we lere²
It is far-day,³ God send us a guest,
That we were at our dinnere!"

"Take thy good bow in thy hand," said Robin
"Let Muche wend with thee,
And so shall William Scathelock,
And no man abide with me.

And walke up unto the Sayles,
And so to Ermin Street,⁴
And wait after some stranger⁵ guest
Up⁶ chance ye may them meet.

Be he earl, or any baron,
Abbot, or any knight,
Bring him to lodge to me,
His dinner shall be dight."⁷

They went unto the Sayles,
These yeoman all three,
They looked east, they looked west,
They mighte no man see.

But as they looked in Barnsdale,
By a derne street,⁸
Then there came a knight riding
Full soon they gan him meet.

All dreary then was his semblance,
And little was his pride,
His one foot in the stirrup stood,
The other waved beside.

His hood hanging over his eyeen too,
He rode in simple array;
A sorrier man than he was one,
Rode never in summer's day.

Little Johan was courteous,
And set him on his knee,
"Welcome be ye, gentle knight,
Welcome are you to me.

Welcome be thou to green wood,
Gentle⁹ knight and free,
My master hath 'biden you fasting,
Sir, all these houres three."

"Who is your master?" said the knight;
Johan said, "Robin Hood!"
"He is a good yeoman," said the knight,
"Of him I have heard much good."

I grant," he said, "with you to go,¹⁰
My brethreg all in fere;¹¹
My purpose was to have dined to-day
At Blyth or Doncastere."

Forth then went this gentle knight,
With a care-ful cheer,
The tears out of his eyeen ran,
And fell down by his lere.¹²

They brought him unto the lodge door;
When Robin gan him see,
Full courteously did off his hood,
And set him on his knee.

(1) The origin of this enmity was the wholesale deprivation of Saxons from the chief offices of the church, that took place at the Conquest; and the filling of the vacant places with Norman ecclesiastics.

(2) Learn.

(3) Far or late in the day.

(4) The great Roman road which runs right through Sherwood forest.

(5) "Unketh."

(6) Dressed.

(7) Backward or lonely street or way.

(8) "Hende."

(9) "Wend."

(10) In company.

(11) Cheek.

"Welcome, sir knight," then said Robin,
 "Welcome art thou to me,
 I have abiden you fasting, Sir,
 All these hours three."

Then answered the gentle knight,
 With wordes fair and free,
 "God thee save, good Robin,
 And all thy fair menies!"¹

They wash'd together, and wiped both,
 And set to their dinnere;
 Bread and wine they had enough,
 And entrails² of the deer;

Swans and pheasants they had full good,
 And fowls of the rivere;
 There failed³ never so little a bird
 That ever was bred on breere.

"Do gladly, Sir Knight," said Robin,
 "Grammercy,"⁴ Sir," said he;
 "Suche a dinner had I not
 Of all these weekes three."

If I come again, Robin,
 Here by this country,
 As good a dinner I shall thee make
 As thou hast made, to me."

"Grammercy, knight," said Robin,
 "My dinner when I have,
 I never was so greedy, by dear worthy God,
 My dinner for to crave."

But pay ere ye go,"⁵ said Robin,
 "Me thinketh it is good right,
 It was never the manner, by dear worthy God,
 A yeoman to pay for a knight."

"I have nought in my coffers," said the knight.
 "That I may proffer, for shame;"
 "Little Johan, go look," said Robin,
 "Ne let⁶ not for no blame."

Tell me truthe," said Robin,
 "So God have part of thee."
 "I have no more but ten shillings," said the
 "So God have part of me." [knight,

"If thou have no more," said Robin,
 "I will not one penny;
 And if thou have need of any more,
 More I shall lend thee."

Go now forth, little Johan,
 The truthe tell thou me;
 If there be no more but ten shillings,
 Not one penny [of] that I see."

Little Johan spread down his mantell
 Full fair upon the ground;
 And there he found in the knight's coffers,
 But even half a pound.

Little Johan let it lie full still,
 And went to his master, full low,
 "What tiding, Johan?" said Robin;
 "Sir, the knight is true enow."

"Fill of the best wine!" said Robin,
 "The knightes shall begin.
 Much wonder it thinketh me
 Thy clothing is so thin."

Tell me one word," said Robin,
 "And counsel⁷ shall it be;
 I trow thou wert made a knight of force,⁸
 Or elles of yeomanry;

Or else thou hast been a sorry husband,¹
 And lived in stroke and strifa;
 An usurer, or [a libertine]" said Robin,
 "With wrong hast led thy life."

"I am none of them," said the knight,
 "By God that made me,
 A hundred winters here before,
 Mine ancestors knights have be."

But oft it hath befel, Robin,
 A man hath been disgrate;²
 But God that sitteth in heaven above,
 Maye amend his state.

Within two or three years, Robin," he said,
 "My neighbours well it kenn'd,"³
 Four hundred pound of good money,
 Full well then might I spend.

Now have I no goods," said the knight,
 "But my children and mywife;
 God hath shapen such an end,
 Till God may amend⁴ my life."

"In what manner," said Robin,
 "Hast thou loste⁵ thy riches?"
 "For my great folly," he said,
 "And for my kindenes."

I had a son, for sooth, Robin,
 That should have been my heir,
 When he was twenty winter old,
 In field would joust full fair;

He slew a knight of Lancashire,
 And a squier⁶ bold,
 For to save him in his right,
 My goods be set⁷ and sold."

My goods be set to pledge,⁸ Robin,
 Until a certain day;
 To a rich abbot here beside,
 Of Saint Mary abbey."

"What is the sum?" said Robin,
 "Truth then tell thou me."
 "Sir," he said, "four hundred pounds;
 The abbot told it to me."

"Now and thou lose thy land,"⁹ said Robin,
 "What shall fall of thee?"
 "Hastily I will me busk,"¹⁰ said the knight,
 "Over the salte sea."

And see where Christ was quick and dead,
 On the mount of Calvary;—
 Farewell, friend, and have good day
 It may no better be."

Tears fell out of his eyen two,
 He would have gone his way;—
 "Farewell, friend, and have good day,
 I ne have more to pay."

"Where be thy friends?" said Robin.
 "Sir, never one will me know;
 While I was rich enough at home,
 Great boast then would they blow."

And now they run away from me,
 As beasts on a row;
 They take no more heed of me,
 Than they me never saw."

account of his wealth, and was not, in the usual course, a knight by family and feeling.

(1) Manager.

(2) Been.

(3) Disgraced—fallen into poverty.

(4) Know.

(5) Make more prosperous and happy.

(6) "Love."

(6) Squire.

(8) Mortgaged.

(9) "Wed."

(10) Depart.

(1) Attendants, retinue.

(2) "Nobles."

(3) Wanted.

(4) Many thanks.

(5) "Wend."

(6) Omit.

(7) In confidence.

(8) By force; i.e. was compelled to take up his knighthood on

For ruth then wepte Little Johan,
Scathlock and Much in fere.¹
"Fill of the best wine!" said Robin,
"For here is a simple cheer."

"Hast thou any friendes," said Robin,
"Thy sureties" that will be?"
"I have none," then said the knight,
"But God that died on a tree."

"Put away thy jestings,"² said Robin,
"Thereof will I right none;
Thinkest thou I will have God to pledge,
Peter, Paul, and John?"

"Nay, by Him that me made,
And shaped both sun and moon,
Find a better surety,"³ said Robin,
"Or money gigest thou none."

"I have none other," said the knight,
"The soothe for to say;
But if it be our dear lady,
She fail'd me never ere this day."

"By dear worthy God!" said Robin,
"To seek all England through,
Yet found I never to my pay
A muche better borrow."⁴

"Come now forth, Little Johan,
And go to my treasury,
And bringe me four hundred pounds,
And look that well told it be."

Forth then went Little Johan,
And Scath'lock went before;
He tolde out four hundred pounds,
By eightene score.

"Is this well told?" said Little Much,
Johan said, "what grieveth thee?
It is alms⁵ to help a gentle knight
That is fall in poverty."

"Master," then said Little Johan,
"His clothing is full thin;
Ye must give the knight a livery⁶
To lap his body in."

"For ye have scarlet and green, master,
And many a rich array,
There is no merchant in merry England,
So rich I dare will say."

"Take him three yards of every colour
And look that it will mete be,"
Little Johan took no other measure
But his bowe tree;

And of every handful that he mete
He leapt over footes three;

"What devilkins draper," said Little Much,
"Thinkest thou to be?"

Scath'lock stood fall still and laugh'd,
And said, "By God Almighty,
Johan may give the better measure,
By God, it cost him but lite."

"Master," said Little Johan,
• "All unto Robin Hood,
"Ye must give the knight a horse⁷
To lead home all this good."

"Take him a grey courser," said Robin,
"And a saddle new;
He is our lady's messenger,
God grant that he be true;"

"And a good palfrey," said Little Much,
"To maintain him in his right;"
"And a pair of boots," said Scath'lock,
"For he is a gentle knight."

"What shalt thou give him? Little John,"
said Robin;

"Sir, a pair of gilt spurs clean,
To pay for all this company;
God bring him out of tene."⁸

"When shall my day be," said the knight,
"Sir, and your wille be?"

"This day twelwe moneth," said Robin,
"Under this greenwood tree."

"It were a great shame," said Robin,
"A knight alone to ride,
Without squiere, yeoman, or page,
To walke by his side."

"I shall thee lend Little Johan, my man,
For he shall be thy knave,⁹
In a yeoman's stead he may thee stand,
If thou great neede have."

[The exquisite touch—of making the miller's son, who had hitherto looked on with a selfish, jealous eye, participate at last in the common feeling, will not escape notice; any more than the masterly discernment into—and expression of—the subtleties of character that the whole poem exhibits. How Robin Hood, the hero of the greenwood epic, stands out from all his men. How each of these is distinguished from the other. How charmingly contrasted is the knight with all.]

(To be continued.)

Reports of Lectures,

ADDRESSED CHIEFLY TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

BY W. J. FOX.

THE POLITICAL MORALITY OF SHAKSPEARE'S
PLAYS.

(Concluded from page 49.)

In my former Lecture upon the political moralities to be found in the dramas of Shakspeare, I dwelt chiefly upon two points, not of equal, but both of considerable importance. The first of them was the varied and striking illustrations which these plays afford of the depraving and mischievous tendency of irresponsible power. Shakspeare has drawn this in a great diversity of phases, both with regard to the individual by whom it is exercised, and with regard to the people over whom it is exercised. We trace its auspiciousness, its unceasing apprehensions, its bloody cruelty, its dark remorse; we see it operating to the destruction of the peace and comforts of the people, and we behold it recoiling upon the head of the individual possessing it, and rendering his life in turn as miserable as its exercise and influences have rendered the lives of others. It may be said that Shakspeare does this for theatrical effect. They have ill read Shakspeare who suppose he did anything simply for theatrical effect which is not borne out by nature, and which is not demanded by higher reasons and grounded upon

(1) In company.

(2) Do way thy spurs.

(3) Borrow.

(4) Habit.

(5) Surety.

(6) Little.

(7) Borrow.

(8) Weakest.

(9) Charity.

(1) Lean—incline—grant.

(2) Evil.

(3) Servant.

sounder principles. Theatrical effect! he could produce that with any machinery whatever; with the spirits of the air, or of the earth; with aristocracy in all its glories of iron dukes, and leaden dukes, and curry-powder dukes; with kings of unlimited power, and subjects either rebellious or crouching in submissive vassaldom disgraceful to their form and nature;—he could produce that effect with his knaves and his fools, with his fat knights and his lean apothecaries; with his men of action, or his men of contemplation; in a word with whatever materials seemed the least likely to strike upon the stage:—he could produce that effect with passive suffering, as in the case of Richard the Second, or with dreamy contemplation as in Hamlet. Theatrical effect was always within his grasp—he had no occasion to overstep nature in his search for it; for nature obeyed his call whenever and wherever he put her stores in requisition. But then it may be said that Shakespeare pictured this suspiciousness, this cruelty, this corrupting tendency as connected with the exercise of irresponsible power, because he found that such were the facts recorded in history. To be sure. Shakespeare read history correctly—wisely. When he drew the character of a tyrant, he made him not only cruel, but mean, jealous, suspicious and tricky. Sometimes he gave him boldness of physical courage, but then he delighted to compensate for that gift by showing in him the absence of moral courage. We trace the course of this corrupting tendency of irresponsible power in Macbeth, the proud bold chieftain, valiant in battle, yet exhibiting his “hangman’s hands” in terror after performing a cowardly as well as a bloody deed. We see him, his limbs clothed in kingly purple, the companion of hired assassins and of witches. Of high station, he lends himself to deeds of darkness, and if he wins glorious battles, he perpetrates cruel murders; and when once a king, he organizes a spy-system in his realms as complete as the French police, or that of Lord Castlereagh, or Nicholas of Russia. By these characteristics we are strongly reminded of some which belong to our own day, and particularly of the accounts which the newspapers gave us of the sojourn of the great potentate of the north a little while ago in Italy. There is the same apprehension of danger lurking on every side, the same suspicious watchfulness, the same jealous distrust. We see in our own day the same penalty for the possession of irresponsible power visiting him who sways the most iron sceptre over the most extended dominion, that Shakespeare has depicted vexing the souls of his Macbeth and Richard the Third.

Here is an account of the Emperor Nicholas in Italy:—

VENICE, DEC. 31.—The emperor of Russia arrived in this city the day before yesterday, at a moment when he was not expected. His approach was carefully concealed by the police, who even spread a report that his Imperial Majesty would arrive by sea in the steamer Besarabia. It is said that fears were entertained lest some attempt would be made on the life of the Emperor. The police, it was said, had received information that two Poles had arrived at Venice secretly; but these alarms have not been justified by the result. However it may have been, the Emperor exhibited the utmost reserve. In the theatre he remained at the back of the box, dressed in the simplest manner; whilst General Orloff, in a most striking costume, stood in front. It is stated that while in Padua, his Imperial Majesty employed extraordinary precautions, evincing that his suspicious mind was disturbed with apprehension. He would not stop at places where apartments had been prepared for him, but put up at an hotel of indifferent appearance. It is asserted that he cased the walls, floor, and ceiling of his chamber to be examined with a mallet. The bed and furniture were removed, and some hay having been brought

by the Emperor’s orders, a cloak was spread upon it, and thus he passed the night. He also declined partaking of any repast. A small chest was brought to him, which he himself opened, taking from it some fowl, with wine, and *consomme*. He then caused a roasted pullet to be brought, and having given one half of it to General Orloff, he gave the other to his favourite dog, which is his constant companion, and passed the night by his side. Such are the details that have reached us from Padua; and, indeed, the caution that he has shown in this city has confirmed that account of the melancholy existence of the Sovereign of the greatest empire in the world. His equipage is composed of several carriages, but four of them are exactly similar, and these he uses alternately, without any one ever knowing in which he intends to set out from a city, or what road he is to take, or what hour is fixed for his departure.

Here is the life of a king! Here is a condition for a man to reduce himself to, who has the power of working out the intelligence, the freedom, the happiness and the progress of millions of his fellow beings. A life like this implies previous guilt. Punishment like this—moral punishment like this—does not fall upon the head of a man, without precedent crime. There is nothing even in the history of the gallant struggles of the usurper Macbeth, which shows him reduced to so low, so poor, so pitiful a pass as this. But so it ought to be. Macbeth assassinated a gracious sovereign—Nicholas struck his dagger in the heart of a noble nation. Yes; the delineations of Shakespeare are borne out amply by facts; and that he noted those facts with an observant eye—that he invested them with imaginative form and colouring—that he enriched them with a poetry which has found response in the hearts of millions after millions—that he has done all this, makes him not only the greatest dramatist of this country, but the teacher also of those deeper principles and truths of human nature from which political axioms are drawn, and of which they are the emanations, merely practical, and of occasional application. Power is what he drew it; it is what he knew it to be, and what we learn it to be from the corroborations of history and philosophy; and we read in his delineations of what power really is, the justification of all those claims on behalf of the people—for that check or control over these rulers which is the characteristic mark of democracy, and in which, indeed, democracy consists. The people are the source of power, and check and control they ought to have over the exercise of that power so long as such things as regality and aristocracy remain in the world; for such control is not only a privilege to which they should aspire, but a necessity of their being and well-being. Their position should be never to go to sleep while those who rule them can be tempted to mischievous practices; never, as Lord Brougham advised the other night, to trust them even as representatives, for representatives require checks as well as other people during the season they hold their power, and legislate for those from whom their authority is derived. This great truth we learn from the pages of historians, and from the works even of the poets who have surrounded the men of power with a halo of imaginary glory. We learn it from our Humes and our Gibbons—from our Godwins, and our Holcrofts; we learn it from fiction and from philosophy; we learn it from the strong assertion of political rights by those who, like Thomas Paine, were engaged in political contest; and we learn it from those who dwelling apart and afar from political collision, yet hold the mirror up to nature; pourtray to us the characters and conditions both of tyrants and slaves; and show us the corrupting tendencies of power, both in its effects upon those who suffer from it, and in its reaction upon those

who exercise it;—and of these by none so amply, so truly, as by him whose name all hail with reverence as the greatest of our dramatists—the greatest of the world's dramatists—William Shakespeare.

The other point I adverted to in my last Lecture was the genuine estimate formed by Shakespeare of military heroism, as shown in his pictures of the old Greek and Trojan heroes in the play of *Troilus and Cressida*. Shakespeare abominates sham heroes as much as Thomas Carlyle, and he stripped them of their tinsel and gaudy plumes wherever he dealt with them. He was not a man to be led away by such pretences to glory, or imposed upon by that transparent trickery which excites so much popular enthusiasm, and makes scarlet to becoming a colour in the eyes of those who can be tickled to laughter or moved to tears by a straw. Shakespeare laughed at all such nonsense; he set the buffoon Thersites to turn it into ridicule, and make it a spectacle for the mirth of Gods and men; and had heroism been generally seen thus, and studied thus, the world would have got something by it, for it would have cut the great connecting link between the military destroyers of one age, and those of a later time. Had the world looked upon heroism with Shakespeare's eyes, the renown of an Achilles would not have been the inspiration of an Alexander, that of an Alexander, have descended upon a Caesar, nor the success of a Caesar, have been the stimulus to the ambition of a Napoleon. All this would have been long before brought to an end. The world would have known to what idol they were paying their homage—they would have ceased to become parties to the continuance of their own misery—they would have ceased to become the aids and helps to the desolation of their own homes—they would have ceased to be the rewarders of their own pests and nuisances, and the profferers of honours and homage to those from whom they and their children reaped nothing, and could reap nothing, save disappointments, misfortunes, and calamities—they would have ceased to follow these destroyers with shouts and acclamations of applause; and instead of striking up at their appearance "See the conquering hero comes," they would have turned away from them to hail with welcome the author of some useful invention, the propagator of some sound instruction, the holder of some great and glorious gift of mind, although perchance exhibited to them in the person of one of the most lowly and miserable of the human race.

The first point which I shall speak of to-night is the manner in which Shakespeare deals with Religion; his mode of treating it is ultimately connected with a political principle. The first specimen I will adduce is the way he portrays to us a priest of the elder religion of the country—the Roman Catholic—a prelate of high degree, a mediator between kings and potentates, one who hurls anathemas and denunciations against nations: I mean Cardinal Pandolph in King John. In the character of this Cardinal we have Shakespeare's notion of a dignified legate of the Roman See: he makes his appearance just as the kings of France and England have stayed their strife and made peace, and thus he opens his commission:—

PAND. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, King John, thy holy errand is
I, Pandolph, of fair Milan, cardinal,
And from pope innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thus against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, for perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our forward holy father's name,
Pope innocent, I do demand of thee.

The ecclesiastical power thus personified is subject

to three contrasts—first, with the conventional pride of monarchy; then with the earnestness of conscious wrong; and thirdly, with the natural feelings and instincts of our nature. The first of these contrasts—that of the conventional pride of monarchy—is thus brought into play:—

K. JOHN. What earthly name to interrogatories,
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall toll the or toll in our dominions:
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
To him and his usurp'd authority.

Philip of France, described as a kind-hearted and well-meaning man, here interposes, and he says:—

Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

King John, however, despite this remonstrance, goes on in the same strain of defiance:—

K. JOHN. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself:
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Ecclesiastical power then launches forth its thunders even against a monarch: here is the excommunication:—

PAND. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

At this point Constance interposes to vent her wrath. She says—

O, lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse a while!
Good father Cardinal, cry thou amen,
To my keen curses: for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Constance desires to share in the cursing; but ecclesiastical anathema is too good a thing to be allowed to fall in the hands of the laity; curses are things too precious to become common currency. No injury inflicted—no amount of wrong perpetrated—no darker crimes designed, can warrant in the eye of the churchman a participation in his holy monopoly of cursing. The cardinal has a full sense of the dignity of the corporation to which he belongs, and a part of that dignity consists in the exclusive appropriation of cursing and blessing. Curses and blessings are a part of the stock in trade by which the value of his corporation is enhanced: they are the sceptre and globe of his authority, and he rigidly retains them for his sole use and advantage, and so he says to Constance:—

There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Pandolph then commands the King of France to let go the hand of the arch-heretic John, and to raise the power of France upon his head, unless he submit himself to the authority of Rome. Philip, however, is not quite easy at this sudden breach of a treaty only just concluded; he gets over for a while his apprehensions of Rome and his dread of blasphemy, and thus he argues the point with the Cardinal:—

K. PHIL. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit;

And the conjunction of our inward souls
 Married in league, coupled and link'd together
 With all religious strength of sacred vows;
 The latest breath, that gave the sound of words,
 Was deep sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
 Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves:
 And even before this truce, but now before—
 No longer than we well could wash our hands,
 To clasp this royal bargain up of peace,—
 Heaven knows, they were besnear'd and overstrain'd
 With slaughter's pencil: where revenge did paint
 The fearful difference of incensed kings:
 And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
 So newly joined in love, so strong in both,
 Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?
 Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
 Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
 Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host
 And make a riot on the gentle brow
 Of true sincerity? O holy sir,
 My reverend father, let it not be so:
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
 Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd
 To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

No arguments, however, no appeals of this sort, can move the haughty legate. He says—

All form is formless, order orderless,
 Save what is opposite to England's love.
 Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
 A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
 France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
 A cased lion by the mortal paw.
 A fasting tiger safer than the tooth.
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

The King of France, not yet shaken, replies—

I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

And then the Cardinal becomes an acute sophist, seeking to mislead and embarrass a mind yet clinging to truth and honour. Thus the churchman proceeds—

O, let thy vow,
 First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;
 That is, to be the champion of our church!
 What since thou swear'st, is sworn against thyself.
 And may not be performed by thyself.
 For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
 Is not amiss, when it is truly done;
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done not doing it:
 The better act of purposes mistook
 Is, to mistake again; though indirect.
 Yet indirect thereby grows direct.
 And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire
 Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
 It is religion, that doth make vows kept,
 But thou hast sworn against religion;
 But what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st;
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
 Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure
 To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;
 Else what a mockery should it be to swear?
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
 Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:
 And better conquest never canst thou make.
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
 Against those giddy loose suggestions:
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,
 If thou vouchsafe them; but, if not, then know,
 The peril of our curses light on thee:
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off.
 But in despair die under their black weight.

So the Cardinal's argument amounts to this—that the conscience must be purged of one perjury by the perpetration of another; and he overlooks the fact that even if Philip owed allegiance to the church, he still owed a prior allegiance to the loyalty and truthfulness of humanity.

Here, then, we have the first of Shakespeare's pictures of the Roman Catholic system, presenting it to us in its alliance with, or rather in its assumed domination over states and nations; and here we see every consideration sacrificed to the supremacy of the church: we have its loud threatenings, and its keen jugglings. Finally, we see the Cardinal successful. Peace is broken at his instigation. The two great nations are plunged into war. The Dauphin crosses over, and for a time is successful in his invading ravages. John

submits; becomes the vassal of the Pope; receives his crown from the hands of the Cardinal Legate, whom he dispatches to stop the advances of the French army. What then happens? Prince Lewis, ready enough to obey the call of the church when it was to war and bloodshed, refuses to listen to her mandate when it is for the restoration of peace; so he sends the Cardinal about his business, and pursues his victorious march. Thus we see this great alliance between churchmen and lay rulers entered upon for selfish interests, and to be lightly cast off when these interests clash; we see it a thing out of which no good can come either to those who seek for religious truth or to those who desire political rights and social improvements.

Now take the delineation by Shakespeare of another Roman priest—a priest of no high station, no legate of the Pope, no ambassador between potentates, no companion of princes, no denouncer of nations by interdict—take Friar Laurence, that good kindly old man who interests himself for the loves of Romeo and Juliet. By his mode of treating this character, Shakespeare has shown that the dark colours in which he drew that of Pandolph, were the result of no animosity to the Roman Catholic Religion,—no consequence of a delight felt by him in the exhibition of priestly intolerance, pride, and crime. For what a fine creature is this Friar Laurence, with his botanizing and moralizing, and coming forth at day-break with his basket to gather plants and flowers still wet with the morning dew, so that he may pursue his study of simples and know what will poison and what cure;—then his delight to find that if poison lurk in the leaves of a little herb, still there is also medicinal power in its composition:—then the absence of all affectation in his character; he assumes no sternness when he finds that Romeo has not been in bed all night; and he is obviously regarded by the youth as a kind friend as well as a ghostly father. How kindly is his nature! What a little plot he forms—though the good old man had better not have tried his hand at plotting—to make the Capulets and Montagues good friends; and how he stands amazed at the passion of the lovers, as well as shocked at the furies that develop themselves in their contending houses, and which to his quiet soul appear almost madness. His affectionate nature quickens his very senses: old as he is, he hears and recognizes the approaching step of Juliet:—

Here comes the lady!—O, so light a foot
 Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
 A lover may bestride the gossamers
 That idle in the wanton summer air,
 And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

A good and gentle creature this friar; and not unlike a later creation of Fielding's Parson Adams; full of simplicity and milk of human kindness—a homely true-hearted priest, ready to render good service to all. Shakespeare has made his friar a purer, holier person than he is represented in the old story on which the main features of the drama are founded; and which tells us of the subtle counsels and practices of the old priest, and of certain uses to which his apartment was devoted about to which Shakespeare certainly never thought of applying it in the case of his Friar Laurence. Here is the account from the old poem.—

'A secret place he hath, well sealed round about,
 The mouth of which so close is shut that none may find it out;
 But room there is to walk, and place to sit and rest.
 Beside a bed to sleep upon, full soft and trimly drest.
 The floor is plank'd so with; it is so warm.
 That neither wind nor smoky damp have power him ought to harme.
 Where he was wont in youth his fayre friends to bestowe,
 There now he hydeeth Romeus:—

Now that was certainly a scandal upon our good friar; and Shakespeare has very properly corrected it. He has done the same thing in other instances: Ophelia, for example, in the story upon which the play of Hamlet was founded, is represented as no better than she should be. Now the character of Friar Laurence would have been a mere blot in the drama, if Shakespeare had adopted this scandal upon his fair fame; while, as it now stands, it is such an example of kindness, truth, gentleness, that if all Romish priests were like him the very best thing we could do would be to reform our Protestantism and come back again to such a Popery.

The Church of England, in its present constitution, scarcely comes within the compass of Shakespeare's historical dramas; at least it only appears in its infantine state in the last of them; but he has given us the Church of England without any particular reference to its connection with that of Rome in the introductory scenes of his *Henry the Fifth*, and there we see what were the usual politics of bishops and archbishops. The war in which Henry the Fifth engaged with France, and the period of our history at which it was carried on, might not, it is true, lead us to expect any strong exhibition of conscience on the part of the king: but at all events, as Shakespeare portrays him, he shows at its commencement at least much more of conscience than did the bishops of his realm, who were his instructors and counsellors, and who, it appears, urged him on to the war for the purpose of keeping off some troublesome acts of parliament which were likely to pass at that time affecting their property. The play opens with two bishops closetted together in an anteroom of the palace, deliberating as to how they shall stave off some of the danger which threatened their temporalities—a meeting, in fact, like that which took place some few years ago, when the Whigs proposed to make some of the superfluous possessions of the Irish Established Church subservient to the purposes of general education; and when, as will be recollected, several of the clergy and high Church dignitaries met together in Lambeth Palace to revive high Church principles in this country; and did so, until times changed, and it became impossible, with the growing intelligence of the people, longer to maintain them. Henry having just acceded to the crown, we find the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely thus consulting together in an anti-chamber. The Archbishop says;—

CANT. My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is in'd, Which, in the eleventh year of the last king's reign Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd, But that the scuffling and unquiet time Did push it out of further question:

ELY. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

CANT. It must be thought on: If it pass against us, We lose the better half of our possessions For all the temporal lands, which men devout By testament have given to the church, Would they strip from us; being valued thus,—As much as would maintain, to the king's honour, Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights; Six thousand and two hundred good esquires; And, to relief of lazars, and weak age, Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toll, A hundred almshouses, right well supply'd; And to the coffers of the king, besides, A thousand pounds by the year: Thus runs the bill.

ELY. This would drink deep.

CANT. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

A careful prelate this: he sees the Church in danger, and looks a-head. The Archbishop then lays open his plans for averting the threatened danger, thus:—

For I have made an offer to his majesty,— Upon our spiritual convocation; And in regard of causes now in hand, Which I have open'd to his grace at large, As touching France, to give a greater sum Than ever at one time the clergy yet Did to his predecessors part withal.

The other Bishop asks

ELY. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?
CANT. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done,)
The severals, and unhidden passages,
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms;
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Derived from Edward, his great grandfather.

In the following scene we find the sovereign seated in state, surrounded by his bishops and nobles—the idea of a war with France has been suggested, but the noble and warlike Harry has some gleams of conscience though the priests have not, and it is evident that Shakespeare intended to represent them as sincere, for there is an earnestness in his exhortation to the bishops not to mislead him in the matter, which one would think would have had effect with any man whose heart was not made of impenetrable stuff—He says, addressing the archbishop—

Sure, we thank you, I pray you to proceed,
My learned lord, we pray you to unfold,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreant, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood in apprehension
Of what your reverence shall incite us to;
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war.
We charge you in the name of God, take heed:
For never two such kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrongs give edge unto the sword.
Under this conjunction, speak, my lord,
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

The archbishop answers to this appeal—

Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers
That owe your lives, your faith, and services,
To this imperial throne:—There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France.

Again the king asks—

May I with right and conscience make this claim?

The archbishop replies; and after a most sophistical course of reasoning, concludes that Harry ought to go to war for the crown of France; the consequence he calculates upon being that the clergy will thereby avoid the bill that threatened, as they said, "to drink the cup and all;" and that while two great kingdoms are being drained of their blood and treasure, the church will hold her temporal possessions, and not, as was feared, be compelled to part with them either to enrich earls or endow almshouses. This is the archbishop's reply:—

The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers it is writ,—
When the son dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag;
Look back unto your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandaunt's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle's; Edward the black prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France;
While his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Fought in blood of French nobility,
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France;
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action!

The bishop of Ely then chimes in:—

Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;

The blood and courage, that renewed them,
Runs in your veins, and my thrice puissant liege
Is in the very May morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Another bishop is there, and must needs show his sympathy for the cause; and so they all join in chorus, a chorus, however, very unlike that of the angels at Bethlehem, the burden of which was, "And on earth peace and good will amongst men."

Another joins in the following strain :-

EXE. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

Such, however was episcopal politics—war! war! for the sake of church property—war! to cheat the parliament and wrong the poor. Such was the notion of the greatest and deepest thinking man England has produced of the manner in which circumstances act upon a character so cooled under the shadow of a mitre, and by those whose hands grasp the crozier. When has the Church of England, as connected with Rome, or even after that connection was dissolved, stood up within the walls of the legislature, (in which strangely enough theology holds a place,) to denounce the crime and the evil of war?—to denounce and expose the unsound and wicked arguments by which prejudice and malevolent passions are kindled in nation against nation?—when, to attempt to stem the full flowing tide of blood, and turn back the course of French, of English, of European animosity and aggression?—when to wash their hands of this foul stain, in which temporal authority perverts its power?—when, in what contest that history records, has such been the interposition of lord bishops—such their legislative efforts—such their true christian and humane interference between the lovers of war—the few who gain the victory, and the millions who suffer by it?

There is one other class of religionists which came into notice in Shakespeare's time—I mean the Puritans; and it is remarkable how gently he deals with them. They were the butts of his brother poets—the poorest of those who wrote for the stage, when he wished to raise a laugh, would do so by introducing a Puritan, or cutting a joke upon a Puritan. Beaumont and Fletcher were full of scoff and scorn against those who had not then raised themselves up into the formidable body they afterwards, in the seventeenth century, became; yet Shakespeare scarcely ever alludes to them. He refers to them only, I believe, in a very few instances throughout the whole of his plays; and these are good-natured references, showing that he thoroughly understood them, but that he had none of the malevolent feeling by which others were actuated against them. In "*Twelfth Night*," Maria calls Malvolio a Puritan, but finding she is taken literally adds, "the devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser. The clown in "*All's Well that Ends Well*" in allusion to the sturdiness with which the Puritans resisted Elizabeth's decree against the wearing of the black gown instead of the surplice, says,—"Though honesty be no Puritan yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big-heart;" in another play we have the passage—"She would make a Puritan of the devil;" and in another "they have but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes;"—it being a characteristic of the religion of that time that its followers introduced the practice of psalmody, and used metrical composition; whereas up to that time the service merely had been chanted. These, I believe, are all the allusions to the Puritans which appear in Shakespeare's plays; at least they are all I have been able to find with the help of the Concordance to Shake-

speare—that extraordinary work of reference—that monument of industry—in which the verbal riches of this glorious dramatist are brought directly to our view; that labour of years well requited in its results, a labour which must induce a grateful feeling in the mind of every one who delights in Shakespeare towards its authoress, Mrs. Cowden Clarke. We have now gone the round of four different phases of religion as shown in the characters of Shakespeare. We see that he deals impartially with them all; appreciating the good, understanding and exposing the mischief of each, whether it be only sectarian peculiarity or ambitious hypocrisy, involving for its own ends nations in the calamity of warfare. Shakespeare prized sincerity in religion, and respected it as a thing too sacred to be touched by the shafts of ridicule; but he looked upon religion as a thing to be entirely reprobated when it assumed the spirit of intolerance, and, interfering with temporal affairs, and with the free and natural thoughts, feelings, and habits of mankind, sought for plunder and aggrandisement. We have Shakespeare's verdict against mixing up ecclesiastical and political authority; he shows us that the beauty of religion, and the character of the priest, require perfect freedom from the entanglements of party strife, and the sordid ends that arise out of a connection with the state. Under such circumstances religion may thrive and flourish; but whenever it is made subservient to the ruler's purposes, and is mixed up with anticipations of something to be gained by dirty work done to please monarchs, it is the pest and nuisance of the earth; and when not merely the ally of the state, it becomes the tool of the state, it is the fertile source of corruption and moral depravity in the country. And Shakespeare's was the true view of the matter; and it suggests to us the great principle of religious equality in temporal concerns; forbearance to what may seem to us fanaticism. Religious enthusiasm, so long as it leaves its neighbour equal liberty, and acknowledges the universal right of conscience, should be respected. Religion is a grand and a noble thing in the soul of a Milton, exhibiting itself in his lofty aspirations; or in the poetical exuberance of a Jeremy Taylor; and in all the diversified forms it may take, it is a harmless thing, so long as it does not interfere with others. Let religion teach its followers to wear drab coats and say thee and thou—it is harmless, and entitled to our respect so long as it does not compel us to do the same; let another form of religion call upon its believers to lie down under water—it is not for us to interfere with it so long as it does not seek to keep us under the water; let other religionists dance and shake themselves; let others see angels and demons (as some think they do)—it is all harmless to society. But the feature in religion which excites our reprobation, and calls for interposition and repression, is that which interferes with the free action of others, and says, "this is my faith, and it shall be yours; it is my ceremony, and it shall be your worship; this to me is sacred, and you must revere it." Religion so exercised becomes tyranny, against which the spirit of man rises and revolts; and no form of law, no book, no constitution, can make it other than a usurpation—a tyranny—and an aggression which men should resist and throw off; not with the view of trampling in his turn upon those who have set up such preposterous claims, but to tell them that his thoughts are free as theirs, and that toleration consists not only in maintaining peace between contending sects, but that every heart beating with humanity overlooks those differences of creed, and recognizes equal moral rights in all classes and denominations in religion, as well as equal political rights in all parties in the state.

I have now only added one other principle to those delineated by me in my last Lecture. There are many more taught in Shakespeare to which, perhaps, or some of them, on a future occasion I may advert. The mob in *Coriolanus*; what a picture it is of the evils of popular ignorance! Some say Shakespeare scorned the people. No such thing. But he had a keen sense of the mischiefs of popular ignorance, and of the danger of a people claiming their rights, not because they know them to be their rights, but because they are hungry; and the picture he draws is of a rebellion of the belly, merely, in which the material impulse is the stimulus of hunger, and not any sense of the glory and beauty of freedom. Popular ignorance wrought on by any cajolery—by any flattery—cowardly in its multitudes, and shrinking abashed before the voice of one bold man—popular ignorance regardless of forms, mere forms, unnecessary but as connected with the pomp of power, and insisting upon *Coriolanus* standing before them as a candidate, and going through the form of an election—a form as much a mere form as any of the elections in our pocket boroughs—popular ignorance degenerating into vindictiveness, and yet so easily led—so willing to listen to the twaddle of old Menenius repeating his fable of the belly and its members—so soon, by the commonest forms of courtesy and kindness from those of loftier station, showing itself as tractable and so capable of being trained up into something worthy the name of humanity—no; there is no scorn in this. It is only the glass held up, not to a people but to those, who, under able guidance, are capable of becoming a people, showing them what they are, and stimulating them to rationality and conduct worthy of the grandeur of human nature. This is not the work of the scorner—*Coriolanus* scorns the plebeians not because they are plebeians, but because they are cowardly, base, and grovelling. For the same reason he would scorn the patrician. He is a wild and impetuous, but truthful man, in contact with corrupt society; but he is conscious of this, that truth to one's self is the great good of human existence, without which political freedom and social station are worth nothing; so when they have at length persuaded him to cajole the people and bend the knee before them, he says:—

— I will not do't
Lest I succeed to honour mine own truth.
And by the body's action teach the mind
A most inherent baseness.

The man who taught this lesson has laid the foundation of a world of political and moral truth. Besides this principle of the mischiefs of popular ignorance, we might illustrate from Shakespeare that spirit of patriotism in which, when occasions call for its expression, he delights to revel. His country is "a precious gem set in a silver sea." We might illustrate, too, from Shakespeare, the inequalities of law, as bearing on different stations of society:—he tells us.

That in the Captain's but a choleric word
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

And also in the keen appreciation of oppression, partiality, and wrong, which turns up in the shattered mind of *Lear* when, like a stormy sea from its lowest depths, it casts his riddles on the shore. "Which is the justice, and which the thief?" And to them we may add in Shakespearean politics a faith in human nature—trust in the tendencies of our being, without which never was there a statesman; and in comparison with which all the cunning and chicanery, or all the tactics of the most accomplished parliamentary skill, are but a pitiful and sorry substitute. These and similar points, I may hereafter trace; but the best lectures on Shakespeare would be the exhibition of

his dramas in a theatre worthy of the subject—a theatre in which they should be given in their original text; that text to which the metaphysician and the philosopher appeals as containing truths to be relied on, as much so as the most authenticated biography or history; that text so pure and lovely in itself, which for the low and base purposes of men, traffickers in the drama, has been mutilated, while to conceal their own culpability, they lay the blame on an assumed depravity in the public taste which they themselves are doing their utmost to corrupt: a theatre which should be conducted by those who have a genuine love of the poet in their hearts. A theatre in which no assumption on the part of some should be permitted to embarrass the effective representative of the complete round of Shakesperian character—where no attempt should be made to keep down some, and elevate others; where there should be no encouragement for the pertinacious appropriation of this or that character while by undertaking a seemingly lower one the main effect might be enhanced on the public mind—a Theatre where all the accessories of scenery, and costume, should be in harmony with the subject to be represented—where not by barbaric gold, not by mere glitter and spangles—but by appropriate costume, grand and simple as the case might be, portraying the different ages and places in which the action of the drama is laid, the whole should blend together into one harmonious picture, on which the eye of the artist might gaze, and with admiration—making the arts pay homage to the poet—and rendering all subservient to the loftiest and grandest imagination that ever graced this world of ours. This it is that is wanted to do justice to Shakespeare. And such a Theatre we once had—managed but too short a time by him who more than any other has shown an affinity of spirit with the great master, and who in his management made all subservient to the poet on whom alone our thoughts should be concentrated. I need scarcely say, I mean Mr. Macready, the greatest of living actors in his powers of personation; and in his skill—in his consummate art his genius in the presentation and adornment of a play, far beyond all the managers who have undertaken the delineation of the drama since Shakespeare wrote. The aristocracy has failed in its duties in having withheld their countenance—the government has failed in its duty, in not having supported such a theatre by the resources at their command and the people have failed in theirs by not having created it by voluntary contributions. When such a theatre shall again exist, it will be found that it is better than a mere resort of the idle and dissolute—that it is a place of moral and intellectual enjoyment, and that it has its agency amongst the powers by which the civilization of the world is advanced.

WHAT IS DOING FOR THE PEOPLE?

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

This is the great question which we wish "The People's Journal" to ask and to answer. We would put it to every one in every quarter of the empire, that we might set every one thinking; and we feel sure that it would very soon suggest to every mind anxious for popular progress, not only what has been done, and is doing, but what yet needs doing. It is out of this question, and its answer to our own consciousness, that this Journal has arisen. It is its great theme.

The greatest of all questions regarding the human family is, we need hardly pause for a moment to assert, how the good of that family can best be promoted? What this good is, and by what means it is to be achieved? We are far enough advanced in the present day in our notions of what this good is, to render very few words necessary on that head. Human happiness demands the highest possible acquisition of physical health and comfort, intellectual enlightenment, and religious knowledge and freedom. To enjoy all that divine scope of felicity for which God has given us being, limbs, and faculties, we must have, as Sir Philip Sidney so well expressed it, "a sound mind in a sound body." We must have enough of sound food to supply to our frames health and vigour; we must have dwellings clean and commodious; we must have freedom of mind as well as body. If we cannot exercise that principle of free agency within us, the grand spring of noble enterprise, we must soon suffer in both physical and moral health. To maintain this principle of free agency inviolate then, we must combine, one and all, to resist every undue encroachment upon it; and these encroachments are no rare nor trivial ones. They come in the shape of too great a pressure of labour—too small a share of remuneration for it; in the cramping grasp of ignorance, bigotry, superstition, and despotism, political or religious. The great warfare of humanity on earth is to push back, to fling down, to tread under our feet all these creeping, insidious, and ultimately audacious invasions of our native liberty. Till our minds and bodies have established for themselves this perfect freedom of action—till we stand superior to all the bonds and handcuffs of ignorance, poverty, and bigotry—we are not what God intended us to be; we are not, and cannot be, happy.

But this happiness, which is, in other words, but the restoration of our original rights—the simple enjoyment of "a sound mind in a sound body"—from which flows necessarily every delight that the largest intellect can conceive; this happiness is the birthright of all men, of one absolutely as much as of another; for the whole, and not for a part; and must be sought for and demanded for all. If there be, however, one great fact in this world made more conspicuous than another, it is that "God helps those who help themselves." Our Saviour, the truest philosopher, the greatest reformer, as well as the best of beings who ever appeared on earth, eighteen hundred years ago laid down this doctrine in "seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened," &c.; and gave us the grand rule by which we should achieve the universal good, in doing to each other as we would be done by. That the principle of selfishness equally implanted in our nature, and against which these doctrines were a declaration of war, was, however, pretty strong, the history of eighteen hundred years has most thoroughly shown. At the termination of the eighteenth century, the whole civilized world (so called) was in the most stupendous agonies of warfare between the two giant principles of despotism or human selfishness; and of

general liberty, the only basis of human good. Till then the people had not contrived to "help themselves." The principle of self in the shape of caste had been too much for them. At that moment, the completion of eighteen hundred years, however, America had shown in its popular emancipation, that God really will help those who help themselves: France had followed on the same side; and England, the most civilized and most Christian nation of the earth, stood in the strange position of the champion of old despotisms, and the opponent of popular freedom.

But this position of England was a fallacious one. It was the position of the government,—a government by a caste,—and not that of the people. The people had arrived at that epoch when they were about to help themselves. The mighty questions that were tossed about in that great conflict, became at length pretty well understood. The foundations of civil polity were dug down to amid the accumulated rubbish of ages, and their real nature recognized. The true causes of popular evils, the true principles of their remedy, became manifest to the multitude, and from that hour to the present, "the march of intellect," as it has been called, has been going on. Spite of all the woes and wrongs which have prevailed, that progress has not the less been maintained; and no one can look back to the latter end of the last century without seeing how unspeakably interesting has been the growth of general knowledge and general liberty since. Methodism, one of the earliest movements of the eighteenth century for raising the people out of the old "ice-time" of ignorant apathy, has gone on under various forms and names to electrify the lower crowds of towns, invade villages, alarm the high-ways and hedges, and prepare the way for Infant-schools, and Sunday-schools, the happy schemes of Robert Owen, and Robert Raikes. Evening, Lancasterian and National-schools, have also poured their light on the public mind. Mechanics' Institutes and libraries have followed. Public distress produced public inquiry; and the factory, the mine, the ploughed field, have alternately had their horrors and oppressions exposed by parliamentary enquiry, and the work of amelioration began. Political oppressions have roused the people to demand political justice, and a great deal has been gained, little as it may seem in comparison with what yet is due. The Reform Bill gave something; it recognized more than it gave. Catholic Emancipation, Municipal and Post-Office Reform, and other Reforms, have marked in luminous gradations the concessions which have followed and must follow from the impression of the advancing knowledge, union, and authority of the popular mind, on the mind of government. Here it is, indeed, that we perceive the real stride the people have made towards their great object—the re-conquest of their rights—and in them the common happiness. It is a new era; it is a voice almost of this century that of all for the people, and not for a class. It is this great and magnificent truth, that it is the whole of mankind which are made for each other, and not the multitude for a few: that

is now heard on all hands; that is the distinguishing maxim of the philosophy of the day. This is the *Novum Organum* by which all the movements of the Present are effected. Caste and classes shrink from notice—the people rises daily on the public eye and ear, meets demands and its power, more vast and awful. Where are the vaunters of “the system that works well;” the panegyrists of “the heaven-born minister;” the laudators of coronet and mitre, and the sneerers at the “swinish multitude?” Where are the lecturers for old abuses and vested wrongs? Who would listen to them, if they dared to turn out? It is that long-derided thing “the majesty of the People,” which has scared them from the daylight. In London, where Lord Castlereagh once reigned, Fox and Cooper are lecturing on politics, literature, and social philosophy, to the people. *Punch* is laughing at aristocratic idiocy, war, and old-world wisdom. The Shilling Magazine is hewing these Upstart trees at the bottom, which the lightning laughter of *Punch* has singed at the top. In Manchester, where the blood of freemen flowed on Peterloo, and the billy-roller and the bags of shavings for the beds of shirtless artizan children in their dens called homes, roused the indignation of the world, the *Athenaeum* raises its humanising head, and from it the League has gone forth like a giant to break down the starvation barriers of curry-powder dukes, and give to us all the first of our wants, good food and plenty of it. In Sheffield, Ebenezer Elliott has sung his song of the “Bread Tax,” to ears and hearts that glowed fiery indignation, and like the red-hot steel on their stithies, flung far and wide threatening coruscations. In Birmingham, whence Priestley was chased with flame and Tory curses, the banded multitudes scared the Reform Bill into earlier being. From every quarter rise evidences of the advance and triumphs of the people. The last great triumph has been over themselves. They have learned not only their own rights but those of others,—not only to respect themselves, but the public cause. The Chartists have surrendered to experience their idol of physical force. As they have come to feel them in themselves, they have acknowledged the victorious capacities of moral and constitutional power. Thomas Cooper, the great epic poet of their community, has in one of the noblest apostrophes to liberty ever penned, very beautifully stated the fact of this great recognition of moral influence by the people.

The sinewy artizan, the weaver lean,—
The shrunken stockinger,—the miner swarth,—
Read, think, and feel; and in their eyes the sheen
Of burning thought betokens thy young birth
Within their souls by the liberty.

Aye, they are thinking,—at the frame and loom,
At bench and forge, and in the bowelled mine;—
And when the scanty hour of rest is come,
Again they read, to think and to divine
How it doth come to pass that Toil must pine
While sloth doth revel; how the game of blood
Hath served their tyrants;—how the scheme malign
Of priests hath crushed them; and resolve doth bud
To bawl,—and to bring back the primal Brotherhood.

A hat, though awhile, the brazen-tongued poltroon,
False demagogue, or hireling base impede
The union they affect to aid? Right soon
Deep thought to such ‘conspiracy’ shall lead
As will result in a successful deed—
Not forceful, but fraternal: for the past
Hath warned the million that they must succeed
By will—and not by war.

• *The Purgatory of Suicides, b. x.*

Here then we are clearly arrived at the vantage-ground of a great progress. Spite of the vast misery which exists; spite of parish unions, ill-paid artisans, and awful grotesque revelations of rural destitution, we must perceive that a great victory is already won. There is a spirit infused into the mass, and there is a wisdom added by sharp experience to that spirit. We have from the leading minds of the age a great and combined cry for the people, and the true tone in the people. It is now the time to inspire still new energies by a more intimate and general co-operation; and this we shall seek to effect through “The People’s Journal.”

In almost every place, great or small, where people are, something is doing to improve and enlighten the mass. Now this is all admirable and encouraging, but how far more effective would the great amount of energy and exertion which is in existence all over the kingdom become, if they were but put into one common knowledge of and communion with each other? In what place are not schools, schools of various kinds,—evening schools, artizan schools, schools of design, mechanics’ institutes and libraries, in operation? There are societies for mutual instruction, for procuring books; there are people’s reading-rooms, and lecture-rooms; associations for garden allotments, and other associations for mutual benefit. In Sheffield, there is a People’s College; there the artizan can, after his hours of work, go,—and for from two-pence to eight-pence a week, study any branch of learning, even classical and mathematical. Such a college has been talked of in Leeds, and is intended at Nottingham. In Leeds, as will have been seen by our last number, the people have actually put into practice one of the most momentous suggestions of modern times,—that of raising a fund for joint-stock factories.

The greatest disappointment to the philanthropist up to this moment has been, that our manufacturing system, which is become so stupendous as to be the sole revenue of the greater proportion of the working classes of these kingdoms, should, instead of rendering the people happy through their industry, leave them so wretched. By some means this monstrous evil must be remedied, and this plan of joint-stock factories appears to be the most likely means. By whatever means this desirable end is to be gained, it can only be through a wise combination of the million. The *Master Manufacturers*, as the head of the League, have presented a grand lesson to the *Working Manufacturers*, independent of the immediate object of that association—the importance of a wise combination. It is the People’s fault if they do not profit by it. But of all these objects, in order to bring them into one

common focus, to make every thing that is doing even in a corner which is a real advance, be known and done every where—we mean to make this Journal, the medium. We propose to put ourselves in communication with the active men in popular measures in every quarter, and to show through them what is doing over the whole great field of the nation. By what we are in possession of at present, we feel that we shall astonish many in showing how much the very humblest individuals may do and are doing, each in their particular locality. Nor do we mean entirely to confine ourselves to what is doing in our own country. An occasional peep at what is doing or not doing on the continent for and amongst the people, will enable us to get a clearer conception of our own actual position in the world of real civilization. There are popular evils, popular manufacturing distresses abroad, and, spite of the benefits of national education, a degree of popular slavery which totally disables the People there for advance. It is the people of England who are unquestionably destined not only to work out their own prosperity, but through the marvellous example, that of the world. In this glorious vocation we cannot by any means so effectually labour as by making every local machinery of good known to the whole public.

Poetry for the People.

THE DEATH OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

(Suggested by the fine engraving recently published of Mr. Peck's exquisite picture representing Leonardo Da Vinci dying in the arms of Francis the First.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

Oh, mighty is the Painter's art,
For it alone can reach
The things and thoughts that lie too deep
For Poet's power of speech!
Yet fitfully the numbers come
When Painted Poems glow,
As if our own rich northern tongue,
Its sympathy would show;
And struggle e'en to wake a tone,
How poor see'er may be
The lyre which comes the first to hand,
To serve its minstrelsy!

Within yon sumptuous chamber now,
Who sees a King is there?—
A crowned King of princely heart,
And over regal air.
The homage that he yields, 'tis true,
Gives back a radiant fame,
That wins a deeper reverence far
Than any other claim;
But here are Kings more great than he
King Death asserts his right,
Whose solemn Presence wrestles now
With Life's expiring light!

Not terror, but a conscious awe
Shines through the dying face
On which the gaze of Francis rests,
As he each line would trace.
Oh Life and Death, a fearful sight
To watch the conflict dread,
Which is the prelude to the hour,
When vanquished hope has fled!

But greater than an earthly King,
And greater than King Death,
The Majesty of Genius is,
Surviving parted breath;

Dwelling a Spirit on the earth,
Though dust to dust returns;
For such as He have left a light
Which still serenely burns!
I marvel not no terrors rest
Upon Da Vinci's brow;
His works proclaim his soul had known
But holy thoughts below.
I marvel not his head should lean
Upon a monarch's breast;
That monarch knew that Genius' self
Was worthy holiest rest.
But nobler than of old is now
The part that Genius fills:
It teaches thousands for but one,
And all its lore instils;
Makes light in myriad darkened minds,
And through the graver's art
Is multiplied yet hundred fold,
And plays the teacher's part!
And this has now the deathless feat
Of Living Genius been,
To bring before a myriad hearts
This thought-enkindling scene!

SERVICES:

1. SELF-CULTURE. BY W. J. LINTON.

Turn not! the dart
Flies straight to its aim;
And the true heart,
Aye doth the same.
Turn not aside!

Build up thy life—
Compact and true,
Whether in peace or strife,
Alter for none!
Stedfastly bide!

Truth be thy first love,
Truth be thy sword;
Bear thou to God above
True deed and word!
Turn not aside!

SONNET.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Some famous authors trade in mental sleep,
Lulling grown babies with a printed bee-bee;
Profound the learn'd them call, the vulgar deep:
Though o'er their pages none can laugh or weep,
And dull as coffin'd dust may he or she be,
Their clear no-meaning sells, and that's enough:
If I don't understand Sir Riddle's stuff,
Sir Riddle does—how clever, then, must he be.
At shrines whose mysteries have gods of wood,
The age-long pilgrimage brings crowds to pray;
But in a month, a fortnight, or a day,
Down drops th' immortal who is understood;
Clear as the chrystal pane that fronts the north,
His worth is seen through, therefore nothing worth.

THE PEOPLE THEIR OWN PATRONS.

BY MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

THERE is a curious inconsistency in the English, that while the freest people on the face of the earth, and the most jealous of any infraction of their political liberty, they have a lord-loving tendency,—a disposition to bow to mere rank, to defer to its authority, and to imitate its habits. It must, however, be allowed that this departure from independence is most striking in the ascending scale of the classes; and a slavish devotion to the fashions and affections of high life most strongly mark those whose position places them closest to the confines of aristocracy. But as in the

rainbow, neighbouring colours communicate a tinge to each other, so we may perceive that the spirit of imitation goes down as well as up. The Christian mode of procedure would be for every class to give the helping hand to the one immediately below it; on the contrary, it may be remarked that there is a sedulous avoidance of contact with the lower proxime, and an anxious reaching after the forbidden fruit of a higher rank. All this exerts a fatal influence on the happiness of the people; it leads them to substitute showy appearance for real possession: it makes them let their expenditure at times exceed their means, or at least renders it impossible for them to make that reservation which prudence and probity alike dictate. Display and pretension defraud them of time, talent, and coin, which they might employ upon sterling improvement, and thence secure permanent happiness; while empty distinctions leave them sources of regret,--often of remorse.

The late Lord Grey said he would "stand by his order." I wish the people would say likewise, "we will stand by ours," and do it. Let them remember the fable of the bundle of faggots, and be assured that union, in the holy Christian sense of that beautiful word, would render them irresistible; especially now, when they have achieved a degree of general intelligence and diversified skill beyond any former precedent. It has been the habit of the people of all nations, and most peculiarly the habit of our's, from its being so eminently commercial, to look up to the patrician orders as the grand supporters of the national machine,—as state parents and protectors. Artists have hoped for patrons among them, and traders for customers; thus genius and skill became the drudges of luxury—the slaves of sloth: but the fallacy of a trust in such patronage has been long apparent; and the reflective among the people must feel that it is in the union and reciprocation of their own power and ability that their strength will be proved, and its advantages realised and secured.

Literature has long been utterly freed from a servile devotion to mere rank and wealth. The days of dedication are gone,—the Drydens of the nineteenth century do not degrade their volumes by florid addresses to some idol of fashion, but simply lay their works upon the national shrine, secure that the people will do justice to the offering. As it has been in literature it will be, and let it be, in every other department of mental or manual ability; the emancipation of the industrial classes from all trammels, should be one of the great objects of unceasing endeavour. How little art has ever owed to the higher ranks, the history of art abundantly proves. Hogarth said, that portrait-painting and looking-glasses would never go out of fashion, people were so fond of seeing their own faces. Perhaps the history of this illustrious man, serves beyond most others to make good these remarks. This great graphic teacher, the Fielding and the Foote of the pencil, was reduced to the necessity of disposing by raffle of his paintings, and the accident of the dice, not the discrimination of the

admirer, decided the possession of his immortal works. Engraving, which has been to art what the press has been to letters, he called to his aid, and thus diffused among the million his great moral lessons and well-merited satires, and found among that million his best supporters. Patronage, whether royal or aristocratic, so far from fostering the produce of labour, has generally proved injurious to the labourer by inducing monopoly in place of diffusion; it is late that the world is making, or acknowledging these discoveries; but it is well that it is done at last, since a truth thoroughly received will ere long be acted on. Academies have formed few painters, as colleges have formed few poets and philosophers; nature, an impartial (and when justice is done to humanity it will be found a prodigal) mother, has ever preferred to scatter genius in the ranks of the people than among the people of rank. But the privileged classes have given one proof of great sagacity—they have ever stood in firm union among themselves. "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." Competition, like the royal principle, which says, "divide and govern," has been made the moving power among the industrial classes, who, deceived by selfishness,—that barren soil in which no salutary herb takes root, or flower flourishes—took the field as rivals, arrayed in sordid antagonism against each other—as rebels to the cause of their own well-being, of which co-operation is the key-stone. When the monopoly of power on the one hand, and the activity of competition on the other, had brought the masses to a state of frightful misery, Malthusians and political economists stepped in, and pretended that they possessed the secret that would remedy the monster maladies of the state. The one set proposed to bring a scaring-iron to burn away an excrecent population; the other, a system for marshalling the remainder into legions of mere labourers. The division of labour was regarded as a vast advance upon human progress, because it increased wealth; and its suggestors never paused to consider what it did with the wealth-producer: they thought it nothing monstrous that a being endowed with large, various, and manifold capabilities, and an immortal spirit, should spend his whole life in making pin's-heads, perhaps and pine in solitary exclusion from all the most endearing and ennobling ties of life, because he belonged to a class of workers who could by no diligence of exertion secure more than a miserable existence for himself individually. Thus, when the inert classes had by the aid of church and state power, and the legal and military services, made a web-work, in the meshes of which the people were held, the political economists came to conclude the work, as the cook does when he advances to the full net of the fisherman. I hope the people are not like the often-quoted eel, become so used to being skinned, as to be indifferent to it. Let them look into themselves; let them be true, just, and generous to each other: and if each will act for all, they will soon feel the effects of all acting for each.



A DESIGN FOR MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES, BY D. MACLISE, R.A.

ENGRAVED BY W. J. LINTON.

With the permission of MESSRS. LONGMAN AND CO.

Our Library.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

Illustrated by D. MACLISE, R. A.*

ONE begins now-a-days to grow weary of picture books; they are poured forth with such indiscriminate profusion. Has a man written a bad poem?—no matter, if he have but a good purse—he can illustrate. Is a publisher at an utter loss for a reason why he should issue any particular book? Oh! it is to be illustrated—that settles the business. Would an artist evade the labour of thinking for himself? he has certainly a capital resource in—illustration. And poor Art has the credit of all these worthy disciples!

If we pass to a somewhat higher class of picture-books we still derive little satisfaction from the survey. The motive for their production may be somewhat less palpable and offensive; the artist may work in a higher spirit; the books chosen for such an honour—and it should be esteemed a high one—may be more deserving of the talent, labour, and money expended upon them; still they give us neither independent art, nor true illustration, but a kind of mongrel between both, that degrades the tastes it should raise, and confuses the impressions that it should help to make more than ordinarily clear.

Lastly, there are picture-books in which all the labours are "fajours of love," and where a natural congeniality of mind prevails to a lesser or a greater extent between author and artist, and produces a harmony that hides or diminishes a thousand faults. Such books are indeed teachers of art; an honour to all concerned in their production. Such a book is Lane's edition of the "Arabian Nights," with illustrations by William Harvey; such a book is the new edition of "Moore's Irish Melodies," by Daniel MacLise.

It were idle to attempt to describe the pictorial wealth of this exquisitely beautiful volume. Every page (and there are some two hundred and eighteen of them) is a picture—the very songs are all engraved.

At some future time we propose to give one or more papers on the subject of the characteristics of our Living British Painters; looking at them in connection with each other, and with the state of art in this country at the present time; to such paper or papers our "People's Picture Gallery" will furnish the illustrations. Postponing, therefore, for the present, all consideration of the distinguishing traits of Mr. MacLise's genius, we give, in the mean time, the best of opportunities to all, to study them for themselves, in the engraving on the preceding page. The song to which this design belongs is the one entitled—"The Time I've lost in wooing;" the particular lines chosen are these:—

Her smile when Beauty granted,
 I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him the sprite,
 Whom maid's by night,
 Oft meet in gleam that's haunted.

* Longman and Co. London.

Reports of Lectures,

ADDRESSED CHIEFLY TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

BY W. J. FOX.

TAXATION.

OUR present subject is one which, unfortunately, never requires an apology in this country. An inquiry into the elementary principles of taxation is at all times appropriate. Reason is the attribute of man: to be taxed is the characteristic of an Englishman. It begins with the beginning of our being, and goes with us to its termination. That may be said of it which the poet says of hope:—

"It travels thro', nor quits us till we die."

As it is with hope, so is it with taxation. It rocks the child in the cradle; it follows the corpse to the grave. But this general appropriateness has a peculiar fitness at the present time. We have seen, for some years, the most remarkable agitation ever set up in this country on a question of taxation; and we have beheld it making its way with sure and steady course, until now that it seems within sight of the accomplishment of its object. We have witnessed, at last, the most extraordinary of conversions on the subject of taxation; we have seen a rare candour in a prime minister,—a possibility of one in that position growing wise by experience,—experience which has taught every one else many years ago; and which sounds as remarkable in the annals of conversions as if that same individual had told us that the working of his own tariff had brought facts to his notice that had convinced him of the truth of the Newtonian system of philosophy. It is a time of legislative enlightenment on this matter; and men who have been profoundly in the dark all their days have shared in the experience of their leader. They too, one after another, have seen that there was something in experience. They have adopted notions which they say were mere theory in others, but which in them are observation; and they are giving in their adhesions to a new plan or mode of operating with the finances of the country.

The subject is appropriate, because there can be little doubt that it will come more and more into public consideration. This agitation on the bread-tax is only a prelude to a general attention to the condition of the people as affected by taxation. The same qualities of mind, the same modes of reasoning, and, eventually, the same exertions that have been used with so much effect in one case, will be applied also in other cases,—we may trust with more effect; until what we do pay to the support of government will be paid for the most legitimate objects, and in the most legitimate mode.

It is an appropriate topic, because in the history of this country, (and the present case will not prove an exception), money questions have been never so exclusively. Every great advance in political freedom and in social enjoyment, has, somehow or other, such is our turn of mind, or such are the interests and relations of society in this land, been connected with a money question,—with the right of the Commons of England to tax themselves,—with the prerogative of the crown in the matter of taxation; and now with the influence of the aristocracy and its results,—again arising out of taxation. And, therefore, although at first it may seem to be a mere pounds, shillings, and pence consideration, yet in reality no question can arise on a great topic of taxation, but what goes beyond the money part of the concern, and enters into

the questions of political relations, of human rights, of the condition of the laborious classes, of the general prospects of the country; and that which begun in the relation of the tax-gatherer to the community, ends in the moral, the educational, the political relations of society, the rights of mankind the privileges of conscience, and the prospect of the improvement of the human race, as it is affected, and it ever must be affected, by the progress of events, and the development of national character.

"What are the legitimate purposes of taxation?" is a question that completely coincides with that of "What are the proper objects of society?" For whatever belongs to the social union, whatever is rightfully contemplated in man ceasing to exist as an isolated individual, blending his exertions with others, making common cause with others, giving to them the good which he can impart, and deriving from them the benefits which they can bestow upon him,—whatever belongs to the purposes of our social existence is the proper object of taxation; that is to say, the securing of liberty, of property, of the means of happiness, and all the facilities in its pursuit that are derivable from the social combination,—these, and the requisite agencies for carrying them into effect, and for securing their accomplishment, are the rightful objects for which taxation is instituted. "We have recourse, it is sometimes said, to theory, in our notions of the progress of society and the relations thence arising. But it is something more than theory: if we look abroad upon the world, it is fact now actually passing before our eyes. Divine right may be, with some, the source of government; and where it is, it follows as a consequence that the divinity which has the prerogative of rule has also that of taxation. If there be a charter from the Deity to rule over mankind, that same charter gives the ruler authority to dip his hands into their pockets. Conquest is said by others to be the origin of society: and if so, the conqueror, being at best but a marauder, has the same rights that other robbers have, and having struck down his victim, he will scarcely leave him without plundering him of his purse and valuables. But if these be not demonstrative solutions of the origin of society,—if there really is something in that notion of a social compact which the clearest minds have regarded as the real solution of the great phenomena which society presents,—why, then, its purposes are those for which the different members of a society are justly liable to be called upon for their contributions. Now, how does it happen in the United States of America? Some one less fortunate than his neighbours puts his goods on a caravan, shoulders his rifle and his axe, and away he goes with his family to the far west. They cross the rocky mountains; they follow the course of a stream; they find a fertile spot, and there they locate themselves. While the game serves them for food, they clear a patch of ground; they support themselves; and enjoy a sort of rough prosperity. They are followed by adventurers of a similar description: they build their houses within reach of one another, for the convenience of neighbourhood; streets begin to be carried out in the forest; then lines are drawn through the thick woods, in anticipation of the future time when there men's houses shall cover the ground, instead of the shelter for wild beasts. As they advance, there begin some of those first indications of humanity assuming a social state. They erect their little town-house. It serves them to meet in, to discuss their prospects. It affords them the opportunity, if they be devout, of religious worship on the Sunday. They have no dominant sect amongst them: it is for their common use. Their numbers aggregate, especially if

they have good means of communication with the more thickly peopled parts of the continent, until at last they find that the simple, patriarchal form of justice (for as yet they have no law) begins scarcely to suffice. There are here and there bad subjects that will not be kept in order by that which served to hold the first half-dozen families in unison. They ask a governor from the congress of the United States, or they pitch on one for themselves. Law and order arise amongst them; as their numbers increase, it takes a more defined form; they elect their house of representatives; they send their members to congress; they swell into a state; they have their constitution, their enactments; they have gradually made their advance through all the phases of the social combination, until there they are, a state united with other states, bearing political and moral relations, taking their place in the world, and exhibiting the completion of that phenomenon which philosophers have so often studied, and which here passes itself before our eyes. As writers in our days have traced the vestiges of creation in the stone characters of geological science, so may the politician trace the vestiges of political creation, the formation of states and nations, all exhibited as a plain matter of fact, and showing what is the legitimate construction of society,—the people the source of all power; their well-being the object of all authority; and the means of securing to them safety of limb and of life, the profits which they earn, and the enjoyments which they possess, the objects of all government, and the sole legitimate purposes of taxation.

Then there are many things which are not proper purposes of taxation, even where a people submit to them, or are unanimously agreed upon them. For there is a morality in this matter, as in all others. States and nations have at least that universal obligation which the sense of right bestows, not to apply the mighty power that taxation exercises in its influences to what is morally wrong, and therefore can never be politically right,—to what is injurious to their neighbours, and, in the long run, to themselves. The proper objects of society are those of taxation; and, therefore, objects not wise and right for society are not proper for taxation. A people have no right to tax themselves to keep up a band of hired and professional slaughterers. A large standing army in one state is a nuisance to all other states; it is a threatening, a permanent threatening, imposing on them for self-defence the necessity of similar expenditure. It is a continual looking out beyond the circle of social duties, the duties which one society owes to others; and it tells the world that it has the chance of an onslaught, for the purposes of devastation, of plunder, and of subjugation. A people has no right to tax itself to keep a tyrant, any more than it would be right for folks in this metropolis to subscribe to keep a bear or a lion to walk about in this High Holborn, and disturb the peaceable citizens, and threaten their lives as they go about their business. There are creatures in the world that belong to the forest, and not to the abodes of humanity and civilisation. Such a creature is that which has been wandering about Europe, and whose monstrosities have been detailed in those fearful and atrocious narratives, relating not to the warlike patriots of Poland, but to the poor, inoffensive nuns of Lithuania, who would not conform to the rites of the Greek church. A nation is no more justifiable in taxing itself to keep up such a savage beast as that, than to keep the wild beasts of the forest loose among the dwellings of humanity.

Neither ought a people to tax itself for the purposes of vindictiveness and cruelty, or for sanguinary pur-

ments, which are always costly punishments. Cheap as the gallows may appear, when compared with imprisonment and transportation, that is not cheap which entails moral hardening and degradation. That is not a legitimate object of contribution, voluntary or involuntary on the part of a people, which tends to bring up their children with minds perverted, with sympathies distorted, with either a rebellious feeling against the law that imposes such cruelties, or else with a hardness of heart towards those who are the victims of ignorance, and very often of social perversion and corruption, and therefore the objects of pity, not of sanguinary retribution. These are amongst the objects which a people ought to avoid, which are wrong in themselves—which are incompatible with the well-being and progress of a community—which are offensive as relates to others; and, therefore, for which, when it subscribes, or allows itself to be taxed, it becomes a participant in the guilt by the guilty application of its pecuniary resources.

Nor has a majority, in all cases, a moral right to tax a minority. The power we may allow, and the right, in that sense of the word to which some philosophers of late are partial, in which "right" and "might" are synonymous terms; but a moral right of the majority over the minority for the purpose of taxation, has its limits, and very distinct ones. Religion is a matter not to be decided by numbers. We cannot carry the attributes of Deity by a majority. Providence is not contingent on a bill being three times read in each house of parliament, and receiving the royal assent. Thoughts and feelings, hopes and fears, with relation to the future or the invisible, are not to be settled for us by calling numbers together, and counting noses. These it belongs to each person to settle as well as he can for himself, happy if, amidst mists and darkness, he can grope his way towards some light, enough to satisfy himself, and to suffice for the guidance of his own steps. But on subjects which necessarily involve differences of opinion where thought is exercised, (and never, in any country, or in any age, has thought been exercised without differences of opinion on matters of religion,) these matters are taken thereby out of the list of objects for which society holds its conventional agreement; it is not a matter for taxation, for that taxation necessarily becomes a premium to hypocrisy and a penalty upon conscientious belief.

There are other points on which I think a majority ought not to tax the minority. If the majority holds war to be an allowable occupation, it should respect the consciences of those who do not. There are difficulties, I know, attendant on this subject; but the conviction that war is a crime in a nation, as well as in an individual, the conviction that bearing arms for the purpose of slaughtering our fellow-creatures, can never be justified, except in the actual case of invasion, is a conviction so reasonable in itself, and so widely spread amongst all thinking people, that it is one which those who possess the handle of the taxing screw ought to respect; and if the dominant class in a country will have a war for the satisfaction of its own thirst for glory, or for the satiating of its own cupidity, why, then, those who must have the luxury ought to pay for that luxury, and keep the honour and the cost all to themselves. In the extreme case, indeed, when a band of robbers, called an army, from some other country, stimulated by the thirst of conquest, effects a landing on our shores—when the hand of violence is stretched out over the land, then, I think, resistance, active resistance, personally, and by proxy, becomes the duty of all; and I confess I should not be for respecting the consciences of individual members of the

state who were so regardless of its privileges and of its duties, as to endeavour to hold aloof on such an occasion, and not to give that in one way which they might perhaps still refrain from giving in another. I would tax Quakers and all in case of invasion; and I believe that there would not be great difficulty about the matter. I remember when a French invasion was expected in this country, some forty years ago, while great subscriptions were giving in, in order to arm volunteer corps to resist such an aggression, although the members of the Society of Friends would not subscribe for the muskets, the bayonets, and the gunpowder, yet they did subscribe for the coats and hats to be worn by the men that handled those arms; and they were not particular in their inquiries about the colour of those coats; they did not insist on their being drab-coloured; nor did they give any pattern of the hat on which alone their money was to be expended. Some difficulty is said to have been experienced in America, during the time of their war of independence. The Quaker assembly of Pennsylvania would not vote supplies, even for Washington's army; but they did, if all accounts be true, this one thing, which answered the same purpose; they voted a very handsome sum of money for the purchase of grain, and those who expended the money thought there were grains of gunpowder, as well as grains of wheat.

As there are cases in which a majority ought not to tax a minority, so, I think, in all cases it is questionable whether an existing generation has any right to tax posterity. We assume that right, and use it pretty largely in this country; and poor "John Doe," or "Richard Roe," who shall be born in the year 1960, will come into the world with his bones and his sinews mortgaged—with his daily toil taxed—with a drain upon his earnings, because the people of the generation just departing had a great hatred of Jacobinism, and waged war upon France to put it out. Nay, he will have to pay for the glories of the Duke of Marlborough in the reign of Queen Anne; and for the wars to trim the balance of Europe which were inflicted on it so largely by that founder of our financial system—of the plan of running a-tick in national matters, and shifting the burden upon the generations to come, which commenced with William the Third, "of glorious and immortal memory," for his dealings with Irish Catholics, and for his cleverness in getting possession of the crown and kingdom of his father-in-law. I think our rights end with taxing ourselves—it may be said, do I mean by this, that the existing obligations of the country should be settled by a sponge? And I say distinctly and emphatically that I mean no such thing. Because the opposite of a wrong is not necessarily a right; it may be another wrong, only of a different description. The lavish authors of that debt, those who laid it on with a trowel, are out of the way and gone, and justice cannot reach them. The original loan-jobbers, who made their market of the transaction, are gone too, and can fund or refund nothing more in this world. The debt has become merely a means of investment, for all classes; but eminently so for those who have but small sums at command. It is there that benefit societies and savings' banks throughout the country find their security; and I believe that no measure would be fraught with so fearful an amount of wrong to the industrial classes of the community, to those who, with great care, and toil, and prudence, have arrived at some gains and possessions—than would be any interference with a debt which, considered strictly in a national point of view, and, as a question of right, exists only as an anomaly, but an anomaly which a truthful and honest, not to say a generous people,

will respect, on account of these various claims and entanglements,—will consider as consecrated by its own passive acquiescence,—and will only look at it as a monument of warning, that it may “go and sin no more.” While enduring, and enduring heroically, so much of wrong, out of respect for the right which has become entangled in that wrong, it will not commit the like again, nor give occasion for one word of reproach as to its own deeds and encroachments, even by the latest posterity.

The question is sure to occur on the subject of taxation, how should it be levied? Is it best taken from us directly or indirectly? And this is probably a question upon which the circumstances of the time will confer additional interest; a very lively interest before many years are past. One of the arguments for our system of levying taxation indirectly, on articles of consumption is, that it is voluntary on the part of those who pay. That is to say, if tobacco is taxed, a man may do without snuff or smoking, and so avoid the tax. If houses are taxed, I suppose the argument is that he may live without a house; if clothes are taxed, he may go naked; and if bread be taxed, he may live if he can without eating. The voluntariness amounts to very little in these cases: and as to an option in any case, why should there be any? Taxation legitimately is only that which the wants of society require for fulfilling the purposes of society; and ought this to be voluntary? Should there be a choice as to this matter? Are we not, theoretically at least, all enjoying the advantages of society; and should we not, therefore, contribute towards the continuance of society, and its efficiency for the purposes for which it was instituted? It seems to me an argument against any mode of taxation that it is voluntary; and furnishes an exemption, either by submission to privations, the infliction of which is an evil, or by habits which attract not certainly the sympathy of mankind, but are merely lean and paltry contrivances for the sake of evading a man's share of the common burden. So long as that burden is rightfully and honourably imposed, each should bear cheerfully his due proportion according to his ability.

There is another argument urged for indirect taxation which also seems to me an argument against it. It is said that if taxes were laid on directly, and the whole amount stared one in the face, people would be rather restive under the burden; a great deal more is got from them indirectly than could ever be taken directly by any government or power whatever; and so, argue these reasoners, as it is desirable to get the most we can, let us take it in that way in which the people have the least cognizance of what we are doing. What is this but a doctrine of delusion,—what is it but paying the people the compliment of supposing that they will submit to an abstraction against which they would rebel in another way? What is it but upholding the whole system of things by throwing dust in people's eyes, by endeavouring to practice on people's ignorance, and by treating them as mere children. Is this the way to improve the responsibility under which taxation ought to be levied, to increase the responsibility under which the laws ought to be upheld and enforced by the very smallest addition to the public burdens? In direct taxation, every man knows what society is doing; every man knows his own quota; and this is one of the strongest arguments that can be alleged in its favour. In this country, the whole amount of the taxation, just before “the great and glorious revolution” of 1688, was about two millions a-year. More than this, all the cost of rescuing the country from the tyrannical power of James the Second, and bringing in our great Orange deliverer

from Holland, was covered by this two millions a year; one twenty-fifth portion of what we are paying at this time. Now if our institutions had been secured, and our Protestant religion made safe and flourishing; except at particular times, when, as usual, the church must needs be “in danger,” could this progress have taken place, if the taxation had been direct, would this march from two to fifty millions per annum ever have been accomplished in the sight of a keen and careful people, with their eyes wide open, and with any power of control in their hands? Or even without the direct power of control, their observation would have been enough; their calculation of the course, their perception of the rate at which they were advancing; and I believe that the present amount of national debt, and the consequent taxation to be levied, would have been altogether impracticable, if the transaction had been fair and above-board. For consider how much in debt is every one of us. Some calculator has taken the trouble to ascertain how much the national debt is considered as an individual debt; that is, dividing its amount by the population of the country, how much every one owes towards the common obligation. It seems that every one in Great Britain, owes for his share of the national debt, about 32*l.*; every Frenchman for his share of the national debt of France, owes about 5*l.* 19*s.* 7*d.*; and every American owes for his share of the debt of the United States 11*s.* 8*d.*

So much more is always taken in indirect than by direct taxation, that this affords also a strong argument for the one in preference to the other. The sum is taken from one at the smallest expense of collection; there is nothing to pass over from hand to hand; there is nothing to shift from one to another, by which shifting something is always lost in the process. But when a tax is laid on the commodities in which people deal, each one is trying to pass on his share of the burden to his customer; every seller transfers it to the buyer; and besides the original amount, there is always an increase as it goes on. In addition to this, larger capitals become necessary in every business and occupation; and this again is a tax on the industrial resources of the community. A very tangible instance of this is afforded by the operation of the corn laws in this country. Comparisons, in the discussions occasioned by that subject, have been continually made as to the price of food here and in France. When these calculations were made on the price of wheat, a certain disproportion was at once seen between the two; the wheat in Paris was cheaper than the wheat in London. But when the comparison was made as to the price of bread, there came out a much greater disparity; it was found that we not only paid more for the wheat, but an additional sum on the bread produced from that wheat. This was very much on the account that the enhanced price of wheat in this country required a greater capital in all the parties concerned in its manufacture into bread,—the miller, the baker, and others; their profits had to be replaced; and thus there fell on the consumer, not only the burden of the original difference made by the bread-tax, but the additional burden of the expense to which the intermediate parties were put in order to carry on their operations, and present the produce of the field in a proper shape for consumption. This extending through a great variety of occupations, must, of itself alone, be an enormous tax upon the community. We pay, by this indirect system, on every hand more lavishly; where the amount to be raised is hundreds of thousands, hundreds of thousands more are added by its influence on the various occupations of life; until the body politic resembles the human frame with

its veins open, and blood gushing in every direction,—bleeding at every pore—instead of having merely an abstraction from some particular locality, which might or might not be judged material to its healthy condition.

Well, if direct taxation be, as I think it demonstrably is, the soundest and best principle, the most obvious form of it would be that of a 'poll tax,—so much a head all the country over; the first rude form which was tried in this land, but tried with the very prompt result of a stern protest against its inequality. And a poll-tax, as it belonged to the days of Wat Tyler in its imposition, would bring back something like the proceedings of Wat Tyler again, were its re-imposition attempted. It is not in that mode: the man without anything for the day's supply but what he is to earn by the day's labour, cannot, in any right or justice, be called upon to contribute at the same rate as those who are born to the inheritance of their hundreds and thousands per week, per day, or per hour. It must have regard to property. A house-tax has been said to be one of the best taxes levied in this country. I question that. It tends to drive people down to less commodious places of habitation; it is anti-sanatory; and it is as unlikely to be levied with anything like impartiality, or to have any real equality in its apparent and technical equality, as a poll-tax itself. What lists do not some of us remember to have seen, a few years ago, when this subject was last agitated, of hotels and such places, which paid enormously more than did the most splendid palaces of the wealthiest nobility in the country?

Income, again, is liable,—if we look simply to income, to the same objection of unequal pressure. The income of the man who inherits, or who has a permanent and independent resource, is a very different thing from that of him whose income is precarious, dependent on his daily exertions of mind or body, suspended with his health, interrupted and ending with his life. There can be no propriety in subjecting his revenue to the same fiscal imposition as that which is permanently realized. And so, by this succession of objections, we come to what I take to be the true and proper subject of taxation,—that is, property realized—property in the income derivable from that property. When it is no longer contingent on the muscular toil of the individual; when it is no longer the result of physical or mental labour from day to day; when it is no longer employed in increasing the productiveness of the country, and enhancing the variety of articles of necessity or enjoyment which are created from week to week; when it is taken out of all this, when it becomes inert as to those great operations, when it is connected with none of these contingencies, when it is a realized property apart from everything else, and the object which most needs the interposition of society for its protection and security, then, in that form, and in the income derived from it as realized property, it ought to bear the expenditure, the entire expenditure, of the governmental arrangements of the country.

If society were to be formed anew from the very beginning,—if we were to start off, not as isolated individual adventurers, in the way I described at the commencement of this lecture, in the United States,—but if a great body of us were to leave this country, and go to Australia or elsewhere, there to take possession of a land and to form a community, there is one very obvious resource to which we might apply in this matter. Society, beginning from the beginning, would find a treasure-fund for all its expenditure, and a very ample one, in the rent of land. It would keep rent as the people's property, and not allow

it to fall into the hands of individuals. For rent is that which does not represent human toil and industry; it is the result of the diversity of material being. The greater richness of one soil than of another soil,—its facility for yielding a larger produce,—that is the rent of the richer soil; that is the reason why the occupying cultivator pays more for it than he does for the other. That is to say, rent is something which exists, not in human beings and their exertions; it exists in nature; it exists in the diversity of the soils of different fields. It is something put into our hands, for which we have neither to toil or spin; and that something, conferring such a privilege, should be given, not to individuals, to make them a wealthy, and therefore a corrupt and oppressive aristocracy; it should be reserved for the state to lighten the common burdens, to provide for common rights, to realize by its agency, under the direction of a government, free, representing the entire community,—whatever the people may require for their safety or their advance.

This, of course, cannot be done where society has made progress on the old system. The only thing that can be done in such a case is to tax back something of the bounty of nature from individuals who can well spare it, towards the community that much needs it. And such should be the operation of fiscal laws, not to aggravate, as is too often the fact, but to smooth down the inequalities of society; it should be to take largely from those who have much, and little from those who have less, and to confer good on those who have nothing: that the great disparities which are the deacement of European society may pass away, and we may rise something nearer to that fraternity and equality which are the objects of political reformation, and of social progress;—and which divines tell us are the doctrines of the Christian religion, although they seem disposed to keep that doctrine very much in the clouds of theory—to preach it in church—but not to let it walk the streets, or find its place in our halls and courts, our factories and exchanges.

Of all things in the world, class advantages are the last that should be made objects of taxation. This is what we have been suffering under here. Bodies of men get influence in the state, and political authority, is perverted to their sinister and sordid purposes. Thank Heaven, we seem to be likely to take a step, and a pretty considerable one, in the opposite direction. It is high time we should; for, throughout the whole taxation of this country, in all its objects, we scarcely ever find a single eye to the well-being of the community. There are great sops for great interests, and little ones for little interests. There is the constant attention to how this or that class will be affected, until we see it crowned by that enormity against which so long and arduous a struggle has been made, namely, that even of taxing daily bread; so that the very charity-loaf itself of the pauper pays its toll to the wealthiest landowner in the country, and ministers to luxury before it is bestowed on poverty. A great monstrosity of this kind always generates a brood of lesser monstrosities. The well-known instance of the cheese and lard debate in the last session of parliament, shows that there is nothing too minute, or too remote, for class cupidity, when it possesses the power of taxation. The late Mr. Wyndham laughed about politically economising candle-ends and cheese-parings; and government offices may not be very economical about candle-ends or cheese parings; but the parings of cheese, or the ends of candles, even, are never overlooked by a rich aristocracy, when it has the opportunity of levying its supplies from the means

of public sustenance. Now, to take a number of little articles, the duties on which the Premier proposes to sweep away, should his measure pass; but, last year, we had this sort of taxation, which can only have the object of advancing the price of anything and everything which the English landowner may find growing on his estate. Last year, this country paid a tax of 2294*l.* upon French apples; of 1087*l.* for certain French nuts that were cracked in Great Britain; of 1389*l.* (a larger sum than upon the nuts) for the walnuts that were brought over here; 3990*l.* on plums and pruneloes—sad work for the children, taxation of this description, and 3265*l.* for prunes. And the old proverb of "teaching your grandmother to suck eggs," only suggests a fiscal impost, and that of a larger description, than those we have noticed; for last year, no less a sum was paid on foreign eggs than 23,685*l.* Now what peddling is this in details—what a keen minuteness does it show to anything out of which a penny, and that the dirtiest penny, can be turned, on the part of our aristocracy. Talk of despising shopkeepers! talk of the age of chivalry! talk of high blood and high breeding! what is there in the most shop-keeping notions that can possibly be imagined, that could display a more peddling, little, dirty, turning, tricking conduct than these kind of imposts on apples, prunes, nuts, walnuts and eggs? Wholesale and retail, they do it every way. And besides all these petty imposts, and exclusive of the duties on corn and grain, we have been paying duty on articles of food, averaging, in round numbers, nineteen millions sterling per annum.

Now, happily, Sir Robert Peel, having had three years' experience—the last three years only, for the experience of all the world seems thrown away upon him; he only takes the commencement of experience from his own tariff; but, having had that experience, he will, if his masters will let him have his way, strike off all the articles that I have read, and a great many more. The whole of what the country may need for food, animal or vegetable, with the exception of corn, is, by this scheme, to be duty free; and, perhaps, a judicious and vigorous application of the screw may be a mechanical power sufficiently strong to help him over the difficulty of that subject of corn. At any rate, it is the duty of the people to apply it; it is the duty of all who have engaged, not in a mere pecuniary agitation, but in one for the assertion of a great principle, of truth and justice, of right and humanity, to assert that principle at the least, to take no more of hand at three years' date—to cry for instant payment, cash down upon the nail,—the total, immediate, and unconditional abolition of a law, whose existence, for an instant merely, would have been a disgrace to any civilised and Christian community.

But it is hard work even for a man of Sir Robert Peel's "experience," to deal with these subjects; and he finds at least equal difficulty in doing good for the people, that he would find in perpetrating mischief on them. Perhaps, indeed, the facilities withheld in the one case might be granted in the other, if any class would profit by them. He is moving in the right direction, but in a sadly zig-zag course. His "experience" has not yet reached to that axiom in Euclid,—that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Perhaps before his new tariff has been enforced three years, his "experience" may guide him to the observation of that fact also. Every thing may be hoped from a scholar who has shown the teachable disposition, the attention to his learning, that he has for the last three years.

But what a condition is this for a political man, for a statesman in this country. Put him into office;

make him lord of the treasury, or secretary of state; call him Premier if you like. How he is hedged up, hampered, "cribbed, cabined, and confined," by interests of every description. Here by one class of monopolists; there by another; the great ones lordling it over him—the little ones clamouring, in their ignorance, for their modicum of public plunder. Party tactics,—his own party,—the opposite party,—crippling him in every direction, compelling him to follow his own followers, and consider them as his many leaders; while he, in his supremacy, is tied hand and foot as to what ought to be dearest to his heart, and to be the primary object of his exertions. A statesman in this country, unless he has an intellect of the ampler description—unless he has moral courage of the highest degree, and unless he can bear to see indefinitely postponed many principles which he holds most true and important, unless he can look in faith to the great attributes of humanity, and calculate on the assured destinies and progress of society, unless he can do all this, a statesman in this country is but a poor and miserable creature, who, instead of commanding, has to obey; who is often obliged to be sordid, and tricky, and truckling, where simplicity and straightforwardness would be all sufficient for the work. And all this is because of those fictitious managements which, while they acknowledge the well-being of the people in terms to be the object of government, deny it in reality, set up a practice at opposition with the theory, and subordinate the public good to all sorts of little and corrupt class influences. We shall not have a statesman worthy of the country until the country is worthy of itself. The nation, in its ready appreciation, in its intelligence, in its own political honesty and simplicity, must find the politician with native guidance, stimulus, and recompense. It is the condition of his being; and they who desiderate a wise, truthful, beneficent statesman, in the expression of their own opinions, in the honours which they bestow, in the support which they are ready to afford, should discriminate; they should make all the influence they exercise bear upon such development in individual character, when it is placed in circumstances to exercise political authority. This world of ours—this beautiful and orderly world—that rests so firm on its axis, and rolls so accurately in its course, is the result of the character of the solar system of which it is a portion; it has thence arisen; it owes its being to it; and its order and stability are but a reflection of the qualities which belong to that system in its entirety. And so, for a wise, and just, and truthful, and vigorous statesman, there must be an honest, generous, intelligent, faithful, and beneficent population.

OMNIBUS MORALITY.—A WET MORNING.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

WHOEVER wants to get to town on a thorough rainy morning, knows that there is little chance of it, unless he has been weather-wise, and booked himself beforehand. Nay, unless he be one of those privileged mortals whom the omnibus men call "regular riders," that is, gentlemen who go regularly every day to their places of business in town, and have the omnibus at their door at a certain hour, regularly as the baker with hot-rolls, he has not a very certain chance then. All the outsiders, the fresh-air lovers, and lovers of London smoke, and smoking, the great-coat and cigar men, are now turned into insides. Everybody is sure to want to go to town if the weather be particularly bad, and with an unusual rush, there is only half the accommodation. The very "freeholds" are

in danger, those snug seats by the door, which are claimed by "old regular riders" as their property, and reserved for them. These corner seats give you a look-out into the world; they save you the tremendous cruise up amongst the legs and calves of men, which awaits the last comer, every one seeming particularly desirous to have his knees knocked, his toes trodden on, and his clothes dragged from him, and therefore they point the struggler on towards the top, where he may be truly said to take his seat, if he gets one, for none is given him. Therefore these freeholds, like freeholds in general, are particularly convenient things, and in general you see that old gentlemen heave themselves up the steps, and take possession of them. But on a wet morning the grand point is to get the nine points of the law, possession, how and where you can. Up comes omnibus after omnibus all full; gentlemen stand on door-steps with parcels, and beckon eagerly with umbrellas, but in vain. "Outside, sir? Room outside?" A shake of the head. Servant maids run out of oil-clothed passages, and half-dozens of ladies after them, but the inexorable cads and drivers bowl on without a turn of the neck. One lady on the curb-stone, unable to curb her impatience—five omnibuses all full have rolled by her—"Can't you just take one?" Cad looks in with a funny gravity—"any gentleman willing to go out to accommodate a lady?"—A laugh. On they go, more gentlemen on door steps, gesticulating with umbrellas. "Outside, sir, outside? plenty of room outside!"—shake of the head. "Then good luck to you, my gentleman," says the cad—"you'll not be so nice before you've done. All the coming behind full twice over for these three hours."

On such a morning lately, having pressing business in the city, I mounted the front seat of an omnibus outside, another as adventurous personage, and the driver enjoying this unenvied pre-eminence.

"Are you booked full, Tom?" inquired the driver.

"Full? aye, three times over."

"And how many have you now got in?"

"Only fourteen, John—one too many."

"Cad! Tom, what are we to do then with the six gentlemen, all regular riders, and two ladies, as we have to take up at Dalston?"

"That's more nor I know, John."

"But there's Mr. Wigs, of Navarino Terrace, and Mr. Twig, of St. George's, they *must* go in—they're amongst the best riders we've got—they *must* go in any how. They go when we really want 'em—none o' your chance customers, first come first have me. In they *must* go, Tom, I tell you. D'ye hear?"

"I hear, John, I hear, if you can only tell me how."

"O! move 'em up, move 'em up; tell 'em she holds eighteen inside—biggest buss on the road. Only get 'em in, they'll shake down, and be all comfortable. Lord! there's Mr. Broadbides, I'd forgotten him—he *must* go in—open the door, Tom, quick."

Down hurries Mr. Broadbides—door opens—in he goes—clap goes the door to. "All right!" And away we go.

"Cad, that's the way; didn't I tell you?" said the triumphant driver, with the face all over smiles, "that's the way—once get 'em in and they're sure to settle. Ha! there's Mr. Wigs, Tom! don't tell him now it's full. Open the door, and let him find it out himself."

The door opens—in goes Mr. Wigs. "All right!" shouts Tom, as he bangs to the door, and on we go.

"Capital, Tom! capital! never was such a buss as this—its made of lady-rubber. There's there's Mr. Twigs, though! He *must* go in; goes every day the year round, Sundays excepted—he *must* go."

"He can't!" says Tom.

"He can't?—he *must*!"

"He can't, I tell you; they're all a growling now inside like so many bears w' sore heads."

"Then tell him we were booked full twice over before we recollected him."

"So you teach the cad to tell lies, do you?" said my fellow-passenger to the driver.

"Yes, sir, yes, it can't be helped on a rainy morning; we must lie a bit to keep gentlemen in good humour."

"Why, he's his great coat on, John; and umbrella. Coax him to go outside?"

Omnibus stops, Mr. Twigs walks up to the door with the air of a man as sure of his seat as a parliament man that has paid for it beforehand.

"We are full, sir!" says Tom.

"Full!" says Mr. Twigs, starting back as if some one had stabbed him. "Full! Why, how's that? Why, may, don't I *always* go? Full!"

"Very sorry, sir,—couldn't help it—but we were booked double full before we were aware of it. We'll call for you next time, sir."

"D—n next time!" exclaims Mr. Twigs, in a towering passion, turning away, and bolting up his garden steps like an insane rhinoceros.

"All right!"—cries Tom.

"All wrong," says John, sulkily; "dash it, Tom, that's no go; there's our best rider lost—clean gone—ye may depend—and all along of these young sprigs that wont go outside of a fine morning like this."

Omnibus drives on—all silent—fresh groups hail it from both sides of the street—from door steps, and garden-gates, and pavé—all silent—not a look even from driver or cad. The omnibus stops,—backs up to the curb-stone, and out of a house come two young ladies clad fresh as young doves, and with their ample skirts spreading in most airy and uncrumpled elegance.

"Why, you can't take them!" says my next neighbour to the driver.

"Must take 'em, sir."

"But how?—Why, you've seventeen in already!"

"Must take 'em though—booked last night—father!—but no matter—must take 'em."

"Rat it, John, we're beaten this heat—it wont go, depend, the buss is chock full, and hot as an oven; there'll be a rebellion."

The ladies look in, and step back in affright.

"Mercy! why you're full. Don't you know we were book'd?"

"Yes, ma'am, plenty of room, ma'am, pray get in; your bonnets are getting wet—plenty of room—two stout gentlemen get out in the next street."

In get the ladies—clap goes the door. "All right!" sings out Tom—and off we go. There is a strange sound from within—a sort of shrill call, a hubbub of many voices—a bawling of "stop! stop!"—and the omnibus stopping, out spring two young men, red and broiling, and with sundry curses, declare they will go outside.

"Quick, Tom! turn up the cushion—don't let it get wet! Off with the apron—quick, gentlemen, it rains cats and dogs."

Tom runs over the roof as the gentlemen climb up the sides—off goes the oil-cloth apron—over go the cushions, which have been turned upside down as if to keep them dry, though they are soaked through and dripping wet. "Quick, gentlemen," says Tom, "before the cushions are wet—I'll place the apron for you."

And thus the two broiling lobster-red youths clap themselves down on the soaked seats, quite soothed with Tom's great attention to their comfort—and away we go—in proper admiration of omnibus morality.

LUCY AND HER LOVERS.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

"What is the matter, Lucy?"

"Nothing, dear aunt," replied Lucy Freeling, who from long habit thus addressed Mrs. Lawson, although they were but distantly related. "Why do you ask?"

"I thought you had been crying," returned the other; "your eyes look very red."

"My eyes ache rather, as they often do now; that is why I have put away my work so early."

The scene I would paint was a neatly-furnished comfortable-looking room, in one of those thousand streets of London, which, without having any pretensions to consequence or consideration, are, nevertheless, thought very eligible by a large class of people, either for some individual or general advantages. In one corner, as if to be out of the way of the other occupants of the room, sat a young man of about four and twenty, working diligently at his ordinary employment, that of a watch-maker. Various implements and particles of minute mechanism, whose uses are incomprehensible to the ignorant, were before him, and the strong light of a partially-shaded lamp fell precisely on his work. Jasper Lawson was not a common character, and perhaps his employment, which, while it required patience and a certain degree of attention, like women's needle-work, afforded much opportunity for the self-instruction of thought and reflection, might have had something to do in moulding his disposition. He was "the only son of a widow," to whose comfort, even in the matter of respect of pounds, shillings, and pence, he largely contributed; his mother having no other dependence except a small annuity, secured to her from some benefit society to which her husband had belonged.

Lucy Freeling was the daughter of a distant relation, and had been left an orphan in early childhood; but the widow had so tenderly fulfilled the offices of a parent that Lucy had scarcely known her loss. The interest of a few hundred pounds, which should have been her's when she became of age, might have sufficed to bring her up in the station to which she belonged. But for a few years Mrs. Lawson had exceeded these limits for the purpose of giving her increased advantages for education; and when she arrived at the age of seventeen had paid a sum of money to place her for two years with a milliner and dressmaker. Although she was not old enough to make a legal contract, it was perfectly understood and relied on that this advance, so judiciously made, would be refunded when Lucy attained her majority. Alas! before that time arrived, the trustee in whose hands her little fortune was placed became a bankrupt; and that from such unexpected causes, that the circumstance of Lucy's money being engulfed in the general ruin arose less from fraud than from imprudence. But the eighty pounds debt which had been incurred was now a dreadful burden to those who had such slender means of repaying it. Nevertheless, the right-minded girl set bravely to work, determining by the exercise of an art in which she had so prudently been instructed, to make up the sum by small degrees. The widow had also put by from her little income, and Jasper had worked hard to help out the repayment; and now the struggle was nearly over, a few more pounds were all they required.

Lucy not unfrequently worked at home, instead of at the large establishment where she was em-

ployed; for her home, as we have before hinted, was centrally situated, and she lost very little time in going backwards and forwards; this had she done on the evening on which we have introduced her. But there was another person in that neat and comfortable parlour, and one who was now a frequent guest. Ralph Ashton was a lawyer's clerk, and on the strength of a situation which he considered rather above that of a journeyman watch-maker, he thought in his own heart that he somewhat condescended in joining their tea and supper table three or four nights a-week. Not that such a feeling was by any means evident from his manner; on the contrary, the most casual observer might have felt pretty sure that Ralph Ashton was doing his utmost to make himself agreeable to Lucy Freeling, and to have betrayed his own self-conceit, or certain other attributes of his nature, would have been a mistake unworthy of his cunning. He was good-looking, so far as a coarse kind of regularity of features, and a bright dark eye, might constitute good looks; and he had a smattering of superficial knowledge, and a certain speciousness of manner, which were likely enough to deceive a single-minded inexperienced girl like Lucy. Even Jasper, his superior in every way, but diffident of himself, and endowed by nature with an almost womanly delicacy of sentiment and tenderness of feeling, had been caught by the outward seeming; and, though the knowledge racked him to the heart's core, did not wonder that Lucy regarded him with interest.

Not so the widow. From the first moment of Ashton's acquaintance with her son, he had been disliked by her; although when pressed hard for a reason for her antipathy, she could seldom find any but the most trivial ones.

There had been a whispered conference between those who were all but acknowledged lovers, accompanied by downcast looks and a flushed cheek on the part of Lucy; but Ralph Ashton had left somewhat earlier than usual, having several letters to write for his employer before morning, and Lucy, pleading more than ordinary fatigue, retired to rest, leaving Jasper and his mother alone. He had extinguished the lamp by which he worked, and only the light of a single candle remained besides that of the sinking fire, which it was too late to replenish. He was leaning upon the mantel-piece, looking down, and apparently watching the flickering embers; but the expression of his countenance was sad almost to solemnity.

"Mother," he exclaimed after a pause, and in a voice that trembled perceptibly, "I suppose it is all settled? The attempt is vain," he added, "I cannot hide my feelings from you."

"I am afraid it is," replied the widow sorrowfully, "though Lucy has made no acknowledgment to me of her affection. Poor girl, she must suspect that the choice she has made is the overthrow of all my hopes for my old age."

"Don't blame her, mother—perhaps she does not know all this. Long ago I should have given myself a fair chance, and told her that I loved her better than with a brother's love instead of weighing words and looks, and smothering every expression of my feelings, from the romantic notion that I would not ask her to love me until I was in business for myself, and could place her in the position of a prosperous tradesman's wife. Idiot that I was, not to be sure that I should be forestalled."

"And now that you are so near the summit of your wishes!" apostrophised his mother.

"To my astonishment! The offer of Mondson to take me into partnership is a most extraordinary piece of good fortune."

"He knows there are not half a dozen such workmen in London, and that a fortune is to be made by the improvements you have suggested," replied Mrs. Lawson with pride.

"Well," sighed Jasper, "from whatever cause it is, it comes like a mockery now. I doubt if there will be any more improvements of mine. I have little heart for anything."

"I can hardly forgive her for this, Jasper—and so much as I have always said against him—"

"There it is, mother," interrupted the young man almost fiercely, "if she love him in the manner that I love her, the more he is blamed the more will she cling to him. Why I feel if she were plunged into want and misery—her beauty gone, or with evil tongues like harpies darting at her, such an hour of woe would be the one in which I would show my adoration most passionately, most madly, if you like to call it so—she would still be herself, and it is herself that I love."

Poor Mrs. Lawson was awed and pained by her son's enthusiasm. Like many other excellent-hearted and shrewd persons, she was quite incapable of following those subtle emotions, which are the most real in the world and more than any others influence human destinies; and yet are scoffed at by a large number of persons as "mere imagination," "romance," "nonsense," and a long list of etceteras!

We must take the reader a little behind the curtain. Ralph Ashton was quite as much in love with Lucy Freeling as his nature permitted him to be; but his was that common passion, a purely selfish one. He admired her beauty, and would be proud of a wife thus endowed, and with mental acquirements something beyond those common to her station. But his cunning brain worked upon two ulterior objects which had nothing to do with these personal qualities. It so happened, that a great deal of the business connected with the affairs of the bankrupt trustee had passed through the office in which Ashton was employed, and he knew enough of it to form an almost positive opinion that Lucy would ultimately recover her little fortune. However, he took care to keep this knowledge to himself, and wooed her apparently with the most disinterested affection, not even at present hinting of the plan which in his own mind was well nigh matured, that of establishing his wife at the west-end of the town as a fashionable milliner, well knowing that her taste and skill, and superior manners, would be sure to make her to an eminence that must contribute greatly to his ease and comfort. In short he planned to himself becoming something like that very contemptible creature, of deathless memory, the renowned Mantellini.

A few weeks passed over, and Ralph Ashton and Lucy Freeling were engaged to be married. In justice to the latter, we must say that she had only very lately suspected the deep feelings which her life-long companion, Jasper Lawson, entertained for her, and the discovery made to her by his vexed and disappointed mother pained her deeply. It is true Mrs. Lawson had sometimes hinted at her hopes for the future, in phrases sufficiently intelligible to Lucy, but alas! Jasper had concealed his affection but too well. The time had been, she knew, that he might have won her, but it was gone by, she said, and she could but regard him as a dear brother.

They were engaged, and all seemed fair before them; and Ralph even ventured to hint one day from intelligence which he declared he had received but a few hours before, that perhaps after all Lucy would have her money. He said this advisedly, for he knew it was very likely that the news would reach her in a

day or two from another quarter. Sorrow was coming, however, as it generally does, from an unexpected source. The "aching" of her eyes, of which Lucy had complained as the result of excessive application to her needle, became more distressing, and on medical advice being obtained, the most alarming symptoms were discovered. With all the horrors of threatened blindness before her, Lucy was confined for several weeks to a darkened room; and months must elapse before there was any hope that under the most favourable circumstances she could apply herself to her ordinary occupation. During this time Jasper became a junior partner in the establishment to which he had belonged, and through his mother, his increased income contributed to the comforts and medical attendance of the poor sufferer. How could the poor destitute orphan refuse help from him who only asked to be called "her brother?" She did not refuse it, nay, she felt that she would rather be assisted by him than by her betrothed. How strange are the intricacies of human feeling!

During these months of suffering, the affairs of the bankrupt trustee had been thrown into chancery, and there was little hope now of a settlement of them for years. Poor Lucy! little could she have thought that the day would come, and that soon, in which the loss of her money, months of suffering, partial blindness, and personal disfigurement, would appear to her like so many "blessings in disguise" that had combined to save her from a gulf of misery and ruin.

When the cure so far as it could be effected was complete, a white film still remained to mar the beauty and obscure the vision of one of those deep blue eyes, which had seemed like stars of light and love to poor Jasper Lawson. Moreover the oculists declared that the preservation of the other eye depended on the most careful abstaining from anything like straining the visual organs.

Only a few days had elapsed since this fat went forth, and but once had Ralph Ashton seen Lucy since the bandages were removed, when she received a letter from him, dictated by that one virtue, which those who possess no other are ever ready to put prominently forward—Prudence. It pointed out some facts which she really must have known before, and among them the great change in their future prospects her affliction had made. Hinted very intelligibly at the wisdom of a separation, and concluded by mentioning that unless she desired to see him he should refrain from calling again, and signing himself "ever her sincere friend!"

Lucy Freeling was for a while stunned by the blow; but though her young and susceptible heart had been caught and led astray, it was of a nature too fine to be broken by a mockery—a falsehood.

"Do not tell me not to weep," she exclaimed a few days afterwards as she sat between Mrs. Lawson and her son, with a hand in one of each, "I know you would comfort me as dearest mother and brother might. But do not tell me not to weep. It cannot be that man whom I have loved; and with these foolish tears there seems to pass away some dream, some folly—better this—better this—a thousand times than to have been his wife. I feel it so. Believe it. I do indeed."

A sharp irrepressible cry escaped Jasper Lawson, and both his mother and Lucy turned towards him. One look was exchanged, and throwing himself passionately beside her, he twined his arm round her waist, and pressed her to his heart with an impulse that would not be stayed.

"Lucy," he exclaimed, "there is one whose heart has been filled with thoughts of you for years; to

when you are the same in sickness and in health; rich, or in poverty; with beauty perfect, or with beauty blemished; his heart does not feel the difference—it is *yourself* he loves, no conjured image of a youthful fancy. Mother, mother, did I not tell you this when hope was dead within me?"

Is there much wonder that Lucy's heart, released from the sway of a phantom love, clung now and for ever to the Tried and the True?

THE LIBERAL ARTS AS A POLITICAL AND SOCIAL ENGINE.

By THORNTON HUNT.

"GIVE me the songs of a people to write," said a modern politician, "and I will govern." He did not speak very wide of the mark. What is that popular song-writing but ministering to the feelings of the people; first attracting, then ruling their very wishes, and colouring their habitual thoughts? If men acted on nothing but the cool calculations of reason, then, perhaps, "useful knowledge" might suffice for their cultivation and guidance; but the truth is very far from being so. We know better now-a-days than to ask "how can poetry, painting, and music, do any good to the working classes?" Still the notions as to *what* the good is that they do is not very distinct, from the want of sufficient attention to their mode of working on the mind. The common idea with some is, that they are an innocent recreation; others, looking a little deeper, say with Ovid, that they "soften the manners." Indeed that phrase, imperfectly interpreted, has probably helped to confound the liberal arts with the "luxury" of which historians talk, and to create the supposition that they render men effeminate. We need not go far for abundant proofs to the contrary. The Greeks, parents of the highest forms of poetry and sculpture, were no cowards. The Romans carried with their victories the arts of civilization, and first redeemed our own country from its savageness; yet Roman is another name for conquering soldier. The Venetians maintained a long career of valour and prosperity, on which all the arts cast their most glowing splendours; and the republic decayed at last, not through effeminacy, but through the political blunders in its constitution, which instilled into its body corporate the seeds of destruction. One of the greatest Venetians that ever lived, Charles Zeno, was a man of such indomitable energy, that his military fame obtained him, while yet a boy, release from the church to be a soldier; he was always foremost in the battles of Venice; he it was, mainly, who saved his country from bondage to Genoa; and when he died, his body exhibited above thirty scars of wounds that had left their marks on his flesh, some for more than half a century: that man was a most accomplished gentleman and a scholar; and when he expired his death-bed was strewn with books. Italy could furnish many such examples. If by some, the "effeminacy" of Italy has been imputed to her arts, Napoleon, both an Italian and a Frenchman, who surveyed the surrounding nations from the topmost throne of Europe, thought very differently. Emancipate Italy, he said, and she will govern the world. Let Italy shake off her chains, we say, and she will show that a people nursed in the arts will not drown liberty in blood, nor defile the presence of the Muses by the revolting butcheries of the first French Revolution. Napoleon had filled the Louvre with models for French art, and Berenger had sung, not like the older poets of France, to the court, but to the people, when France achieved its second revolution.

let Charles the Tenth and his courtiers say whether the people had grown less brave because they were more humane and generous.

The effect of the liberal arts will be made clearer, if we examine the mode in which each works upon the mind.

Of all, perhaps, music is accounted to be the least precise in its action, because we are apt to confound the intent of the music with the meaning of the words that so often accompany it. They apply, however, to separate provinces of the perception; and within its own range the effect of music is as perfect as that of the words. Vocal melody seems to bear much the same relation to the intonations of the voice that poetical rhythm does to the articulation of speech; it is (if we may borrow a phrase from the sister art of painting,) the same thing as the expressive intonations of the voice, somewhat "heightened," or made more vivid, and distributed in a symmetrical order. As the intonations of the voice express certain emotions that we feel within us, so the voice of music copies those intonations, but does so with tenser organs,—with a more careful selection of sounds, and with a beauty of its own that rouses the sense and exerts a more stirring influence. That seems to be the nature of vocal expression; instruments again copying the voice; and harmony using its reduplications and contrasts to enhance the effect of each particular note. But by a reaction universal in human nature, the expression of a feeling has the power to excite in the hearer the same feeling. The orator persuades the listener by appealing to his reasoning faculty; even when his object is to rouse the passions, he does so through the understanding of the words; and he incites to action by propounding a purpose explained: the musician, without that intervention, directly excites the emotions. It will be observed, however, that the emotions produced by music are always simple—the primary emotions of the human heart; and that they are never vicious or corrupt. If something beyond be roused, it is not the music which does it.

Based as it is on the natural intonations of the human voice, the expression of music varies with the particular intonation of each country. The music of our own country is that which we best understand, because the inflections which it uses are based on those which we habitually use when we express our emotions. A close examination of music as compared with the "accent," as it is called, of a few different races, would suffice to illustrate this position—such as the music and speech of England, France, and Italy. Hence the peculiar and powerful influence of "national" music.

Painting and sculpture represent nature in its most perfect forms. In landscape painting retains such scenes as most impress the senses with sublimity or serene beauty; presenting the same agent again and again to the mind, and reproducing the sensation so as to render the effect as it were chronic. In dealing with the human form and passions, painting gives them their strongest and healthiest shapes. Art, indeed, may be abused, or feebly handled; but such as we have denoted are its legitimate functions. Humanity is seen with all the outward signs of noble feelings and healthful sensations: those outward signs react on the spectator, and he who is familiar with art, is familiar with a sense of the beautiful, the generous, the grand. In so far, he is drawn from tastes that are ugly, mean, and base. Art has a direct and tangible effect in elevating the nature of men who are placed within the sphere of its influence.

The influence of literature is asserted by acclamation; and yet that the nature of that influence is not

thoroughly appreciated, is shown by the exclusive faith which some put in "useful knowledge," and by the vague or hesitating arguments in support of more imaginative works. Even the mode in which "useful knowledge" operates, seems to be a matter of doubt with many. Didactic books obviously fail of their effect. Hence some hold that all books do no good; and in proof, they point to the undeniable fact, that the direct admonition or example of instructive writings is often, if not generally, disregarded. That is true; and yet is not the influence of books the less: each book may fail of its direct purpose, but the whole literature has its due sway. Men are governed, first by their natural impulses, next by their habitual thoughts. The power of thought is continually encroaching on the ruder domain of impulse, but will never quite conquer it; nor ought to do so. Some of that wild region will ever remain unreclaimed, attesting the energy and beauty of primal nature. Nor does thought extend its domain solely by encroaching on ruder nature; on the contrary, much that it gains is newly created,—redeemed from nullity. Now seldom or never are the habitual thoughts of any man the product of a single book, or of any number of literary units. The world of thoughts which are common property is the growth of a whole literature, multiplied in conversation between those who read and those who read not. It may be said, speaking generally, that in proportion to the amount of literature passing through the mind of any one, is the abundance of his thoughts: "reading maketh a full man." But the man is more powerfully influenced by the recurrence of the most ready thoughts, than by the sum of all, than by any particular set specially instilled into him. Therefore he is most swayed by that kind of literature, whatever it may be, which is most readily accepted and absorbed by his mind. Facts have the greatest power with many. For most, fiction is the more attractive. The fiction of a country usually reflects the pleasures, wishes, and aspirations of the community: men feign what they wish. By a reaction, the wishes and aspirations developed in fiction reproduce, develop, and multiply the wishes and aspirations of the community; until it is hard to say whether the amount of thought and feeling thus reactively created, does not immeasurably exceed the amount of thought and feeling in which that fiction originally had its germ. Poetry is a shape of fiction in which language borrows from rhythm a peculiar force; the effect being further enhanced by the selection of the highest subjects, and by the cunning licences which the art of the poet has taught him to assume, and the admiration of mankind has sanctioned. Of all literature, therefore, poetry is that which, in one form or other, exercises the most potent and extensive sway.

Poetry and fiction, painting and sculpture, song and harmony—with these, skilfully used, or more often used unconsciously haphazard, men and people are governed. Reason appeals to the understanding—morals appeal to the duties,—the liberal arts to the desires and aspirations. How vast must be that power which not merely obliges men under a sense of fitness or right, but actually shapes their spontaneous wishes! That is the function of the liberal arts. One form of their influence is called, "good taste"—an influence which is really the sole efficient check on the wealthy, luxurious, and all but irresponsible aristocracy of civilized Europe. We may at times, grieving over political shortcomings and arrogances, rail at our aristocracy; but upon the whole it is a decorous, well-behaved, harmless body; forming a most favourable contrast to its own drunken, debauched, and debauching representative a hundred years ago, or to its tyrannical

representative still surviving in many countries. An English gentleman, though he had the power of a Russian Czar or of a French Seigneur of the old régime, would be ashamed to use it, it would be "in such bad taste." The want of a somewhat better taste makes that nation of middle classes, the United States of America, seem like an empire of bullies, and endangers the peace of the world. Better and more cheerful tastes might soothe the religious feuds of Switzerland. Better taste would redeem our own factory districts from vices which useful knowledge and didactic counsel fail to touch. The Tuscan peasant is as ignorant of any "useful knowledge" as an English labourer: but Florence is saturated with the influence of the liberal arts, of all of them; and the Florentine peasant is a gentleman, frank, self-possessed, temperate, correct in "morals," and agreeable.

The liberal arts, indeed, cannot accomplish all things: they do not, for instance, construct political institutions; but they render a nation fitter to develop all the dignity and goodness that lies in the highest and freest institutions, or in the people themselves. It is a mistake, then, to suppose that their use ceases even with the sacred office of recreation after toil; or that they have merely some vague and undefinable operation. They are a potent influence for the government of a nation, a potent aid to self-government; and one which can be exerted by the people in their own spontaneous and independent energy.

A LYTELL GESTE OF ROBYN HODE.

(Continued from page 74.)

PART II.

Now is the knight gone¹ on his way,
This game he thought full good,
When he looked on Barnèsdale,
He blessed Robin Hood.

And when he thought on Barnèsdale,
On Scathlock, Much, and John,
He blessed them for the best company
That ever he in-come.²

Then [be]spake that gentle knight,
To Little John 'gan he say,
"To-morrow I must to Yorke town
To Saint Mary Abbey,

And to the abbot of that place
Four hundred pound I must pay.
And but I be there upon this night
My land is lost for aye."

The abbot said to his convent,
There³ he stood on ground,
"This day twelve moneth came there a knight
And borrowed four hundred pound.

• He borrowed four hundred pound
Upon all his lande free;
But⁴ he come this very⁵ day
Disherited shall he be."

"It is full early," said the Prior,
"The day is not yet far gone;
I had rather⁶ to pay a hundred pound
And lay it down a none."

(1) 'Went.' (2) Came into.
(3) There, where. (4) Unless. (5) 'like.'
(6) 'Liever.' (7) For the occasion—at once.

The knight is far beyond the sea,
In England is his right,
And suffereth hunger and cold,
And many a sorry night.

"It were great pity," said the Prior,
"So to have his land,
And ye so light of your conscience,
Ye do to him much wrong."

"Thou art ever in my beard," said the abbot,
"By God and Saint Richard;"
With that came in a fat headed monk,
The highe cellarere.

"He is dead or hanged," said the monk,
"By God that bought me dear!
And we shall have to spend in this place
Four hundred pounds by year."

The abbot and the high cellarere
Starte forth full bold,
The highe justice of England
The abbot there did hold.

The highe justice and many more
Had taken into their hand,
Wholly all the knights debt
To put that knight to wrong.¹

They deem'd² the knighte wonder sore,
The abbot and his menie,—
"But he come this very³ day,
Disherited shall he be."

"He will not come yet," said the justice,
"I dare well undertake,"
But in sorrow time for them all,
The knight came to the gate.

Then bespake that gentle knight
Unto his menie,⁴
"Now put on your simple weeds⁵
That ye broughte from the sea."

They put on their simple weeds,
And came to the gate anon,⁶
The porter was ready himself,
And welcom'd them every one.

"Welcome, sir knight," said the porter,
"My lord to meat is he;
And so is many a gentle man
For the love of thee."

The porter swore a full great oath,
"By God that made me,
Here be the best coressed⁷ horse,
That ever yet saw I me.

Send them into the stable," he said,
"That eased might they be,"⁸
"They shall not come therein," said the knight,
"By God that died on a tree!"

Lordes were to meat yset
In that abbot's hall,
The knight went forth, and kneeled down
And salvd⁹ them great and small.

"Do gladly, sir abbot," said the knight,
"I am come to hold my day."
The firste word that abbot spake,—
"Hast thou brought my pay?"

"Not one penny, said the knight,"
"By God that made me;"
"Thou art a shrewd debtor," said the abbot,
"Sir justice, drink to me.

What dost thou here?" sayed the abbot,
"But thou hadst brought thy pay?"
"For God," then said the knight,
"To pray of a longer day."

"Thy day is broken," said the justice,
"Lande gettest thou none."
"Now, good sir justice, be my friend,
"And fend¹⁰ me of my foue."¹¹

"I am holde with the abbot," said the justice,
"Bothe with cloth and fee,"
"Now, good sir sheriff, be my friend,
"Nay, for God!" said he.

"Now, good sir abbot, be my friend,
For thy courtesy!
And holde myslandes in thy hand,
Till I have made the gree."¹²

And I will be thy true servant
And truly serve thee,
Till I have four hundred pounds,
Of money good and free."

The abbot swore a full great oath,
"By God that died on a tree,
Get the land where thou may,
For thou gettest none of me!"

"By dear worthy God," then said the knight,
"That all this worlde wrought
But I have my laud agin,
Full dear it shall be bought!"

God that was of a maiden born,
Grant¹³ us well to speed,
For it is good to assay a friend
Ere that a man have need."

The abbot loathly on him 'gan look,
And villainously him 'gan call,
"Out!" he said, "thou false knight,
Speed thee out of my hall!"

"Thou liest!" then said the gentle knight,
"Abbot, in thy hall;
False knighte was I never,
By the God that made us all."

Up then stood that gentle knight
To the abbot sayed he,—
"To suffer a knight to kneel so long
Thou canst¹⁴ no courtesy:

In joustes and in tournaments,
Full far then have I be,¹⁵
And put myself as far in press¹⁶
As any that ever I see."

"What will ye give more?" sayed the justice,
"And the knight shall make a releas¹⁷;
And elles dare I safely swear
Ye holde never your land in peace."

"A hundred pound;" sayed the abbot,
The justice said, "Give him two."
"Nay, by God," sayed the knight,
"Yet get ye it not so:

(1) There is evidently some error here. (2) Judged.
(3) "Like." (4) Attendants. (5) Plain garments.
(6) At once
(7) The meaning of this word is unknown.
(8) Made comfortable. (9) Saluted.

(1) Unless. (2) Defend. (3) Enemies.
(4) Payment—satisfaction. (5) "Lean."
(6) Knowest—canst exercise—no courtesy.
(7) Been.
(8) As far forward in the press or throng of combatants.

Though ye would give a thousand more,
Yet were ye never the near'
Shall there¹ never be mine heir,
Abbot, justice, nor frere."

He start him to a board anon,
To a table round,
And there he shook out of a bag²
Even four hundred pound.

"Have here thy gold, sir abbot," said the knight.

"Which that thou lentest me.
Haddest thou been courteous at my coming;
Reward should thou have be."³

The abbot sate still, and ate no more

For all his royal cheer,
He cast his head on his shoulder,
And fast began to stare.

"Give⁴ me my gold again," said the abbot,

"Sir justice that I gave thee;"

"Not a penny," said the justice,

"By God that died on a tree."

"Sir abbot, and ye men of law,

Now have I held my day,

Now shall have I my land again

For aught that ye can say."

"The knight start out of the door,

Awake

And on

The other

He went him for

As men have told

His lady met him at the gate

At home in Wierysdale.⁵

"Welcome, my lord" said his lady,

"Sir, lost⁶ is all your good?"

"He merry, dame," said the knight

"And pray for Robin Hood;

That ever his soule be in bliss,

He help'd me out of my tene,⁷

No had not been his kindenes

Peggars had we been.

The abbot and I accorded be,

He is serv'd of his pay,

The good yeoman lent it me

A I came by the way."

This knight then dwelled fair at home,

The soothe for to say,

Till he had got four hundred pound

All ready for to pay.

He purveyed him a hundred bows,

The stringes welldight⁸

A hundred sheafs of arrows good

The heads burnish'd full bright.

And every arrow an elle long,

With peacock⁹ well ydight,⁹

Nooked all with white silver:—

It was a seemly sight

He purveyed him a hundred men

Well harness'd in that stead¹⁰

And himself in that same set,¹⁰

And cloth'd in white and red.

He bore a laungray¹¹ in his hand,

And a man¹² led his man;¹²

And riden with a lighte song,
Unto Barnsdale.

As he went by a bridge there was a wresteling

And there tarried was he;

And there was all the best yeoman,

Of all the west country.

A full fair game, there was up-set,

A white bull up ypight;

A greate courser with saddle and bridle,

With gold-burnish'd full bright:

A pair of gloves, a red gold ring;

A pips of wind in good fay,

What man beareth him best, ywis

The prize shall bear away.

There was a yeoman in that place,

And best worthy was he,

And he was fag and fremd bestado,¹

Yshin he should have be.

[Accordingly the knight defends him, and is thus delayed beyond the hour when he is expected by Robin Hood, who remains]

fasting

Three hours after noon.

(To be continued.)

Poetry for the People.

LYRICS OF LIFE.—BY MARY HOWITT.

No. 1.—FATHER IS COMING.

The clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done;
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on!

The wild night-wind is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold!

He's crossing o'er the wold apace,

He's stronger than the storm;

He does not feel the cold, not he,

His heart it is so warm.

For father's heart is stout and true

As ever human bosom knew!

He makes all toil, all hardship, light:—

Would all men were the same,

So ready to be pleased, so kind,

So very slow to blame!

--Folks need not be unkind, austere,

For love hath reader will than fear!

--Nay, do not close the shutters, child,

For far along the lane

The little window looks, and he

Can see it shining plain;

I've heard him say he loves to mark

The cheerful fire-light through the dark.

And we'll do all that father likes!

His wishes are so few—

Would they were more! That every hour

Some wish of his I knew!

I'm sure it makes a happy day,

When I can please him in any way

--I know he's coming by this sign

That baby's almost wild;

See, how he laughs, and crows, and stares,

Heaven bless the merry child!

He's father's self in face and limb,

And father's heart is strong in him!

Hark! Hark! I hear his footsteps now—

He's through the garden gate:

Run, little Bess, and open the door,

And do not let him wait!

Shout, baby, shout! and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands!

(1) Boast by strangers.

(1) There shall. (2) Been. (3) "Take."
(4) A forest in Lancashire. (5) Evil-misfortune.
(6) Prepared. (7) Peacock's Feather. (8) Prepared.
(9) Place. (10) Manner-style.
(11) Kind of lance. (12) Armour. (13) Carried.

The People's Portrait Gallery.



FROM A PICTURE BY MARGARET GILLIES.

ENGRAVED BY W. J. LINTON.

DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH.

THE name of Dr. Southwood Smith is associated with so many efforts made, and measures accomplished, for the good of the people, that his portrait must be valuable to them as that of one of their best friends. Our limits will not allow of more than a sketch of the various labours he has undertaken, for the greater portion of our space must be devoted to some exposition of the Sanatory Condition of the People, a subject on which much of his time and attention are at present engaged, and which from its importance demands the earnest consideration of all well-wishers of their country at the present time. The brief account of his previous career which we are about to give, will, however, suffice. His character may be safely left to the divine test,—“By their works ye shall know them.”

Dr. Southwood Smith, from the original bent of his mind, and the circumstances of his youthful life, was led to an early study of subjects connected with moral, social, and political philosophy, and the first work he published proves that he had sounded their depths. The object of this work, “The Divine Government,” is to prove from the natural and moral attributes of the Divine Being, as well as from what we know of the constitution of nature, the perfect benevolence of the Deity; to argue from this the constant influence of a perfect Providence in which evil and suffering are parts of a great plan working out a higher good; and,

in opposition to the common doctrine of the everlasting misery of the wicked, to establish both from Scripture and reason the *ultimate restoration of the whole human race to a state of purity and happiness*. This beautiful work has been read and enthusiastically admired by persons of all sects and parties, and has gone through several editions. Its author is at present engaged in preparing a new and enlarged one.

Soon after his settlement in London he was appointed Physician to the Fever Hospital. From this period may be dated the awakening of his mind to a close investigation of that class of evils, the removal of which is now agitated in the sanatory question. His constant attendance on fever patients, both in the hospital and their own homes, presented that dreadful disease to his mind as essentially the scourge of the poor; and advancing from the treatment of fever to its causes, he found these in the neglected and wretched condition of the localities in which the poor reside, and other erroneous modes of management, all of which he has subsequently detailed in evidence and elsewhere. His “Treatise on Fever,” pronounced to be the best on the subject in any language, and which has since become a text-book, was the result of many years of laborious research.

About the same time his able pamphlet, entitled “The Use of the Dead to the Living,” reprinted from the Westminster Review, was mainly instrumental in

obtaining the present Anatomy Act, which has abolished the revolting trade in dead bodies, put an end to the occupation of the resurrection-men, and rendered the crime called *burking* a mere matter of memory, or rather like the recollection of some horrible dream.

Dr. Southwood Smith had assisted in the formation of the Westminster Review, wrote the article on Education in the first number, and was for several years a regular contributor. At this period, he became the friend and physician of Jeremy Bentham, and their friendship lasted till the death of the venerable philosopher and teacher of legislators. It ought to be known that Bentham, whose maxim, of "The Greatest Happiness of the Greatest Number" as the rule of conduct and policy, regulated his own actions, left his body to Dr. Southwood Smith for dissection, from a desire to do his part towards removing the prejudice against such a disposal of the mortal remains.

Another work, which, when complete, will be of the highest value to all classes, is still in progress. We allude to the "Philosophy of Health," two volumes only of which have appeared. It is intended to give in brief and plain language, unencumbered by technical terms, an exposition of human nature, commencing with the structure and functions of the body, and proceeding onwards to the constitution of the mind, developing in regular sequence the human powers in their natural relations, with a view to the healthy direction of all. Each of these works is now brought within the reach of the people at large by means of the libraries of Mechanics' Institutes and other societies, where their author is well known as a lecturer, no less than a writer.

In 1833, Dr. Southwood Smith was appointed one of the Central Board of the Factory Commission. His important services on that occasion are frankly and generously admitted by his colleagues. By his admirable mode of arranging the evidence laid before the Board, and his power of condensing it in his clear and forcible style, he made the report such as to bring the real facts before the legislature. At that time all the children employed in the factories were obliged to work the same number of hours as the adults, commonly twelve, sometimes fourteen, and even sixteen hours a day. It was suggested in the report, that two sets of children should be employed daily, which would obviate the necessity of either set working more than six hours, and leave time for the education of each; while the work of the adults would not be obstructed, nor the disposition of their time interfered with in any degree. This principle was adopted by the legislature, and the Factory Act of 1833 was founded upon it. Imperfectly as this Act carried out the recommendations of the commissioners, especially in regard to education, (a defect owing to the influence of the House of Lords,) it still accomplished a great measure of good for the Factory children. No child under nine is now allowed to work in a factory, nor any under thirteen to work more than eight or nine hours a day. Had the recommendation of the Commissioners been followed, the latter restriction would have been extended, as it assuredly ought to have been, to a more advanced age.

The Factory Commission was succeeded in 1840 by the "Children's Employment Commission," an inquiry into the employment of children and young persons in the Mines, Collieries, Manufactories and other occupations not included in the Factory Act. Both Commissions owed their existence to the benevolent exertions of Lord Ashley. Here Dr. Southwood Smith was again a member of the central board,

and again his ability in dealing with the mass of evidence sent up by the assistant-commissioners was of vital importance. "Those," says the Editor of the New Spirit of the Age, "who have closely examined the two small volumes, into which compass are compressed and admirably arranged the main facts contained in the enormous folios, can alone appreciate the amount of labour involved in this undertaking, and will not fail to recognise in the lucid order and condensed style, the hand of Dr. Southwood Smith, on whom this portion of the labours of the commission principally devolved. He did not shrink from the task, though nearly every minute of the day was absorbed by a fatiguing profession, sustained through the long hours taken from rest and sleep by the conviction that the usefulness of this work would afford a heart-felt compensation for its labour."—Vol. I. pp. 98, 99.

Such was the impression produced on the country by the startling facts thus laid before it, that, notwithstanding the hostility with which the noble coal-owners met it in the House of Lords, Lord Ashley's Bill accomplished two important objects—the exclusion of all women and female children, and the exclusion of all children under nine from the mines and collieries. Little else of much value was done, and nothing for the workers in the trades and manufactures. Lord Ashley's motion for a "Moral and Religious Education of the Working Classes," was all that was attempted, and this ended in Sir James Graham's memorable "Education Clauses," which were negatived, after setting the country in a ferment from one end to the other. Those who wish to know more of what ought to have been done, and what crying abuses exist—for example, in the apprentice system of some of the iron districts—may find the facts in a small work entitled "Physical and Moral Condition of the Children and Young Persons employed in Mines and Manufactures, illustrated by extracts from the Reports of the Commissioners."

Both these commissions had combined, with the daily course of his practice, to impress on Dr. Southwood Smith the importance of effecting some improvement in the Sanitary Condition of the People. Everywhere he found evidences of the wretched state of the dwellings of the poor, and of large classes of the working population, and of the disease, suffering, and death produced by the noxious exhalations proceeding from the unsewered, undrained, and uncleansed localities into which they are crowded. The first public effort in which we find him engaged in this cause was in 1837, when the Poor Law Commissioners, roused by the alarming increase in the number of fever patients, instituted an inquiry into the cause, and the examination of Bethnal Green and Whitechapel was undertaken by him. He wrote down a literal description of what he saw in the course of his painful duty. His descriptions have been compared to Howard's account of the state of prisons fifty years ago, when the jail-fever was a recognised disease. It is now a matter of history; and so may the fever of London be fifty years hence. It only requires a legislature to order, and proper officers to enforce, known remedial measures: measures of which an absolute demonstration has been afforded that they are practicable and would be effectual. That this whole class of evils is not irremediable, but that human agency may abolish it entirely from the list of human woes, cannot be too often repeated.

Dr. Southwood Smith describes, among others, in the midst of a crowded neighbourhood in Bethnal Green, a large open area always covered with stagnant water, filled with putrefying animal and vegetable

matter, the exhalations from such matter (be it remembered) having been proved by direct experiment to constitute the poison, which, getting into the blood through respiration, is the generator of fever. He describes open, filthy ditches containing all the drainage of the neighbourhood; heaps of offal in the spaces meant for gardens; lanes and alleys in Whitechapel, the drainage of which crawls along their middle in a disgusting stream; ranges of damp houses without any drainage whatever, filled with an odour nearly intolerable to the senses. As the necessary consequence, he found whole streets from which fever was never absent; in which every house was infected; particular houses in which entire families have been swept away by it again and again; small rooms in which six or eight people lived—two or three ill with fever.

Such are the scenes he witnessed in his perilous survey of the hot-beds of fever in this great city, whence the fell scourge, sometimes through some atmospheric or other cause, issues out, spreads through the favoured habitations of the rich and great, creates a panic about the "prevailing epidemic," and inflicts a dreadful retribution for their apathy. The same danger hangs over their heads always, and will from time to time visit them, until they are roused to a sense of pity and justice towards their suffering brethren.

The impression produced by the entire report led to the motion of the Bishop of London in 1839 for the extension of the inquiry, and in 1840 to Mr. Slaney's select committee for inquiring into the "Health of Towns." Mr. Slaney has been a sincere and earnest labourer in the cause. Dr. Southwood Smith was the first witness examined, and the Committee quote his evidence at great length, and refer the legislature to an important paper of his, entitled "Abstract of a Report on the prevalence of Fever in twenty metropolitan Unions in 1838."

Government now took up the measure, and Lord Normanby, then secretary for the Home Department, introduced his bill for the "Drainage of Buildings" in 1841. He was sincerely interested in the question, and, as one proof of it, had visited the worst districts himself, in company with Dr. Southwood Smith, to verify the correctness of his descriptions, and had expressed his conviction, that so far from exaggeration, these descriptions had not conveyed to his mind an adequate idea of the truth. No descriptions can do so.

(To be continued.)

Reports of Lectures,

ADDRESSED CHIEFLY TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

BY W. J. FOX.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

AFTER a man has been trying diligently, perhaps for years, to understand all the bearings of an important subject, when, with his own observation, he has combined the observations of others, as they are recorded in the pages of history; when he has endeavoured to trace the topic backwards to its first principle, and onward to its future influences upon human life, and brings the results in a condensed form, it not unfrequently happens that he is put down in a supercilious, summary way, at once, with "Oh, it is mere theory!" It was thus with the free-traders in the pending agitation. Many of them had long watched the actual operation of the laws against which they protested; others of them had attentively studied what we know of the world's affairs from generation to generation. Talk of experience—thirty or forty years is a long experience for one man; but in such works as that of

Adam Smith, you have condensed the world's experience for three thousand years. If they did not institute experiments, they availed themselves of the experiments which nature and providence make and exhibit to the eyes of mortals, that they may thence draw instruction. And yet all this was supposed to be settled merely by a shrug of the shoulders, and—"Oh, yes, this is your theory." When a reformer finds the machinery of government not working well for the purposes of government; when he sees that the commons of England are not in the Commons' House of Parliament; when he sees that hereditary legislation does not bring the sure accompaniment of hereditary wisdom; when he complains that men are linked together in society, and yet are not reaping the advantages, or enjoying the rights of society; and when he says that all this might be, and should be, differently ordered; when he begins to talk of men being born free and equal, and of all having a right to life, liberty, property, and the means of happiness,—why he, in like way, is put off with—"Oh, yes, that is mere political theory." When a philanthropist ventures to doubt whether the taking away of human life be the best way of amending human life; when he recoils from the disgusting spectacles exhibited under the name of justice; when he hints that punishment might be so ordered as to correct the individual, and thus act with a better influence on society; when he speculates on the question whether those who are often hardened in guilt by the treatment to which they are subjected, and are at last cut off altogether in the prime of life, might not, under other influences, become peaceable members of society,—whether, instead of making them glorified saints, as we sometimes do, they might not be made tolerable, and decent, and even useful members of the community; why, he, again, is turned round upon with this universal mode of settling matters,—“Oh, yes, that is mere theory; very pretty, very philanthropic, truly, but it will not do for practical men.” And so, again, when the young enter upon life, with truthful and glowing hearts; when they think that there is something like reality in friendship and affection; when they reckon upon something generous and good in human nature; when they turn away disgusted from the dark, and sordid, and selfish pictures that are presented to them by many who profess to be true delineators of human society; they are dismissed with a smile of pity, and a sort of lofty commiseration for “their mere theory, which will wear off as they get along in the world.” In fact, it is one of the most easy, and, by the frequency with which it is used, it seems to be the most favourite way, of getting rid of any notions which are not congenial with the habits of those who call themselves eminently practical: because, taking the world as it is, they have conformed to the world as it is; they endeavour to make to-day as much like yesterday as possible, hoping that the resemblance will be transmitted into to-morrow; and they assume to themselves very great credit for being above all these “theoretical notions.” Like Goldsmith's Britons:—

“Pride in each port, defiance in each eye
The lords of practicality pass by.”

until the humble, thinking man almost feels that there is some degree of wrong, of sinfulness, in theory. It exposes him to scorn; he doubts whether he has not committed an offence, if not against the law, yet against society; he feels as a felon returned from transportation, and thinks that every eye detects him as one who ought to be elsewhere; he seems as if he had the workhouse jacket on; he is obliged to beg for leave to think, as some are reduced to beg for leave to work; and whilst in the presence of those who

assume to have all real knowledge, simply because they have the power of habit, whilst others have the power of intelligence, he almost seems to shrink within himself.

There is also in the world a scorn of practice, as well as a scorn of theory, though it is not so common,—a disposition to underrate the necessity of long, and careful, and diligent application, in order to arrive at anything like a mastery, even of simple arts. How much of labour is implied in almost any form of practical knowledge, and especially in those forms of it which combine knowledge, taste, and feeling, with a dexterity of manual execution. A type of the disposition I mean is found in the well-known story of the Irishman, who, when asked whether he could play the violin, said he really did not know, for he had never tried, but he would. Well, one would rather be spared the pain of such an experiment, but something very like that is committed every day by those who think that they have only to direct their attention and throw their powers into anything whatever, and they are sure of accomplishing it. How many are there who rush into print without having—I will not say the power to scatter

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,"

—without having the genius by which alone poetry can be made the language of the human soul, but without even that mastery of words of the mechanical portion of poetic art by which they can make the verse a line—

"Of linked sweetness long drawn out;"

by which they can do justice to the machinery of the words that are to convey their thoughts and feelings to others. The dramatic art requires one to be almost cradled in it to arrive at excellence. Who of those that have had the power to open

"The sacred source of sympathetic tears,"—

who of those that have trod the boards to make the public feel, through all its multitudes, the common sensations of our nature, as called forth by the language of our great poets;—who is there of them that has not given years and years to his mighty art,—that has not been years and years in bringing it to the perfection which elicits such results, simple as those results may appear, or the means by which they are realised? And yet, what a shoal of aspirants there continually is; how many aspiring youths there are whose

"Name is Nerval on the Grampian Hills,"

and "Tom-Fool" everywhere else. I once knew a man who had a mind to build a house in a very pleasant spot which he had bought. Well, he undertook to be his own architect; he had been unused to any practice in such a department; but he said it only required common sense. He set about it; the house was founded; the floors were laid one after another; the rooms were well sized and proportioned; and the building was actually put up and finished; and there it stood, as the carpenters and masons had left it, with only this single defect, that to get from the lower floor to the upper floor there was no staircase. Even the manners of conventional life are not acquired without serving a sort of apprenticeship. Who is there that would undertake, like George III., who had very little of theory, under that low pent-house brow of his, to detect a man, amongst many hundreds, coming to his levees in the same coat he wore at the last? Napoleon, when he wished to do the monarch, was forced to call in Talma. And for any one not cradled in monarchy, or born in a court, it must require some practice to achieve those manners which are supposed to be the distinctive mark of those who rule over their fellow-men. Where a

business man as president actually governs his fellow-countrymen, he may do without all this; but in the monopolist trade of royalty, as practised in Europe, there is a sort of previous drilling quite as necessary as it is for a soldier to practice his shouldering and grounding of arms.

Throughout the whole range of purposes that are to be answered by human skill, there is need, not only for a clear comprehension of the object, but for that dexterity which is only gained by continuous application, and by bending, as it were, the powers both of mind and body to the mechanical operations that belong to every occupation, however lofty or however lowly. The grandest works of art, the sublimest efforts of the sculptor, the painter, or the architect, have in them mechanical toils implied, requiring the exercise of the eye and finger, in order to the proper embodiment and enshrinement of the idea, to present which to the world is the great aim of the inspired artist,—that which constitutes him the poet or the maker, and enables him to become the benefactor of his species.

In life itself there is a good deal that is only to be traced to practice, and that cannot be arrived at in any other way. The modes in which we act upon one another, be it rightly or wrongly, for selfish purposes or for generous ones, belong to this also. There are many who fail in this, sometimes, perhaps, from ignorance of the sort of mind on which they are vainly endeavouring to operate, and sometimes from their own want of skill in the operation. An illustration of this may be drawn from Shakespeare, in an exceedingly familiar passage in Hamlet, where his fellow-students, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, have been employed to worm out from him his secret. They set about it in a way in which he at once detects them, and thus exhibits the detection:—

HAM. Will you play upon this pipe?

GUIL. My Lord, I cannot.

HAM. I pray you.

GUIL. Believe me, I cannot.

HAM. I do beseech you.

GUIL. I know no touch of it, my lord.

HAM. 'Tis as easy as lying; govern these vanities with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent music. Look you, these are the stops.

GUIL. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

HAM. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it. Why do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me."

And then, as if to give them an example of the process, to show the servility of a mind that of itself was none of the strongest, he goes through with Polonius, the well-known process of making him say of a cloud that it was very like a camel, a weasel, and a whale. Those who pride themselves on their power of playing upon others, know the stops of the human mind; they can make any character they think speak, and in what tones they please. They may not be metaphysicians, but they have their cunning arts, and they will find out the soft and weak places of any with whom they have to do. These men of practicality in life continually overshoot themselves, by not allowing for the truth—for the integrity—for the generosity that exists in human nature. They are very cunning, but they are not cunning enough to see the work of simple honesty; and after endeavouring to trick their fellow-creatures, and succeeding, perhaps, with the foolish ones, they trick themselves most of all, and show the worthlessness of a power which has not a sound theory for its origin, as well as a skilful and cultivated practice for its application.

I said that the scorn of practice was not so common as the scorn of theory; and yet it is rather odd that it should not be, for there is great countenance for it. I know of no instance in which practice is treated more scornfully, than in filling up those most important functions, the offices of government. We see it there treated with the most contemptuous disregard. We have got a Lord St. Germans as a new Postmaster-General, who seems to have been curious to know what the post-office was that he was called to command,—who went to see how the men sorted the letters, and had not sense to stand out of the way, and escape being thumped with the newspapers thrown in to go by that night's post. Then we have a first Lord of the Admiralty, who is said to have very little conception of what masts and tadders are,—or of the distribution of navies, although he is placed at the very summit of those who have the management of our naval affairs. We have had colonial secretaries of whom it used to be said that they looked very diligently in gazetteers to ascertain where the places were with which they had to hold correspondence, and the administration of whose affairs they had to direct. We had, some time ago, a vice-president of the Board of Trade, whose only recommendation for the office, apparent to the public, was that he had written one or two very striking traggies. There has been an improvement in this matter of late,—if we may take it for granted that the same office was proffered the other day, in the administration that was *not* formed by the Whigs, to Mr. Cobden. But if it was, we are not altogether without the suspicion that it was not so much the talents of the man, and the peculiar knowledge and aptitude which he has displayed for such a post, that recommended him to notice, as the political influence which he exercised; and that any man with one-tenth of his acquaintance with affairs of trade and business, would have been put into a similar position, if he had, like Mr. Cobden, wielded the political energy of the Anti-Corn-Law League. Seldom, indeed, have we found the most remarkable men, in what may be called the practical arrangements of business, selected for posts for which they were fitted. Influence, station, authority, are the points to which government looks. Such men as Tierney and Horner, able financiers and calculators of the last generation, were not the men selected for Chancellors of the Exchequer, but a youth like Lord Henry Petty, now Marquis of Lansdowne, just fresh from college, and his head full of classics. So long as we see this disregard—this contempt of practice—the government, and the agents of the government, may talk as much as they will of the inefficiency of theory, and the absolute necessity of experience and practice, but they are giving the most obvious and preposterous example of its violation that can possibly be imagined. Their appropriateness for the office they fill is too often—I will not call it theory, for if it were it would be the most preposterous of theories, it is practice, and bad practice too; and the only real practicality about the matter is the ease with which the public cash is fingered, with which political influence is exercised, and with which party tactics are carried out for the accomplishment of party purposes.

Now had Sir Robert Peel started in life as a man of theory, rather than a man of practice, and acted constantly as one, he would have been, at this moment, in a much more enviable position. Had that been the case, even though his theories had been wrong ones, there would not have been the ceaseless incongruities that have presented themselves in his career. He would not have begun with identification with the Orange party in Ireland, and yet have been one of the

authors of Catholic Emancipation. He would not have been a great obstructor of education when attempted by others, and yet himself have become the founder of what are called "godless colleges." He would not have spent years in the formation of a great party, only to be called Judas for his pains by the members of that party. He would not have been the champion of protection for twenty years of his public life, to have to come forward as the destroyer of protection; nor would he, when striking the hardest blows ever aimed at the restriction system, yet have represented as a good to different classes, that he left some of the old links and rags of that restrictive system. Had he been the consistent man of theory, and not the ever-varying man of temporary practice, he would not now have been the author of the greatest measure of commercial reform ever submitted to a British legislature, without thanks from any creature, without the confidence of any class, with no sympathy for the individual, however much of desire there is for the realisation of all the best portions of his plan,—thus going on, preparing blessings for the community, (as I believe he is,) and yet winning no meed of thankfulness, being condemned to do good, and yet no heart throbbing with gratitude,—no voice crying "God bless him."

The common course of your practical men, who especially abound in legislation, is that of which the individual just named is a very striking example. Their common course is, to make the theory for the occasion. "Never tie yourself up to a principle," is, in fact, their doctrine. "Never bind yourselves to notions; never commit yourselves to a system; do the work of the day, and find a theory that will answer the purpose of rhetorical apology, or of recommendation of that work." Now, for instance, the theory that small constituents are needful, that clever men may get easily into parliament,—that parliament needs such persons, but that they cannot get through the wear and tear of contested elections in numerous bodies, and so that there are to be little, quiet, snug places, with from one to three hundred voters, by whom these aforesaid clever persons have to be elected. This was the theory of Sir Robert Peel when he was arguing in opposition to Lord John Russell and his Reform Bill; and this was the theory afterwards of Lord John Russell himself, when he was opposing Mr. Grote and others, who advocated the ballot and other reforms of the electoral system. Each took up the theory when it suited the purpose of the moment, showing that neither of them had any real faith in it as a political truth; but it served their purpose, it lay in their way, as Falstaff says of rebellion, and he found it. When they have done with a theory, they drop it, and it is ready for any body to take up, and use it, if they have occasion, in opposition to the very persons by whom it has previously been made prominent, and applied to the practical purposes of the day.

Now this runs through a variety of departments besides that of legislation. It is common in that which the world very often admires as oratory, and dignifies with the name of eloquence. I remember a famous speech of Patrick Henry's, a United States orator, soon after, or during the contest with this country, in which he described the overwhelming power of Great Britain, the extent of her conquests, the majesty of her renown, the force of her arms, the power of her fleets, until his auditors were perfectly aghast at the immense force which they had to prepare to encounter. Then he spoke of the magnitude of the American continent, and, turning the other end of the telescope, of the distance of that little island in

the sea; and pressing his eyes, and standing on tip-toe, he represented Great Britain as that insignificant thing which the utmost sagacity could barely detect as a mote in the sunbeam. Thus showing that in neither the one case nor the other, was there a presentation of truth to the mind, but only a rhetorical exaggeration adopted for a purpose. Then the lawyer,—what theories will not he resort to. Sir Fitzroy Kelly last year, in order to get off a murderer, started the theory that a man might eat apples so voraciously that the mere accumulation of apple-pips in his stomach might generate such a quantity of prussic acid as would put an end to human life. A man whose writings are generally marked by sincerity, on one or two occasions has not been proof against this temptation. Generally, I should say, few men have exhibited more intense truth to themselves than Dr. Channing, of America; and yet, in his well-known critique on Milton, there is a passage in which he has evidently been led away by that which has wielded an influence over the mind of so many a reviewer and essay-writer, consulting the immediate impression, rather, than the abstract or enduring truth. I allude to his apology for, or rather praise of Milton's long sentences. He says—

We mean not to deny that these charges have some grounds; but they seem to us much exaggerated; and when we consider that the difficulties of Milton's style have almost sealed up his prose writings, we cannot but lament the fastidiousness and effeminacy of modern readers. We know that simplicity and perspicuity are important qualities of style; but there are vastly nobler and more important ones; such as energy and richness, and in these Milton is not surpassed.

But what becomes of energy or richness if there be not perspicuity? How can there be intellectual power, if there be not intelligibility? He goes on—

The best style is not that which puts the reader most easily and in the shortest time in possession of a writer's naked thoughts; but that which is the truest image of a great intellect, which conveys fully, and carries farthest into other souls, the conceptions and feelings of a profound and lofty spirit. To be universally intelligible is not the highest merit. A great mind cannot, without injurious constraint, shrink itself to the grasp of common passive readers. Its natural movement is free, bold, and majestic, and it ought not to be required to part with these attributes that the multitude may keep pace with it. A full mind will naturally overflow in long sentences; and in the moment of inspiration, when thick coming thoughts and images crowd upon it, will often pour them forth in a splendid confusion, dazzling to common readers, but kindling to congenial spirits. There are writings which are clear through their shallowness. We must not expect in the ocean, the transparency of the calm inland stream. For ourselves, we love what is called easy reading, perhaps too well, especially in our hours of relaxation; but we love, too, to have our faculties tasked by master-spirits. We delight in long sentences, in which a great truth, instead of being broken up into numerous periods, is spread out in its full proportions, is irradiated with variety of illustration and imagery, is set forth in a splendid affluence of language, and flows, like a full stream, with a majestic harmony which fills at once the ear and the soul.

As if there was any analogy between breaking up a composition into short sentences, and breaking up an idea into minute fragments. The grandest impressions and the mightiest truths, may be exhibited in the most perspicuous language,—are best exhibited in the most perspicuous language; for then you are not hedged out from the contemplation of the object; you have not, as in approaching a great work of art, to look at your steps, to feel your way, and to make your footing sure; but you come to it in the broad and full advance of the mind, undiverted by any minor purpose, and are

the more capable of readily receiving whatever is in it of harmony, of proportion, and of majesty. He claims to "impose upon intellect no strict laws, for it is its own best law." True; and that is the real justification whether long sentences are employed, or short ones, like those of Dr. Channing himself, for with all his praise of long sentences, he himself is characterized by the opposite quality in the construction of his language.

Let it speak in its own language, in tones which suit its own ear. Let it not lay aside its natural post, or dwarf itself; that it may be comprehended by the surrounding multitude. If not understood and relished now, let it place a generous confidence in other ages, and utter oracles which futurity will expound.

Now the sufficient reply to this is, that Milton could not mean to reserve the sense of his passages, like oracles, for posterity. What did he write for? To drive hireling bishops from their thrones; to help on the cause of reformation in Church and State; to put down oppressions that revolted his aspiring and generous nature; and to lead his country to claim and exercise her ancient prerogative of teaching the nations how to live. He wrote for immediate effect on the surrounding multitudes. He endeavoured to go at once to their minds and to their hearts; he endeavoured to stimulate them to determined and active resistance; and when they carried that resistance to the extreme, he became their defender and their champion, and produced that glorious work whereof all Europe rang from side to side. Intelligibility must have been the first object of such a man, whenever he thought of his style at all, whether his sentences were long or short. It is the character of the mind, and the work which a writer has in process of accomplishment, that is to determine the style he must adopt. His natural mode of speech is the true mode of speech; and the most complicated truth ever communicated to the world, can be communicated as easily in the simplest sentences as in the most prolonged and complicated.

Instead of taking the word "theory" as sufficient to dispose of any intellectual matter that is presented, it were better to distinguish between sound and unsound theory. It were better to bear in mind that all accumulations of observations, and stores of knowledge, need arrangement and condensation; that unless the world is to begin its life over again with every generation, there must be something far beyond what any individual can have observed; there must be a skill which he, by his own unaided practice, can never arrive at; there must be general results that cannot have been brought under his notice in his few short and fleeting years. Theory is the accumulation of all practice. If sound theory, it is the accumulation of practice until general principles may be fairly deduced from it, and made the rule and guidance of future practice. It is that which renders the exertions of one set of persons available to other persons; it is that which gives us our heritage in the toil of those who have gone before us; and realises to the world at once the good which through a long series of ages has been accumulating.

A man whose particular turn of mind, one would have thought, indisposed him to do justice to the advantages of theory, as distinguished from practice; a man who was noted for searching out into details, and pursuing to its minutest ramifications every subject that he undertook to elucidate,—I mean Jeremy Bentham,—had yet so strong a perception of the worth of theory, that he suggested, in his "Rationale of Reward," that in states there should be something like a recompense for those who had arrived at the formation of

(theory, (which he regarded as one of the first steps in the progress of civilization,) without having themselves the skill to make it practically available.

Theoretical researches (he says) should be encouraged. If this method of encouraging theoretic researches has been neglected, it has been because the intimate connection between the sciences and arts—between theory and practice—has only been well understood by philosophers themselves; the greater number of men recognise the utility of the sciences only at a moment when they are applied to immediate use. The ignorant are always desirous of humbling the wise; gratifying their self-love, by accusing the sciences of being more curious than useful. "All your books of natural history are very pretty," said a lady to a philosopher, "but you have never saved a single loaf of our trees from the teeth of the insect." Such is the frivolous judgment of the ignorant. There are many discoveries which, though at first sight they might seem useless in themselves, have given birth to thousands of others of the greatest utility. It is in conducting the sciences to this point, that encouragements might thus be advantageously employed, instead of being bestowed in what are generally called rewards. When the discoveries of science can be practically used in the increase of the mass of general wealth, they receive a reward naturally proportioned to their utility: it is, therefore, for such discoveries as are not thus immediately applicable, that reward is most necessary. Of this nature are most of the discoveries of chemistry. Is a new earth discovered? a new air, a new salt, a new metal? The utility of the discovery is at first confined to the pleasure experienced by those interested in such researches. This ordinarily is all the benefit reaped by the discoverer; occupied in making further discoveries, he leaves it to others to reap their fruits. It is those who follow him who apply them to the purposes of art, and levy contributions upon the individuals who are desirous of enjoying the fruits of his labour. Ought the master workman, who sees no particular individual upon whom he may levy a contribution, therefore to go without reward?

In his book of "Fallacies," he takes up a phrase which is very prevalent in some people's mouths,— "Oh, it is good in theory, but bad in practice,"—a very preposterous combination of the reality of science and the non-reality of the art derived from science.

One consequence, is, that when by accident a plan comes upon the carpet, in the formation of which the only legitimate end of government has been looked to, if the beaten track of nature has in ever so slight a degree been departed from, the practical man, the man of nature, knows not what to make of it: its goodness, if it be good—its badness, if it be bad, are alike removed out of the sphere of his observance. If it be conducive to the end, it is more than he can see; for the end is what he has not been used to look to.

For the consideration of any plan which he has not been used to, is to consider what, in the department in question, is the proper end of every plan that can be presented, and whether the particular plan in question be conducive to that end: what he has been used to is to consider whether in the matter and form it be like what he has practised. If in a certain degree unlike, it throws him into a sort of perplexity. If the plan be a good one, and in the form of reasons, the points of advantage whereby it is conducive to the proper end in view have been presented,—and in such sort that he sees not any, the existence of which he feels himself able to contest, nor at the same time any disadvantages which he can present in the character of preponderant ones,—he will be afraid so far to commit himself as to pronounce it a bad one. By way of compounding the matter, and to show his candour, if he be on good terms with you, he will perhaps admit it to be good,—viz. in theory. But this concession made,—it being admitted and undeniable, that theory is one thing, and practice another, he will take a distinction, and, to pay him for his concession, propose to you to admit that it is not the thing for practice; in a word, that it is good in theory, bad in practice.

That there have been plans in abundance which have

been found bad in practice, and many others which would, if tried, have proved bad in practice, is altogether out of dispute.

That of each description there have been many which in theory have appeared, and with reference to the judgment of some of the persons by whom they have been considered, have been found *plausible*, is likewise out of dispute.

What is here meant to be denied is, that a plan which is essentially incapable of proving good in practice, can with propriety be said to be good in theory.

Whenever, out of a number of circumstances the concurrence of all of which is necessary to the success of a plan, any one is, in the calculation of the effects expected from it omitted, any such plan will, in proportion to the importance of the omitted circumstance, be defective in practice; and if such be the degree of importance, bad upon the whole, a bad one; the disadvantageous effects of the plan not finding a compensation in the advantageous ones.

When the plan of illumination of the streets by gas-lights was laid before the public by the person who considered himself, or gave himself out for the inventor, one of the items in the article of expense—one capital article, viz. that of the pipes, was omitted. On the supposition that the pipes might all of them have been had for nothing, and that in the plan so exhibited no other such imperfections were to be found, the plan would, to the persons engaged in the undertaking, be not merely advantageous, but advantageous in the prodigious degree therein represented. If, on the contrary, the expense of this omitted article were such as to more than counterbalance the alleged balance on the side of profit, then would the plan with reference to the undertakers, prove disadvantageous upon the whole, and in one word, a bad one.

But, whatever it prove to be in practice, in theory, having so important an omission in it, it cannot but be pronounced a bad one; for every plan in which, in the account of advantages and disadvantages,—of profit and losses—any item is on the side of disadvantage or loss omitted, is, in proportion to the magnitude of each loss, a bad one, how advantageous soever upon trial the result may prove upon the whole.

In the line of political economy, most plans that have been adopted and employed by government for enriching the community by money given to individuals have been bad in practice.

And thus it is, that wherever there is failure in the application of a principle, there is either some practical error in the application, or there is some flaw in the principle itself. Moreover, there are bad theories, as well as good, and I must draw a little further on Bentham for an illustration of one of these, and of the way in which practical abuses are helped out by theoretical anomalies:—

Matchless Constitution.—The constitution has some good points: it has some bad ones: it gives facility, and until reform—radical reform—shall have been accomplished, security and continual increase to waste, depredation, oppression and corruption in every department, and in every variety of shape.

Now in their own name respectively, waste, depredation, oppression, corruption, cannot be toasted; gentlemen would not cry, Waste for ever! Depredation for ever! Oppression for ever! Corruption for ever! But the Constitution for ever! this a man may cry, and does cry, and makes a merit of it.

Of this instrument of rhetoric, the use is at least as old as Aristotle. As old as Aristotle is even the receipt for making it; for Aristotle has himself given it; and of how much longer standing the use of it may have been, may baffle the sagacity of a Mitford to determine. How sweet are gall and honey! how white are soot and snow!

Matchless Constitution! there's your sheet anchor!—there's your true standard!—rally round the Constitution;—that is rally round waste, rally round depredation, rally round oppression, rally round corruption, rally round election terrorism, rally round imposture—imposture on the hustings, imposture in honourable house, imposture in every judicatory.

"Connected with this toasting and this boasting, is a theory, such as a Westminster or Eton boy on the sixth form, a ye, or his grandmother, might be ashamed of. For among those who are loudest in crying out theory, (as often as any attempt is made at reasoning, any appeal made to the universally known and indisputable principles of human nature), always may some silly sentimental theory be found.

"The constitution,—why must it not be looked into?—why is it, that under pain of being *ipso facto* anarchist, convict, we must never presume to look at it otherwise than with those eyes? Because it was the work of our ancestors;—of ancestors, of legislators, few of whom could so much as read, and those few had nothing before them that was worth the reading. First theoretical supposition, *wisdom of barbarian ancestors*.

"When from their ordinary occupations, their order of the day, the cutting of one another's throats, or those of Welchmen, Scotchmen, or Irishmen; they could steal now and then a holiday, how did they employ it? In cutting Frenchmen's throats in order to get their money; this was active virtue. Leaving Frenchmen's throats uncut was indolence, slumber, inglorious ease. Second theoretical supposition, *virtue of barbarian ancestors*.

"Then fraught with habitual wisdom and habitual virtue, they sat down and devised: and setting before them the best ends, and pursuing those best ends by the best means, they framed—in outline at any rate—they planned and executed our matchless constitution—the constitution as it stands; and may it for ever stand!

"Planned and executed? On what occasion? On none. At what place? At none. By whom? By nobody.

"What then says the only true theory—that theory which is uniformly confirmed by all experience?

"On no occasion, in no place, at no time, by no person possessing any adequate power, has any such end in view as the establishing the greatest happiness of the greatest number, been hitherto entertained, on no occasion, on the part of any such person, has there been any endeavour, any wish for any happiness other than his own, and that of his own confusions, or any care about the happiness and security of the subject-matter, any further than his own has been regarded as involved in it."

A way has been suggested, which is not a bad one, for testing any practice; get at its real theory—see how it looks in theory, and then you have a much better opportunity of coming to a sound judgment upon the practice itself. For instance, we look on, slightly protesting, perhaps, or so disgusted that we turn away, at the infliction of capital punishment, at those public executions, where the taking away of human life is subjected to the gaze of multitudes. We now hear this; we talk of the necessity of upholding the dread of punishment, and securing society by apprehension of the extreme form of punishment. But who, of all that viewed a recent exhibition of this kind in this metropolis, who would hold it out as a theory that to strangle a woman in public is a good way of promoting public morality, and of disseminating just and Christian principles in a people?

We have in our legislature a set of men who grasp the real power of the empire; they arrive at that eminence by party tactics, often embodying the most sordid and selfish principles; with majorities they carry everything before them. Each party, as its strength preponderates, has these high offices of state to distribute amongst its adherents; they really govern the country, and they bound on their dependents to plunder the country; the sovereign has to be surrounded by the people whom they appoint, even in what to others would be the retirement of domestic life. Each party, when he chooses, throws up the game into the hands of his opponent, who has to be "sent for" as a mere matter of course. Office is handed from one to another according to their tactics, and not according to any will of the individuals who have to repeat the words that either the one or

the other may prescribe. They are the real sovereigns; and yet the theory is, all the world over, that the ministers are the servants of the sovereign for the time being.

Who is there that can ever say he is secure from the grasp of law? Who is there that knows the whole of the law upon any topic or bearing whatsoever? Who of those that are most learned in the law, most fluent in their pleadings, or most dignified in their judicial station? How many of the people have any authoritative concern in the making of laws? They are free from any art or part in the work of legislation, as they are innocent of any real or extensive knowledge of what stands in force upon our statute-book. And yet it is the theory of government in this country, that every individual knows the law, and that the laws which bind all are assented to by all. In fact, the state is replete with false theories. It is a theory that Christianity is our religion, whilst our multiplication of oaths, and our trifling with oaths, our sordid selfishness, our pugnacity of disposition, our total disregard of even the first claims of man upon man, our different modes of social persecution and intimidation, all these show that the theory is altogether false, and that it is only in law that (Christianity is our religion, but that in our hearts some other power is enshrined more loftily, and prevails over the land more largely. It is the theory under which we live, that the law is open and easy of access, and that for every wrong there is a remedy; and yet this is one of the falsest of theories. Every day brings its wrong for which there is no remedy. The little oppressions that are committed in our streets, the cruelties which are perpetrated in gaols and work-houses—where is there for these retribution, or security from them? What is there more frequent in the world, practically, than wrong without a remedy, in spite of the maxim which tells us the contrary from day to day; and thus it is much like Bentham's theory of a "matchless constitution."

Try practice by theory, and theory by practice. In truth, every man has a theory, though it may be a bad one. The corrupt voter at an election has a theory;—that he may tamper with bribery, and benefit himself, without committing any crime that will even give his conscience the slightest trouble. The drunkard has a theory;—it is, that he gets an amount of social enjoyment in the liquor he drinks which the teetotaler is a poor creature for not availing himself of. The very thief has a theory;—that he can do better than in ways of honest industry, by what has been termed, irregular abstraction of the property of others.

And if classes such as these have theories, I would say to better classes,—do you have them also, and act upon them. Have a theory, young men who are entering upon life, a theory of justice between man and man,—a recognition of the rights of others, as well as a regard for your own rights,—a determination to pursue a fair, open, straightforward course, by whatever temptations you may be surrounded. Have a theory of justice, and act upon it; and you will find it amply remunerate you in your sense of human dignity; the regard for yourselves which it will inspire in you, and which will be as a stronghold in times when other minds are tossed about, and will make you not only well proportioned in the development of your own powers, but will give you strength to act well for others, and to increase their sum of good and enjoyment in the world in which they are pursuing their course by the side of yours. Have a theory of excellence, in the occupation in which you toil; and pity it is that there is not more of theory in connection with daily practice, raising men's minds to the desire of ex-

cellence, though it be in the most simple mechanical operation in which they can be employed at earning their daily bread and cheese. There is a good and bad in everything; and how much there is in the world of work that is more frequently ill done than well done, because people consider it simply a something that is to be dispatched in the most summary way possible, and turn all their pride and aspiration in a different course. It is an honourable dignity, that of being the best workman in any kind of function in which humanity can be honourably employed; and a beautiful illustration of this was put in my way only a few minutes before I arrived here, in a few lines composed by a journeyman printer in the north, (J. C. Prince), and produced at the annual soirée of the Stockton Literary Society. They are the words of a man who understands the real worth and dignity of toil.

"Who will deny the dignity of that enduring toil
That penetrates earth's treasure glooms, and ploughs
her sunny soil?
That flings the shuttle, plies the hammer, guides the
spinning-wheel,
Moulds into shape the rugged ore, and bends the stub-
born steel?
That hews the mountain's heart, piles the patrician
dome,
Leans to some lone and lowly craft beneath a lowlier
home?
And who will say that my employ hath not the power
to bless,
Or scorn the humble hand that wields the wonder-
working Press?
"With ready finger, skilful eye, and proudly-cheerful
heart,
I link those potent signs that make the magic of my
art;
Till, word by word, and line by line, expands the goodly
book,
Wherein a myriad eyes, ere long, with eager souls will
look,
The lightning wit, the thunder truth, the tempest
passion there,
The touching tones of poesy, the lesson pure and fair,
Come forth upon the virgin page, receive their out-
ward dress,
And to inspire an anxious world, seem glowing from
the Press?"

Such is a true man's conception of the mental and moral dignity that may be associated with even the mechanical portion of the operations by which he earns his daily bread; and we must concede that it is but a rightful estimate of the worth of work, and of the tendency of toil to ameliorate the condition, and advance the progress of the human race.

I say, then, have a theory of your toil; have a theory of society and of government. Do not look on the world as a chaos. Do not consider merely the measures of the day; and however limited may be the sphere in which your opinions are of consequence, or even if they are of none at all, do not have to eat your words from month to month, or from year to year, because you do not look ahead, because you have not general principles that apply themselves to the events of one year as well as to the events of another year. Have some conception of the arrangement of human rights, of the combination of human tendencies into the great machinery of a government and a nation; and be that your guidance; make those enduring principles the lesson which you have well learned, and which it is the business of your life, as a politician, to apply in practice. Have a theory of human life itself. Consider what it is, to what it should be devoted, how its ends can best be realised, what it is capable of yielding in good to yourselves and others. Mark how essential to it is progress,—

essential in the individual, as it is essential in the nation, or in the human race at large. Have a high and lofty object ever before you. Steer, as the mariner does, by the northern star: you may never reach it, but you will accomplish much that is most useful and blessed on the journey. You will approximate yet nearer and nearer to the ideal right and good formed in your own mind; and by the very act of its formation, you will gain dignity and force. It is by science that practical men are rendered of service to the world. Theory is the science, as practice is the art; and the mere Utopia, if it be wisely pictured, of one age, is the anticipation of the actual history of the age to come.

A LYTELL GESTE OF ROBYN HOUE.

(Continued from page 98.)

"Go we to dinner," said Little Johan,
Robin Hood saide "nay,
For I dread our lady be wroth with me,
For she sent me not my pay."
"Have no doubt, master," said little Johan,
"Yet is not the sun at rest,
For I dare say, and safely swear,
The knight is true and trust."
"Take thy bow in thy hand," said Robin,
"Let Muche wend with thee,
And squall William Scathecock,
And no man abide with me;
And walke up unto the Sayles,
And [un]to Hermin Street,
And wait after some stranger guest,
Up' chance ye may them meet.
Whether he be messenger,
(Or a man that mirthes con;)
If he be a poore man,
Of my goods he shall have some."
Forth then start, Little Johan,
Half in tray and tene;
And gird him with a full good sword,
Under a mantle of green.
They went up to the Sayles,
These yeomen all three;
They looked east, they looked west,
They mighte no man see.
But as they looked in Barnsdale,
By the highe way;
Then they were ware of two black monks,
Each on a good palfrey.
Then bespake little Johan,
To Muche he gan say;
"I dare lay my life to pledge,
That these monks have brought our pay.
Make glad cheer," said Little Johan,
"And frese our bows of yew
And look your heartes be seker and sad,
Your stringes trusty and true.
The monk hath two and fifty men,
And seven sumpters full strong;
There rideth no bishop in this land,
So royally I understand.

(1) Trusty—trustworthy

(2) That is to say, can make mirth, as a minstrel, juggler, &c.

(3) Half in anger, and sorrow,—to be so delayed of his dinner.

(4) "Wed." (5) The meaning of this word is unknown.

(6) Sure and steady.

(7) "Fifty-two."

(8) Sumpter horses.

Bretheren," said Little Johan,
 "Here are no more but three;
 But we bring them to dinner,
 Our master dare we not see.

Bend your bows," said little Johan,
 "Make all yon press¹ to stand;
 The foremost monk—his life and his death,
 Is closed in my hand.

Abide, churl monk!" said Little Johan,
 "No farther that thou gone;
 If thou dost, by dear worthy God,
 Thy death is in my hand.

And evil thrift on thy head," said Little John,
 "Right under thy hatt² bond;³
 For thou hast made our master r⁴ oth,
 He is fasting so long."

"Who is your master?" said the monk,
 Little John said, "Robin Hood."
 "He is a strong thief," saide the monk,
 "Of him heard I never good."

"Thou liest!" then said Little Johan,
 "And that shall rus⁵ thee;
 He is a yeoman of the forest,
 To dine he hath bode⁶ thee."

Much was ready with a bolt,
 Ready, and a none;⁷
 He struck the monk upon the breast,⁸
 To the ground that he must gone.

Of fifty two wight young men,
 There abode no one;
 Save a little page and a groom,
 To lead the sumpters with John.

They brought the monk to the lodged⁹ door,
 Whether he were loth or lefe,¹⁰
 For to speak with Robin Hood,
 Maugre in their teeth.¹¹

Robin did adown his hood,
 The monk when that he see;
 The monk was not so courteous,
 His hood then let he be.

"He is a churl, master, by dear worthy God,"
 Then said Little Johan.
 "Thereof no matter,"¹² said Robin,
 "For courtesy can he none.

How many men," said Robin,
 "Hadde this monk, Johan?"
 "Fifty and two when that we met,
 But many of them be gone."

"Let blow a horn," said Robin,
 "That fellowship may us know;
 Seven score of wight yeomen,
 Came pricking on a row.

And every of them a good mantel
 Of scarlet and of ray;¹³
 All they came to good Robin,
 To wit¹⁴ what he would say.

They made the monk to wash and wipe,
 And sit at his dinner;¹⁵
 Robin Hood and Little Johan,
 They served both in fern.¹⁶

"Do gladly, sir monk," said Robin,
 "Grammercy, sir," said he.
 "Where is your abbey, when ye are at home,
 And who is your avow¹⁷?"¹⁸

"Saint Mary Abbey," said the monk,
 "Though I be simple here."
 "In what office?" said Robin;
 "Sir, the high cellarer."

"Ye be the more welcome," said Robin,
 "So ever may I the¹⁹
 Fill of the best wine;" said Robin,
 "This monk shall drink to me.

But I have great marvel," said Robin,
 "Of all this longo day;
 I dread our lady be wroth with me,
 She sent me not my pay."

"Have no doubt, master," said Little Johan,
 "Ye have no need, I say,
 This monk it hath brought, I dare well swear,
 For he is of her abbey."

"And she was a surety,"²⁰ said Robin,
 "Between a knight and me,
 Of a little money that I him lent,
 Under the greenwood tree.

And if thou hast that silver brought,
 I pray thee let me see;
 And I shall helpe thee eftsoons²¹
 If thou hast need of me."

The monk swore a full great oath,
 With a sorry cheer,
 "Of the suretyship²² thou speakest to me,
 Heard I never ere."²³

"I make mine avow to God," said Robin,
 "Monke, thou art to blame,
 For God is holde a righteous man,
 And so is his dame."

Thou toldest with thine owen tongue,
 Thou may not saye nay;
 How thou arte her servant,
 And servest her every day.

And thou art made her messenger,
 My money for to pay;
 Therefore I can the more thank,
 Thou art come at thy day.

What is in yon coffers?" said Robin,
 "True then tell thou me;"
 "Sir," he saide, "twenty mark,
 All so mote I the."²⁴

"If there be no more," said Robin,
 "I will not one penny;
 If thou hast myst²⁵er of any more
 Sir, more²⁶ shall I lend thee.

And if I find more," said Robin
 "I wis thou shalt it foregone,²⁷
 But²⁸ of thy spending-silver,²⁹ monk,
 Thereof will I right none.

(1) Patron or founder

(2) Thrive. The reader will, of course, perceive that Robin Hood instantly remembers the connexion of the monk of St. Mary Abbey, with the good knight, who had so interested him and whose return for the borrowed money he is hourly expecting—and we have no doubt, whatever he may say for the sake of the practical wit, that he plays off upon the monk—in full faith that he will not be disappointed.

(3) Brown.

(5) "Borrowhood"

(7) Mother.

(9) Need.

(11) Robin Hood is too humane and noble to interfere with the monk's spending silver, that is the money he requires for his necessities on his journey. If this really be the extent of the monk's treasury, he will increase rather than diminish it.

(4) Hereafter.

(6) Before.

(8) May I thrive.

(10) For.

(1) Crowd.

(3) Bladder.

(6) Unwilling or willing.

(8) "Force."

(10) Know.

(2) Band.

(4) At once.

(7) In spite of their teeth.

(9) Undyed cloth.

(11) Company.

(3) "He set the monk to fore the breast."

To the ground that he can gone."

Go now forth, Little Johan,
And the truth tell thou me;
If there be more but twenty marks,
No penny [of] that I see."

Little John spread his mantle down,
As he had done before;
And he told out of the monk's mail,
Eight hundred pounds, and more!

Little John let it lie full still,
And went to his master in haste;
"Sir" he said, "the monk is true enough,
Our lady hath doubled your cost."

"I make mine avow to God," said Robin,
—"Monke what told I thee?"—
Our lady is the truest woman
That ever yet found I me.

By dear worthy God," said Robin,
"To seek all England thorough;
Yet found never to my pay,
A much better borrow."

Pill of the best wine! do him drink" said
Robin,

"And greet well thy lady hende,"
And if she have need of Robin Hood,
A friend she shall him find.

And if she needeth any more silv'r,
Come then again to me;
And by this token she hath me sent,
She shall have such three."

The monk was going to London ward,
There to hold great mass;
The knight that rode so high on horse,
To bring him under foot.

"Whither be ye away?" said Robin,
"Sir, to manors in this land;
To reckon with our reves"
That have done much wrong."

"Come now forth, Little Johan,
And hearken to my tale;
A better yeoman I know none
To search a monk's mail.

"How much is in you other," said Robin,
"The soothe must we see;"
"By our lady," then said the monk,
"That were no courtesy."

To bidde a manne to dinner
And sith him beat and bind,"
"It is our olde manner," said Robin,
"To leave but little behind."

The monks took the horse with spur,
No longer would he abide;
"Ask to drink" then said Robin,
"Ere that ye farther ride."

"Nay, for God," then said the monk,
"Me reeth I came so near,
For better cheap¹⁰ I might have dined
In Blythe or in Doncaster."

"Greet well your abbot," said Robin,
"And your prior, I pray,
And bid him send me such a monk,
To dinner every day."

"Now lette we this monk be still,
And speak us of the knight;
Yet he came to hold his day,
While that it was light."

He did him straight to Barnsdale,
Under the greenwood tree;
And he found there Robin Hood,
And all his merry men.

The knight light¹ down of his good palfrey
Robin then he gan see,
So courteously he did adown his hood,
And set him on his knee.

"God thee save good Robin Hood,
And all this company,"
"Welcome be thou gentle knight,
And right welcome to me."

Then bespake him Robin Hood,
To that knight so free;
"What need driveth thee to greenwood,
I pray thee, sir knight, tell me."

"And welcome be thou, gentle knight,
Why hast thou been so long?"
"For the abbot and the high justice
Would have had my land."

"Hast thou thy land again?" said Robin
"Truth then tell thou me?"
"Yea, for God," said the knight,
"And of that thank I God and thee."

But take not a grief, I have been so long,
I came by a wrestling,
And there I did help a poor yeoman
With wrong was put behind."

"Nay, for God," said Robin
"Sir knight that thank I thee,
What man that helpeth a good yeoman,
His friend then will I be."

"Have here four hundred pound," said the
knight,

"The which ye lent to me;
And here is also twenty marks
For your courtesy."

"Nay, for God," then said Robin,
"Thou keep it well for aye;"
For our lady, by her cellarer
Hath sent to me my pay;

And if I took it twice,
A shame it were to me,
But truly gentle knight
Welcome art thou to me."

When Robin had told his tale,
He laugh'd, and had good cheer,
"By my truth," then said the knight,
"Your money is ready here."

"Keep it well," said Robin,
"Thou gentle knight so free,
And welcome be thou gentle knight,
Under my trynging tree."

But what shall these bows do?" said Robin,
"And these arrows feather'd free,"
"By God," then said the knight,
"A poor present to thee."

"Come now forth, Little Johan,
And go to my treasury,
And bring me there four hundred pounds,
The monk overtold it me."

(1) Haste.

(2) Gentle or sweet.

(3) Meeting—hence the word *waiter*.

(4) Stewards.

(5) Other offer or mail.

(6) This we presume is merely the figurative expression of the monk's bitterness at the treatment he experiences.

(10) An Anglicised French idiom, signifying cheaper.

(2) Surety.

(4) Three times over.

(7) Seek

(1) Alighted.

(2) "Broke."

Have here four hundred pounds,
Thou gentle knight and true,
And buy horse and harness good,
And gild thy spurs all new.

And if thou fail any spending,
Come to Robin Hood,
And by my truth thou shalt none fail,
The while I have any good.

And keep well thy four hundred pounds
Which I lent to thee,
And make thy selfe no more bare
By the counsel of me."

Thus then helped Robin Hood
The knight of all his care,
God that sitteth in heaven high
Grant us well to fare.

[Here ends one of the three stories that form the
"Lyttell Geste;" the others we shall give shortly.]

THE ARTIZAN AND THE TALLY-MAN.

By CAROLINE A. WHITE.

(A continuation of the *Artizan and the Loan Society*, in
page 70.)

In a three-pair back-room, in a dingy street in Somers-Town, some half-dozen women and girls were employed at stock-making; no relation existed between them save that of trade-craft, but they worked together for economy sake—one fire serving them all—and if the truth must be spoken, for the comfort they found in canvassing the concerns of their acquaintance, and interchanging all the news, ill-natured or otherwise, obtainable amongst them. I say comfort, for it is the only word to express the cozy satisfaction that diffused itself in their countenance during these congenial discussions—especially should anything approaching scandal be introduced, it was curry-powder to the otherwise insipid dish of small talk, and, like that condiment in the ducal recipe, never failed to warm, while ever so little, literally went a great way—for this little back room contained, in fact, the scandal club of the neighbourhood.

"A pretty thing the Blachlys have done for themselves," said one of the party, looking round on her associates, who instantly turned five pairs of inquiring eyes upon her, and burst into a simultaneous "What?"

"What!" echoed the first, "What! don't you know?"

"No."

"Why, all their furniture has been seized for debt, and they have been obliged to move—and are living in some mean place or another, without a single thing for their use."

"Law!" chimed two or three voices.

"And serve them right, too," exclaimed the nearest approach to an old maid amongst them.

"I have no patience with people marrying without a farthing to bless themselves with—nor anything provided towards housekeeping."

"Poor Meg," said the youngest of them; "she was a nice girl, too, and so good-natured."

"I can't think what she wanted to marry for," rejoined the speaker; "she could earn fourteen shillings a week at her trade, sometimes more, and I'm sure that would have kept her better than she's ever been kept since, I dare say. I said how it would be, when I heard of the match, didn't I, Mrs. Sharpe?"

"Marry in haste, and repent at leisure," moralized a third.

"Well, John Blachly was certainly a very good-looking young man," suggested the younger one, by way of palliation; "indeed, he is so still, for that matter."

"Ah, that is all chits of girls think of," said the presumptive old maid; "they say, 'please your eye, plague your heart,' and I shouldn't wonder if Margaret Mills has found it true by this time."

"Well, I wasn't quite sure," interrupted the one who had been addressed as Mrs. Sharpe, "but I thought I saw Blachly coming out of Gullum's the other evening, and I shouldn't wonder if they get things from him; you know he has set up a *Tally*, and sells everything."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder," assented the entire.

And they were right. To go into furnished lodgings was out of the question—to remain without the common appliances of the meanest home equally so; a week or two's endeavouring to get things about them, one at a time, as Margaret suggested, had served to disgust her husband with the attempt, and it required many weeks to enable them to purchase even a single article, upon the trifling saving effected from his wages.

"How silly you are, Margaret," he exclaimed one day, in reply to some objections she had started, as to procuring furniture at the *Tally-man's*, "I tell you it is not at all like getting money from the loan societies. There is no cheating in it—you have the goods and pay for them at your own convenience, and if they do charge a little dearer than other people, it is only reasonable interest for the time they are kept out of their money."

"Aye, you not ~~say~~ pay dearer for them than elsewhere," said Margaret, "but the quality is not near so good as at a regular shop."

"Stuff and nonsense! a'int they regular shops? why I never heard any one talk like you, running down things that you know nothing about."

"Nor don't wish to it," sighed the poor woman, "I would rather go without things for ever—or make any shift rather than suffer what I have done the last two years, through being in debt."

"You are very contrary, when you like it," replied her husband; "I tell you I cannot bear to see the place so empty and comfortless: and"—

"Oh! do not say anything more about it," interrupted his wife, "do as you please—whatever happens, let us not have words, I could bear anything but that;" and she rose up under pretence of giving him the baby to hold while she adjusted its cot, but, in reality, that she might press her lips to his ruffled forehead, and scatter the indication of angry feelings that lurked there—and it is but fair to suppose that, for the sake of these little blandishments, Blachly often affected a dissatisfied air—just as spoiled children pretend to cry for the sake of being pacified with *bon bons*; he liked it to be understood that he had a way of his own, and that he would sometimes have his own way—the first he had demonstrated by expression of countenance as well as words—the other, the meek caress of his wife assured him of, and thereupon he became content.

"Now you are like yourself, Margaret," he observed, "reasonable and good-tempered;" and poor Margaret really believed she had been guilty of a lapse of both these qualities, and that, though she should not have minded a little longer putting up with things as they were, it was too much to expect that her husband should rest contented in a room covered with a baize, instead of a carpet, and with only a couple of chairs and table for use. So Mrs. Blachly not only assented to the necessity of her

husband's suggestions, but a day or two afterwards, went herself to choose the pattern of the carpet, and the fashion of the chairs.

Now this proceeding we may remark might just as well have been let alone; for whoever visits a tally-shop with the expectation of selection will be grievously deceived.

No choice awaits them, between going without the articles they require, or taking such as the dealer chooses to offer, and which are invariably of the very worst description, and charged at the most extortionate price. This Margaret Blachly knew already from report, but nothing short of personal experience could have convinced her of the gross impositions too often practised by these tradesmen on their necessitous, or purse-straitened customers. Chairs of a kind ordinarily ticketed at the doors of cheap furniture warehouses at 14s. 6d. the half-dozen, and the very best of which can be purchased at a respectable upholsterers for 3s. the chair, were impudently charged at three and thirty shillings, or 5s. 6d. each; while a small and paltry carpet, half cotton, was set down as superfine Kidderminster at a corresponding price. Altogether Mrs. Blachly found her account for these items amount to 4l. 17s.; and as the rule of the trade is to have the goods paid for in three months, (a calculation pretty nearly accomplished when the required instalment of 1s. 6d. per week for each pound is kept paid) her income was fettered with a tax of something more than 7s. weekly for that period—a consideration sufficient to fill her with anxiety—to dull the brightness of the new carpet, and make the imperfections of the chairs more visible. Her husband felt nothing of this, he saw his home look smarter, and more like what it had formerly been; and as he had never calculated the necessary items of a week's house-keeping, or taken into consideration how much of his year's wages it took to clothe them, he looked upon the affair with his usual complacency (where his personal comfort was not opposed), as a very easy one, and tried each chair in turn, and trod the carpet with as much apparent satisfaction as if the tallyman's account were already receipted. But this gratulatory feeling did not last long, it went off with the missing comforts, when the reduction of seven shillings from a week's pay rendered a necessary sacrifice on the housewife's part; five shillings a week's rent, added to these seven, left but thirteen out of twenty-five his weekly wages averaged; these were again mulcted of two, for light and firing, and thus all that remained for provisions, or any incidental expense, was eleven shillings. It was no wonder, therefore, that poor Meg Blachly had (as she expressed it), to look twice at the money before she spent it; and instead of providing what her husband considered a comfortable dinner every day, to resort to all the contrivances that poverty substitutes for wholesome diet. Blachly bore this change for a few weeks with comparative philosophy—then he hinted, that hard as he worked, they never seemed anything the better for it, that those anomalous dishes, all shreds and seasoning, with which she was in the habit of deluding his appetite, might do very well for women and children, but were of little service to a hard-working man; and then Margaret resorted to the evil system of making anything as she said do for herself, while she bought her husband's forbearance with beefsteaks and mutton chops; and though at first he demurred a little to exhibit such unqualified selfishness, with every fresh entanglement of his affairs, this latter feeling was strengthening, to the gradual extinction of his really kindly nature, and after a day or two he ceased to protest against the innovation. Meanwhile other wants be-

gan to arise, and in spite of the mortgaged state of his means, to press for immediate attention; shoes he must have; men cannot go to their daily employment without them, or in broken ones; a woman, indeed, could slip about the house in any sort, but in his case it was different, and before half the former debt was paid, the tallyman was again applied to, and twelve shillings more added to the account, and thus they kept on. How could it be otherwise? The very circumstance of a man or woman having dealings at a tally-shop, precludes the possibility of laying out their money elsewhere, their earnings are owing before they are due; and they are as virtually bonded to this want-producing system, as if they had signed a deed to the effect. And now Blachly began to find that his wife's original scruples with regard to the quality of goods purchased at these places were but too correct; hitherto he had shut his eyes to the perception of this, and would see no fault either in the chairs, or carpet, till six months' wear had extinguished the colours of the one, and so warped the unseasoned wood of which the others were made, that they fell apart spontaneously; these annoyances considerably heightened the discomfort of the debt, and added irritability to the depression, which a consciousness of pecuniary enthrallment invariably produces in the breast of an honest person. This feeling affected, as a matter of course, his disposition, and as Margaret shared it likewise, I regret to say, they were not nearly so happy as they had formerly been when harassed by similar anxieties. But Margaret knew then that mutual inexperience, and the sophistry of others, had led them into the misfortune. Now her husband had voluntarily sought it, even with the bitter consequences of that imprudence fresh in his recollection. Week after week did the poor woman by personal sacrifices never hinted to her husband, make a shift to keep the tallyman's instalment paid; but alas! household necessities will not stand still; and as she had not the command of a single fraction of ready money, beyond the pittance with which she just managed to keep house, when her husband and her children (for she had two of them now), required fresh clothing, nothing was left to her, but to give an order to the agent, who made his appearance at her door regularly every week, or to call at the tallyman's herself. But a harder trial than she had yet known was about to fall on Margaret Blachly; her eldest child was suddenly attacked with scarlatina, and though a medical man was immediately called in, his skill was unavailing—the little girl fell a victim to the disease. Blachly, no less than his wife, was tenderly attached to his children, and the loss of their first-born preyed upon him with great violence. It had, however, one salutary effect—for grief is a great softener—it welled up afresh the stream of sympathy and affection in his heart towards poor Margaret, and broke up at once, and we trust for ever, the ice of selfishness that had of late completely overspread it. Thus a gleam of joy irradiated the poor mother's heart, in the very depths of its mourning—so sudden and unhopd for—that she almost believed her child had been befitting to bless her. But, however her baby's loss had helped to win back the tenderness of her husband,—it helped yet more completely to embarrass their worldly circumstances—for however deeply they grieved in secret, conventional form (even in this humble sphere of life) would believe nothing less than a full suit of mourning. And thus to the bitterness of grief was added the necessity of fresh debt, anxiety, and privation. Oh! this loss, than skin-deep mummery, how often does it become as cruel in its effects on the living, as were the sacrifices of old at the

tombs of the dead. The poor artizan! toil, toil from dawn till dark; yet without lessening from week to week the heavy chain of pounds, shillings, and pence that kept him in the grasp of the tally-man. If their case at the beginning had been difficult, it seemed even more so now, for other necessary expences had also to be defrayed; and it became absolutely impossible to make up regularly the amount of the weekly payment, so the arrears of the one week swelled the amount of the next, till at length these repeated defaultations followed so close on one another, that Margaret grew timid to see the collector, and would ask a neighbour to take her book and pay whatever portion of the money she could spare. At length the man grew tired of the slow return of his master's debt and began to bluster and threaten, especially when he discovered that Mrs. Blachly so frequently deputed the matter to another. "What, not at home this morning," he said to her acquaintance. "If I don't receive the money next week, why, Mr. Gullum will trouble her, that's all;" and Mr. Gullum was as good as his word, for upon his agent only receiving a few shillings of the amount, John Blachly received a lawyer's letter. There is no doubt that this threat would not have been carried into execution had the debtors continued to be purchasers, but over the mourning for her child, Margaret Blachly had solemnly promised that under any circumstances it should be her last dealing with a tally-man, and though her husband's and her own clothing grew scanty, even to the appearance of poverty, she kept her word—nor did John any longer by complaint or petulance, induce her to waver; he called upon his creditor, and represented to him his circumstances, assuring him that if he would afford him time the debt should be paid—but this was no part of the tally-man's design, he gave him the choice of immediate payment or a prosecution, unless he choose to renew his custom. Blachly's father was a hearty, kind-hearted old man, who had not only brought up a family on the produce of his labour, but had contrived to lay by enough to support him in his old age—he had watched with the jealousy of deep prejudice the working of these poor men's curses—loan societies and tally-men—and their results in his son's case he had prophesied over and over again; this circumstance had deterred the young man from confessing his true position; but this was pretty evident to him; he saw him working harder than ever, earning good wages, yet retrograding in comfort and appearance; moreover, he had been a close observer of his son's domestic affairs—he knew of poor Margaret's antipathy to the system which had lately enthralled him, and of her futile struggles against it; he had watched her self-denial, her economy, her silent but bitter misery, when the self-induced cares of her husband had made him neglectful of her,—and then the old man who had always appeared to her indifferent as to how they got on, (except on the occasion of his becoming trustee for John's debt to the loan society) stepped in, and by some means insinuated himself into her confidence, and secretly strengthened her in the support of her vow against the tally-trade. Then when he had good reason from John's conduct, and her reports, to believe that he had suffered sufficiently, and was bent on forsaking all dealings with tally-men for the future, the good old man came forward, and at the critical moment rescued him from the fangs of Mr. Gullum and his attorney. I need not say that his son's gratitude was equal to the old man's generosity; and that in consequence of this happy turn of circumstances, the artizan is now perfectly independent of the tally-man, and means to keep so.

Poetry for the People.

LYRICS OF LIFE.—BY MARY HOWITT.

NO. II.—TRUE LOVE.

There are furrows on thy brow, wife,
Thy hair is thin and grey,
And the light that once was in thine eye
Hath sorrow stolen away.
Thou art no longer fair, wife,
The rose hath left thy cheek,
And thy once firm and graceful form
Is wasted now and weak.

But thy heart is just as warm, wife,
As when we first were wed;
As when thy merry eye was bright,
And thy smooth cheek was red.
Ah! that is long ago, wife,
We thought not then of care;
We then were spendthrifts of our joy—
We now have none to spare!

Well, well dost thou remember, wife,
The little child we laid,
The three years' darling, fair, and pure,
Beneath the yew tree's shade;
The worth from life was gone, wife,
We said with foolish tongue,—
But we've blessed since then the Chastener
Who took that child so young!

—There was John, thy boast and pride, wife,
Who lived to manhood's prime—
Would God I could have died for him,
Who died before his time!
—There is ~~now~~ thy second self, wife,
A thing of sin and shame,—
Our poorest neighbours pity us,
When they but hear her name.

Yet she's thy child and mine, wife,
I nursed her on my knee,
And the evil, woeful ways she took,
Were never taught by thee.
We were proud of her fair face, wife!
—And I have tamely stood,
And not avenged her downfall
In her betrayer's blood!

I had such evil thoughts, wife,
I cursed him to his face!
But he was rich and I was poor,
—The rich know no disgrace!
The gallows would have had me, wife,
—For that I did not care!
The only thing that saved his life
Were thoughts of thy despair.

There's something in thy face, wife,
That calms my maddened brain:
Thy furrowed brow, thy hollow eye,
Thy look of patient pain;
Thy lips that never smile, wife;
Thy bloodless cheeks and wan;
Thy form which once was beautiful,
Whose beauty now is gone;

Oh, these they tell such tales, wife,
They fill my eyes with tears.
We have borne so much together
Through these long thirty years,
That I will meekly bear, wife,
What God appointeth here;
Nor add to thy o'erflowing cup
Another bitter tear!

Let the betrayer live, wife;
Be this our only prayer,
That grief may send our prodigal
Back to the Father's care!
—Give me thy faithful hand, wife—
Oh God who reign'st above,
We bless thee in our misery,
For one sure solace—love!

Holidays for the People

BY WILLIAM HOWITT



THE OLD ENGLISH CARNIVAL BEFORE LENT.

The chiefest man is he, and one that most deserveth praise
 Among the rest, who can find out the fondest kind of plays
 On him they look, and gaze upon, and laugh with lusty cheer,
 Whom boys do follow, crying Fool! and such like other gear;
 He in the mean time thinks himself a wondrous worthy man
 Not moved with their words, nor cries, do whatsoever they can.

Barnaby Googe's Translation of Naegorjus.

Author's study; enter Editor.

Editor.—Well, sir, I want you to write me a set of articles for Popular Holidays.

Myself.—Holidays! Why do such things exist? Or, at least, do such things exist in England? I thought all those things were gone with the good old times; or only confined to the benighted, backward people on the continent, who are so thoughtless as to dance and sing yet over their black bread. I never see any holidays now-a-days. I was at Donnybrook the

other day, and a poor affair that was come to. Not a single row, not fifty people; all sober; empty houses, empty booths, empty purses, empty cars waiting to carry away all those that never came; nothing full but bottles of whiskey, that nobody dare taste for fear of Father Mathew, and faces brim full of chagrin that holidays were grown out of date.

Editor.—Well, all the better that Donnybrook does not flourish; but we must have holidays for the people in England as well as other good things.

Printer's Devil, (behind the door.)—I wish you may get 'em!

Myself.—Out, imp! How dare you speak? Take that copy and begone! (*Exit Imp.*) Ha! ha! I wish you may get 'em.—Quotha—The imp has sense. Where shall we get our holidays? And where shall we get our holiday coats, and our holiday leisure, and our holiday hearts? At Goatacre? In Dorset, in Somersetshire, in Devon, or in Cornwall? In Ireland, where famine sits on the hearth? In Tipperary or Limerick, where murder stalks abroad every night, seeking food for vengeance, almost the only food left in the country? Or is it in our manufacturing districts?—

Editor.—Aye, in the manufacturing districts, and in London—the people are well employed there.

Myself.—Exactly. Too much employed, because they are not well enough paid to afford themselves leisure. What say you to the children above eight years old, working in factories fourteen hours a day? Where are your holidays for them? In London, mighty, wealthy, and wonderful London,—the heart of the greatest empire, and the greatest commercial system under the sun, there are always thousands who can make a holiday, can steam down to Greenwich at Easter, and carouse a few days at Christmas; but in this same London, there are hundreds of thousands to whom the very name of a holiday is a cruel mockery. I don't think we are now-a-days in a very holiday condition.

Editor.—But we must try to be. 'All work and no play makes Jack a very dull boy.'

Myself.—There you have hit it. We are dull because we have all work and no play. But how to get the play? How to afford it? How to have a merry heart alongside of an empty stomach? Plague on it, it was merry England in which the holidays were. It was in that country, not in this country of ours. It was in that fine old country where the poets lived, and where flowers actually bloomed in May, and people had time to gather them; and where there were rural games in the villages instead of a rural police; and cottagers cows on commons were more common than union workhouses; and where there lived a certain

Worshipful old gentleman who had a great estate,
And kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
And had a good old fashion when Christmas was come,
To call in all his neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor enough to make a cat speak, and men dumb.

Like an old courtier.

Lord bless us! that was a country to live in, that merry England! They could make holiday, I warrant you there. But that's a thing only to be read of. That's the stuff we make our poetry out of. All those fine jollifying times, with their may-poles, and flowers all scattered about on May-day, and feasting at Whitsuntide, and drinking old October, and sack, and ale with roasted crabs in it, and possets and plum-puddings at Christmas. Why, my dear fellow, that was in the golden age—our's is the iron one—iron roads, iron houses, iron spinning-jennies, iron ships, iron bedsteads, and iron hearts. Holidays! I've read of such things, certainly. I remember them as a boy even, but how is it? They are gone somewhere!—Perhaps they have emigrated to America, or Australia. Perhaps they went off with the leather-breeches makers forty years ago! How is it?—there has been a queer change here, my friend.

Editor.—There has; and it has lasted long enough! let us try to restore our holidays and our mirth.

Myself.—With all my heart!—Give me the mirth, and I'll give you plenty of holidays! But for these new times they must be of a new fashion.

Editor, (going off.)—Well, think of it;—tell us what they have been, what they are, and what they shall be.

Exit Editor.

The good man has set me thinking. What a country this used to be for jollity and heart's-ease; what a change there must have been! We see the ruins of old castles and old abbeys standing, and we think them beautiful; and we read of old feasts and festivals, and days on which the people of England came out into the sun, and the heart of gladness and kindly good-fellowship was as one great dancing heart throughout the throng. We recall those doings and think them, too, beautiful; are they not picturesque ruins too, like the castles and abbeys? Is not one thing gone just as much as the other? And yet England was not a tenth part so wealthy, or so powerful then as now.

Has wealth done this; then wealth's a foe to me.

Bloomfield.

Restore holidays, says our worthy editor. True, but first we must restore that which made the holiday spirit of old—ease, sufficiency, and content. It is an odd circumstance, and worth soundly inquiring into, that just as our nation grew rich the mass of the people who had accumulated those riches grew poor, lost their joyousness, their time and taste for recreation, and became the care-worn drudges of the dull treadmill of poverty and labour. This was not always so. Our ancestors had their highdays and holidays; never was there a merrier race. England was merry England then. The people of the continent are a merry people now—merry with a fifth part of our wealth. Should this be so? Should the greatest, the most industrious people on the face of the earth, the people who have wrought the greatest miracles of energy and ingenuity that this world has seen, be the only people who do not enjoy the fruit of their achievements, and rejoice in the good things they have created? Yet let any one say what is his first impression on landing in England after some sojourn abroad. That every one is pondering on some tremendous event. There is a stern, eager impression on every face—a hurrying on as to some intense object—a print of care on feature and on limb, on the individual and the mass, which are most startling to the mind which has been so lately filled with the gay imagery of happy peasantry and citizens of the working class, amidst their holiday music and their social dances.

In 1842 I was reading the *Times* newspaper in the public news-room at Heidelberg, in Germany. What was the great subject? The horrors just brought to light by the parliamentary inquiry into the state of the people, and especially of women and children in the coal-mines, the factories, and work-shops of England. All those horrors in which delicate women and little children figured, half naked, bearing huge burdens in the bowels of the earth, in darkness, in running water, where they stood whole days; of—but enough. I ceased to read, my heart seemed to collapse, my brain was in a whirl—I was actually sick. I walked out into the air. It was bright noon, the bright, clear, joyous noon of the south of Germany,—and at this moment out burst from the public schools for the working classes, hundreds and thousands of little boys and girls, resen-

to their twelve o'clock dinners, and all healthy, happy, merry and shouting, as if they had five times too much pleasure in them for their need. But what a contrast! Proud England, rich England, mighty and free England, grinding its children to death in mines and mills, in subterranean darkness and nakedness, and poor and despotic Germany guarding its children till the twelfth year, and giving them all an education! And this still goes on! The child-murder of the mills goes on, and men calling themselves liberals and philanthropists, applaud it, and call it Free Trade! Good God! Free Trade in the sinews and lives of tender children of eight years old! Little children pitched against the Juggernaut of steam, and those who denounce this immolation of manufacturing mammon to be sneered at for the cant of humanity! The most hideous of all cants is the cant of cruelty! Free Trade, forsooth, in the lives and happiness of children!—'Tis a vile abuse of terms. Trade is trade only when it deals in legitimate articles; beyond that it is making far too free, it is then free outrage. Free trade! if free trade is to be carried this length, we may carry it a little further—stop preaching, suppress the Bible, and give even the devil his due—Christianity is an infringement on his free trade in souls!

But how is this? Whence springs this repulsive mystery—that the unexampled energies of the greatest people on the earth should only have piled upon their heads toil never ending, and recompense never beginning? It were a long story to explain;—it is now well enough understood—it is sufficient to state the fact. *It is because labour has been defrauded of its due.* This the amiable poet Bloomfield in his day had discovered. He found

The aspect still of ancient joy put on,—
The aspect only, with the substance gone;

And he cried—

*Let labour have its due! my cot shall be
From chilling want and guilty murmurs free:
Let labour have its due! then peace is mine,
And never, never, shall my heart repine.*

That is the true secret for restoring to England its fine old character of Merry England. *Let labour have its due; and joy will spring up thick as the flowers in our fields.* We shall again see the rural dance, and hear the sound of rural music. Make the heart glad, and the song will burst forth from the mouth of young men and maids. *Let labour have its due; let a good sound supply of bread and beef, and tea and coffee, find its way into the poor man's pantry as the just reward of his exertions, and won't there be merry times in England? Aye, never was there such a merry England as there will be then.* Never had England in her holiday times a tenth part of the people that she has now; never had those people a tenth part of the sense, the knowledge, the powers and capacities of enjoyment that they have now. And these times shall come. They are not far off. The starvation laws have had their doom fixed. The people who have made England shall enjoy England. They have now read, and thought, and above all *they have suffered*, and out of that suffering they have derived a deep wisdom. They have learned to know their own rights and the rights of others. They will now combine, not to attack, but to assert—not to tread on the privileges of others, but to claim their own. They will combine to dig new channels for the current of public wealth; to make a due portion of it flow in the track of labour. That once done—then for holidays!

But when the people do find leisure and hearts for holidays, they will be holidays such as the world never yet saw. We are no longer the same people as our ancestors were. They were great children, and could

leap and laugh, and play with hobby-horses—but we have read, and thought, and the poorest artizan has now more refined taste and intellectual wealth in him than a king had of old. Then our holidays must be holidays of a higher stamp. There must be music, and dance, and sport, for youth and glad hearts—but there must be more. There must be a mixture of the intellectual in our pleasures. We must have books, and talk of matters of mind, and sights of works of art, as well as of the works of nature, to give to our holidays a charm which, though it will be fit for a philosopher, shall thrill through the soul of the working man like the first rapturous outburst of his marriage bells. We must have a preparation for the holidays that are coming. We must have those public walks and gardens that are talked of for our large towns. We must have that 10,000l. that is lying in the treasury, voted by Parliament years ago for that very purpose, called for by the public-spirited men of our different towns, and thus employed. We must have in each of those gardens a public building—the people's house of recreation. They shall find a dancing-hall, a coffee-room, a reading-room, and a conversation-room. The people in every town in Germany have such a house,—their HARMONIE—where they come together to enjoy themselves, and do enjoy themselves, in a manner that a prince or a princess might be proud to share in.

And then for the enjoyment of all these delightful pleasures, in which not only physical health and excitement, but intellectual tastes unite, for which the people are daily preparing themselves, what a world has science opened! Think of the steam-boat, and the steam train ready to bear away their thousands to the very scenes where they would wish to be. To carry the people of the cities, especially of enormous London, far into the country. To the open heath—to the fresh forest—to the sea-side—to old halls and gardens where the mysterious spirit of beauty has been awaiting their arrival for a thousand years. To carry the country people, on the contrary, to the towns, to the sight of the cheerful, happy crowds, rich shops, noble buildings, and galleries of paintings and statuary, zoological gardens, and scientific spectacles, full of the enchantment of wonder to them. Do we talk of impossible things? The cheap trains already make such things within the reach of every man, woman, and child that can but get a single day and a few shillings to spend on it in the year. Better times are coming, when all these things shall be still more within the reach of every one of our fellow-countrymen,—and still further. Has not our excellent little Queen just now thrown open Windsor, the most royal of all royal palaces in the world, to the free and unpaid entry of all her loving subjects? And shall not noble and gentle, priest and layman, do the same? And shall not St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey, and the church of every other saint, and every other abbey, be thrown open too? Shall not those nobles who enjoy so many privileges; whose lands descend exempt from duties, and whose palaces and castles with their four and five hundred windows pay only for forty, shall they not throw open their parks, and their fine old picture galleries, like their royal mistresses, to the feet and the eyes of those who have so long fought, worked, and suffered for the defence of the stately glory of those things? Certainly; and this lovely isle of ours, with its rivers and mountains, its sweet fields and villages, its cities and ancestral halls, shall open out the world of its delights to a people worthy of beholding them, and by that very communicativeness of its beauty shall sink deeper and deeper into the heart of their love.

Reports of Lectures,

ADDRESSED CHIEFLY TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

BY W. J. FOX.

ENGLISH WARS: THEIR CAUSES, COST, AND CONSEQUENCES.

THAT little word, war, has a fearful extent and complexity of meaning. It includes deeds the most exalted and the most degrading,—aggressions the most atrocious, and defence the most devoted,—cupidity and conquest, and resistance to the death by those who consecrate, the freedom and safety of their country above all other considerations. Unlike other general terms, which only include like things in their comprehension, war includes things most unlike. Did the imagination realize its meaning, it would not fall so lightly from the lips as it often does; it would not be spoken of so carelessly in senates or in public meetings; nor be treated by the press as a thing that can be contemplated without solemnity of feeling and a sense of the deepest responsibility. It includes the organization of large bodies of men for the express purpose of the destruction of human life; the fierce and hot-blooded conflict of the battle-field, the horrors of the siege and of the storm, the most complete mechanism of human beings, and the most stirring exercise of human intelligence. The prostituted name of religion is even blended with it; and all this systematized desolation and destruction are carried on by the command of a state, and for the purposes of a state! A state, which is itself a contrivance for keeping the peace amongst individuals, for repressing their hostile passions and their grasping desires; which is a contrivance for bringing together the various powers of a multitude in order to establish regularity and harmony; a state, which should be in itself an agency of the most opposite description to that which is called forth by war, and not only make its authorities the means of compelling order amongst its own members, but give that state its place in the great family of nations, as a promoter there of right and justice, of common interests, and of common prosperity. And yet the perversion of individual powers in the arts and actions of war, is sanctioned and called for by these combinations of human beings into one great body politic, which ought to be the highest security against war, and a defence of peace, both within its own borders, and amongst all nations to which it bears any recognized relation. Most of you, I daresay, have seen that fable of Dr. Franklin's, in which he describes a young angel as solicitous to know something of worlds, and, taking an elder angel for his tutor and guide, traversing the regions of space with him, and asking to see this earth of ours, and coming towards it just when battle was raging, when ships, instead of conveying the products of distant climates to interchange with those of other nations, were engaged in sending forth their thunders of destruction, until the sea was stained with gore. The young angel turns round in amazement, and says to his guide, "I asked to be shown earth, and you have brought me to the sight of hell." Nor is there in that place where the imagination of divines has accumulated so many horrors, with its rolling lakes of fire, and the agonies of the damned, there is scarcely,—in whatever measure they are heaped together, whatever surmises of the fearfulfulness of torment they have had recourse to in their rhetoric in order to frighten men's souls, to appeal the guilty, to humble them in the dust,—there is scarcely in that mass of horrors anything more tremendous than earth presents when it is desolated by this worst of all plagues—by this most tremendous of

earthquakes—by this most destructive of tornadoes. And yet the divines who depict those horrors below, and who plead for peace above, how often do they allow themselves to forget the spirit of the doctrines they profess to teach, of the brotherhood it is their business to inculcate, of the love they should enforce as the sum and substance of all human duty, and employ themselves in fasting and praying for the slaughterous success of armies; in insulting heaven with thanksgivings for glorious victories bought by tens of thousands of human lives, and by a correspondent number of mourning families; by exhortations at the drum-head, by the consecration of banners, and by allowing their churches to be filled with marble figures and warlike commemorations, thereby stirring up antagonistic passions in the minds of youth, instead of the feelings of devotion and goodness; and by crowding there figures and memorials of those who have grown great by the destruction of their fellow-creatures, whilst they are too apt to deny access to the statues of men of genius, and of intellectual power, to bar them out for their heresies, and to consecrate their temples to the worst of all heresy, the most degrading to our notions of human order, and regularity, and progress; the most inconsistent with the tenets of peace and good-will which they profess to teach, the worst of all heresy that ever church expelled from its communion, or towards which it ever directed its anathemas.

It is impossible for the mind to grasp at once any considerable portion of the meaning of that awful word, war. The battle-field is a tremendous scene! its noise and uproar, its fierce struggles, its sweeping charges, its artillery clearing away ranks of men as if they were only so much senseless matter or mere stubble; its multitudes of the dead, and, what is yet more excruciating to contemplate, its multitudes of the wounded and dying; the fearful scenes that present themselves on the night after the battle; so many with their blood stiffening around them, and with their parching throats, begging to be relieved from their miseries by some friendly blow. But battles are comparatively little of the suffering, the miseries, and the crimes of war. In the course of a campaign, in those marchings and counter-marchings, retreats and advances, how many there are that fall unnoticed, worn out by sheer fatigue, the human machine being unable to bear the work to which it is set; and no historian chronicling their fall, no false glare even of glory around them, no fame there to say who bleeds; but dropping down, their loss only felt when the commander or minister make up their yearly accounts, and see how many men they have spent and wasted. It is not merely these, but the peaceful and unoffending who suffer, when towns are stormed and sacked, when riot and madness are let loose, with no check or control, and atrocities the most fearful to name or to realize in thought, are perpetrated with impunity. And in retreats, of which those of Charles the XII., and of Napoleon from Russia, are amongst the most memorable; these, though not paralleled by others, yet indicate to us something of the intense amount of suffering which there must be in such movements. And then, the mourning families in all the countries that send forth their warriors to the conflict; nations burdened with taxation and debt, until they are crippled for generations and ages, and unable to put forth those energies which should be the means of prosperity and enjoyment for their myriads; these, all accumulated into one tremendous amount, these are what war signifies, and what make it, in its large agglomeration of crime, a thing that every one who has the well-being of his fellow-creatures at

heart should devoutly pray may be stopped for ever, stopped between nations, as it is now happily stopped between the great men of a country, the individuals who used once to torment the land with their intestine commotions; stopped between all nations, and its place supplied by some purer, simpler, more rational mode of settling dispute, indicating a possession of something like that degree of forbearance, of common interest, and of right feeling, which is manifested among individuals. This should be the object of earnest desire, of incessant exertion; it should be the object of an ennobling aspiration, marking the friends of peace, whose opinions and whose language tend to check the fury of those who would involve a country in this mass of calamity, to restrain their antagonism, and to teach them better, and brighter, and kindlier notions.

England has a history in which war claims no small proportion of the entire record. From the time when the Norman Conquest originated that portion of our annals which we regard as separated from the previous one, by the country getting into a more orderly condition,—from that day to the present, how large a proportion of all that is to be said of the times that are gone is the tale of conflict and death. The founder of the succession of English kings from that conquest, William the Norman, was one who had no scruples about "wading through slaughter to a throne;" he came for the very purpose of winning a throne by slaughter; and he did win it with such comparative ease, because other monarchs had left the people little to struggle for,—because previous rulers had not shown them that either government or royalty was the means of securing unit freedom and happiness for which, when man does possess it, he is always ready to do such battle as few invaders care to encounter. When impeded in the course of his subjugation of this country, to what an extent did William carry the destruction by which he had gained the throne. In the rising against him in the north, when he swore that he would place a desert between himself and those who disturbed his dominion, and when, from York to Durham, he made one great desolation, one uninhabited wilderness, giving every thing to fire and sword,—in that onslaught, it is said that not less than 100,000 lives were sacrificed; and he went at last to his great account with the blood of 300,000 upon his head. This had he done—these were his trophies of conquest—these his claims to glory; and, by a retribution that often follows enormous guilt, we are told that on his bed of death he experienced the desertion of those who had only followed him to gain emoluments and honours for themselves, that when he actually expired he was deserted, and there lay in solitary corruption, the corpse, the blood-stained corpse of this man who had done his utmost, on both sides of the ocean, to establish an iron rule at the expense of whatever of human life opposed the gratification of his progress and passions. Under his successor came more of the same sort of dealing, and, in process of time, other wars arose. Richard the First, of this country, took to crusading, like the other fanatics and madmen of Europe. People left their living to go and combat for a sepulchre, there making deaths enough for a whole city, province, or kingdom of sepulchres, wasting the blood of Europe, and shedding that of Asia, in the desecrated name of a religion of love and peace. Then there were our Scotch wars, wars with a kindred people, in order to give a monarch greater jewels, as he imagined, in his crown; our wars with France, and for France, founded in so vain and empty a pretence of right, carried on with such sanguinary results, continued by successive monarchs, and at last, all forfeited

faster than it was gained, and nothing left to boast of except the lilies in the royal arms, and that empty title of "King of France," which our monarchs had the vanity and the puerile folly of preserving, even to the days of our George the Third, who had to relinquish it, as he had been previously forced to relinquish the sovereignty of America, deserving alike to lose the one and the other, for the extent of blood-shedding connected with his name and reign.

But the most of our home wars have been connected with disputed successions to the crown. The great blessing of monarchy, we are told, is, that one ruler succeeds to another in peace, that we have not the uproar of an election every now and then, as they have in America, for a president; but that we get our wise and good authority by the order of nature, and in the course of Providence. Now, how stands the fact?

William the Norman was, no sooner dead but the nation was rent in pieces by his son Robert contesting with his younger sons, William and Henry, for the crown. They being all dead, and their sons, the like happen between Stephen and Maud; Henry the Second was made king to terminate all disputes, but it proved a fruitless expedient. Such as were more scandalous, and not less dangerous, did soon arise between him and his sons, who, besides the evils brought upon the nation, vexed him to death by their rebellion. The reigns of John and Henry the Third were yet more tempestuous. Edward the Second's lewd, foolish, infamous, and detestable government, ended in his deposition and death, to which he was brought by his wife and son. Edward the Third employed his own and his subjects' valour against the French and Scots, but whilst the foundations were out of order, the nation could never receive any advantage by their victories. All was calculated for the glory, and turned to the advantage of one man. He being dead, all that the English held in Scotland and in France was lost through the baseness of his successor, with more blood than it had been gained; and the civil wars raised by his wickedness and madness ended as those of Edward had done. The peace of Henry the Fourth's reign was interrupted by dangerous civil wars; and the victory obtained at Shrewsbury had not perhaps secured him on the throne, if his death had not prevented new troubles. Henry the Fifth acquired such reputation by his virtue and victories that none dared to invade the crown during his life; but immediately after his death the storms prepared against his family broke out with the utmost violence. His son's weakness encouraged Richard, Duke of York, to set up a new title, which produced such mischiefs as hardly any people has suffered, unless upon like occasion; for, besides the slaughter of many thousands of the people, and especially of those who had been accustomed to arms, the devastation of the best parts of the kingdom, and the loss of all that our kings had inherited in France, or gained by the blood of their subjects; four-score princes of the blood, as Philip de Comines calls them, died in battle, or under the hand of the hangman. Many of the most noble families were extinguished; others lost their most eminent men. Three kings, and two presumptive heirs of the crown were murdered, and the nation brought to that shameful exigence to set up a young man to reign over them, who had no better cover for his sordid extraction than a Welch pedigree, that might show how a tailor was descended from Prince Arthur, Cadwallader, and Brutus. But the wounds of the nation were not to be healed with such a plaister. He could not rely on a title made up of such stuff, and patched with a marriage to a princess of a very questionable birth. His own meanness inclined him to hate the nobility; and thinking it to be as easy for them to take the crown from him as to give it him, he industriously applied himself to glean up the remainders of the House of York, from whence a competitor might arise, and by all means to crush those who were most able to oppose him. This exceedingly weakened the nobility, who held the balance between him and the Commons, and was the first step towards the dissolution

of our ancient government; but he was so far from settling the kingdom in peace, that such rascals as Perkin Warbeck and Simmel were able to disturb it. The reign of Henry the Eighth was turbulent and bloody; that of Mary, furious, and such as had brought us into subjection to the most powerful, proud, and cruel nation at that time in the world, if God had not wonderfully protected us. Nay, Edward the Sixth and Queen Elizabeth, notwithstanding the natural excellency of their dispositions, and their knowledge of the truth in matters of religion, were forced by that which men call "jealousy of state," to foul their hands so often with illustrious blood, that if their reigns deserve to be accounted amongst the most gentle of monarchies, they were more heavy than the government of any commonwealth in time of peace; and yet their lives were never secure against such as conspired against them upon the account of title."

Such is the brief summary of the wars of disputed succession in England, drawn up in his treatise on government, by that man of illustrious name and illustrious character, by that defender of freedom in his life, and martyr to freedom at his death,—Algeron Sydney.

When these civil wars were brought to a brief rest by the triumph of the Yorkist family, in the last great battle of Towton, when Edward IV. routed the Lancastrian party, 38,000 corpses were left upon the battle field; and to show the effect upon other classes by that upon the peerage,—the nobility were so thinned by these contests, that there could only be got together in Parliament, one duke, four earls, one viscount, and 29 barons! That was the whole house of peers after that desolation. It had only grown up to the number of 59 peers in the reign of Elizabeth. Talk of the ancient nobility of the country! they are gone: our present peerage consists of new men; about the half of them, not older than George the Third and William Pitt, creatures of yesterday, who appeal to their ancestors as if they really were descended from nobles who had lived long before Adam, but have really no right to the consequence they assume as to their hereditary dignities, any more than they have to respect from the manner in which those dignities have too often been acquired,—the fruit either of bloodshed, or of servility and corruption. It is a pity that those white and red roses, with their unmitigable opposition, should not have been animal instead of vegetable, and instead of a pair of roses, been the two famous Kilkenny cats. Having once got rid entirely of that portion of the legislature, the country might not have been in a hurry to have a second creation of the same sort.

Through all that course of events, and all those struggles, if there were any fightings in which the people had an interest, we are just as likely to find them in the records of Jack Cade and Wat Tyler, as amongst heroes of more illustrious name; and subsequently, in that stand against the exercise of the prerogative, and the oppressions of the Church and State, which was made so strenuously in the middle of the seventeenth century.

It is difficult to estimate the injury inflicted by war in those periods of our history. The cost, happily, fell upon those who lived about the time; it was not transmitted to posterity, according to the clever contrivance devised afterwards in a more enlightened and civilized age. They spent their own money, and not their great grandchildren! They did as they liked with their own labour and its results; they did not mortgage the labour of succeeding generations. Would that all wars could have been so confined in their pressure. But with the revolution of 1688 a new era began in this matter; and I have here a tabular summary of the wars from that time to this. It is

from a very useful little book, called "Spackman's Statistical Tables," which was intended, it seems, to serve the cause of monopoly; but when it appeared, Mr. Cobden recommended no man to go about without a copy of it in his pocket. Well, we have here a brief tabular account of the wars since 1688. The first which he calls "the war of the revolution," was against the French; it commenced in 1688, lasted nine years, and cost, in taxes raised at the time, sixteen millions; and in loans, by which posterity was saddled, twenty millions. It is to that war of William's, that we owe the origin of our funding system. He carried taxation as far as it was then thought possible to go,—a mere trifle to what the country has learnt to bear in later times. And all this was not for English purposes. The great deliverer, who had come over here, as he said, "for our goods," expended those goods upon his attempt to humble the pride of Louis the Fourteenth, and to exercise as wide an influence as he could upon the settlement and the government of Europe. He had no English interest in his mind, no English feeling in his heart; he wanted the kingdom, not so much for the sake of its crown, as for the sake of the power he thus gained to carry on his own favourite purposes. And the country indulged him; and so he of "the immortal memory," went on for nine years, wasting our resources, and wearing out those of other nations. And if he trimmed the balance of power to his own mind for a time, it was but a very short time; for soon after peace was made, a war had to be recommenced for the very same purpose, and in the very same spirit. That nine years' war of his, whilst it cost us sixteen millions of money, and twenty millions of debt, according to the statisticians of the time, cost Europe the lives of 800,000 soldiers, and in money, 480 millions of pounds sterling. Such was the first great war after our civil revolution. The next was "the war of the Spanish succession,"—a war which grew out of the first, in which Queen Anne was pursuing her predecessor's policy, which was very much to cover with glory the Duke of Marlborough, as the first had been to glorify King William, and in which he did manage to cover himself with glory and with something else too; for there were charges of peculation against him to the amount of nearly half a million, in the shape of a per centage on soldier's pay and military stores, which he had contrived to pocket, and never very clearly accounted for. But men who can win battles are privileged to do many things that would not be so readily excused in other men; and they are privileged also, sometimes, to interfere in the government of a country, and to assume an influence, and to show an insolence that would not be endured in any mere civilian, but which shows that people who do not belong to military life should endeavour to make those who have gained their glories and fortunes there, a little more acquainted with what is civil in all walks of life. This second war lasted eleven years, ending in 1713; it cost thirty millions in taxes raised, and thirty-two and a half millions raised by loan, and added to the twenty millions of debt left by "immortal memory." Then came "the Spanish war, and the war of the Austrian succession," commenced in 1739, lasting nine years, carried on under our first two Georges, saddling the country with the payment of twenty-five millions, and an addition to the debt of twenty-nine millions. This was followed by "the seven years' war," which commenced in a cause about as remote and frumpish as that which some people are foolish enough to refer to now as an occasion for war. It was a squabble between the English and the French about the banks of the Ohio, where neither of them had so much business as the native Indians. The

quarrel soon spread into Europe; the strife about a narrow bit of land became, by a strange transformation in Europe, a fight about religion; and we, who have always had a remarkable taste and propriety as to religious kings, paid about 600,000*l.* a year in subsidy to that notorious infidel and assailer of Christianity, Frederick of Prussia, that he might become the bulwark of the orthodox faith, and the Protestant religion. This seven years' war cost fifty-two millions of taxes, and sixty millions in the addition which it made to the debt. Then followed the American war, the results of which are too celebrated to need any comment, it was waged in order to enforce a tea tax, and ended in the separation of a vast extent of country from the British empire; and instead of a supply to our revenue from this tea tax, it left us burdened with the immediate payment of thirty-two millions, and an addition to our debt of 104 millions. After this was the first French war, from 1793 to 1802, during which the enormous sum of 263½ millions was raised by taxation, and 200½ millions added to the debt. In the second French war against Napoleon, from 1803 to 1815, taxes were levied to the amount of 770½ millions, and an increase was made to the debt of 388½ millions. So that altogether, from 1688 to 1815, we have had sixty-five years of war, we have paid for these warlike purposes, 1189 millions, and have left the country with a burden upon it of nearly 800 millions more.

Such are the fruits of war in nations; they spend enough in this way to buy the fee simple of a whole country. Fight for the banks of the Ohio, or fight now for Oregon! why, probably the whole extent of land that would be at stake in the conflict would be a mere trifle compared with what both parties would waste in that struggle. We might even buy Oregon with a tithe of the treasure that would be thus lavished. We talk of people not having churches enough: why, a church might have been built at the end of every street, schools might have been made more numerous than the churches, and the whole population of the country might have been lodged in marble palaces for less than this amount, which is worse than thrown into the ocean, having caused a deluge of human blood.

There must have been permanently operating causes for such a course of things as this. For 65 years out of 127, at least one-half of the time spent in war, there must have been some cause; and I believe the cause to be that in this country, and in many other countries, there are classes that have a permanent interest in war, a sinister interest in the waste of national treasure, and in the out-pouring of human blood. That sinister interest begins with the beginning; it is the tendency of feudal constitutions to make it so. How many of our monarchs have had the thirst for glory strong within them; how many of them have had the common delusion of monarchs, that there was really something more great and noble in being kings of large countries than of small ones, in having dominions on which the sun should never set. On the dominions of those possessed with such a desire, and actuated by such a design, one would wish the sun never to rise. But they have always had flatterers, who have ministered to their passions for their own base and selfish purposes. But a stronger impulse than any furnished by monarchy, I take to exist in the aristocracy. War is the aristocratical trade; war is the aristocratical passion; war is the aristocratical convenience for bringing forward the junior members of titled families, instead of providing for them out of the family property. They cannot all be put into offices of state; they cannot all be lords of

the treasury, or direct plunderers of the treasury by official names, without knowing how to discharge official functions. You cannot put all of them into the church—not that any ordinary degree of wildness is deemed an objection. Their high blood and breeding cannot be expected to submit to the restraints which decorum imposes in that quarter. And so, the army, with its promotions, war,—with its chances of cutting their way up to a barony, an earldom, or a dukedom, that is what they especially delight in. And thus there is a power biasing them towards plunging the nation into what may be death and ruin to hundreds of thousands and millions, but which to them is the prospect of obtaining laurels, of being proclaimed heroes in all the newspapers of Europe, of having large properties assigned them in reward for their desolating the lands of others, and of at last taking their places in the "hereditary wisdom" of the country, to make laws for keeping their countrymen in peace and quietness.

And our army is nicely constructed for the purposes of this class. Whoever hears of merit, warlike merit of any degree, courage, presence of mind, skill, enterprise, whoever hears of those making their way from the ranks up to a marshal's truncheon? It might be so in France, revolutionary France; that was a revolutionary thing; it was one thing which made the revolution hateful in the eyes of the aristocracy of all nations. But it is not so with us. There is a limit, and a very narrow one, above which merit of any description will never work its way in the British army. Staff officers are beyond the scope of ambition. A non-commissioned officer very rarely gets a commission for any service; and when he does, is but seldom recognised, it is said, in the frank and equal way he ought to be. But our commissions are sold. The army is a great lottery, in which tickets are bought; and the price of the tickets is beyond the means of those who used to buy their eightths and sixteenths in lotteries of another kind upon Cornhill. The cost of the commission of a lieutenant-colonel in the cavalry is 617*l.*: it is only those of very considerable means who can put in for such a share as that. A major's commission costs 4,675*l.*; a captain's, 3,225*l.*; and a cornet's, 840*l.* In the infantry, a lieutenant-colonel's commission is 4,500*l.*; a major's, 3,200*l.*, and so on in proportion. In the horse-guards; they are 25 per cent. higher; not because they are more frequently on active duty in war time, but because they have a better position in the great military lottery; and in the foot-guards, these commissions are double. This shows the principle on which the thing is constructed; a commission is worth most where there is the least likelihood of being subjected to the more painful and severe privations of military life; but all forbidding any except the wealthy, those of wealthy families, to enter on that profession, unless it be in the very lowest gradation; while to them it holds forth the prospect of an employment which, even in times of peace, no doubt, answers very well, even at these high rates of purchase.

But, besides the aristocratical class that gets its prizes in this lottery, the mercantile has been foolish enough to clamour for war, ignorantly, no doubt, or under the notion of crippling the resources of a rival nation, and of securing some advantage to their trade. The right of British subjects, to navigate the American seas was the ostensible cause of the Spanish war; and when, after several years' fighting, peace at last was made, the thing had been so totally forgotten that in the treaty of peace it was not even mentioned. Merchants are growing wiser than this in our days; but national vanity and national folly

have had their full share in producing the warlike disposition. Some traveller in Spain, soon after the war of the succession there, heard a peasant say that his father would have risen up in his grave had he imagined that Spain would have been at war with France. What should the peasant, or the bones of the peasant's father, have to do with whether Bourbons rule in France, or Spain, or anywhere else, and whether their royal families keep in peace with one another, or are a nuisance to the world by the broils which they engender? Peasants are learning their interest better, as well as merchants; and I trust there will be little more of this spirit displayed, anxious as some are to foster it, eager as some parties seem to be on both sides the Atlantic to set us at loggerheads with those who speak the same language, who read the same literature, who have substantially the same national characteristics, who have the same identical interests, and whom every consideration should bind together in the sole rivalry of peace and good will, in the greatest productiveness for the world's benefit, and in the freest interchange for the advantage of the industrial classes in both countries. Such is their business; but war, war about Oregon, war on such titles as either England or America can show to Oregon, would be absurd; for these titles consist simply in this, that some wandering sailor spied the coast of the country, and, perhaps, stuck up a pole there with a piece of bunting upon it, giving us about as much right to its occupancy and dominion as we gain from our astronomers, who see the mountains and valleys of the moon through their telescopes, and with regard to which we might as well plead our right of discovery. The real right, that of profitable occupancy, is at present confined to our fur-hunters, and a few of their more adventurous squatters. It is the subjugation of this sort by human arts and industry that gives the real title. For this should both nations wait; and especially should America eschew that absurdity of the increase of territory. America being a band of independent states, united together for mutual defence and mutual encouragement, and therefore disabled, one would have hoped, logically, and in their constitution, as they certainly are disabled morally, from pursuing any expeditions of conquest; and we so remote from the disputed territory that we should be much better without it than with it. Let those who take the trouble of making it worth anything enjoy it, without our taxing them, or America annexing them. May they have no stamp acts to rebel against; may they have no institutions imposed upon them, till they have experience enough to judge what institutions they would prefer. And if the land should prove a valuable one, may it be a place of resort for those whom other and peopled regions deal unkindly by; there let them repair, with no Lord Johns or Lord Williams in government over them, in order to fleece them for their honest earnings; but let them apply whatever they can get out of that not very fertile soil for their own enrichment and their own enjoyment. Thus will the world gain another young nation in its great family; and we should look to it kindly, and encourage it to grow up, and cherish its energies, instead of Britain and America being disposed to quarrel in order to see who shall get hold of it, and make it work for us like a poor little factory-slave.

I know not whether it is with any reference to this prospect that we hear of preparations in our dockyards, and that this alarm has been raised about calling out and training our militia. That oppressive system, while affecting to treat all classes equally, is what equality too often comes to in this country; it falls

with crushing weight upon the poor, while it gives the rich only the trouble of handing out a small sum for a substitute. And for what? To set the regular troops at liberty. At liberty for what? Where are they to go, and what are they to do? These are questions that should first be distinctly answered to the public satisfaction before there is any idea of interfering with men's ordinary, industrious, useful, and honourable pursuits. What are soldiers wanted for, in a country at peace as we are? Are they to go to Ireland, and fight against famine? Will they put it down by the bayonet? Prescribing curry-powder for one country, is gunpowder to be the specific for the other?

I do not mean to say that being trained to the use of arms is a thing that should be regarded as in itself criminal, or an occasion for resistance, if it is done in a just and considerate spirit. I think that every individual in a country should be trained to the use of arms, and should also be taught the moral lesson, "never to use them except to repel invasion from his country's shores." But that would be very inconvenient in a land where there are a great many game preserves. It would be felt to be more seriously inconvenient in a land where the few govern the many, and where the interests of the many are too often sacrificed, with all due forms and solemnities of law, to the grasping and avaricious desires of those who possess political power, and use political power for the furtherance of their class interest.

In my last lecture, I remarked that every one should have a theory, should have something of idealism, should have some notion of the great and good, the grand and perfect, before his imagination, in order to aid and stimulate his efforts; and if he cannot attain that object, yet to advance as close towards it as he can, to bear it in mind in all his pursuits, that he may thus excel in those pursuits, and multiply the amount of good which he is the means of conferring on the community; and which is his title to the means of support and enjoyment at the hands of the community. And I say now that, for this warlike England, as she too often has been, there should be an ideal England in the mind of every one of her children; the idea of a land not prone to aggression, not given to interfere in the concern of European nations or of American states; of a land able and determined to defend itself, by the strong arms of its sons, and by their ingenious devices in the application of science to the defensive arts; and secure in its defence because it gives no just cause of provocation to any other people on the face of the earth. An idealized England should be, not only secure and peaceful, but active and prosperous,—the abode of freedom, with political rights distributed freely throughout the whole body of the community,—and with intelligence and energy called into action, mind excited and informed, by a system of universal instruction,—not the training of sects and parties, not the teaching by one class of other classes, in order to accommodate them the more to its own purposes,—but education directed solely to the formation of character and the elevation of soul. England, rich in all these, and dependent—much as has been said against it, I will add dependent—on other nations, for whatever those other nations can produce that we grow not, but which here can be rendered serviceable for our work, our support, or our pleasure,—they, in their turn, dependent upon us, for the dependence of commerce and of a free interchange of commodities is always a mutual one,—it is a mutual dependence and a mutual interest;—England, linked thus in peaceful bonds with all the world, and helping to link all the world together,—maintaining her position as a country where

the truest glory has been realised, not by her warriors, but by patriots, poets, and philosophers;—England, leading on in the peaceful struggle, with no rivalry but emulation, emulation itself subsiding into the appreciation of good, and thus hastening whatever those of glowing imaginations have conceived of a Utopia upon earth; England would thus guide other countries in a career of progress, and by the development of human character, and the advance of human earnest, exalt humanity itself, showing it more great and lovely than ever it has appeared in past ages, and generating the best and purest of earthly principles, the spirit of universal brotherhood amongst mankind.

THE MARTYRS FOR ITALIAN LIBERTY.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

I.—ATTILIO AND EMILIO BANDIERA.

To foresee the future of a cause or of a people, I know no better method than to study the history of its Martyrs. I am aware that every faction has its martyrs also. I know that men die from ambition, from vanity, from devotion to an individual, to a race, to the memories of the past: but this is always at the height of a crisis, when the passions are in full play, when the blood is stirred by the struggle, by the fever of anger, by the smell of powder and of the battlefield, and it is almost always in a manner somewhat theatrical, betraying effort, placing itself in attitude, dressing itself, as if to supply, by an appeal to human forces, whatever of justice and futurity is wanting to the cause for which it dies. Then, that lasts not. It is the brief, fragmentary tradition of a *sect*; it is not the long, uninterrupted, wide, and progressive tradition of a *RELIGION*. Between saints and fanatics, God has placed *signs* which every earnest man can easily recognise. But when you see, during a long series of years, (I might almost say, of ages; for the list of the martyrs of the free Thought of Italy, commenced by Dante, has been regularly continued even to now,) men of all ages, and all classes, raising themselves, their brows pure from thought of crime, calm-hearted, high-soaring, and religious, to protest, by the sword or by the pen, against brute force, and dying with a smile—then you may say, without fear of deceiving yourself, that there is a thought of God fermenting in the heart of a great people. Such men are Apostles; their tomb is an Altar. It matters little that they have not succeeded; others will conquer in their name. The Angel of Martyrdom is brother to the Angel of Victory; but, since the Crucified, we know that it is only when the first raises his eyes from earth to heaven, that God sends the second to realise a new line of his law upon the earth.

The list of Italian Martyrs is very long; some dead in prison, others in exile, the least unfortunate on the scaffold. I shall choose from this list the most remarkable of those belonging to the different epochs of our attempts. And I shall commence with the most recent; because, either personally or by correspondence, I have known them, and my mind naturally recurs to them, whenever I think of the sufferings and the hopes of my country. But whether I speak of my contemporaries, or of those who have lived before me, I shall assert nothing which is not historically avowed. Any declamations on men who have put their life and their death to the service of an *idea*, seems to me a profanation.

The name of the brothers Bandiera has been often pronounced; but very few know anything of them

beyond the simple fact of their adventurous enterprise and tragical end. *What they were*, what a life of virtues and of noble thoughts they could have devoted to their country, and through their country to humanity, if a Country had not been denied them, is not known. And yet, this is most important to the cause for which they are dead; this it is which elevates their enterprise to the consequence of a symptom of the state of things and of minds in Italy.

ATTILIO AND EMILIO BANDIERA sprung from one of the old patrician families of Venice, and—sons of the Baron Bandiera, rear-admiral of the Austrian marine,—had followed the paternal career, and held high rank in the fleet, when they began to be known in the ranks of those secretly devoted to the success of the National Italian Cause. "I am an Italian," wrote Attilio, the elder of the two brothers, in the first letter I received from him, dated August 15th, 1842.—"I am an Italian, a soldier, and not proscribed. I am rather feeble in body; ardent at heart; very often cold in appearance. I seek to temper my soul in the practice of stoical maxims. I believe in God, in a future life, in human progress; from humanity, taken as a point of departure, I descend in my thoughts to country, to one's family, to the individual. I hold as certain that justice is the base of all right; I have long concluded that the Italian cause is but a dependence upon that of mankind; and I console myself for all the difficulties of the present by thinking that to serve Italy, is to serve humanity altogether. I have therefore decided to devote all my being to the practical development of these principles."

And in a later letter, Emilio, in his turn, said to me, "We wish for a country free, united, republican. We propose to ourselves, to have no faith but in the national means, not to count upon foreign succour, and to throw down the gauntlet of defiance when we shall be sufficiently strong."

How did they arrive at this? they, soldiers, bound by all the exigencies of discipline, deprived of all contact with the patriots of the Peninsula, living on ship-board, now at Smyrna, now at Constantinople, another time in Syria, where they distinguished themselves in the action of the combined English and Austrian forces, scarcely greeting with their eyes the vanishing shores of their country. "I have never been able to read till the other day," said Attilio in the letter I have quoted, "a single writing of Young Italy." And yet they had already, at this period, organised an important work on the identical bases. The Italian spirit fermented in them in virtue of their origin. The Austrian uniform weighed upon their breasts; the Austrian flag, floating over vessels manned almost exclusively by Italians, appeared to them an outrage. And the name which they bore, devoted to the universal reprobation of Italy, in consequence of the arrest by the father, at sea, in 1831, and in contempt of the capitulation of Ancona, of the patriots who were leaving for France, gave to their desire of action an additional impulse. In their most private talk they avoided all allusion to their father: but one saw, in the fire of their sad and sombre regards that they felt the want of rehabilitating this tarnished name. For the rest they fulfilled all their domestic duties. They passionately loved their mother. Attilio was both husband and father; but the duty of raising a young soul to the worship of the Just and the True, reinforced his duties towards his country, and his wife, since dead of grief, was worthy of him.

I am not able to state here either what the two brothers wished to do, or the causes which nullified the results of the Italian agitation of 1844. But, as in all prolonged preparations, treason was already, in the

commencement of that year, creeping into our ranks. Denounced first to their father, then to the Austrian government, by a man who had feigned to enter their ranks, they were compelled to fly, towards the end of February, 1844, during the night, in a little boat, to two different points; Emilio alone, Attilio with an old soldier, Mariano, who desired to follow him, and who now expiates his fidelity in the dungeons of Santo Stefano, in the kingdom of Naples. "How will they support this ruin?" wrote Attilio, at the end of the letter which announced to me the treason and their flight—"my poor mother and my wife, frail creatures, perhaps incapable of resisting such great griefs? Ah! to serve humanity and one's country has been, and will be always, I hope, my first desire, but I must confess that it costs me much." His wife had been informed by Emilio, at Venice, of their projected flight; she had kept the secret from the family, without letting them a single instant divine what she suffered. But when she knew him out of reach, grief got the better. She died a short time after. She was fair, good, and brave. And if I had not long firmly believed that the woman and the man, who, loving each other, die of suffering, must one day be re-united as angels in some holy mystery of eternal love; the sole thought of this woman dying of a broken-heart, without unjust irritation, and without complaint, for the man, who himself some months after was to die in his turn, in bearing witness for his faith, and doubtless thinking of her—this sole thought would be sufficient to give me such belief.

Emilio had repaired directly to Corfu. The Austrian government, afraid of the moral effect which the flight of the two officers must produce in Italy, in revealing to all how the Italian spirit was at work even in their army, endeavoured to make them appear as mutinous children, and to prevail on them to accept a pardon. "The Archduke Raineri," wrote Emilio to me on the 22nd of April, "Viceroy of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, sent one of his people to my mother, to tell her that if she could succeed in bringing me back to Venice, he would engage his sacred word of honour, that, not only I should be acquitted, but restored to my rank, to my nobility, to my honours. He added, that my brother, older than I, had not the same right to hope, but that the clemency of the Emperor Ferdinand was so great, that he would end very probably by obtaining the same conditions. My mother believes, hopes, departs on the instant, and arrives here. I leave you to imagine what I suffer at the moment I am writing to you. It is in vain that I endeavour to make her comprehend that duty orders me to remain here, that I should be happy to see my country again, but that when I shall direct my steps toward it, it will not be to live an ignominious life, but to die there a glorious death; that my safe conduct in Italy rests henceforward on the point of my sword; that no affection ought to be able to detach me from the flag which I have embraced; and that the flag of a king can be abandoned,—that of a country never. My mother, agitated, blinded by passion, cannot comprehend me, calls me impious, unnatural, assassin, and her tears read my heart; her reproaches, well as I feel not to merit them, are to me as so many strokes of a poniard; but the desolation does not deprive me of mind; I know that these tears and this anger fall upon our tyrants, whose ambition condemns families to such struggles. Write me a word of consolation." I know not what others will think of the refusal of Emilio; but to me, Emilio appears yet greater at this moment than when he fell calm and cool under the fire at Cosenza. Many men think they love when

they aspire to happiness, and in following the shadow here below, even in betraying their duty: many women, alas! educated in the selfish habits of despotism, preach, without knowing it, in the name of love, to their children or their husbands, the abandonment of the Law of God, the eternal worship of the Just and True. And love, the purification of two souls, the one through the other, loses itself in the personal or sensual instinct of the brute. But when Faith, to-day extinct in men's souls, shall have rebuilt its temple of Love, the saintliness of the affection of Emilio for his mother, and his refusal, will be, I repeat, in the eyes of all, the fairest flower in his martyr-crown.

Attilio rejoined his brother at Corfu. They were no more separated. They received a citation to appear before the Austrian court-martial, to which they replied together by a refusal, expressed in some lines which were published in the Maltese Journals. War was thus declared; and another young officer, their friend from infancy, handsome as an angel, pure as a child, brave as a lion, DOMENICO MONO, quitted then the *Adria*, which happened to touch at Malta, and went to say to them: *we have lived, loved, and suffered together; together we will die.*

For it was their clear purpose to die. The two Bandieras, open as they were to all great thoughts, were, above all, men of action. They respired it at every pore. Impatient to bear witness, they sought on all sides to find the arena upon which to fling themselves. Ignorant of detail, they comprehend instinctively Italy, such as she is to-day: full of national aspirations, but backward, uncertain in her knowledge of the means which compass great things; rich in individual devotedness; weak in anything like collective action: fretted by the common evil, a difference between theory and practice. The Italians, said they, need to learn that life is but the realisation, the incarnation of thought; that they only believe who feel the necessity of translating, come what may, into acts that which they think to be the True. Italy will live when Italians shall have learned to die. And for that there is no teaching but by example.

Thus they were determined to die. The severe courage of Attilio, the serene piety of Emilio, betrayed the reflection of the same thought; the first had the air of meditating the accomplishment of the mission he had imposed upon himself; the second had bidden adieu to the things of earth, and waited tranquilly till the hour should sound upon the watch of his brother. They were consecrated victims. *Hearts devoted unto death.*

We all knew that. And jealous of preserving for better combined efforts, two such precious lives, we struggled desperately against the fatality of the idea which dragged them on. But they were too strong for us. During a brief time, while we had only to struggle against the sombre rapture of their sacrifice, we hoped to conquer. Later, the Italian government, alarmed by informations to which I will not return, but which Englishmen will do well not to forget,* began to throw the weight of all their scoundrelism into the scale, and we were lost. In June, the agents of the Neapolitan government poured into their ears the most encouraging reports: Calabria was in flames; bands of insurgents overran the mountains; they only waited for chiefs to develop their action; and these chiefs were expected from among the Italian exiles. They believed them; they sold all they had of jewels, of souvenirs of any value; they converted them into arms, and set forth.

* Referring to the information given to the Austrian government by Lord Aberdeen.—E.P.J.

"In a few hours,"—said the last letter I received from Attilio, written the 11th of June, "we set out for Calabria. If we arrive safe and sound, we shall do our best, militarily and politically. Seventeen other Italians follow us, exiles for the most part; we have a Calabrian guide. Remember us, and believe that if we are able to set foot in Italy we shall be firm in sustaining those principles which we have preached together. If we fall, tell our countrymen that they imitate our example. Life has only been given to us to employ it usefully and nobly; and the cause for which we shall combat, and shall die, is the purest, the holiest, that has ever warmed human breasts."

The rest is better known. A traitor had been placed among them; he quitted them on the 16th, as soon as they disembarked. He went by Cotrone, to declare to the government the direction they took, their plan, their force; they wandered three days in the mountains, till at last, reaching the village of San Giovanni in Fiore, usually ungarrisoned, they found themselves surrounded by forces twenty times superior. They struggled, however: one of them, *Miller*, fell dead; another, *Moro*, riddled with wounds; two contrived to save themselves in the mountains; the rest were taken.

The 25th of July, at 5 in the morning, *Attilio* and *Emilio Bandiera*, with seven of their companions, *Nicola Ricciotti*, *Domenico Moro*, *Anacarsi Nardi*, *Giovanni Venerucci*, *Giacomo Rocco*, *Francesco Berti*, and *Domenico Lupatelli*, were shot to death at Cosenza. Their last moments were worthy of them. They were awakened, the morning of the day, from a tranquil sleep; they dressed themselves with care, with even a sort of elegance, as if they prepared for a religious solemnity. A catholic priest, who presented himself, was mildly repulsed. *We have sought, said they, to practice the law of the gospel, and to make it triumph at the price even of our blood. We hope that our works will recommend us to God, better than your words. Go and preach to our oppressed brothers!* Arrived at the place of execution, they entreated the soldiers to spare the face, made in the image of God. They cried out: *Viva l'Italia*; and all was said.

Some months after, a letter reached one of our friends at Corfu, written twelve hours before the fatal moment, by one of those who fell with them. The calm, solemn tone in which it is written, reminds me of the heroes of Plutarch; and I bring it forward here, because it must suffice to prove what men accompanied the two brothers in their enterprise.

To Signor Tilo Savelli, Exoria,* in Corfu.

Dear Friend.—I write to you for the last time within twelve hours I shall be no more. My companions in misfortune are the two brothers Bandiera, Ricciotti, Moro, Venerucci, Rocco, Lupatelli, and Berti. Your brother-in-law is exempted from this fate, nor do I know to how many years he will be sentenced. Remember me to your family, and all friends, as often as possible. If it be granted me, I will, before ascending to the Eternal, revisit the Exoria. Kiss for me my Dante† and all your children. When you think proper you may make known this my fate at Modena and to my brother. Receive the affectionate remembrances of all my companions. I embrace you.

And am yours,

NARDI.

From the condemned cell at Cosenza,
24th of the 7th month, 1844.

* Exoria (a Greek word, signifying exile, banishment) is the name of the house erected by the exiled Dr. Savelli, in the district of Corno bianco, and where Nardi, too, was living.

† Dante is a boy, the first-born of Dr. Savelli, to whom Nardi was godfather.

P.S.—I write with handcuffs, and therefore my writing will appear as if written with a trembling hand; but I am tranquil, because I die in my own country, and for a sacred cause. The friend who used to come on horseback was our ruin. Once more, farewell.

Poetry for the People.

LYRICS OF LIFE.—BY MARY HOWITT.

NO. III.—THE DYING CHILD.

My heart is very faint and low;
My thoughts like spectres come and go;
I feel a numbing sense of woe—
Until to-day it was not so,
I know not what this change can be!

THE UNSEEN ANGEL OF DEATH.*

*It is my voice within that calls;
It is my shadow, child, that falls
Upon thy spirit and appeals,
That hems thee in like dungeon walls;
My presence that o'er shadoweth thee!*

Oh mother, leave me not alone—
I am a-fear'd!—my heart's like stone!
A dull pain cleaveth brain and bone;
I feel a pang till now unknown—
Stay with me for one little hour!
O soothe me with thy low replies!
I cannot bear the children's cries,
And when I hear their voices rise
Impatient tears o'erflow my eyes—
My will seems not within my power!

Poor Johnny brought me flowers last night,
The blue-bell and the violet white,
Then they were pleasant to my sight,—
But now they give me no delight,
And yet I grieve for something still.
Reach me the merry bullfinch here,
He knows my voice; I think 'twill cheer
My heart his piping song to hear—
Ah! I forgot, that bird no deer
Was sold to pay the baker's bill!

Oh, why was Mary sent away,
I only asked that she might stay
Beside me for one little day;—
I thought not to be answered nay,—
Just once! I would have asked no more!—
—Forgive me if I'm hard to please,—
Mother, weep not! Oh give me ease,
Raise me, and lay me on thy knees!
I know not what new pangs are these—
I never felt the like before!

—It is so stifling in this room—
Can it be closer in the tomb?
I feel encompassed by a gloom—
Oh father, father, leave the loom
It makes me dizzy like the mill!
Father, I feel thy hot tears fall—
If thou hast thought my patience small
Forgive me!—fain would I recall
Each hasty word—I love you all;
I will be patient, will be still!

THE UNSEEN ANGEL OF DEATH.

*Be still! my pinions o'er thee spread!
A duller, heavier weight than lead
Benumbs thee—and the life hath fled!
Child, thou hast passed the portals dread,
Thou now art of the earth no more!
Arise! thy spiritual wings unfold!
Poor slave of hunger, want, and cold,
Thou now hast wealth surpassing gold,
Hast bliss no poet's tongue hath told!
Rejoice! all pain, all fear is o'er!*

SERVICES.

2. DUTY.

Be thou no coward!
Life is a trust:
Thou art God's steward;
Dare to be just!
God's sun shines on all.

God is thy master;
Keep thy life whole:
Be thou no waster
Of body or soul!
God watcheth thy fall.

Care for God's children!
Faith ever throve;
There is no wild'ring
Where there is love:
Love mastereth all.

W. J. LINTON

DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH.

(Completed from page 101.)

There is another class of sufferers for whose relief Dr. Southwood Smith has laboured; namely, educated persons residing in London in the pursuit of their occupations and professions away from their families and friends. For these, when overtaken by illness, he has founded the *Sanatorium, or Home in Sickness*, on the principle of combination, like the great metropolitan clubs. An establishment on this principle was open for a period of three years, during which time it was occupied in succession by nearly two hundred persons of both sexes, though the greater part were ladies; all of whom have expressed the highest satisfaction at the accommodation and comfort afforded them, and to the care and skill with which they were here treated many attribute the restoration of their health and the preservation of their lives. This establishment is for the present closed, the committee having found it impossible to procure a house suited to its object; but an *Accommodating Building Fund* has been formed, chiefly by the generous exertions of Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Douglas Jerrold, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. Stanfield, Mr. Forster of the *Examiner*, and others. When this establishment is again opened on a large scale it will supply a want in the institutions of the country.

Before closing this notice of the labours of this "worker" for the good of his fellow-creatures, it must be stated, that Dr. Southwood Smith has devoted much time and exertion to forming and maturing the "Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Poor;" and was one of a deputation to Sir Robert Peel to solicit that minister to grant a Charter to the Association. Sir Robert Peel and Lord Lincoln were pleased with the plan; gave it after some consideration their cordial support; granted the request of the deputation, and the Association is now in possession of its Charter. The plan is to raise 100,000*l.* in 4000 shares of 25*l.* each; and with this sum to build model houses for the poor; that is, houses containing every improvement which modern science has suggested, and every convenience and comfort which modern art can introduce; and to let these houses to the poor at no higher rent than they actually pay for their present wretched dwellings. Out of these proposed 4,000 shares, 1,000 are already subscribed! so that the association is now in possession of 25,000*l.* with which to commence their experiment. They are at present examining sites for their first buildings, and in a short time these buildings will be in progress. If this experiment should succeed, it is impossible to estimate the influence it may have in improving the physical, and through that the intellectual and moral condition of the people.

THE MYSTERIOUS WEDDING.

Translated from the German, for "The People's Journal."

THE Island of Zealand on the northwest is united by a narrow, desolate, sandy neck of land to a peninsula, which is beautiful, fertile, and covered with villages forming within themselves one parish. Beyond the only little city of the peninsula, however, the country extends on to the stormy Categat. It is a region of a fearfully desolate and wild character. Quicksands have prevented every trace of vegetation, and moving sand heaps, the sport of storms which unrestrainedly blow over the land from the rude sea, perpetually change their position, are heaped up, blown away, and then again collected in another place. I spent an hour, not without danger, in travelling through this region, which left behind in my mind an image of the wildest desolation. Whilst I was riding solitarily through this dreary, sandy district, there arose from the sea, northward, a tempest with lightning. The waves heaved themselves with a troubled motion; the wild stormy clouds careered along the sky; the heavens became darker and more threatening every moment; the sand began to move in vast and still vaster masses under the feet of my horse, and at length even whirled into the air. It was impossible to discover the path; the horse sank deeper and deeper in the loose sand; heaven, earth, and sea were all intermingled, and every object was concealed in a cloud of dust and sand. There was not a trace of life or vegetation; the storm

whistled through the air; the raging billows lashed the shore; the thunder rolled in the distance; and, scarcely able to penetrate the cloud of dust, flashed the troubled, dark red lightning. The danger was instantaneous, when all at once, a sudden, violent fall of rain brought the whirling sand into a state of repose, and allowed me, entirely wet through, to find my way to the little town.

It had been a fearful commingling of the elements. As the earthquake is a groan from the deep bosom of nature, so did this chaos present an image of a wildly tempestuous character; all hope destroyed; every joy shattered; the ruins of the past concealing cruel rage and sorrow; restless passions hidden beneath desolation; the voice of conscience threatening thunder-like in the distance, and consuming fire flashing darkly through the troubled soul, until the so long sealed up fountain of tears vehemently bursts forth, and the melancholy of the lacerated soul is buried in their waters.

In this desolate region there stood in former time, a village, called Rörwig, at about the distance of a mile from the sea. The quicksands, however, undermined the village, and the inhabitants, mostly fishermen, have now settled themselves farther from the shore. The church alone remains upon firm ground, having been built upon a rocky height, and now stands solitary, surrounded by the mournful, moveable desert. This church is the scene of the following mysterious relation.

During the first half of the last century there sat one night in his solitary chamber the venerable, old preacher of the place, sunk in deep meditation. The hour approached midnight. The house inhabited by this good man lay at the end of the village, and such were the simple manners of the inhabitants, and so little were they troubled by mutual suspicion, that bolts and bars were unknown to them, and every door was unsecured, excepting by the simple fastening of a latch. The night-lamp burned dimly; the solemn silence was only broken by the rushing of the sea, and the pale moon mirrored itself in the waves. At that moment the door was heard to open; the old pastor heard the sound of human footsteps upon the stairs, and instantly imagined it to be a summons for him to the death-bed of some peasant neighbour who needed glostly consolation at his hand.

As he was thus thinking, two strangers entered the room wrapped in light-coloured cloaks; one of them advanced politely towards him.

"Sir" said he, "you must immediately accompany us. You must celebrate a marriage; the bridal pair are already waiting for you in the distant church. This sum of money," said he, showing to the old man a purse full of gold, "will sufficiently recompense you for your trouble and from the terror of so unexpected a summons."

The old man stared silently and horrified at the strange figures which seemed to him to have something fearful, nay, spectre-like, in their appearance. The stranger repeated his errand pressingly and beseechingly.

When the old man had somewhat collected himself, he began mildly to remonstrate and to represent to the stranger that his office did not permit him to perform such solemn rites without knowledge of the parties or without those preparatory formalities which the law required. With that the other stranger stepped forward, "Sir," said he, in an imperative tone, "you have your choice; follow us and receive the offered reward, or remain here—but in that case a bullet will pass through your head;" and with these words he drew forth a pistol which he held to his forehead, and thus waited for his answer.

The old preacher turned pale; and without saying a word, rose up in terror, dressed himself quickly, and then said, "I am ready."

The two strangers had spoken in the Danish tongue, but so as to leave no doubt of their being foreigners. They walked silently on through the night-stillness of the village, and the preacher followed them. It was a perfectly dark autumn night, for the moon had by this time set. When they had passed through the village the old man, speechless from terror and surprise, saw that the church was lighted up; and his attendants wrapped in their white cloaks walked on without speaking, and with rapid steps through the dreary, sandy plain, whilst he wearily and thoughtfully followed after. When they had reached the church a bandage was fastened over his eyes. He heard the side door, with which he was well acquainted, open gratingly on its hinges, and he felt himself thrust in, by force, amid a great crowd of people. He heard a murmur through the whole church, and in his immediate neighbourhood a language spoken which was totally unknown to him. He imagined it to be Russ. He stood with his bandaged eyes pressed on all sides by the throng, helpless and in great perplexity, when all at once he was seized upon by a hand and drawn forward with force through the crowd. At length, as it appeared to him, the throng of people withdrew, and the bandage was removed from his eyes. He recognised one of his late attendants, and found himself standing before the altar. A row of immense burning tapers in magnificent silver candlesticks ornamented the altar; the church itself was so brightly illuminated by many lights that the most distant object was discernible, and as, but a few moments before, when his eyes were bound, the murmur of the dense crowd through which he was thrust was fearful to him, so also did now the awful silence of this same throng fill his terrified soul with horror. Although the side aisles and benches were closely occupied by men, still the middle aisle was perfectly empty, and the preacher saw here a newly opened vault. The stone which had hitherto covered it was reared up against a chair. The preacher saw around him none but men, yet still in the far distance he thought he could discern the form of a woman seated in a chair. The profound stillness lasted for some minutes without any one breaking it.

At length a man arose whose magnificent attire distinguished him from all the rest, and betrayed his high rank. He stepped hastily along the empty aisle whilst the crowd gazed at him, and his footsteps echoed through the church. The man was of middle height, broad shouldered, and of a firm build; his step was haughty; his countenance of a dark hue; his hair raven-black; the features strongly marked; the lips compressed as if with anger; his nose of a bold aquiline cut, added to the imperiousness of his expression; whilst thick and dark eyebrows overshadowed the small black eyes in which burned wild rage. He wore a green dress ornamented with heavy gold buttons, and on his breast shone a star. The bride who knelt beside him was splendidly dressed, nay, even with great care. A sky-blue robe richly embroidered with silver enveloped her slender form, and fell in large folds around her graceful limbs. A circlet of diamonds ornamented her fair hair. The utmost grace and beauty exhibited themselves in her otherwise, disfigured countenance. The corpse-like cheeks seemed petrified; not a feature moved; the lips of ashy whiteness appeared dead; the eyes expressionless, and the powerless arms hung down on each side of the drooping body. Thus knelt she, an image of death, and an overwhelming horror seemed

to have locked both life and consciousness in a stupor.

The preacher now for the first time perceived an elderly old woman in a whimsical, gay-coloured dress, whose head was covered with a red turban, and who looked about grimly and yet jeeringly above the head of the kneeling bride. Behind the bridegroom stood a man of gigantic size and with a dark aspect, who looked straight before him with a grave and immovable expression.

The preacher, paralysed by horror remained silent for some time, till a wild glance from the bridegroom admonished him to commence the ceremony. That which increased his perplexity still more was the uncertainty as to whether the bridal pair understood his language; he thought it probable that they did not. He, however, collected himself and made the attempt by inquiring from the bridegroom his own and the name of his bride, "Neander and Feodora," replied he, in a stern voice.

The preacher now commenced to read the marriage formula, whilst his voice faltered, and he lost himself so frequently that he was obliged to repeat the words, yet still neither of the bridal pair appeared to notice his bewilderment, so that his conjecture that they were not fully acquainted with the language became only the more confirmed. When he asked therefore "wilt thou, Neander, acknowledge as thy lawfully wedded wife, Feodora, who now kneels here at my side?" he doubted whether the bridegroom clearly understanding would reply; but to his astonishment he replied, "Yes," in a fearfully, yelling tone, which seemed to ring through the whole church. Deep sighs which proceeded from the attendant crowd accompanied that horrible "yes," and a silent shudder, like a lightning flash, agitated the deathly pale features of the bride. He then turned himself round, and as if he would awaken the bride from her deathly stupor, asked in a loud voice, "If thou, Feodora, wilt acknowledge as thy lawfully wedded husband, Neander, who kneels beside thee, then reply by an audible Yes?"

With that the almost dead bride seemed to arouse herself; a deep sorrow agitated her relaxed features; the pale lips moved, a quickly flashing fire seemed to kindle in her glance; her breast heaved, a violent flood of tears extinguished the flashing light of her eyes, and the "yes" which she uttered was like a cry of anguish from the dying, and seemed to find a deep echo in the involuntary tone of pity which burst from the breast of the crowd. The bride sank backward into the arms of the old woman.

Several minutes passed in fearful silence, and then the preacher saw the corpse-like bride kneeling again in deep unconsciousness, and the ceremony was ended. The bridegroom arose and led the faltering bride to her former place; the old woman and the gigantic man followed.

The two men who had brought the preacher hither again appeared, bound his eyes, and pushed him not without difficulty through the crowd, and after they had put him out of the door he heard it bolted in the inside and he was left to himself. Here he stood for a moment alone and uncertain whether the awful circumstance, with all its fearful and sceptre-like detail, might not be all a dream. But when he had torn the bandage from his eyes and saw the illuminated church before him, and heard the murmuring of the crowd within, he was convinced that this mysterious affair was all reality. In order to ascertain as much as possible of the after occurrences, he concealed himself in a corner of the church and on the side opposite to that which he entered, and as he here listened, he perceived that the tumult within became every moment more

violent. It seemed to him that a combat took place, and he seemed to hear the stern voice of the bridegroom imperiously commanding silence. A long pause then succeeded, a shot was fired, the cry of a female voice was heard; again succeeded a pause; then a sound as of men at work with tools which occupied almost a quarter of an hour. The lights were extinguished, the tumult again arose, and the whole throng poured out of the church and hurried rapidly down to the sea.

The old preacher now arose and hastened to his own village; when he arrived there he awoke his neighbours and friends to tell them, still overcome by horror as he was, of the strange and incredible events which had just happened to him. But his simple neighbours had seen every thing around so perfectly quiet, and in its ordinary state, that all at once another horrible idea seized upon them, which was that some unfortunate accident had deranged the mind of their beloved pastor, and it was therefore only with extreme difficulty, and only as they thought to indulge his strange whims, that they were induced to provide themselves with crow-bars and spades, and accompany him to the church.

In the meantime day had dawned, the sun arose, and as the preacher with his attendants ascended the hill upon which the church stood, they discovered a ship of war under sail at a considerable distance from their own shore, bearing away to the north. A sight so surprising in these seas inclined them somewhat to pay attention to the preacher's report, more particularly as on arriving at the side-door of the church it was found to have been forcibly entered. Full conviction awaited them within; the preacher showed them the grave which he had seen open the night before. It was very easy to see that the stone which covered it had been raised and newly laid down again. The crow-bars were put into requisition, and in the vault which lay below was immediately discovered a new, and richly decorated coffin. With almost youthful impatience did the aged man himself descend into the vault, others followed him; the lid of the coffin was raised, and the old man saw that his suspicions were verified. In the coffin lay the murdered bride. The magnificent diadem was gone from her head. The ball had penetrated the heart. The expression of deep sorrow was vanished from her countenance, a heavenly peace had glorified the beautiful face, and she lay there like an angel. The old man wept aloud, and threw himself on his knees by the coffin, praying for the murdered lady; and silent astonishment fell upon all those who were with him.

The preacher considered it to be his duty instantly, and without any disguise, to make known this occurrence to the Bishop of Zealand as his spiritual head, and until he had received an answer from Copenhagen on the subject he required his friends on their oath to keep all profoundly secret. The vault was again closed, and no man dared to speak on the subject. Suddenly a respectable man made his appearance from the capital, he made strict inquiry after all that had occurred; required to be shown the grave; commended the silence which had been observed on the subject, and sternly insisting that the circumstance should remain a secret, and threatened any one who ventured to speak of it with the severest punishment.

After the death of the preacher it was found that he had given a narrative of this strange event in the register belonging to the church. Some persons believe that it had in some way a mysterious connection with the rapid and violent changes of dynasty which took place after the death of Peter the First and Catherine. But it would be difficult, if not impossible, to solve the deep enigma of this horrible deed.

SCENES FROM SOCIETY, BY KENNY MEADOWS.



COMING
OUT
FROM
CHURCH

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

THE service is over—the blessing has been pronounced. That rustling movement—that dying, whispering sound of soft inquiries and half-heard greetings which runs from pew to pew, and terminates the solemn silence which has reigned during the sermon, is for a moment observed, and then discreetly drowned by the music swell of the organ, pealing forth its solemn voice, as the organist sits down to “play the congregation out;” the pew-openers have flung wide the easy swinging, warm, baize-covered doors—and the worshippers in name and in heart—those whose life is one true sabbath, and those whose every seventh

day is but a false, make-believe one—the sincerely devout, and the merely respectable—the religionists of sincerity and of conviction—the occupiers of the high and low places of the synagogue, those who kneel on hassocks, and those who pray on stone—all, in fine, who have for the last two hours sent their thoughts upwards in true religious aspiration, or downwards, taking advantage of the stillness of the place to pursue the thread of more worldly calculations,—all who have been listening to, agreeing with, dissenting from, the preacher,—who have been watching for the end, or dreading it—all, in fine, who have been asleep or awake, are stirring—on the move—all is over. Some think they have performed a duty—others they have enjoyed a privilege,—a few, perhaps, that they have overcome a task. For a few moments the street is crowded; the rattle of carriage-wheels announce that the congregation numbers wealthy members, and then the groups vanish. The street resumes its emptiness, until Monday pours upon it its unthinking masses, intent upon their every-day

toil, while the church remains deserted,—a sort of outcast during the week, lone, silent, unentered,—a something which only duly periodically rises into importance and sanctity,—which has only accorded to it a four hours attention in the week.

Let me catch the dispersing groups as they pour from the sanctuary, and attempt to analyze the probable cast of the mental features of some of their principal members. How well has the pencil aided me in the task. Look at the three foremost figures of the accompanying sketch. Have you ever watched the emptying of a west-end church in which their types were not conspicuous in the throng? Snugly swathed in the broadest of broad cloth, rustling in lace and silk, dressed in the shawls and sparkling in the gems of India, step proudly out the conventional religionists. They are the people who think they patronise Christianity by being Christians. Not that they would have ought to do with what they deem the lower, the inferior—socially, not theologically speaking—phases of the land's religion; with methodism, dwelling in brown brick Ebenezer chapels in obscure suburbs; with those severe and rigid schools of dissent which practically, as well as theoretically, cast behind them the pomps and vanities of the world. They flatter themselves they are above that. They belong to the Church. The church is respectable. The church is considered proper by society. All out of its pale is—low. The type of the coat which was rent, they see reproduced, but in lawn. They think the bishop best teaches his flock to renounce the vanities of the world, by painting an heraldic mitre upon his coach pannels. Our fashionable church-goers are zealous for the "Protestant establishment." Did they live in a Catholic age or country, they would be zealous for the Catholic establishment. Did they live in ancient Greece, they would have been zealous for the Pantheist establishment. Wherever the current of the society in which they float, moves in religion and other matters, they move with it. There is a fashionable world, and a religious world; and there is also a compound of both—a fashionably-religious world. Look at that gentleman, and his glittering and perfumed fair ones. Do you think they consider themselves "miserable sinners" in reality? Will they consider themselves "miserable sinners" over the lunch of perigord pie and Madeira, spread for them in the next fashionable square?—do they seriously believe that they are miserable sinners in the silk-cushioned carriage in the park—whirling in the waltz at Almack's—whiling away the singing of Grisi by the tittle-tattle of the opera-box? The gentleman says, "miserable sinner," just as he writes, "your obedient servant" at the end of his letters; the ladies, as they exclaim to the well-drilled domestic—"not at home," when the footman's knock startles half the square. Society has its conventionalisms—its points of politeness, which mean nothing. So has the religion of some people—they think it as well to carry out the principle—to be polite to heaven—but of course they mean nothing by it!

Ask the ladies what were the heads of the discourse, they will reply by telling you of the heads of their neighbours in the nearest pew—of Miss Westend's bonnet—the point lace of Mrs. Dashington's new Parisian dress—the texture of bridal veils, and the hue of orange wreaths. I put it to universal experience—is not this true? Do not half the females in our fashionable churches look upon them as places for displaying and criticising dress? As for the gentlemen, they slightly shrug their shoulders and talk of the necessity of showing a good example to the lower classes. The lower classes often show a better example to them.

And, radiant in tagged shoulder-knots and gaudy velvet—as Swift has it—"all daubed with gold lace," the footman carries the Bible behind. Could ladies or gentlemen so degrade themselves as to carry a Bible? Not to be thought of. Are they "miserable sinners" as John is a miserable sinner? Profane supposition! Ought all men to address the Deity as equals, since he looks upon all men as equal? Heterodox insinuation! We have no born thralls now—no serfs attached to the soil—no vassals whereof to exercise the seigniorial right of "pit and gallows." No chains hang from limbs, no collars round necks, engraved with such legends as "Wamba the son of Witless, born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood;" but we have the substitutes of our own times for these barbarisms. At the altar, in the house of Him who has declared man equal, who sees no difference between high and low, flouting the solemnity of the sanctuary, the embodiment of that presumptuous lie given to the teaching, figures this dressed-up human puppet, marked out, distinguished, branded from his fellow-men, by the fantastic attire which proclaims him Pariah, which puffs up the smaller pride, props the insolent assumption of the master, who, doing his best by outward signs to mark an inward difference between his broad-cloth spirit and a flunkey's plush soul, professes that he is a fellowman of the carpenter's son—a believer in the Sermon on the Mount!

More in the back ground, shrinking timidly away from the rustling glory of the group in her front, mark that old woman, and—it may be her grandchild. The limp bonnet, the dingy cloak, the shuffling step, all telling their own sad tale of pinched income, and friends gone, and a lone dwelling. She has no hassocked pew, that widow; her prayer-book is not gilt. It is better, it is thumbed and worn. Her husband gave it her. He has been taken away long ago, but his grand-son, within though he be, looks with a sort of childish ignorant awe on the old prayer-book, wherein the day of his birth is inscribed on the title-page, and on the well-conned lessons of which the old woman's pleased eyes are rivetted with a reverential love, while the honorous voice of the curate and the loud chanting of the choir, celebrate the oft-heard, still loved service. Every word is familiar to her; has been familiar since she was a girl, and first went with something like timidity and childish awe into that old country church, with its chill damp smell, and its marble

tablets, and its shady aisle; the ivy tower, the creaking vane over shadowed with drear yew and cypress. The church she attends now is very different—so is the parson; but the very word "church" is bound up in her mind with too solemn associations, with too many and dear old home teachings, which have become a part of her very being, to permit of her regarding the one with more respect and reverence than the other. She is religious by instinct—the ruling thought is religion. Every Sunday she is in her place. She stills with affectionate serenity the restless fidgettings of the boy. The familiar words of the service come on her like the memory of old friends and old times. She has, as it were, made acquaintance with every phrase. Every sentence is an old face—every line composed of God's household words—and the swell of the organ to her simple believing heart is nought, save an earthly echo of the harps which saints and angels play before their monarch!

The church is empty—the pew-opener is looking for stray gloves left in the seats—the parson is unrobing in the vestry.

Turn we for a moment to him. He is, perhaps, a fashionable preacher; there is an ecclesiastical dandyism about him; his hands are very small and white, and jewels glitter on them; his hair is disposed for effect; his gestures have been studied before a mirror; he affects a lisp; his manner is repose itself. He is an oily man of God; he never appears to know what energy or vehemence means. Body and soul seem mild, polished as with pumice-stone, till all is shining and very-very smooth. He would not put himself into a flurry for the world; everything must go easily and evenly with him, mentally and physically—society, polished society, requires it. He is a man upon springs; no jolting. He hates scenes; wishes to ruffle neither his own nerves, nor those of anybody else. He takes rosewater-views of things. He never shocks; he always re-assures. 'Tis vulgar to be coarse, and say unpleasant things: he preaches easy-gliding sermons; he is very fluent, but does not always mean anything; he smooths down unpleasant considerations; there is time enough to think of them. He accounts decorum a high Christian virtue; winks at fashionable vices; calls aristocratic sins "foibles;" deep, damning, social wrongs, the dispositions of society. He can't afford to affront his hearers; it would be to lose his customers. But he has a very bad opinion of the lower classes—and waves his scented pocket-handkerchief in convulsive horror at the name of dissent. Ladies call him "a dear man," and keep perpetually giving him writing desks, and gorgeously-bound polyglot bibles. They admire the easiness of his soft-turned nothings. The sentences are elegant—the language refined. Pretty is the word for his teaching. There is nothing wrong in them, but nothing sternly right. They are harmless,—milk and water, with more water than milk. All their characteristics are negative. If they are luminous at all they shine without heat. He gives you the notion of a man fencing rather than a man fighting. The behaviour of the fashionable parson is

decorous—strictly so; not so much because decorum is required by religion, but because it is exacted by society. There are few drinking, fox-hunting clergymen now-a-days—precisely, because other amusements than swallowing six bottles at table, and leaping five-barred gates in the field, are now happily in vogue. But it is not the cloth which has elevated society, it is society which has elevated the cloth. The May-fair clerical butterfly scorns not above society's level; he oscillates between the drawing-room, and the pulpit, and the boudoir—equally polished, graceful, insouciant in all. He is in great request at fashionable parties, and occasionally is the "Hon." as well as the "Rev." That "all is vanity" is often the theme of his sermons—and that "all is vanity" is as frequently practically confirmed by the tenor of his life.

Take his antipode—take the good, the working, the zealous, the divine clergyman—he who feels that he has come on an awful mission, whose mind bends humbly before the great responsibility which, while it solemnizes, elevates and cheers it. I would attempt to sketch him too, but I prefer turning to a great picture, by a great master. Here is a delineation unequalled for purity, force, and beauty. Hear Geoffrey Chaucer:—

"A good man there was of religioun,
That was a poore Parson of a town:
But rich he was of holy thought and work.
He was also a learned man, a Clerk,
That Christe's gospel truly would preach.
His parishens, devoutly would he teach.
Benign he was, and wondrous diligent,
And in adversity full patient:
And such he was yproved often sithes.¹
Full loth were him to cursen for his tithes:
But rather would he given, out of doubt,
Unto his poore parishens about
Of his offring, and eke of his substance.
He could in little thing have suffisaunce.²
Wide was his parish, and houses far asunder,
But he left nought for no rain nor thunder,
In sickness and in mischief³ to visit
The farthest in his parish, much and lit⁴.
Upon his feet, and in his hand a staff.
This noble example to his sheep he yaf⁵
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
Out of the Gospel he the wordes caught,
And this figure he added yet thereto:—
That if gold ruste, what should iron do?
* * * * *
He sette not his benefice to hire,
And left his sheep encumbred in the mire,
And ran unto London, unto St. Poul's,
To seeken him a chantery for soules,
Or with a brotherhood to be withold;
But dwelt at home, and kepte well his fold;
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarry:
He was a shepherd, and no mercenary.
And though he holy were, and virtuous,
He was to sinful men not dispitous.⁶

(1) Often times.

(2) Sufficiency.

(3) Misfortune.

(4) Much and little.

(5) Gave.

(6) Unpitiful.

(7) Sufficiency.

(8) Much and little—rich and poor.

(9) Unpitiful.

Ne of his speeche dangerous,¹ ne digne,²
 But in his teaching discreet and benign.
 To drawen folk to Heaven with fairnesse,
 By good example was his business.
 But it were any person obstinate,
 What so he were of high or low estate,
 Him would be snibben³ shamply for the nonès;⁴
 A better priest I trow that no where none is.
 He waited after no pomp ne reverence,
 Ne makèd him no spicid conscience;
 But Christe's lore, and his Apostles twelve,
 He taught, but first he followed it himselfe."⁵

Reports of Lectures,

ADDRESSED CHIEFLY TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

BY W. J. FOX.

ON LIVING POETS; AND THEIR SERVICES TO THE
 CAUSE OF POLITICAL FREEDOM AND HUMAN
 PROGRESS.—No. 10.

MISS BARRETT AND MRS. ADAMS.

PROFESSEDLY religious poetry, as a whole, is the poorest species of poetry. This feeling with regard to it has been impressed by a long succession of examples; and if we desire to know anything of the poetry of another country, or if we would have the inhabitants of another country know anything of our native poetry, that which is called "religious poetry" is undoubtedly the last to which, in either case, we should have recourse. Sooner than this, we should take almost any source of inspiration whatever, whose power has been felt by the bard. Songs of love, or of patriotism,—the battle song, or the bacchanalian song,—these would all take precedence of "psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs." Professedly religious composition has, in some instances, made the name of a poet, because it has engaged a large body of sectarian admirers and supporters. It has given a factitious celebrity and an unjustifiable eminence to many second or third-rate names in our literary history; but there is not in these compositions the power that can permanently act upon the human mind. Nor is it difficult to trace the reason of this fact. It is of the essence of true poetry to be expansive, open, free, generous, uncircumscribed. But avowedly religious poetry is hedged in by the narrowness of sectarianism; it bears the restrictive marks that belong to the class or party for whose use it was framed; it flows between the straight banks of a canal, instead of, like the river, making its own channel, winding its free course, and by its very freedom, gaining power and spreading fertility. Religious poetry is usually the verisification of dogmas,—creeds turned into rhyme. The "Thirty-Nine Articles" answer the purpose as well as the loveliest or the grandest objects in nature or in art. Sternhold and Hopkins were as successful with the Athanasian creed, as they were with the most passionate or pathetic passages in the Psalms of David. They went on to the same tune, cast their compositions in the same mould. They did the whole Athanasian creed thus:—

What man soever he be that
 Salvation would attain,
 The Catholic belief he must
 Before all things maintain, &c.

(1) Staring.

(2) Haughty—proud,

(3) Ready.

(4) Occasion.

(5) Occasionally.

(6) Transcribed from "Cabinet Pictures of English Life—Chaucer; by John Saunders," in Knight's excellent weekly volume.

And so they went jogging and jingling on to the end of the chapter,—damnatory clauses and all. The veneration of forms, the technicality of almost all religious systems, the way in which they act as bonds upon the mind, even when it has the genuine poetic impulse in it, make these productions poor, effete, meaningless, and spiritless. There is a want of that real spirituality which is the result of freedom and boldness of thought; without which man achieves nothing in poetry, philosophy, science, or art. Without that mental freedom which is the natural concomitant of mental greatness and power, no bard has ever won his way to popular renown and to enduring fame; without that freedom, the poet can no more take his flight than the bird. He becomes a mere thing of earth, crawling when he should soar, and endeavouring to serve the purposes of a faith or of a faction, when he should be giving vent to the grand impulses of his own spirit, and raising other spirits into sympathy with his own greatness, loveliness, and aspiring temperament.

Now I take these causes to be all external to religion; they are not of its nature and its essence. Religion is made a sordid thing,—a tool of Church and State—the watchword of a great corporation. It is professed by individuals in conformity with the feelings of the society in which they live. It is itself made the subject of a profession, or occupation, a trade. But poetry is not sordid, poetry is not professional, poetry cannot be made a trade. And when religion is in this way degraded down from heaven to earth, the poetry that comes into association with it partakes of the degradation, falls in its full, and loses its own spiritual and ethereal essence. I believe that the causes are wholly foreign to religion that have thus degraded most of what has come into the world as professedly religious poetry. Dr. Johnson, I know, traces the defect to religion itself; but I don't think that disagreeing with Dr. Johnson's criticisms is at all a thing to be feared. His criticism, no more than his philosophy, abounds with new truths. It would be difficult to find any new truth of which he ever was the teacher, or any prejudice, however gross and vulgar, of which he was not the palliator; so long as that prejudice could be put into Latinized English, into words of six syllables, into ponderous sentences, ponderously combined,—he was ready to take it up, and give to it the fiat of a name which has become great, simply because it reflected the littlenesses of society. In his preface to Dr. Watts's poems, which he was the occasion of introducing into the edition of the poets for which he wrote the lives; and which, having introduced, he endeavours in his preface to show are not real poetry, at least of any high order, he has these remarks on devotional poetry:—

"His ear was well tuned, and his diction was elegant and copious. But his devotional poetry was, like that of many others, unsatisfactory. The paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction. It is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others what no man has done well."

Now if this were a true account of religious poetry, it would, by inference, be a true account of religion, and would represent religion, not as what it is in fact, the purest and the best condition of the human mind, but as a mere fungus upon human nature, which the sooner it can get rid of the better. True religion, I apprehend, is that condition in which the mind of man attains to its noblest elevation and its broadest views—when it traces laws in the material and in the moral universe—when it has glimpses of the great order of things that every where prevails—when it relies on the beneficent operation of those laws—and feels itself

a portion of one great whole, bound together by the principles of vital being, where living and loving are identical—and finds that there is in spiritual progress the same necessity, the same impulse, the same interminable prospect, as there is in the improvement of the arts and sciences which minister to our external and physical enjoyments. And if religion be this, there is no reason in itself why religious poetry should not be the grandest and finest species of poetry, as it is when we see it treated by a master-mind, like that of Milton, and as it ever must be, according to the capacity, strength, and poetic temperament of the mind employed upon it, if it were not for the disturbing influences of sectarian creeds, of formality, of the palsy influence of temporal concerns, and of that limitation of human freedom which so many classes of religionists have made a condition of entering into their churches and temples. And why this should not have the purest diction suited to the end in view, employed in its expression, is by no means apparent: for if the truths and objects expressed be of the noblest kind, the language will be sure to correspond. The fact is, that in this matter of the ornaments of figurative diction, Dr. Johnson was speaking conventionally, speaking only in reference to the kind of versification which was then called poetry. But a new race of bards has arisen—Wordsworth leading the way—who have shown that poetic conceptions lose nothing of their beauty and splendour when expressed in the very simplest language which will afford adequate means of communication from one mind to another. Nor is it true that Watts had done better than others, that which no man had done well. For if we leave the professional religious poets—if we look from the mere manufacturer of hymns and psalms, to the great bards of our country—who is there of them that was not at times religious, and that has not given the noblest expression to whatever principle or feeling belongs to religion? We might gather from the great minds, from the illustrious of our country's literature, the most poetical expressions of devotion, and of the feelings which enter into its holiest moments. In their long array of magnificent productions, in those works which constitute the glory of our country, which raise it to an equality with the highest nations of ancient or modern times, there is a religion—not that of an established church or of dissenting churches—not the sort of religion which you find in the sermons of this or that preacher—not a religion which can be reduced to forms, creeds, or articles of faith; but there is in them the real religion of the human mind in its noblest elevation; there is in them the expression of whatever emotions, sublime or lovely, joyous, or pathetic, correspond with the great objects of nature; with all that is presented to us in the heavens and the earth, and with all that is most impressive in the development of human character, and the different collisions of society. Nay, so certain is this, and so far does it lead us toward a great truth of human nature, that I should not hesitate to say that a poet, a real poet, a man deserving of the laurel, and to whom posterity deliberately and permanently awards the laurel, is, from that very circumstance, sure of being—and it will be found in his works—a religious poet in the proper sense of the expression. I would take any man, whatever his faith, or his want of faith, though he may be antagonistic to all received systems, to whatever has been most commonly believed from the first century down to the present time. I would take Shelley, and take him, not in his more matured state, but in his poetic boyhood, when he was inditing the fierce and ponderous commentaries of "Queen Mab;" take him in his hostility to our received forms of faith

and received authorities; take him when in the first fervour of youth, he was throwing down the gauntlet to every species of superstition, and waging against Theology an interminable warfare; and I say, that even at that moment, Shelley was a religious poet. Whatever is just, true, and beautiful in human feelings, as it flows out towards the vast universe of which we are a portion—whatever is most ennobling and divine in the principle of love towards all beings—whatever tends to show the advance in human nature, and even in unconscious being—we have in that persecuted and condemned "Queen Mab;" a demonstration that if Shelley were an atheist, he was an atheist whom a God might love, and in whom we may perceive a brother, who, by the fraternal affection that binds the race together, would point the aspirations of that race upwards, towards whatever is most true, beautiful, sublime, and enduring; and if that be not religion, there is no religion on the face of the earth.

Nor is it merely of speculative and spiritual minds, (as they are essentially,) like that of Shelley, that this holds true; but it is true of bards of a very different description. Take another, who, with some affinity to Shelley as to scepticism and hostility to received opinions, yet, in other points, and in all the characteristics of his genius, was as remote as possible from Shelley. I take the protesting, the antagonistic, the hot-blooded Byron. I say it was in him; and I say that when he was most the poet, there were the same characteristics of religion, essential to true genius, as those we find in Shelley. The conclusion of his *Childe Harold*, that magnificent apostrophe to the ocean, who is there that does not remember it? and who is there that, in reading it, has not felt his spirit bowed and yet filled with a sense of grandeur, at once humbled to the dust, and raised to the skies? Those who look abroad with a fellow-feeling for all that is immense or lovely, are conscious of a reflex in their own soul, and are thus called into that very state of action, that specific mode of feeling, which most truly constitutes religion. Yes, Byron had a right to give that challenge, which, with his usual mixture of levity and pathos, with his usual boldness, and with a recklessness that so often characterised that boldness, yet with touches that show the true bard within his heart and soul, he once threw down to the critics of England, who had been arraigning his infidelity.

"Some kinder casuists are pleased to say
In nameless print, that I have no devotion;
But let those persons down with me to pray,
And you shall see who has the properest notion
Of getting into heaven the shortest way.
My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
Earth, sea, stars—all that spring from the great whole,
Who hath produced, and will receive the soul."

In the two names which I have connected with the present Lecture, Miss Barrett and Mrs. Adams, we may trace the representatives of two phases of the religious feeling; both true and genuine, because they are the real modifications of real character, thought, and feeling; but very unlike one another. Although they have this character of being pre-eminently the authors of compositions with a religious form and spirit, yet are they unlike in all the peculiarities by which those compositions are distinguished. The religion of Miss Barrett, for instance, is that of solitude and of reflection, the religion of profound thought, the religion of continuous suffering. It is, often obscure, often mystical. It bears the marks of her mode of life. A victim to disease for many years, secluded from the world, living in a world of her own thoughts, meditating there on what she deems the reality of a creed that is too abundant in mysteries, catching its spirit, but ennobling it by her own poetic spirit, the beings

and the conflicts of the present age pass by unheeded; they are but as shadows to her, while the shadows of past ages assume distinctness and reality. Her poems are scarcely fit, any large proportion of them, for citation on such an occasion as this; they do not abound in extractable matter; they are not for social reading; they cheer not the family fireside. Her volumes should be taken into solitude; they should be read in some Gothic recess, when twilight begins to gloom over the scene; and when the phantasmal forms which she arouses may appear to the reader as they do to herself; we may enter into the conceptions of those who have lived such lives of faith, and may feel that strong sense of invisible reality, that apprehension of the future and the unseen, which with her seems to be even stronger, in most instances, than any sympathy with the fleeting beings and rapidly passing events in the world around her. She has described the sense of responsibility under which her compositions are produced. They are no light effusions; they are not thrown off in a hasty manner; but her language concerning them teaches a truly sound and valuable lesson on the worth of poetry, and the mode in which the possessor of such a power should employ it for the noblest of purposes. Speaking of one of her own compositions, "A Vision of Poets," she says—

"I have endeavoured to indicate the necessary relations of genius to suffering and self sacrifice. In the eyes of the living generation, the poet is at once a richer and poorer man than he used to be: he wears better broad cloth, but speaks no more oracles; and the evil of his social incrustation over a great idea is eating deeper and more fatally into our literature, than either readers or writers may apprehend fully. I have attempted to express in this poem my view of the mission of the poet, of the self abnegation implied in it, of the great work involved in it, of the duty and glory of what Balzac has beautifully and truly called '*la patience angélique du génie*,' and of the obvious truth, above all, that if knowledge is power, suffering should be acceptable as a part of knowledge. It is enough to say of the other poems, that scarcely one of them is unambitious of an object and a significance."

[After reading from this passage to the conclusion of the Preface, Mr. Fox continued:—]

Were all writers thus to prepare themselves for appearing before the public, were there this deep and earnest sense of moral responsibility in whatever may exercise an influence over the minds of others, whether they be writers of poetry or of prose, whether they be those who aspire to give the world volumes that shall be permanently read, or those who write only for the passing moment; were there, I say, more of this feeling, the press would be a far more blessed engine in its operation than it is; humanity would have a chance of receiving much sounder instruction than is now afforded to it; and, for how much that is vain and frivolous, for how much that is perverting and degrading, for how much that tends only to minister to passion and prejudice, should we receive compositions which the world would not willingly let die, and which would deserve not to die, but to continue their existence together with that of the human race.

The religious poetry of Mrs. Adams is of quite a different description from this; but having, nevertheless, truth and beauty equally to recommend it to minds of a different class—finding its sympathies and congenialities, not in the profundity of reflection, nor in the endeavour to give permanence to a shadowy world—but in looking round on the real, it may sometimes be only on the surface of the real, but seeing how rich that surface is in fruits and flowers for human enjoyment. Turning from the dark images of mythical ages, disregarding forms of worship and of doctrine, looking to the ethereal spirit of religion, and identifying it with human truth and good generally, she delights to seek, not in the solitary reflections of the hermit, but in connection with the collisions, the feelings, the

desires, and the struggles of society. The subject of her chief work is, therefore, in strong contrast with that of Miss Barrett. Miss Barrett's two most important poems bring us into the world of angels and demons; they relate to what, in her faith, are the villainess and depravity of human nature. She calls up the darkest shades from beneath,—calls down the brightest from above; gives life and speech to apprehensions, to elemental powers and principles. Whilst our other author looks at humanity in the pleadings of the child, and the yearnings of the mother in outraged or melting tenderness, in the conflicts of the agonized father,—in the firmness that withstands the world, and in the martyrdom that dies for the truth. Her drama, "Vivia Perpetua," is founded on a story of martyrdom of the third century. A noble lady, of Roman descent, living in Carthage, is discovered to have been converted to the then persecuted faith. This alienates her father from her,—irritates him even to madness, and occasions her immediate imprisonment. Every effort is made there to prevail over her constancy. She associates there with slaves; which the Christian faith had then begun to teach the world was due to the common rights and tendencies of our nature. And with slaves for her companions, she at last submitted to the horrors of martyrdom, to be torn to pieces by wild beasts, holding the hand of one who had been a slave of her own, as a sister; and, when eventually dispatched by the executioner, steadying the sword which his trembling hand could not guide to her throat. Such is the subject; and the great moral it teaches,—of truth to oneself, whatever be the voice of society, whatever its prejudices and conventionalisms, its injuries and oppressions,—is beautifully wrought out. Vivia Perpetua, impressed with her Christian feeling, seeks by herself the temple of Jupiter, there to renounce her ancient superstition. In the soliloquy she there utters are many expressions that entitle the writer to no mean rank in the order of poets. The time is evening; the scene, his solitary temple: and the Christian convert thus apostrophizes the deity enshrined there:—

"Lo! where, all trembling, I have knelt and pray'd:
Where vow and sacrifice, at morn and eve,
Shrouded in incense dim, have risen to appease
The wrath, great Jove, of thy once dreaded thunder,—
Up to the night of thy majestic brows,
Yet terrible with anger, thus I utter,—
I am no longer worshipper of thine!
Witness the firm farewell these stedfast eyes
For ever grave upon thy marble front:
Witness these hands—their trembling is not fear—
That on thine altar set for evermore
A firm renouncing seal—I am a Christian

* * * * *

God of stone
For the last time farewell! and farewell ye,
The altar where my childhood's wrath was flung,
Fragrant as the faith that claimed its dedication!—
You niches, where an apart was sought, alone,
From crowd, that own'd no reverence for him
They nam'd their God— is still the God they name!—
Unconscious treasury of tears, that oft
Fell like fast rain, upon those senseless stones,
That, like yon moor, then a deity,
Sent no returning pity. Jove! give back—
Give back those tears were shed in vain to thee;
Give back those trembling vows were made to thee,
Give back the sacrifice was paid to thee.—
That I may render all to that dear God
Hath freed me from those agonies of fear,
Thou reckonest for worship."

Besides this noble renunciation, there are beautiful passages of social feeling and morals, all tending towards the one great point of truthfulness to our own consciousness, through the poem. This is one;—

"With love expands the scope of piety;
While pride doth hold the poor for baser clay,
Religion, weeping fond and thoughtful tears,
Gently dissolves their elements to find
Some ruin of native good, by pride unseen.
That shines to prove her God and God in all,
There is no crime where there is not love."

In these esteem'd the wise, how oft we see
A scorn and bitterness that stains their wisdom;
They hate the evil more than love the good!"

This, too, is true of the regard in which what is called the world should be held, when its prejudices are opposed to the dictates of sincerity:—

"The world I fear not—
Its thought of me did never have a thought;
Things in themselves for their own sake I seek,
And not regard of others in them, or
I ne'er had followed in the Christian track.
You do not know how often I have turn'd
Unto these silent marbles, there to lay
And gaze away a weariness of soul,
Forgetting in their graciousness a while
Others' forgetfulness of what they owe
Unto their noble natures. Never yet
Found I true dignity in any one
Who let the world's opinion cripple thought."

In the immediate prospect of her martyrdom, some one says to her:—

"You die for Christ, you say: he cannot need
The death of one like thee."

To which she replies, and in that reply gives the essence of the whole drama:—

"I need to die,
I could not live, - couldst thou? - to feel a truth
Cry loudly in the heart and struggle it,
Were this the end, no other life beyond
Better to perish thus, our dust unward,
(So it might nourish still a living flower,
Rather than breathe the such breath as hourly kills
The truth that blooms within."

Now in these two different modes the writers before us have produced compositions that are really religious, and are real poetry. Can Institution do anything like this? Can state endowment ensure such results? Have they been inaugurated into any priesthood - inducted into any living - gifted with any titles? Have they had bishops' hands upon their heads for consecration and ordination? Religion is the free-will of the mind, if it be worth anything, not a trade, or occupation, or a profession; nor can all the arts and inducements, the means and appliances, to which establishments have reached, or can ever command, produce one genuine throb of piety, or its expression in one genuine verse of poetry. They may give us bustling and mitred bishops; they may give us a numerously organized clerical profession, like an army, with its ranks and gradations, its pay and its promotions; or they may give us a fanatical spirit, seeking ever to exalt as an idol its own particular form of faith and worship: or they may create dissenting churches, with teachers who are to teach that which their people already know and believe, and to which alone they will listen, requiring in the form of instruction only the echo of their own faith, and perhaps their own fancies. All this external arrangement may do for religion; but to produce the reality of it, to give it its genuine truthfulness and beauty of expression, is altogether beyond their power. But where there is the devout nature, that nature finds its own expression, and, unprompted by considerations such as these, desiring only to relieve itself from the feelings by which it is oppressed, pours forth strains which the feelings of others respond to, and recognise as genuine. Such is the true expression, and such are the best teachings of a real religion. In the accounts which have been made public latterly as to "ragged schools," places opened as receptacles for those who seem utterly abandoned by society, the darkly and densely ignorant, and in their ignorance, too commonly the prematurely vicious—in one of these places, one of the first things we see recorded is, that certain tracts have been given them; they have been taught to read tracts, and they read tracts to one another. So it is thought they are to be made religious by a short cut; and this is to

stand in the place of knowledge and virtue, of the training and formation of human character. Why the best course would be to enlarge their minds, to give something like training to the powers and capabilities they possess; to lead them to greater knowledge of the truths of nature around them, to expand and raise their thoughts; and then, in this growth of the mind, the religion would come of itself, if they have the elements of religion in their nature; it would come to them, for it belongs to the human constitution. And if it do not, but be only a forced graft of human forms and institutions, the more it is kept away from them the better they will do without it, and will show that human nature suffices in itself better for them, far better than any religion which can be thus artificially from without inculcated upon the mind, and hammered over the mere externals of character.

In the minor compositions of each we find the same distinction. I have endeavoured to trace in their more important and more distinctly religious poetry. The one is still thoughtful and the other graceful: the one is still endeavouring to penetrate into the essences of things; the other gazing on and reflecting the beauty that lies upon the surface. There are dark depths in the one, but so pellucid in the other that they seem not to be depths. There are but few of Miss Barrett's poems that relate to passing events. Some there are; and when she does deal with subjects of this kind it is to throw into them a portion of that power which I have endeavoured to describe as constituting her peculiarity. There is one occasioned by the return of the dead Napoleon to France, two years ago, and which deserves notice, not only for the thoughts that germinate in it, but for the moral judgment which this religious writer pronounces upon certain political actions, brought to recollection by the event:—

CROWNED AND BURIED.

"Napoleon! years ago, and that great word,
Compact of human breath in hate and dread
And exultation, sided as overhead—
An atmosphere whose lightning was the sword,
Seathing the oceans of the world,—drawn down
The burnings, by the metal of a crown.

"Napoleon! nations, while they cursed that name,
Shook at their own curse: and while others bore
Its sound, as of a trumpet, or before
Dress-fronted legions justified its aim—
And dying men, on trampled battle-sole,
Near their last silence, utter'd it for God's.

"Napoleon! sages, with high foreheads drooped,
Did use it for a problem, child-like small
Leapt up to greet it as at manhood's call:
Priests blessed it from their altars overtopped
By meek-eyed Christ's—and widows with a moan
Spoke it, when questioned why they sat alone.

"That name consumed the silence of the snows
In Alpine keeping, holy and cloud hid
The mute eagles dark what nature's dad,
And over-rushed her mountainous repose
In search of cruises: and the Egyptian river
Mingled the same word with its grand 'For ever.'

After tracing a portion of his career she comes to the time of his downfall:—

"Napoleon! 'twas a high name lifted high!
It met at last God's thunder sent to clear
Our compassing and covering atmosphere,
And on us a clear sight beyond the sky,
Of supreme empire: thus of earth's was done—
And kings crept out again to feel the sun.

"The kings crept out, the people sat at home—
And finding the long invaded peace
A path embroidered with worn images
Of lights divine, too soon to cover down
Such as they suffered,—cursed the corn that grew
Rankly, to litter bread, on Waterloo!"

Then, after describing his captivity at St. Helena,

"France kept her old affection,
Ah deeply as the sepulchre the corpse,
Until distast by such love's remorse
To a new angel of the resurrection,
She cried, 'Behold, thou England! I would have
The dead whereof thou wottest from that grave!"

"And England answered in the courtesy
Which ancient foes turned lovers, may best—
"Take back thy dead! and when thou burst it,
Throw in all former strife 'twixt thee and me,
Armen, mine England! 'tis a courteous claim,
But ask a little room too—for thy shame!

"Because it was not well, it was not well,
Nor tuncful with thy lofty-chaunted past,
Among the oceanides—that heart
To bind and bare, and vex with vulture fell!
I would, my noble England! men might seek
All crimson stains upon thy breast—not cheek!

"I would that hostile fleets had scarred thy bay,
Instead of the lone ship which waited moored
Until thy princely purpose was assured,
Then left a shadow—not to pass away—
Not for to-night's moon, nor to morrow's sun!
Green watching hills, ye witnessed what was done!

"And since it was done,—in sepulchral dust,
We fain would pay back something of our debt
To France, if not to honour, and forget
How through much fear we falsified the trust
Of a fallen foe and exile!—we return
Orestes to Electra—in his urn!

"Napoleon! he hath come again—borne home
Upon the popular ebbing heart,—a sea
Which gathers its own wrecks perpetually,
Majestically moaning. Give him room!
Room for the dead in Paris! welcome solenn
And grave-deep, 'neath the cannon-moulded column!

Blood fell like dew beneath his sunrise—sooth!
But glittered dew-like in the covenanted
And high-rayed light. He was a tyrant; granted!
But the *avert* of his autocratic mouth
Said yea! the people's French! he magnified
The image of the freedom he denied.

And if they asked for rights, he made reply,
'Ye have my glory!' and so, drawing round them
His ample purple, glorified and bound them
In an embrace that seemed identity.
He ruled them like a tyrant—true! but none
Were ruled like slaves! Each felt Napoleon!
I do not praise this man: the man was flawed,
For Adam—much more, Christ!—his knee, unbent—
His hand, unclean—his aspiration pent.
Within a sword-sweep—pshaw!—but since he had
The genius to be loved, why let him have
The justice to be honoured in his grave.

I think this nation's tears, poured thus together,
Nobler than ehoys, I think this funeral
Grandeur than coverings, though a Pope bless all;
I think this grave stronger than thrones! But whether
The crowned Napoleon or the buried clay
Be better, I discern not. Angels may."

Another of her pieces, which contains some allusion
to the passing state of things in this country, is a sort
of moan for the distresses of the poor; and it is as
genuine in the tone of its humanity as is the wail it
sends forth:—

"There is no God,' the foolish saith,—
But none—there is no sorrow;
And nature oft the cry of faith,
In bitter need will borrow:
Eyes, which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raised;
And lips say—'God be pitiful!
Who ne'er said, 'God be praised!'
Be pitiful, O God!

"The plague of gold strikes far and near,—
And deep and strong it enters;
Thus purple chimer which we wear,
Makes madder than the centaur's.
Our thoughts grow black, our words grow strange;
We cheer the pale gold-diggers—
Each soul is worth so much on 'Change,
And marked, like sheep, with figures.
Be pitiful, O God!

"The curse of gold upon the land,
The lack of bread enforces—
The rail-cars short from strand to strand,
Like more of Death's white horse!
The high preach 'rights' and future days,
And hear no angel scolding:
The poor die mute—with starving gaze
On corn-ships in the offing.
Be pitiful, O God!"

In the occasional compositions of Mrs. Adams there
is a more thorough entering into the feelings of the
day, a more lively response to the earnestness of the
struggle in which those who are warring for the right
engage, and a stronger vibration to the appeals which

those who lead the people on are making for the pos-
session of their rights, social, political, or commercial.
Nearly a twelvemonth ago, in this place, I read
several manuscript productions, without naming their
author, as specimens of the mode in which poetical
power might be brought to bear on the events of the
day. They were Anti-Corn-Law songs, about the
time the bazaar was opened. It is long enough ago,
I think, for me to repeat one, which may, perhaps,
call the rest to the recollection of those who heard
them:—

AUTUMN

Harvest Home! Harvest Home!
O'er the stubble I heard the call;
Harvest Home! Harvest Home!
And I watched the reapers one and all;
Each face said plain as plain could be,
"The harvest ne'er comes home to me."

Harvest Home! Harvest Home!
Faint and more faint was heard the call
Harvest Home! Harvest Home!
No echo comes from the cottage wall,
But there the reaper with aspect wild
Holds a mouldy crust to a dying child.

Harvest Home! Harvest Home!
What voice from beneath is heard to call?
Harvest Home! Harvest Home!
Where the shadow of famine is over all!
Death for the reaper's child has come
Stern landlord to bear his Harvest home.

Another of these earnest compositions was occa-
sioned by the opening of the Royal Exchange, and by
the motto so conspicuously emblazoned there,—
"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof." These
lines were written on the day on which the Queen
went in state to open the Exchange:—

THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

"The Earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."

The Exchange, say ye, opened!—and corn yet forbid!
Shame, merchants of London! your tablet be hid;
For it makes of Heaven's lesson, a mockery and scoff,
"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."

Tho' the day might be fair, tho' the vast human tide
Now rushed, now receded, as bidding might guide;
Tho' loud came the shout on the populous air,—
The still voice in the depth of the soul, said, "Beware!"
For o'er toiled and o'er taxed, far too many were seen,
That could give no "God bless her," to welcome the Queen

A forced holiday—and their children unfed,—
To baffle work on the morrow to pay for dear bread.
Oh the brave crimson banner that waved to and fro
Spoke out for those silent pale faces below.
"Blood royal, what is it? what station? what birth?
God hath made of one blood all the tribes of the earth.
Queen! ministers! merchants! turn not to despair,
Give us bread day by day—our legitimate prayer,
Nor taunt us with tablets of mockery and scoff,
"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof."

Aye, the red streak above, and the helmets below,
The sharp glitter of steel, in that full human flow,
Made the loyal hearts tremble, the loving turn chill,
With the shuddering cold that's prophetic of ill.
Aye those banners they waved fiery warning to all,
Like the hand that wrote "Mene" on Nineveh's wall.
They bade us remember that terrible time
When starvation's sharp bones were the goads to crime,
When was heard first the piteous cry for Cheap Bread,
Ere the blood that denied it was pitiless shed,
Of King, Queen, Lords, Commons, who turned to a scoff
"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."

Oh your Royal Exchange will be opened, indeed,
When its merchants may utter, "our commerce is freed!"
Then let multitudes flock, then that broad river flow,
Then let banners speak hope for pale faces below
With this their inscription, in sunshine unfurled
"Free trade with the nations, all over the world!"
Then those voices now mute in the thrall of despair
Shall awake to peal forth on the jubilant air,
(No longer your tablet a mockery and scoff)
"The Earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."

To glance from religious poetry to religious prose,
and to close this comparison with one topic on which
both writers have been employed, though in different
ways: we owe, amongst other things, to Mrs. Adams,
a little book entitled, "The Flock at the Fountain,"
in the form of a catechism. This is a form of which I
always disapprove; it is not a good one for conveying

instruction; but it is, perhaps, less objectionable in this case than in any other that it would be easy to find. Instead of the common form of hymns of penitence, or hymns of outrageous confessions of sinfulness, which it is utterly impossible a child's heart should feel, the children are taught to use such hymns as these. It is meant for very young children, and those not very well instructed,—in fact, for a factory school:—

"Join hands, one and all!
Mine to thine, and thine to mine;
Ne'er let strife between us fall;
Love is life's best treasure!
In our work, or in our play,
Let each other help a brother,—
Sharing in their toil to-day,
To-morrow in their pleasure;
Join hands, one and all!
Mine to thine, and thine to mine;
Ne'er let strife between us fall;
Love is life's best treasure."

Or such as this:—

"Who are the happy, and who are the free?
You tell me, and I will tell thee!
Those who have tongues that never lie,
Truth on the lip, truth in the eye,
Truth in the soul, to friend or foe,
To all above, and to all below.
These are the happy, and these are the free;
So may it be with thee and me!"

And while thus we have found one of these authors bending from the lofty flight of which her genius is capable to aim at teaching a factory school, I shall conclude by adverting to the way in which the other has given her own deep-toned voice to the child of wretchedness, of the factory, and of the mine. Happily, one portion of these oppressions has been rectified since that time by the efforts of a man, whose good deeds, however, in this or in any other way, have not sufficed to retain him in his place in Parliament, as one of those who sit there as the representatives of broad acres and narrow minds. But neither broad acres or narrow minds can hinder the conversion to the faith that the people of this country have not too much food, and that the quantity of cattle and corn abroad is not that tremendous avalanche which, if once set moving, would be sure to overwhelm us with destruction. The present is an occasion on which one can, without danger of misapprehension, advert to what is meritorious in Lord Ashley. Often, I think, on a false scent in his philanthropies; often looking only at the surface when he ought to be probing the depth of the evil; dealing with mere symptoms, and leaving the real disease in society without check or resistance; but who certainly is not at present driven from the representation of Dorsetshire by any of his faults, failings, or short-comings, but made the martyr of what merit he had; and taught, with all his rank and station, to succumb to the power of the party which finds itself sufficiently strong to turn out and cashier him and send more fitting representatives to lend their aid in the House of Commons in that war of words which seems as if it would maintain a strife with time, and think every day an inestimable boon purchased by the labour of human lungs, so long as it keeps from those over whom the darkest clouds of calamity are impending the prospect of the only mitigation of which their condition will admit. The poem of Miss Barrett's to which I refer is entitled, "The cry of the children:—"

"Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young swans are playing with the shadows;
The young flowers are blowing toward the west.—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free."

"Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,—
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do—
Pluck you handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty—
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through!
But they answer—Are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine!

"For oh, say the children, we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap.
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping.
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow
For all day we drag our burden thence—
Through the coal-dark under ground—
Or all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories round and round."

"For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,
Their wind comes in our faces,—
Till our hearts turn,—our heads, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places—
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
Turns the long light that droppeth down the wall—
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all!—
And all day the iron wheels are droning;
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels,' (breaking out in a sad moaning)
'Stop! be silent to-day!'

"Ay, be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth—
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth:
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals—
Let them prove their inward souls against the notion
That they live in you or under you, O wheels!
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
As if fate in each were stark,
And the children's souls, which God is calling sun-ward,
Spin on blindly in the dark."

"They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For you think you see their angels in their places,
With eyes meant for Deity—
How long (they say) how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, or a child's heart,
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O our tyrants,
And your purple shows your path;
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence,
Than the strong man in his wrath."

And well it is that these differently constituted minds, pursuing their varied course, but each according to its views, illustrating the spirit of religion,—well it is that they should both point towards those objects, that the eyes of all society should be directed thitherward. Where is the great need for exertion, where the field for reformation, where the hope for coming times? Where, but by doing something, something as soon as possible, and as effectually as possible, for the rising generation, for the children of this populous country, its too much neglected, trampled and abandoned children, who should be the nation's hope, and on whose infant eyes light should beam, the light of truth and knowledge, the light of gladness and of joy. May the time come when something like national education,—education sustained by the resources of a combined people, and not controlled and directed either by governmental or clerical power in its immediate operation,—shall be the portion and the heritage of all the children of all classes throughout the length and breadth of the land. It will be the herald and presage of something more than political and commercial freedom, of that intellectual freedom which gives its worth to both, and without which neither can possess one atom of security for their permanence. This is the work which philanthropy, which justice has to achieve in our country,—the work to which the statesman and the politician, if there be any spark of patriotic feeling within his bosom,—the work to which philanthropists and religionists, if there be any true love, or pity, or liberality in their sensations,—the work to which all who are rejoicing in the good of

their country, and the good of the human race, if there be any solidity in their speculations and anticipations,—should alike give their best and most strenuous efforts to a prompt realization of,—its realization so far as the wants of society show that this, and this alone, is the remedy for its wrongs and sufferings.

Meanwhile, we see what different principles do for the children. Society sets them to work; punishment thinks them not beneath its severity; institution disregards them, or leaves them to the powerful; philanthropy tenders its useless, its degrading almsgiving; poetry lends them its own voice to claim their rights, to describe their wrongs and their sufferings,—poetry does for them that which best alleviates the evil, until the great good of universal education shall present itself, not with laws, not with alms, but giving them pity and sympathy, tears and smiles,—scattering flowers in their path, not destined soon to wither,—and bidding them look trustfully to the time when humanity shall rightly feel for youth, and its legislation, based on national conviction and determination, shall freely, wisely, justly, and permanently recognise the right of all to instruction, and find the means by which that instruction can be imparted.

WHAT IS DOING FOR THE PEOPLE IN LEEDS?

By far the best part of what is doing for the people in Leeds is being done *by themselves*. The help of patronage is good, but self-help is infinitely better. Men never appreciate what is done for them, so much as what they do for themselves. They never profit so much by the exertions of others, as they do by their own exertions. And it is because the working people of Leeds are helping themselves—are earnestly labouring for their own advancement in social condition, and in the dignity of thinking beings, that their efforts are to be cheered and held up as an example to the men of other districts.

The prominent and striking characteristics of the manufacturing population of England is their untiring industry, energy, and activity. And at no previous period in our history has this been more apparent than now. There is also much resolute purpose, and honest determination to advance, displayed amongst all the industrial orders which throng our busy hives of industry. Yet, withal, there is much misery, want, and wretchedness to be complained of—which, occurring as they do, in the midst of so much wealth and the accumulated fruits of industry, is to be deplored as among the most grievous anomalies of our present social state.

There is no disposition, however, to sink under their adverse circumstances. There is no lack of heart or hope—no timid irresolution or despair. The great lesson of self-help has impressed itself deeply on the minds of all; and zealous practical labourers are everywhere at work, more than we have known to exist at any former period, eager to elevate their class into a position of social comfort and independence.

In former times, when the working classes aimed at improvement, they sought it chiefly through the instrumentality of government. They did not see that though government had the power to inflict much evil, it had not the power to do much positive good. The political reforms sought by the working classes are not by any means to be under-estimated, but it must at the same time be confessed the people can do infinitely more for themselves than any government can do. Over the very highest sources of happiness, govern-

ment exercises comparatively little influence; its power being more of a negative than a positive kind, and calculated rather to prevent the infliction of evil than to produce actual good. The grandest of all reforms must always spring from the people themselves; and they can only be effected by the exercise of continued effort and resolute determination on their part.

The great power which seems yet destined to effect the social emancipation of the working classes, is the power of co-operation. In this power they now generally recognize the means of their permanent social elevation, and the foundation of all true progress. Complete civilization, in fact, can only be the result of complete co-operation—co-operation based on sound moral principles, and guided by pure and lofty intelligence.

For long enough the working orders have been groping blindly in the dark after the grand principle, and now the light comes beaming in upon them from all quarters. The disposition to co-operate for mutual benefit and defence, first manifested itself in strikes and combinations—its most imperfect form. Yet the energy here displayed was immense. It was stated at a late public meeting of operatives in Preston, that in one strike of the cotton spinners at Manchester, which lasted four months, they spent 400,000*l.* in loss of wages alone; and in two others they lost 600,000*l.* In another strike at Stockport, the cotton spinners lost 600,000*l.* in wages! and in different strikes, the wool combers of Bradford lost 400,000*l.*; the mechanics of Leeds, 180,000*l.*; the operatives of Lanarkshire, 50,000*l.*; the colliers of Northumberland, 100,000*l.*; which, together with the losses by the strikes at Stockport and Preston in 1840, made a total of *three million sterling*, which to all intents and purposes had been spent in vain—as, in nine out of ten cases, the strikes completely failed in their object. Just think of this amount of capital being expended on land, on buildings, on co-operative production establishments, or on the means of physical, moral, and intellectual improvement, and what glorious results might not have been anticipated from it! But these efforts, though misdirected, were not *all* lost, for they had this effect—that they taught the working men what a great moral power they had at their command in this stupendous principle of co-operation.

The principle has, however, been applied in much more wholesome directions of late years. We now find co-operation at work in all directions. We have working class associations for the promotion of Temperance, for the improvement of the Sanitary Condition of Towns, for Shortening the hours of Labour, for Mutual Improvement and Instruction, for Mutual Saving and Benefit; and, perhaps more important than all, for the joint Production and equitable Distribution of Wealth.

The extent to which the principle of co-operation is acted on, in the matter of Benefit Societies, may be briefly illustrated by the statement of a few facts. The most numerous society of working men in Leeds, is that of the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows. The name does not at all indicate the object of the association, which is one mainly for mutual benefit, attained by the clubbing of small means together. The number of Odd-fellows belonging to the above order, in the borough of Leeds, is not less than 8,000; and when we consider that one adult is representative, on an average, of every five persons in the population, it will be seen how large a proportion of the working class this association must comprehend.

The contributions of the members of the Manchester Unity to the funds of their respective lodges, amount

on an average, to 4d. per week. Here, then, we have a total of weekly contributions amounting to about 140*l.*, or a yearly revenue of 7,000*l.* The benefits which the members derive from their weekly contributions, are as follow:—ten shillings a week are allowed to each member while disabled from work by sickness; medical attendance is also provided by the lodge, each having its own doctor. On the death of a member, 10*l.* of funeral money is allowed, together with 5*l.* to the widow, if the deceased brother has been married.

Besides the Manchester Unity, there are also, in Leeds, various other numerous-supported lodges; the "Grand United Order of Odd-fellows," averaging 2,000 members; the Foresters, about 2,000; the Ancient Druids, 500; the Ancient Fraternity of Gardeners, 1,500. Then follows a list of minor "Orders," with most comical names, but most excellent objects, each boasting of numerous supporters—the Order of the Ark, of the Peaceful Dove, of the Golden Fleece, the Mariners, the Knight Templars, the Ancient Romans, the Knights of Malta, the Loyal Ancient Shepherds and Shepherdesses!

Then come the Teetotal Mutual Benefit Societies, the members of which abjure all dealings with strong drink, and refuse to transact their business in houses where anything stronger than coffee is sold. The Rechabites and the Templars of Nazareth are the most numerous supported of these lodges.

The objects of all of them are nearly the same—to support each other in sickness, and sustain each other in times of family calamity and distress. Some combine with their objects moral and intellectual improvement. Some lodges have recently begun to form libraries; and others have had courses of instructive lectures delivered before them. A brotherly feeling is cultivated; and of late years, frequent cheap trips by railway, during the summer months, to Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Newcastle, Scarborough, and other places, have been joined in by thousands of the members.

It is supposed to be quite within the mark to state that not less than 15,000*l.* are annually subscribed by the working classes of Leeds alone in Mutual Assurance against accidents, ill health, and the calamities which attend them. Doubtless, there are imperfections in many of the Societies in question, though generally managed with much practical and business-like sagacity. Possibly there is waste in many respects; and possibly, also, the full advantage may not be taken of the complete organization which most of these societies display; but that the general result is most improving to the condition of the mass of the working classes, of which they are exclusively composed, cannot for one moment be called in question.

The co-operative principle has recently been extending itself in other directions. Numerous societies have recently sprung into existence among the working classes, with the view of enabling them, by means of regularly accumulated savings, to become small proprietors of land, and owners at least of the houses they inhabit. Some of these societies are in connexion with the "Chartist Land Co-operative Society," and "The National Land and Building Association;" but by far the greater number are independent societies, got up and carried on by active and energetic men in their several localities, who gradually attract around them the support of their self-helping fellow workman. Each society has its rules drawn up in conformity with the Friendly Societies' Act, and is managed generally without expence, in a quiet, earnest, and business-like manner.

Two instances of societies of this description, in

active operation, may be briefly cited. The first is "The Leeds Union Operative Land and Building Society," which holds its weekly meetings in a school in Marshall-Street, Holbeck. Its objects are, first, to enable shareholders to purchase their own dwellings, or other freehold and leasehold property, by weekly payments; and, secondly, to provide a better investment for small weekly savings than is offered by the Savings' Bank. The shares in this society are 120*l.*, each for which a subscription of 2*s.* 6*d.* weekly is paid; and upon the purchase of a share one shilling additional is paid as interest or redemption money. A man who pays 2*s.* 6*d.* a week rent, may, by joining this society, have a sum of money advanced to him to effect the purchase of his house; and the weekly repayments he is required to make to the society amount to a mere trifle in addition to the rent which he was formerly required to pay; with this advantage—that at the end of about twelve years the house is his own property, free from all incumbrance. Several sales of shares, with the above object, have already taken place. The society, which was only recently instituted, already numbers about 250 members, and upwards of 300 shares have been subscribed for.

The second illustration of the advancement of the co-operative principle, is one of still greater importance. It is, perhaps, the highest practical embodiment of the principle that has yet been attempted in this country, and the friends of social amelioration cannot fail to watch its progress with deep anxiety and interest. It aims at co-operation of the working men in the production and distribution of wealth. And why should not men co-operate for this purpose? Why should not working men become the masters of capital, and the masters of machinery, instead of remaining as now, their half-remunerated and overworked slaves? Why not reap the entire benefits of their own industry? This is the question we have often asked, and to which these energetic working men are now about to give a practical answer. The large sums which the workmen have of late years expended in strikes, and which they have lodged in the savings' bank, and contributed to the funds of their Benefit Societies, and Free Gifts, show how much might be done were they to club their capital together, and set steam-engines and machinery agoing,—the profits of which might be employed for their own benefit, instead of that of individual capitalists. This plan has been tried at Lowell, in America, and succeeded. Why should it not be tried, and equally succeed, in England too?

The name of the new Co-operation body is the Redemption Society. Its objects, as announced in the published prospectuses and tracts, are twofold. First, the purchase of land in the neighbourhood of Leeds, on which to erect factories and workshops, in order to give employment to the people, for their own advantage, and the advantage of all classes, whether rich or poor; the end contemplated being, the reconciliation of labour with capital, and the simultaneous advancement of human happiness with the progress of the industrial arts. The second object is, the creation of small freeholds, in which the economical working man may build a cottage for his own residence, within a reasonable distance of Leeds. The due education of the members, and their children is also prospectively provided for, by the erection of schools, in which no exclusive creed shall be taught. A decent interment, at the expense of the society, is also to be provided for each member on his decease.

The rules of the Society have been carefully drawn up, revised, and certified by Mr. J. Tidd Pratt, the barrister appointed, by government for the purpose.

The society is now duly formed and in active operation. Meetings of the members are held weekly, and occasional open meetings have taken place, which have been attended by a large number of working men, who have manifested a warm interest in the success of the scheme. Although the society is in its infancy,—being little more than two months old,—yet it already boasts of upwards of 300 subscribing members and donors,—and the number is steadily increasing.

Here, then, we have abundant evidences of prudent foresight, sound practical philanthropy, and honest energy of purpose, among the working men of Leeds. The same great principles and motives are doubtless also at work in other towns in the manufacturing districts; and in many remote quarters of which little is known, even by those who live in their immediate neighbourhood. Say what we will about the dead heroisms of the olden times, there is a heroism of living men,—aye, of poor working men, in this nineteenth century,—which far surpasses all that past ages can boast of. Ours is the age of real practical purpose, of high philanthropic aims, of hearty co-operation for the good of all. With all our social sufferings—and they are manifold—the general movement is rapidly onwards. There is a genuine sympathy for the masses of the people, and an earnest desire for improving their condition, prevalent among all classes. But above and beyond all, there is the earnest and resolute determination on the part of those people themselves, to improve their moral and social condition by all fair and honest means. *

Something ought here to be added respecting the self-educating efforts of the people of Leeds; but this may form the subject of a future article.

S. SMILES.

THE EXCITEMENT-SEEKER.

BY JOSEPH GOSTICK.

The eye is not satisfied with seeing.—SOLOMON.

SUDDENLY—joyously—one brilliant morning, I stepped into the full possession of one of the largest estates in England. In vigorous health, with high spirits, and an imagination full of earth's finest pictures and brightest colours, I paced the lawn before my mansion, gazed on my possessions, and thus apostrophized MAMMON—"Money! great, wonder-working power! Shame fall on the little, envious souls that would breathe a word to thy dishonour! Thou art the maker of men! What should I be without thee? An earth-cloth tied down to this spot, or like yon poor peasants, creeping about awhile on the brown soil and then sinking into it. Money! Thou givest me wings. Thou art the greatest of the poets, and where would be our painting, sculpture, and architecture without thee? Thou openest for me the springs of inspiration. Thou makest all nations to serve my purpose. Rome, Greece, Naples, Egypt, India, all lay their stories before me at thy command. Ah! little yellow idol," said I, poising a sovereign on the tip of my finger, "thou art the infallible of this modern world; but to show thy magic thou must be put in motion. I would not be numbered amongst the stupid of thy votaries who lock thee up in a chest and so destroy thy power. No: I will be thy spender, and thou shalt carry me to the objects of my ambition." I felt that a great, a wondrous power was put into my hands, and the only question was how I could best unfold the resources of my wealth so as to yield me the greatest possible measure of enjoyment.

For a few weeks I found ample amusement on my

own estate. I passed some mornings in my mansion, gazing on the portraits of my ancestors. Worthy men! what treasures they had accumulated for me! I pitied them when I thought of their bones in the cold chancel of Parkby Church. "I, too, must be there, some day," thought I; "but before I die I will live—I will see the world—I will unfold my powers—I will sink into the tomb enriched with the memories of a bright and many-coloured career of life." Then I turned to exhaust the curiosities of the neighbourhood, and discovered its in-door and its open air beauties. None of them held my attention long. Stay, although I knew it not then, there was one destined to recall me to Parkby after far wanderings in the wide world. By the church lived the old rector in a neat little parsonage. He was a studious man, whose world was a world of books. His only daughter was a gentle creature whom I cannot describe. After I had once seen her, I felt her presence with me continually; but I was unconscious of the true nature and strength of the charm which so often drew me to Parkby. If I had seriously suspected myself of an attachment to Hester, I should have laughed at myself for such an eccentricity. No, no! I had a liberal taste—I could admire many styles of beauty—I liked the quiet English scenery about Parkby, though I was determined to behold scenes more beautiful, more wonderful; and I also liked to look on the gentle face of Hester Morrison; but there was nothing more serious in it. No, no! it was only one of the passing developments of universal taste for beauty.

After a few weeks, I had exhausted all the charms of Parkby and its neighbourhood. "Life is short and the world is wide," said I; so I bowed a respectful adieu to the old family portraits, one morning, gave my favourite spaniel a farewell patting, and told my coachman to drive me to town. Of my life in London an account may be gathered from many fashionable fictions; so I will say nothing of it here. With all its brilliancy, I felt it was a common-place affair. I was only an average hero among a crowd. I only did what others did. The *beau monde* was not a world large enough for me.

I determined to enter the political world: so I went down to Parkenton, and, of course, was elected; as I deserved to be for the money I lavished on the place. I helped to push my friends into office, and when that was done, concluded that I had discharged my duty to my country. I found that the most brilliant oration has only a notoriety of a few days, and determined to find a wider sphere of existence. So I came down to Parkby again, just to collect my thoughts amid its quiet scenes. For some little time I hesitated on the question, shall I choose the material or the intellectual world as my domain? I answered in favour of *both*. For some days I walked in my garden and mused in my study, and a few poems were the result. I thought it would be something to add the fame of a great poet to my name; but I could not bear to waste time—time that might carry me through the most wondrous scenes of the old world—upon the minute and tedious elaboration of verses and counting of syllables. "No," said I; "my whole life shall be a poem. I will not tie myself down to the exercise of merely two or three of my faculties. I will not scribble only:—I will live. There is my poor friend Morrison, beside the church yonder, what does he do. He uses his eyes and his spectacles on Greek type, and exercises his thumb and two fingers of his right hand in penning his notes on Herodotus, which he will be prepared to dedicate to me when I shall be far away. Is that living? No! I will not be a man of the writing-desk"—I shut it up as I said the words—"I

will travel—Yes, I will leave Beckford far behind me. I will travel on a wider scale, collect richer observations, and, at last, write a more varied story of my pilgrimage. Whether my course is a short or a long one, it shall be like that of a meteor—rapid—brilliant!" So I called my old steward and arranged with him all my affairs, telling him that I had determined to spend several years in travel. The evening before I left my mansion, I visited the old clergyman, wished him success in his literary toil, and said farewell to Hester. I went to Paris—the metropolis of the modern world, and the source of all great movements for the future, if Parisians are to be believed. The city was in a state of political agitation when I arrived there, and all my intended wanderings were very near being postponed for ever by a pistol-bullet, which whistled close to my left ear, as I was leaning from the hotel-window to mark the progress of an incipient "insurrection." These Parisians are very clever—that is the word—in politics, in philosophy—in every thing. They understand every thing very well—in their way. The German sits poring over a philosophical problem for months. "Eh bien!" says the Frenchman, snatching up the book and hardly reading the stated question—"it only means so and so—that is it precisely!" The German resumes his book after this impertinent interruption, and begins to go through the problem again, by no means satisfied with the light thrown upon it by Mons. Dagatelle. So it is in politics. Amid all the Parisian talk of great things for the future, the mission of "*la jeune France*," &c. &c., I scarcely heard a word of sober good sense about the necessary means of securing an improvement in the social condition of men. I heard many vehement and clever invectives against old abuses, such as "priestcraft," "monarchy," indeed, against every thing, and I afterwards thought of these Parisian men of the movement when I heard Professor Schelling say something like this "the talent of these people consist so much in pulling things down—so utterly destitute are they of a taste for building up, that if they had gained their object and had removed all abuses out of the world, it would be a charity for some of their number to set up new abuses, such as superstitions and bad governments, simply that the others might have the pleasure of pulling them down."

I attended the lectures of the Eclectic philosophers, and heard Victor Cousin explaining Plato, which he did as easily as a maid untwines a skein of thread. It was beautiful to hear how sweetly and pleasantly he solved all the doubts of Socrates. He found no more trouble with the Hindoo schools of philosophy; he simply walked through them, opened the windows and let in the light. It struck me that he gave his answer, sometimes, before he had understood the question. He made religion equally intelligible by a very simple process, depriving it of all strength and depth of meaning, and reducing it to a few ideas as he called them—"there is your religion, Gentlemen!" said he. "As clear and as shallow as any trout-stream!" said I.

But Paris is a very amusing place. I shall not attempt to describe its lighter peculiarities, because I believe they can only be given in French, and by a Frenchman. Its more serious characteristics may be summed up in a sentence:—there are certain ephemeral, glittering, and showy faculties of the human mind; and there are other faculties essentially deep, permanent and Catholic; now in Paris, the former are cultivated at the expense of the latter.

I endured the glitter and glare of the artificial flower-garden of Paris longer than I should otherwise have done, because I knew that I could, at any time,

find a relief by crossing the Rhine, and living among the sobrieties of old Germany. I prepared myself for this change by devoting some hours to the study of German music, poetry, and even philosophy. I had great faith in the latter, though it sometimes seemed to me "a palpable obscure," like Milton's "Chaos." I determined to experience the varieties of the intellectual, as well as of the material world. So I tried to realize in my own mind the doubts from which I was told all philosophy must arise. I attended to the question of Kant—"What proof have we of any outward world?"—I did not turn away with a rude laugh when I heard another philosopher inquire "if I were dead, would not all the world be dead? or, 'do I actually behold the rain, or is it only my imagination raining just now?'" I also listened with solemn respect, when a practical philosopher told me, if I wanted any thing, only to think of it, and that would be as good as having it. This he called "*Wahrheit nur im Geiste*." For instance, I wanted to see Palestine: "Ha!" said he, "only think of it—there! you have it in your mind—you can have no more if you cross the Mediterranean." This hypothesis, if generally received, would certainly discourage many of our projected railways.

"To every thing there is a reason," said I, and so, for a time, I will be a German student. I furnished myself with the requisite cap, moustache, meerschaum, and foils, and joined the *Burschenschaft*. Among other droll amusements, we had a select company of young men, in which I was enrolled as a member, who attempted to carry out an idea which we had found in Goethe's tale of "*Wilhelm Meister*." Our diversion was in telling fortunes; and, by means of certain machinery, giving oracular responses, often as vague as those of Delphi, to questions from minds wishing to pry into the future. We had a room fitted up suitably for this solemn purpose, with black hangings, illumined with mysterious words and hieroglyphical signs. The answers to the questions we proposed were given in an awful tone of voice from the lamp of destiny which was burning behind a sable curtain. The oracle was certainly rather lucky on the night when I went to have my fortune told. I was led blindfolded into the room, and placed upon a seat in front of the curtain. The choir then sang a hymn to "Destiny," (in rather a pagan style) in imitation of the Greek chorus. Then one of the ministers of the oracle came from the *adytum* and stood beside me, asking me what questions I wished to propose to the oracle. These questions he put into a solemn German style, and then addressed them to the interpreter for the time being, who stood by the lamp behind the curtain. In reply to some of my questions, the following oracles were delivered:—

"SEEK NOT IN OUTWARD SPACE
WHAT RESTS WITHIN THE HEART."

"ONE IS BETTER THAN THE MILLION."

"IT IS VAIN TO LOOK FORWARD FOR THAT
WHICH WE ARE LEAVING BEHIND US."

I cannot tell why, but, as I listened to this last oracle, my thoughts turned back to Parkby and Hester Morrison. Another answer was from Goethe:—

"LIFE IS ALL, IF LOVE LIES WITHIN IT."

To conclude the process, the choir summed up the meaning of the oracle in a few verses of good solemn exhortation addressed to me. Of course, the whole affair had been got up, after due consultation and quizzing; but as I had made no confessions, I consider that the oracle had rather a lucky night in my case.

As I devoted to it only the attention of an amateur, I should hardly presume to pronounce a judgment on German Philosophy; but I remember it suggested

these thoughts to me. Whether the want of enterprise and action drives men to seek employment in theories, or whether the love of theory and meditation absorbs the energy that should be given to practical life, I cannot determine; but in Germany thinking seems to take the place of acting. Truths that should be deep-seated motives of action are made the matters of speculation and discussion. This is like flying bare the roots of trees to the light. What fruit will trees so managed bear? It seems to me that there should be a due proportion preserved between the development of our thoughts and our actions; for if our ideas run very far in advance of our practice they become mere dreams, idle and unimportant. However, I left Germany with a warm esteem for many of the good qualities of its people. If they are slow of action, it is better than acting foolishly. Their worship of literature and the arts is better than the worship of mammon.

(To be continued.)

Poetry for the People. SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

By CALDER CAMPBELL.

"THE earth is very beautiful,
With glowing flowers besprent;
The woods are green and fair to see,
Each tree a leafy tent—
The lark sings loud, where not a cloud
Its shadowy screen hath sent.

"The deer are browsing peacefully—
Some 'mid the long grass lying;
The grasshopper, with merry stir,
Maketh a shrill replying
To the hum o' the bee, that sinks with glee
Where the air 'midst wild thyme is sighing.

"The river runneth daintily,
With a calm and gentle sound;
The linnet hops from the golden tops
Of the furzes blooming round:
Then slakes its thirst, as the bubbles burst,
Where the trouts from the water bound!

"A milkmaid singeth to her cows,
A shepherd to his sheep;
The ploughboy whistles to his team—
The angler watcheth doleful
For his line he throws, where well he knows,
The playful salmon leap.

"A rider races gallantly
Across the sloping plain—
As on he bounds his eager hounds,
A lady calls in vain;
They love her dear, but the huntsman near
Hath sounded his horn again.

"Their tales are false, who say the world
Is full of pain and care:—
I note no want, nor wretchedness,
But beauty every where;
Joy fills the land on every hand,
And sweetens all the air.

"The earth is very beautiful
Beneath the smiling skies—
It marvels me that there should be
A mist before men's eyes,
Where all is bright to scatter night,
And dim the rose's dyes!"

Thus spake a young and noble youth,
His hand upon his leaning,
As though from his bright eyes her own
A fount of flowers was gleaming,
Whose earnest truth composed, in sooth,
Their sweet and richest meaning.

But lo! She turneth round her head,
For in her ear is sighing.

The murmur of a human voice—
And there, 'mid rank weeds lying,
An old man grey-moan'd—"Well-a-day!
"Help for a creature dying!

"I perish!—food I have not touch'd
For many a day—Ah me!
My gentle wife hath pass'd from life;
Beside yon ancient tree
Twin infants dead, food-famished,
Lie, pitiful to see!

"The ague seized me at the loom,
And I could work no more;
We sold our all,—from yonder hall
Came one who from our door
Forced us away; we could not pay
As we had done before.

"We begged till we could beg no more—
Men jeered the old man's wife
And children twain,—and all in vain
We asked for food, for life:—
The infants died yon bush beside,
—They were released from strife!

"Their mother, frenzied by her grief,
And I too weak to save,
From yonder hough hangs ghastly now;
And no priest-hallow'd grave
Her corpse must hold, for she—mad-held—
Hath taken the life God gave!

"Ah me! it is a bitter world
For poverty and age!—
A bitter world for sickness, which
Can in no task engage!—
God give to wealth the will all wants
Such as were ours; to assuage!"

The old man's spirit passed away
Into the unknown shade!—
And there that young and lovely pair,
Stood silent in the glade,
Until the tears ran down their cheeks—
And thus the lady said:—

"A sad, impressive lesson, dear,
This, on our bridal morn!
Let selfish joy no more destroy
Our sense of what is borne
By others, not so blest as we
With love and health and corn!

"Bright is the world and beautiful,
But in it let us seek
For woe distress than joy no less,—
For tears on human cheek
As well as smiles. Round peaceful isles
Will warring surges break!

"For joy, for wealth, for happy hearts,
There are high tasks to do;
Not to shut out the light of heaven,
The chagins of earth, from view,—
But while we share each other's bliss,
Share in our sorrow too!

"Nor when our own bright happiness
Makes all things brighter seem,
Should we infer all others blind
That see not by the gleam
Our joy sends out,—but look about
For hearts with woe that beam:—
There is no wound, no sighful sound,
That we should think a dream!

"No marvel, then, that age and want
Should blunt the sense of sight
To that, which we, so drunk with glee,
Deem all that's fair and bright;
God sendeth joy, as he sends woe,—
And day as well as night!

"No marvel that our human gaze
Our human grief beguiles!
No marvel that sick pining want,
The face with tears defiles!
Man needs not ask man why he weeps,
But rather why he smiles!"

The People's Portrait Gallery.



HARRIET MARTINEAU.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

HARRIET MARTINEAU presents one of the finest examples of a marcelline intellect in a female form which I have distinguished the present age. Amid the extraordinary demonstrations of active and commanding mind of modern times, it is highly satisfactory that the vigour and grasp of female intellect should have found as practical asserters amongst the fair sex as female sensibility and imagination. Such women as De Stael and Roland in France; as Mary Woolstancraft, Mrs. Somerville, and Miss Martineau, in England; Mrs. Child in America; and Madame Palzow in Germany; go far to annihilate that supposed distance which the pride of men has placed between their intellectual power and that of woman. Before we are too dogmatic on this question let us look calmly, nay kindly and generously if we can, on the rapid progress which such women as the latter ones mentioned are making towards settling it in favour of their fair sisterhood. They are not only doing a great and good work in the

earth, but they are setting a stirring example to their sisters to doubt the wise saws which the mouths of the mankind of all ages have uttered in patronising grandiloquence over the womankind,—“pretty creatures and clever—to a certain extent.” “To what extent? How clever? And in what way?” ask now our lady friends as they read the works of Somerville and Martineau. Those ladies do not aim merely to please and amuse. They seize on the highest sciences, they handle the toughest and most practical questions, and they handle them well. Could men handle them better? Where are these men? “Oh,” says some wise and mighty man—“we grant all that in courtesy; their works are very well for women; and having the names of women affixed to them, of course they are thought wonderful.” Sweet courtesy! beautiful condescension! Oh thou great owl of Minerva, but is the one or the other needed? Just listen to a little fact. In the Monthly Repository for the year 1832, p. 475, is an ar-

ticle on, Miss Martineau's Prize Essays, commencing thus:—"In the Monthly Repository for March 1830 an advertisement by the Committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, offering a premium for the production of three tracts, to be approved by them, of which the object should be the introduction and promotion of Christian Unitarianism among the Roman Catholics, the Mahometans, and the Jews, respectively. Three distinct sets of judges were appointed to decide on the merits of the essays which were forwarded in consequence of this notice; and the result was the preference of those whose titles we have given, and, 'the discovery of their all being by the same author!'"

That is rather curious—that is rather startling I think to you, ye great intellectual Protectionists—ye monopolizers of mind. There was no lady's name affixed there. There was no room for courtesy, or gallant condescension; it was not to be said, there—"it's deuced clever, certainly, for a woman." Three distinct sets of judges sat down to open a heap of essays on a subject calculated to task the most masculine intellect, and no doubt these judges thought they were dealing with the product of male mind; and they all picked out of their respective piles—the essays by one and the same person—which person, no doubt to their common amazement, proved to be a woman—a young woman—and that woman, Miss Martineau!

That was rather a triumph for our dear friends of the Cinderella sex, I calculate. ~~But~~ a triumph for those pretty creatures that through all the ages of this great and wise world, all the great and wise men have been warning not to climb out of their places, not to leave the lapdogs and the parrots, and other pretty playthings of us disinterested lords of creation behind them, and aspire to an odious equality of intellect. If it should turn out now that our dear sisters are as intellectually as they are personally beautiful, what is to become of us! If, spite of that debasing and disabling dogma, that benumbing and dwarfing practice which has fashioned woman into, not a help-mate, but into an inferior, it should now really turn out that God has given to one-half the world as much sense as to the other; and has made the mothers and companions of men, fit and equal companions with souls as vigorous as they are eternal, it will be rather a late, but still a very signal discovery. But great discoveries are often late. Sir Robert Peel has but just now discovered the excellence of Free Trade. The properties of curry-powder are but just now disclosed. Well, we shall in time find out that in those lovely creatures who have been our playfellows and work-fellows, our daily and hourly companions in weal and woe, that we have "entertained angels unawares," and that the angels have the seraph's power as well as the cherub's fascinations. Success to new discoveries in the regions of woman-land.

Harriet Martineau has helped us a few steps onward in that direction; and in doing that she has not been too hastily recognised by the world. In looking back over the list of her years and her works, we are amazed to see what a pile of the latter she has had to build up before she could mount upon them, and be seen as far around as she had the ambition and the merit to be. She was born in the year 1802, at Norwich. Her father was a wealthy manufacturer, who had seven children besides our authoress. She had delicate health, and was early afflicted by that deafness which has accompanied her through life. One of the youngest of this family, and with this disadvantage, she had yet her peculiar advantages. She had a soul within her of that quality that will "win upwards," as the Scotch say, and she had a brother of nearly

her own age who partook of her intellectual tastes, and aspirations, the well-known and popular preacher and writer, the Rev. James Martineau, now of Liverpool. Misfortune overtook their father, and Harriet Martineau was by the same process converted into an authoress, as thousands of other persons of both sexes have been. We authors are all kidnapped out of the pleasant walks of life by that old gipsy necessity, to be made authors of—the slaves of the lamp—the pelicans of the press, feeding our literary offspring out of the life's blood of our own bosoms. Is there a man or woman that ever became an author voluntarily? If there be, and he is alive—keep out of his way, for he is mad. What! voluntarily adopt a profession that gives poverty as its reward, and abuse as fame! Look at all conceivable professions, and then say if there can be so insane a one as that of authorship. If a man were to publish in the Times, the Athenæum, or the Morning Chronicle, or any other public journal, that a certain merchant's goods were "wretched stuff," that he was an imposter; that a certain lawyer was a cheat; that a certain doctor administered worthless drugs and gave bad advice; that man would be whipped up and well fined for a wicked and malicious libel; but an author—poor devil! Bull-baitings and bear-beatings are no longer allowed—but the baiting of an author!—that must be allowed—it is the last rational and innocent little pleasure left to the discerning public!

It is an insane trade, that is certain. Never was such a set of martyrs as the martyrs of authorship. Hood sung the "Pauper's Funeral," fearing it would be his own. Laman Blanchard sought death, because care did not dispatch him fast enough;—and yet that old gipsy—Necessity—goes on kidnapping. Well—she kidnapped Harriet Martineau, and every other Harriet that I ever heard of, who for want of a spade began to dig for her bread with a pen. You are sure so sensible a woman as Harriet Martineau would never have engaged in the insane trade if she could have helped it. And so she wrote on and on, "Devotional Exercises for the use of Young Persons," "Christmas Day, or the Friends," a Tale. "The Friends," second part. "Principle and Practice," a Tale. "The Ringers," a Tale. "Addresses, Prayers, and Original Hymns," "Mary Campbell," a Tale. "The Turn Out," a Tale. "Sequel to Principle and Practice," Tracts,— "My Servant Rachel," a Tale; "Traditions of Palestine," "The Three Prize Essays," already spoken of; namely—"The Essential Faith of the Universal Church;" "The Faith as unfolded by many Prophets;" "Providence as manifested through Israel." Then, "Five Years of Youth, or Sense and Sentiment."

This was pretty well for a young woman not yet nine and twenty; but the great wise world did not see much in this young woman, though the three sets of distinct judges had been astonished at her Prize Essays, and though "The Traditions of Palestine" were full of genius, beauty, and imagination. Had Harriet Martineau been encouraged, she might have turned out a poetess, or a writer of pure and high fiction. She had it in her, but she was not encouraged, and therefore she turned like a brave Dian as she was, and bearded the lion in his den. She found poor solace in confining herself to her own women's conceded field, so she boldly entered man's proudly tabooed one, and came out with her "Illustrations of Political Economy." Considering this very useful knowledge, she very naturally carried it to "The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." But imagine the amazement of that august and learned society! "What

impertinence!" they exclaimed—"a woman write on Political Economy!" They would not touch her papers with the tongs. So she took a walk into that pleasant rural avenue, the Row. Here she tried to hang her first essay upon one of the numerous rusty poles which stand there, called biblio-poles; but it was to no purpose; it fell, at every attempt, to the ground; and to say truth, was considerably trodden on into the bargain. At length, a cunning Fox who had a den at one end of the Row took it up, and introduced it to the world, and from that hour Harriet Martineau was universally confessed to be what she is—one of the clearest-headed, soundest-hearted, and ablest women of the age. She has since then written six volumes on "American Life." "Three Guides to Service;"—"The Maid of All Work," "the Lady's Maid," and "The Housemaid." "A Guide to Trade; the Dressmaker." "How to observe, Morals and Manners." "Letters to the Deaf." "Deerbrook," a Novel. "The Hour and the Man," a Romance. Four volumes of "The Playfellow;" "The Settlers at Home;" "The Peasant and the Prince;" "The Feats of the Fiord." "The Crofton Boys." "Life in a Sick Room." Three volumes of "Forest and Game Law-Tales," besides a great quantity of able articles in "The Westminster Review," "The Monthly Repository," and other periodicals.

Our space forbids us to speak critically and at large of these works. They are all characterised by the same qualities—sound sense and sound morality. In all that Miss Martineau writes, she aims at being useful to the public; and in her execution of her plans, she displays the same invariably independent and yet benevolent character. She scorns to flatter in order to win popularity, just as she scorned to accept a pension—but she wins her way with all classes of readers, because they feel that what she says is not only true, but most important to be known, and is, moreover, conveyed in a style simple as it is vigorous, and clear as is the thought of which it is the medium. What must excite the astonishment of every reader and inspire him with the deepest respect for the fair author's genius is, not merely the steady and comprehensive grasp of mind which deals with the subject matter of her various volumes, but the vast mass of varied knowledge which she has brought to its illustration, and the power with which she throws herself and you into the scene and amongst the people of whom she treats. Now it is in South Africa, now in Demerara, now in the West Indies, now in Siberia; and again the scene changes to Ireland, the Highlands, to Kent, or to Cornwall. Everywhere she seems at home, and everywhere she teaches us some invaluable lesson of life. In her tales of "Political Economy," she has done a great service in disabusing the public mind of the mischievous idea that what men please to wrap in obscure language and call a science, is something that is too deep and abstruse for the ordinary intellect. She has shown that Political Economy is but a knowledge of the facts of every-day life, which anybody, by a necessary degree of attention, may make himself as familiar with as with the nature and bearings of his shop or his backhouse. Read as tales, independent of any further object, they are most vivid, masterly, and delightful narratives. We might pick out some errors, as in the chapters on large farms, and their tendency; on a man maintaining a cow and a pig the year round on half an acre of land; or, again, in her Mr. Burke, the surgeon, denouncing charitable institutions because they are abused, and pronouncing almshouses bad things, because he alleges them to induce young people to marry in the hope that they shall get an almshouse for their aged parents. This

is carrying the argument for personal independence to a ludicrous extent, but it is not often that Miss Martineau jeopardizes her argument by such overstrained notions. A graver charge has been made against her writings, and that is, that she partakes of the Whig harshness towards the poor; and that she has not progressed with the age in her ideas regarding the Poor Laws. I believe the poor man has not a truer, a wiser, a more zealous friend, than Miss Martineau. The great doctrine which she preaches to them is, depend upon yourselves and you will eventually become prosperous and happy. The whole of her "Tales of Political Economy," whatever may be the particular doctrine to be illustrated, demonstrate the great truth, that industry and good management are the surest conductors to success. She does not say this in words, but she says it in facts every where. As to the Poor Laws, she describes in a most masterly style the causes which pauperized the population, and were ruining the moral stamina of the whole nation, creating in one portion a spirit of dependence, in the other a spirit of unfeeling harshness. But if any one will convince himself that Harriet Martineau did either recommend or sympathize with the cold-blooded barbarism that marked the introduction of the New Poor Law, that fatal and unwise want of discrimination which dealt out an iron measure to the idle and the industrious, to the impudent impostor and the modest but involuntary sufferer, confounding all sense of right and wrong, justice and injustice, and outraging the benevolent spirit of Christianity—let him turn to the tale called "The Hamlets," and see on what principle relief is granted by the parish-officer to the applicants, and especially to page 95, where Mr. Barry orders the kind care of the family of the drowned fisherman. In her "Poor Laws and Paupers Illustrated," Miss Martineau most luminously advocates that principle of Christian discrimination which the Commissioners of the "New Poor Law" rejected, and thereby stamped on that law the just and unmitigated hatred of the people. The concluding sentence of her "Land's End," sufficiently proclaims the opinion of Harriet Martineau on this subject. "It is plain, indeed, that in this as in all social arrangements, if justice be the rule, kindness and peace will be the result. When we expect any other consequence, we may look to see one of our gusty north-westers come sweeping over yonder waters without stirring them up to chafe against the rocks of the Land's End."

We regret that our space bids us here stop. We would fain have said something of the beautiful spirit of "Life in a Sick Room;" of that singular passage in Miss Martineau's life, in which she declared herself to be cured of a long-standing and otherwise incurable malady by the application of Mesmerism, and in which people who thought themselves much wiser than she, would not give that credit to Mesmerism which they would to a bottle of doctor's physic. To this Harriet Martineau has said very philosophically, "Let those laugh who win." And by reminding her sceptics of the Blind Man in the Gospel, who on a like occasion said—"One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see." So whereas Harriet Martineau was very ill for five years, and "had suffered many things of many physicians," in vain; at the touch of the Mesmerist she rose up, bid good bye to her bed and her sick-room, has last summer been roaming with stout step and a glad heart over the hills of Cumberland, and is now building her house on the beautiful banks of Windermere, where we will wish her many long years of honour and usefulness.

Reports of Lectures,

ADDRESSED CHIEFLY TO THE WORKING CLASSES,

T. W. J. FOX

ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY, No. 1.

THE study of history requires a truthful *morale*. We may affirm generally, of the pursuit of science or knowledge, that the moral condition of the student is deeply involved in the advantageous exercise of his intellectual powers. But in history the facilities are much greater for gaining that superficial acquaintance with facts which enables its possessor to shine in society, without really enriching his own understanding. In the mathematical sciences this is not so easy. There, the very comprehension of the problems to be solved, and the theories to be demonstrated, implies an exercise of the faculties analogous to that by which all the steps of the demonstration are successfully traced. But with many, the study of history is considered as merely reading: certain striking facts are gained, which set off to advantage either the writer or the speaker. This gives, consequently, a temptation to what has been called cramming. The frequenters of societies for discussion thus oftentimes set themselves up for mere display; and very often in senatorial speeches may be traced the aforesaid process of cramming, practised for the particular occasion, and materials got together of which the real worth, in the connexion in which they exist in history, is evidently unknown to the party by whom they are used. Now this is most poor and pitiful. It is, indeed, one of the sins of our age that too many are disposed to give out, when they ought only to be taking in, what is assumed to constitute intellectual treasure. They anticipate the time of teaching, and they mar that of learning, by which they might be qualified, after the lapse of a longer period, to become highly useful to others and gain lasting honour to themselves. But history is ill studied by that light and passing attention which is all that is given to, and all that is deserved by, the mere tale of the hour. There is more in it than is to be perceived in this way. There is more in it than the mere crammed orator or temporary writer has used the means of ascertaining. He may for the moment impose on others, he may impose upon his own mind; but it is all hollow and worthless. There must be in this, as in other cases, sincerity and earnestness; there must be real study, comparison, reflection, the exercise of thought upon the materials of thought; and then it is, only after such diligent application, that the mind is expanded by the materials that are thus introduced into itself; and it is found that, however much pretension may impose upon the public, however honoured it may be by those who are looking only to immediate but transitory results, still it is the universal truth, that all science, of any kind whatever, reserves the brightest crown, her greatest reward, her noblest powers, for those, and those alone, who apply to the pursuit, not only with a sound intellect, but with a truthful spirit.

Without history what is the world? What any one's locality, but a place full of puzzles and mysteries? Or else, a scene enveloped in darkness, which to the diligent inquirer would soon become full of light, and every object would prove itself suggestive to his mind? We cannot look about us - we cannot contemplate a single object - we cannot view one arrangement in society, without its being an historical fact, capable, for those who have made history their pursuit, of yielding forth some sort of instructive

reminiscence, that keeps the faculties in health, and that makes living an intellectual thing, as well as merely a physical state of existence. In this London of ours, this metropolis, amongst the various arrangements we see in passing through the town, are the halls of different companies, companies whose names indicate various professions with no meaning now for the most part - as Merchant-Tailors, Fishmongers, and so on - with so real descriptiveness as to the persons of whom they are composed. But the existence of these companies is history. It tells us of a time when the originators of trading pursuits in this land had to band themselves together for mutual instruction and for mutual defence; of a time when commerce was but just raising its head in a scene of feudal violence and feudal indolence; of a time when there were mysteries in every art; and science had not as yet laid bare the secrets of the different trades and manufactures; of a state of things which connects itself with an important change in the condition of society.

So, our cathedrals and our dissenting chapels are both historical. The former tell us of a period when the church, in all her energy, power, and wealth, could command the zeal, devotion, and contributions of her people, who, in raising the mighty structures we now behold, believed that they were building the shrines of their own salvation. A strong contrast to these is presented by the sectarian buildings. What is this but history? It tells us of a toleration that has recently sprung up. These places, by their forms, reminds us of the barns in which their forefathers, when expelled from the church, first used to worship. Their arrangements show that their congregation were numerous, but without wealth, and dependent on voluntary contributions. There is a whole history written for the observant and the philosophical student in the contrast between the stately and costly churches of the establishment, and the lowlier churches of their dissenting brethren, though they may rise by their sides. So, pass over the country, go to any town such as Norwich, you will find there an abundance of names evidently of French origin. There again is history, telling us of the time when the persecutions of Louis XIV. nearly expelled the entire body of industrial Protestants from France. When they were driven away by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, they spread themselves over Europe, availed themselves of the protection to be found here, and carried with them wherever they went, prudence, trading and artistical knowledge, and industry; they established and incorporated themselves among our people, an accession which we owe to violence and persecution abroad, and which most materially served the cause of industry and progress at home. If you pass along our streets, you will find their very names are history. This Holborn, or Old-bourn, which formerly used to wind its way down to the river Fleet, whose memorial of a similar description yet remains, where lines of houses now arise in all their continuity, and with their multitudes of inhabitants, all this was then real vineyards and open fields, and "bonnie ran the burnie down" those steeps where now the poor horses have to tug up their toilsome loads. If you leave town for the country: at night-fall you may see the armed police of the land-owners going out, with blood-hounds, to track and secure poachers; you see a system which fills our gaols with nominal criminals, which is committing its continual violence upon the moral sense of the country; and what have you here but another historical memento of the time when feudal rights and privileges were paramount to every thing else?

when royal and noble sportsmen enacted and enforced those hateful forest laws, the history of which, in their bitter operation upon the different classes of society, is so beautifully detailed in Miss Martineau's recent publication. The chain of cause and effect is thus brought down from the wide-wasting enjoyment of those times, to the petty imitation of it by the poor remains of feudalism in our own days, by their regard for hares, partridges, and rabbits, and by their keeping up, for the sake of mere sport, so destructive a power as it regards their own tenants, and one which has so injurious an influence on the general condition of society.

So, if you pass by Salisbury Heath, and gaze on those huge old remnants of antiquity—Stonehenge—which have stood the beating of so many storms, there is the history of a yet remoter period,—of a time when no Norman had set foot on this island—when the Romans themselves had not extended their conquests hither,—when Druidical superstitions reigned over the minds of our ancestors, and they raised their mystic circles, like those that have been found in eastern countries, offering their adoration to whatever power their religion recognised, and sending forth thence those dictates of authority, more potent than any which priests or clergy have since possessed, which compelled those who were in many respects mere savages to do them reverence. Every thing on which the eye can rest, every sound that can reach the ear, is historical. To those who have studied sufficiently to have their associations excited, the world is full of these varied themes; and they reap the most enjoyment in the different scenes of town and country, whose minds are most enriched, so that they become subjects of this excitement,—intelligent beings walking intelligently upon the earth, which else is but a stupid world to stupid inhabitants, a scene of blank ignorance and perpetual night, or at best a twilight, where every thing around them is unmeaning, and their great resource for enjoyment is only physical stimulus, and sinking the intellectual man in the mere animal.

The study of history is a most important one for those who take any interest (and who ought not to take an interest?) in political questions. For what mainly occupies history, especially as it has been yet written, but the record of political institutions, governmental operations, the formation of laws, the actions of legislative bodies in the direction of councils or of armies? How many lessons there are of continual practical operation that offer themselves to the inquirer? For instance, it is not very long ago since the question of obtaining ameliorations, of winning freedom, by physical force, was mooted in this country. Let the student of the history of England say at what age, under what sovereign, amid what arrangement of external circumstances, freedom in England has ever been won merely by the exercise of physical force? There is no instance of the kind. The same unvarying tale is told from the beginning to the end, from first to last; from Cade and Tyler to Frost and Williams; they all bear one self-same testimony; they all tell us that the intellectual is not to be gained by the physical; that freedom of institutions, and, above all, the freedom of mind, are things to be wrought out by a different process; that there is no safety even in battles won, or in armies sustained, unless the mind and *morale* of a nation go along with them in the struggle; and that by peaceful means alone has any advantage ever been gained that has proved a lasting advantage to the people of this country. There was no real exception to this in the civil wars in the time of Charles the First. The Puritan army prevailed; the sovereign was brought to the

block; the Protectorship was established, but it was not a real Commonwealth; and all the advantage that had been gained passed away like the dry leaves of autumn when driven along by the breeze; scarcely a trace was left behind; and for this reason,—that how much sorer those who were victims in that contest might have had right, truth, and justice on their side, they yet were anticipating the time when knowledge and opinion would have backed the change. They were in a state of things which made them rest upon violence, and the success which that violence gave them faded away, and left them forlorn and dejected; and, the world had to begin over again; and by another process—that which they had endeavoured to gain by their sudden irruption upon the ancient state of things, and which they thought to conquer only because they were "Iron-sides," and knew how to wield their swords as well as to read their Bibles. They add to the monitions which all other records furnish, and assure us, that in the action upon public opinion, in the resolve rather to endure martyrdom than to perpetrate aggression, in the formation of our own characters for the possession and the exercise of intellectual as well as political liberty, and in the making our bond of union a peaceful, an intellectual, and a moral one,—in this is our real security,—in this is the pledge of a success, which, as it rests not on the bayonet, the sword, or the cannon, so, neither by the bayonet, the sword, or the cannon, can it be put down, or torn away, from the people, who have once, in this enlightened mode, made it their own possession.

What an encouraging instance we have before us even at the present moment, of the power of peaceful but earnest efforts. Suppose that in 1815, those who endeavoured by riots to obstruct the passing of the first of the series of Corn Bills, which is now about to be terminated, had been successful for a time,—suppose that the military had not put them down in the streets of Westminster,—what would they have done? They would have engendered but a little delay, and surer rivets would have been driven into the yokes placed upon their necks. Whilst in eight short years, a few individuals have originated a scheme, which, in extending itself through the country, has worked by argument, reason, and persuasion; has avoided every show of intimidation, or the most distant approach to an appeal to force, but has gone on widening conviction, and gaining new power by every extension of conviction,—has swelled its ranks by converts from all classes, and has, at length, made the very leaders, of what was originally the power to be agitated against, its tools and humble servants in proposing and exerting their influence to carry through the very principles which, only a few years ago, all parties regarded as madness, worse than madness, and thought they might summarily dispose of by a laugh or a sneer, as a thing to be ranked amongst the world's chimeras. That agitation has advanced to its own success; it has achieved more than its owl success. It has left principles that will work out much greater triumphs even than the abolition of the Corn Laws. It has opened the way, through freedom of commerce, to every species of freedom which any one with the spirit of a man can desire to enjoy.

Those who have read Mr. Cobden's speech on Friday night must see that there is at work in this country a power which will not cease, and cannot be stayed, till it shall have improved the present system of electoral contests, and prepared the way for the enjoyment, by every human being, of that share in social arrangements which is his political right. When he told the monopolists in the House of Commons that their power was based only on the enslaved votes of 150,000

tenants at will, he told them, and he told the world a secret, which, once exposed, proclaims the downfall of the power that rests on such a basis. When he reckoned up the results of what had already been done by the registration, and showed how the funds that used to go to savings banks from the labouring classes in different parts of the country, are now directed towards the attainment, in that mode, of a suffrage which they would not otherwise have enjoyed, and a suffrage that strikes home to the very foundation of the influence of the landed aristocracy,—in saying all this, he gave them a warning which may be thrown away upon them, as to their own dispositions and decisions,—which may be disregarded a little while, perhaps, in the wantonness of power,—but a warning that is sure to fulfil itself, and to marshal on the people of this country to the obtaining of that portion of power which rightfully belongs to them in the present arrangement of the legislative functions, and eventually to that supremacy of power which, in the end, rightfully belongs to the people who make a land what it is, and raise it from a mere wilderness into the abode of an industrious and thriving community.

What "the wisdom of our ancestors" means, what is the real worth of the expression, and what truth there is in it, is another of the lessons which history teaches. We are continually stopped by the wisdom of our ancestors, a wisdom which seems a marvellously broad shield to cover every kind of superannuated folly. Our ancestors were wise, because they applied the principles of right, truth, and justice to the circumstances of their day. Circumstances have changed; and we only act in accordance with "the wisdom of our ancestors" if we apply the same principles of right, truth, and justice to the circumstances of our day.

They were wiser than us in one thing,—that they had fewer ancestors than we have to clog them with the results of their wisdom. And, very frequently, they disregarded the wisdom of their ancestors, as being themselves more wise; we should do well to follow their example, and perhaps we might really improve on their wisdom, and feel that we are approaching nearer to wisdom the more widely we depart from those external forms and institutions which were proper for their day, but which are most improper for this day. It was part of the wisdom of our ancestors in warlike times, and when so many claimants to the crown were starting up, that at every coronation a champion should appear, throw down his gauntlet, and challenge any claimant to the crown, or any disputant of the title of the monarch, to come forward and prove his claim, or make good his objection. But, whatever good there might be in such a practice amidst the disturbed and interrupted successions of ancient times, how is it travestied, what a silly affair is made of it, when a man in zinc armour, with a horse trained at Astley's, comes clattering into Westminster Hall, and throws down his gauntlet of defiance in all seriousness, as though he really expected that some similarly accoutred knight would start up, and dispute with him the rightful succession to the crown. All such worn out things should follow this obsolete mummery and be swept away. The wisdom that dictated their adoption at an age for which they were fitted, supposing that wisdom now to prevail, would tell us to adopt other ways of showing how, in our days, such claims were to be made out in their validity,—how they were to be recognised; and instead of the mock phantom of a warrior of the feudal days, the crown of England in modern times would give its best challenge to the world, by showing itself to be

identified with the completest degree of political liberty, of unity, of peace, and of hearty acquiescence throughout all the millions who bear the British name.

The study of history is valuable as it expands the mind, and makes us acquainted with human nature, bringing before us different forms and phases of human character; it rubs off that rust which the student acquires in the cloister; makes the man of the world look beyond and above the little world to which he belongs, and teaches us the capability of humanity in the different forms and under the varied institutions in relation to which it has existed. There should be something of the power which is called *metempsychosis* in the student of history,—a readiness to enter into feelings which belong not to mankind in the condition in which he himself lives,—something of the creative faculty, presenting to him other times and characters, realising the thoughts and emotions, the passions and pursuits, of those characters; and in proportion as this power exists most strongly is history most instructively written. No writer of history in modern times has exhibited that faculty so strongly as Mr. Carlyle; and a most remarkable exemplification of it is in his *Life of Cromwell*. I take Mr. Carlyle and Oliver Cromwell to be two men who, had they lived in the same period, would have been by no means very intimate together; they would scarcely have been very constant associates. Cromwell would have shrugged his shoulders at Carlyle's speculations, and would have turned away "to seek the Lord" with a Puritan minister; and Carlyle would have been no less annoyed, disgusted, and repulsed, by the technical, theological language, in which he found such a man indulging, by his rudeness, his want of feeling for other classes, and his inveterate pursuit of the one object that seems to have been ever before him. And yet, in collecting together the speeches and letters of Cromwell, Carlyle has so studied the meaning of every document, he has so put himself in the place of the speaker or the writer,—in every dispatch that records a battle, he has gone so diligently over the battlefield itself, traced all the varieties of the ground, seen where this advance was made, or that retreat became necessary—he has so hunted and ferreted out the particular history of the individuals named by Cromwell in his speeches or his letters, and endeavoured to ascertain the exact state of his feelings with regard to those personages, that he has at length become identified with the hero of his history,—he convinces a continual, not merely a temporary sympathy with him, looks lightly on deeds which, at other times, and in his own person, would strike him with horror, tells the tale of those atrocious massacres in Ireland, such as occurred in the siege of Drogheda, and advises us not to be shocked with the detail, for the world cannot enjoy "universal rose-water." He has gone into the religious feelings of Cromwell as under a solemn sense of retribution, realising the peculiarities of the Puritan creed, till at last he seems to become one with Cromwell, and Cromwell alone stands before us. Then, here is the worth of it as history,—we have Cromwell himself breathing and vital; we hear him speaking his own words in his own rough tones; we have him writing his own letters, and expressing all his own interest, sympathies, and antipathies as to those whom he is addressing, making his own way with his political ambition and religious experience; and altogether it is the most life-like portraiture of the history of a person in an age remote from our own, not only in time, but yet more remote in its general habits and modes of thought and feeling. The very reality is there before us, living and breathing, and all achieved

by this marvellous power, which may enable the individual who has exercised it in one instance, to exercise it in other instances also, and to reproduce, as he has done in the French Revolution, men's characters and persons before us; not mere lay figures, not the gilded hollow things that we meet with in reading ordinary historians, but men created anew, called from the dead, reanimated from the tomb, with the living spirit restored, and making us feel that we are in companionship with those with whom we have indeed one common human heart, but from whom in all other respects we are separated, by distance in time, by politics, by religion, by all that constitutes character, and that gives its efficacy to the power that one individual exercises over the lives of others.

Now this is very much what the actor does—at least, the actor who is any thing more than a mimic or a declaimer, who means something better than merely, by sudden transitions of voice, and starts, and violent gestures, to make a strong sensation. The actor who aims at delineation of character does with the portraiture and his author as Carlyle does with the subject of his historical and biographical speculations; he looks at all the external indications of character; he traces the course of actions: he notes the peculiarities of speech; he rises from his analysis into the synthesis of the mind of the individual, until, if he be a man of intelligence, like the great living representative of Shakespeare's heroes, he will be capable even of placing them in other scenes, and amidst untold adventures, still sustaining with propriety the character of the individual, and giving it identity with what is delineated in the pages of the great dramatist. And in his writings, what an extent there was of this power! How he could sympathise with, and enter into the feelings of beings the most dissimilar, start from one to the other, and still be one with all. The coward and the hero—the monarch and the peasant—the valorous soldier and the poltroon—infancy with its truth and simplicity, and age with its sorrows—priesthood with its cunning—all lay bare and open to him. Did he take a period of history? He seized at once on the particular spirit of the time and the country; he gave it embodiment, as the living idea of the drama; there was in him that very same power which the student of history should ever have something of. He may not write—he may not intend to produce historical characters in the dramatic form: but he studies to little advantage unless there be in him that power (and if not, he should diligently strive to acquire it) of becoming one with different orders and varieties of human beings—one with the earliest objects of history—one with those wandering patriarchs who dwelt in tents, their possessions consisting of flocks and herds—one with those mystic orientals who first interpreted the stars; who inscribed figures of their own imagination on the celestial sphere; who read the destinies of individuals and of nations in the shining of those orbs, and predicted future events from their oppositions, conjunctions, and ascendancies. He should become one with those who laughed at mysteries like these, with those learned Greeks, with their philosophy and their drama, with their cultivation of science, with their beautiful and abounding artistry. He should become one with the lofty Romans, and their capacity for government—one with the churches and sects—with the political parties—with the different classes of humanity in later times; and thus, without being tainted with the vices which these exhibit, without plunging back into ignorance or shadow, when this power of re-creation is cherished, as he goes on from page to page of the long record, the student will imbibe charity to mankind. The faithful student of

history cannot be a bigot in religion or politics; he cannot be one of those who wrap their own cloak of righteousness about them, and looking at their little party of half a dozen or half a score, say—“We are pilgrims on the way to Heaven, and all ye are depraved, corrupt, and sinful, children of the evil one.” He cannot be one of those who think that all purity of principle, all sense of honour, is bound up in this or that political creed; he has learned more and better of humanity; he respects and reverences human nature; he is ready to make allowances where he finds it has erred, remembering that there have been great virtues as well as great vices among all classes of men. Humanity is dear to him, because it is humanity. It becomes to him a sacred thing, even with all the weakness, infirmities, and vices that are blended with it; and in the history of the race, he sees of what the race is capable, how much it has been worth even in its poorest periods, how progressive it is now; and how bright are the prospects which it opens before us, by the mere fact of human progress, and the advance of this nature to the moral dignity, the intellectual condition, and the comprehensive enjoyments for which it is formed, and which we believe to be its ultimate destiny.

The tracing of causes and effects, as they present themselves in the course of events, and sometimes in events very distant from one another in period and in country, but yet united by links which are invisible to the unobservant, but which offer themselves to the attention of the student; this is another process to be always kept in view in the study of history. For what is philosophical history but a record of the causes that have produced their results on social life and individual adventure, with the same infallible certainty, though not by the same kind of connexion, as the causes of the material world produce their results? And very often it will be curious to trace the connection of minute events with important consequences. I believe I omitted to mention in the Lecture which I recently delivered here on the life of George Washington, that one of his ancestors, either his grandfather or great-grandfather was a Lancashire man, and that, travelling one day by a stage-coach, the coach upset, he was hurt by the accident, was taken into a neighbouring house, and was confined there some time in consequence. He became attached to the sister or daughter of the person who had so hospitably received him; they married; he afterwards emigrated; and from him was descended the great liberator of the United States. But for that accident, the marriage would not have taken place; and but for that marriage, George Washington would not have existed; and it is possible that the freedom and independence (at that time, at least,) of the United States of America, their succession in the long and arduous struggle which they had to maintain for securing their rights—the organization, the carefulness, the far-seeingness which guided their armies through that memorable contest, and the triumphant result in which it terminated, it is possible that all these might have been otherwise but that the driver of a certain stage-coach, on an out-of-the-way road in Lancashire, was so intoxicated, that he upset the vehicle entrusted to his charge. An illustration of this kind of connection of cause and effect is given by a writer, every one of whose publications is well worthy of being attentively read—one who has done much for the philosophy of politics in our day, and for the philosophy of toleration also—I mean not merely the thing (such toleration as it is) which bears that name in reference to religion, but that which men should exercise towards each other in all the different modes of thought and feeling. I allude to Mr. Bailey, in his

well-known essay on the "Formation and Publication of Opinion." In one short paper appended to the work, he says:—

"It may not be devoid of amusement to trace the consequences which would have ensued, or rather which would have been prevented, had the father of some eminent character formed a different matrimonial connection. Suppose the father of Bonaparte had married any other lady than the one who was actually destined to become his mother. Agreeably to the tenor of the preceding observations, it is obvious that Bonaparte himself would not have appeared in the world. The affairs of France would have fallen into different hands, and have been conducted in another manner. The measures of the British cabinet, the debates in Parliament, the subsidies to foreign powers, the battles by sea and land, the marches and countermarches, the wounds, deaths and promotions; the fears, and hopes, and anxieties of a thousand individuals, would all have been different. The speculations of those writers and speakers who employed themselves in discussing these various subjects, and canvassing the conduct of this celebrated man, would not have been called forth. The train of ideas in every mind interested in public affairs would not have been the same. Pitt would not have made the same speeches, nor Fox the same replies. Lord Byron's poetry would have wanted some splendid passages. The Duke of Wellington might have still been plain Arthur Wellesley. Mr. Warton would not have written his book; nor the Edinburgh critic his review of it; nor could the author of this essay have availed himself of his present illustration. The imagination of the reader will easily carry him through all the various consequences to soldiers and sailors, tradesmen and artisans, printers and booksellers, downward, through every gradation of society. In a word, when we take into account these various circumstances, and the thousand ways in which the mere intelligence of Bonaparte's proceedings, and of the measures pursued to counteract them, influenced the feelings, the speech, and the actions of mankind, it is scarcely too much to say, that the single circumstance of Bonaparte's father marrying as he did, has more or less affected almost every individual in Europe, as well as a numerous multitude in the other quarters of the globe."

Having thus given, and that in strong colours, the connection of individual with public events, Mr. Bailey very properly gives a counterpart of this, by glancing at those great and ponderous causes in society which will roll on in their course whatever may become of individuals:—

"The individual character itself, indeed, partly receives its tone and properties from general causes, and much of the reaction which it exerts may be, in an indirect sense, ascribed to them. Thus, although the marriage of Bonaparte's father and mother, the connection of those particular persons, was the cause of his existence, and of many of the peculiarities by which he was distinguished, yet his character and conduct were in no small degree moulded by the spirit of the age. There are many general causes, it is obvious, which would have operated although any given person had never come into the world. There is a certain progress, on course of affairs, that holds on, amidst all the various impressions, the checks and the impulses, that it receives from individual character. If Bonaparte had never existed, the nations of the earth would, in all likelihood, have been in much the same relative situation as they are, and at all events, they would have made similar advances in political knowledge. The violence of the French Revolution would probably have been directed by some other ambitious leader against the States of Europe: it might have lasted nearly the same time, and subsided in a similar way. But although the general result might have been, in many respects similar, the train of political events would have been altogether different; there would have been quite a different mass of materials for the future historian."

He then applies this to arts and science, observing, that though such a person as Sir Isaac Newton had never seen the light, yet the system of the universe and of astronomy would, by the labours of other philosophers, have arrived at about the same degree of improvement and accuracy. To trace the progress of these events, therefore, becomes an exceedingly interesting portion of the study of history.

One effect of this study will be to abate that very common prejudice as to the goodness of former times,—a notion that has prevailed in every generation that has left any records of itself since humanity began. "The good old times!" "The grand old times!"—these oft-repeated cries are but the echo of what has been shouted from one generation to another; still the song is taken up and prolonged; and what does it amount to? It reverses what is the real law of humanity, the law of progress, by which good is educes from evil,

"And better thence again, and still better
In infinite progression."

And when were these "good old times?" When the numerous classes, the poor classes, the oppressed and wronged classes, had no voice to speak, when they had no means of making their injuries known, except by a violence which recoiled upon themselves? Was it then? Were these "good old times," as compared with the days in which every class can make itself heard, when there are means of appeal with which Europe and the world may ring, as well as our own country, in which even that poorest and most subservient class of all, the labourers of the remote agricultural districts, assemble themselves together, though it be by the light of the moon, and tell to one another the sufferings they endure, the miseries to which they are reduced, and raise their voices in a way which, thanks to the press, is heard throughout the length and breadth of the land, asking for some alleviation of the distress to which they are subjected? Shall we find the "good old times" at a period anterior to this, a century ago, when not one person out of three in this country knew the taste of wheaten bread? Shall we find them in Anglo-Saxon times, of the splendid freedom of which we are sometimes told; a freedom which required a landed qualification of 4,000 acres to give a place in their "Witan," or senate; a freedom, indeed, in which trial by jury originated, but in which a man might call upon his neighbours to swear that they believed him free of the crime of which he was accused; and if a chieftain who marched at the head of a thousand retainers was accused, every one of them was ready to swear him "not guilty" of anything which it might be unpleasant to him to acknowledge. Was there freedom in a time when every crime might be commuted by a pecuniary fine, and when that fine was nine times as much for a crime against one in high condition as it was against one in low condition? Shall we look to the Anglo-Saxon period for freedom, when three persons out of every four, at least, were in the condition of slaves, were liable to be sold, and were often fatted up for the market, that they might fetch the greater price from the Irish or the Scotch, by whom they were purchased, and who prided themselves on having English slaves in their habitations? At a time when the common average price of a man in the market was ten shillings,—was that the era of political freedom? Were those the "good old times" on which we should look back, or had they any "good old times" behind them? People have always dreamt of some original "good times," of days of primeval innocence, of some golden age, or garden of Eden, or Paradise; but the real "good old times," (for the world is growing older every day), the real gardens, or paradise, or whatever we may call the best condition of human society, are before us, not behind us. We are going towards that period, not marching away from it; it is the consummation of all past progress. All the benignant influences of the present time, in spite of so many counteractions, are helping it onward; and it will be at last realized, not by a power arbitrarily placing mankind in such a condition as that, but by the energy of human thought and character, by skill, knowledge, and freedom, winning for the human race that dominion over the earth, that distribution of its fruits, that full enjoyment of all the productions of nature and of art, which are the heritage of society, and which moral bravery and courage will win for the generations to come, and make them happy with the possession.

The present times, therefore, are better than past times, were it only for this,—that they are further on the road towards the best times. If we be only in

a transition, the transition is to something which will have the advantage over that from which we started. And it is the peculiar feature of the present times that there is in them more of diffusion, more of the power that tends to general elevation, than there has been in any former period. This is not an era of splendid conquests. We finished off—I hope for ever—our victory-dealings with the bloody field of Waterloo. We have now to win the conquests of knowledge and of peace. We have to subjugate ignorance and prejudice; we have to bring down to the dust every kind of domination that aggrandizes itself at the expense of the rights, the interests, the earnings, and the happiness of the industrial classes. This is not an age of great learning. The profound scholars that have graced some periods of history, the men that were walking Polyglots in their knowledge of languages, and whose plummets had sounded the deepest abysses of the ocean of science, are not to be found now. We have few great names in any department; in most departments we have no great name at all,—no commanding mind, in church or state, in science or art, or even in mechanical invention; but we have a greater diffusion than there ever was before of science, art, and literature. If there be not the gods of poetry and philosophy, that once made illustrious the age in which they lived, their works survive; those works flow over the world in an abundant tide without being confined to colleges or studies; they come into the public walks of everyday life; they are to be found in Mechanics' Institutes; they are diffused through all the humblest abodes of the land, every where bringing enjoyment, intellectual light, and the perception of intellectual liberty. If our age be not rendered remarkable, even, by the splendid discoveries of science, what age was ever like it in the practical application of science? When was there ever communication so rapid, whether it be mere physical locomotion, or the passage of thought from mind to mind, by means of the external agency that gives thought its wings? These are altogether unprecedented, and they are working out the illumination of the millions; they are preparing the way for the enjoyment of their rights by the millions; they are working out the truth as a practical truth, that the world was made for the millions, and that a just distribution amongst them of its products, will sweep away much of that fictitious disparity which has so often rendered earth the scene of tyranny, crime, suffering, and martyrdom. If we leave off winning battles—if we cease to bend the knee, even in "heroworship," before illustrious individuals, there is this compensation, and a most abundant compensation it is,—that the many are now in the position which the enlightened and labouring few lived and died to earn for them; they are pursuing the course which the few, at the peril of their lives, and the sacrifice of their lives, merely pioneered; the many are becoming, in the world's estimation, as much or more than the few once were; and if the homage be not called for that has been so often paid in this nation to great sages or lofty genius, they have learned more of that self-respect which, universally felt, entitles a nation to the power, and trains it to exercise the power of self-government. And though this transition state of ours be undistinguished in many of its qualities, though it be bare of those lofty peaks and turrets which are seen from afar in times when the world's general level was much lower, we can excuse their absence by the great brightness that is shed over the dwellings of all, by the more splendid hopes that open to the gaze of all, by the progress which all are making, as this transition leads them on, from victories gained in the

field of battle to the victories of knowledge and of love, of commerce, of peace, of freedom, and of human happiness.

FIRESIDE AFFECTIONS.

BY MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

THE man who sits down in a virtuous home, however humble, in which his own industry enables him to breathe the atmosphere of independence, and his wife's management to enjoy cleanliness and comfort, has a vast scope for the creation of happiness. The minds of his children,—of his wife,—his own mind, are so many microcosms, which only ask to be inquired into and developed, to reveal Pharoas of wealth, which may be coined into current enjoyment. We are ever too little sensible of the good immediately within our grasp; too ready to cavil at difficulties and to declare them impossibilities. A great man once said there were no such things, and as all proverbs have their foundation in practical truth, this idea may receive confirmation from the common phrase—"Where there is a will there is a way." It is certain that the difference between what zeal and energy will accomplish with small means, compared with what power, ill applied or feebly applied, will long leave unachieved, is most astounding. Few are those who have not to reproach themselves with supineness, or a prodigal waste of time and resources; few, who when they look back upon the field of past experience, but feel how barren they have left the track which might have been richly cultivated. Let us instantly reform. The present will become the future; let us resolve that it shall be rich in fruit, delicious to the reverting spirit of review, and yielding good seed for the progressive path before us. The traveller rarely begins with his own country; in like manner, the searcher after enjoyment too often looks beyond home; too late in life's journey, when little of either strength or time remains, this is regretted. In the case of home, the early neglect is usually ir retrievable, where, we may be certain, if flowers are not cultivated, weeds will spring,—where the violet and the rose might have charmed our senses, the nettle and night-shade will offend them. Fenelon was accustomed to say, "I love my family better than myself; my country better than my family; and mankind better than my country; for I am more a Frenchman than a Fenelon, and more man than a Frenchman." This is an instance of reasoning more beautiful in theory than reducible to practice; I should be satisfied with the man who proceeded almost inversely and invested his first funds in the domestic treasury; these once established and yielding interest, he may at once enjoy and dispense at will. Many spirits are moving on the stream of society, and the rising waters are attesting their influence. Religion has its preachers, science and politics their lecturers, but there seems to be a dearth of moral teachers—Apostles of the Religion of Home, who would show warmly and eloquently to assembled congregations the beauty and the benefits of the home affections,—the dreadful blank and ruinous bankruptcy attendant on their want or violation—who would send away their dispersing auditors with awakened hearts, each saying in the secret chamber of its individual breast,—"*I will* be a better wife, a better husband, a better parent, a better child, than I have ever been." Those who should make this resolve and act up to it might count upon an exceeding great reward—the harvest of present happiness, and the solace of future consolation. Of the latter need, let it ever be remembered, none will be spared: the wedded will be the widowed—the parented will be

the orphaned. The links of life are not more surely cemented than they are struck asunder, and happy is he in whose living hand is left the fragment of the chain; if, when the heart that loved him is cold, he can lay his hand upon his own, and say—"I never neglected her—I was never unkind; we suffered, but I ever sought to make *her* share of suffering the least." As happy she who can recollect habits of devotion and endurance, that she kept ever present to her mind how he was toiled and tried in the conflicting struggles of the world abroad, and had sedulously sought, as much as in her lay, to create for him a recompense at home—sweet will be this drop in her bitter cup of bereavement. Without risking the charge of paraffinity, I may say this consolatory consciousness of self-abnegation falls more often to the lot of woman than of man. Many affecting instances in the most unfortunate walks of life are often recorded in the public prints, where a wife, to shield a savage assailant from punishment, has pleaded guilty to self-violence. These revolting circumstances will disappear with the class in which alone they are found, as temperance and intelligence advance; for hearts, hundreds of hearts, that were originally capable of tenderness, have been defrauded of the blessed privileges of loving and dispensing kindness, because unhappy circumstances denied the current of affection permission to flow forth, and gentleness and sweetness to become the habit of behaviour. The kindlier feelings, checked in their outset, grow stagnant, or take a concealed and sluggish course, never yielding sufficient evidence of vitality. Thus many whom self-culture has redeemed mentally from the bondage of early bad habits, have failed to attain moral emancipation from the thralldom in which want of genial manners principally contributes to hold them. I have noticed even a false shame evinced at giving any evidence of susceptibility to the lovable emotions, and rudeness affected to hide the tenderness that was yearning to burst forth. To these I would say in the beautiful language of a popular song:—

Love now! ere the heart feels a sorrow,
Or the bright sunny moments are flown:
Love now! for the dawn of to-morrow
May find thee unloved and alone.

Oh! alone—alone in the house of mourning! What would you not then give to recall the time when you suffered your best feelings to lie in unprofitable silence?—what would you not give to recall to consciousness—consciousness of your love, your contrition, the heart you had often hurt by apparent indifference? By a magic peculiar to death, all that was beautiful, was amiable in the departed, rises on the stricken heart of the survivor with renewed beauty; while in the same proportion his own merits shrink—his own demerits are magnified. Spare thyself this bitter addition to a bitter thought—the cup may not pass from thee! Let not the sun of affection go down while it is yet day, or the night of thy mourning will be dark indeed! It seems strange that mental improvement should be more easy than moral amelioration—but so it is; the mind's prejudices fall before that silent monitor a book, and the faculties assert their freedom; but it requires more effort to affect a change of manner, and modes of expression—if the amenities have not grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength, they rarely take kindly to the soil. Gentleness and tenderness then must be among the first and most constant of the influences exerted on the infant mind. The general increase of kindness and urbanity, in the classes in which the graces of society have been least regarded, are among the best advances that have long been making. The history of private life in past

times exhibits a severity of conduct towards the young, from a mistaken notion of its utility, nay, of its necessity, that it is painful to recall. The sceptre was not deemed more essential to the king, the mace to the keeper of his conscience, than the rod to the school-master; and if portraits of these birch-loving pedagogues could be presented to us, no doubt the stereotyped frown would be found on every face. Lady Jane Grey recalls that she never sat in her mother's presence, and severe study was a sweet shelter from such severe austerity. Joy to the young spirits of the nineteenth century—everywhere be their hearts opened by kindness and encouragement! Let us not be niggards of the moral comfort—praise. Credit to a dawning or dormant capacity is often what an advance of capital is to a struggling trader, it assists, perhaps inspires, the exertion that enables him to realise fortune and repay the loan with interest. I would present to every parent the following beautiful lines by Coleridge, and even suggest their being committed to memory:—

O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces,
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it;—so
Do these uphold the little world below
Of Education,—Patience, Love, and Hope.
Methinks I see them grouped in seemly show,
The straitened arms upraised, the palms aslope,
And robes that, touching as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend like snow embossed in snow;

O part them never! If hope prostrate lie,
Love too will sink and die.
But love is subtle, and doth proof derive
From her own life that Hope is yet alive;
And bending o'er, with soul transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmur of the mother dove,
Woos back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies:
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to
Love.

Yet haply there will come a weary day,
When overtaken at length
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
And both supporting does the work of both."

SOME ACCOUNT OF A FRENCH THEORY OF ASSOCIATION.

By TITO PAGLIARDINI.

THAT a complete social change is about to take place must be evident to all such as are acquainted with the political and moral state of Europe.

Whether the change will be a peaceful one, giving the necessities and comforts of life to those who are now destitute, without attacking the interests of the wealthy; or a violent one, renewing all the horrors of ninety-three, in which the upper classes will fall victims to the blind hatred of the people, who will nevertheless be far from benefited by such a change, must depend solely on the means by which the change is brought about.

Is civilisation, founded as it is on constraint and violence, capable of directing a peaceful change?

The blood-stained pages of history, with their endless wars, revolutions, and revolting crimes, answer most cruelly in the negative.

Civilisation as yet has found no remedy against oppression but in revolutions; none against rebellion, but in the prison or the scaffold; none against pauperism and mendicancy, but in the workhouse. That these are of little or no avail—the experience of thirty

centuries has given abundant proofs. Every political form of government imagined by philosophers and moralists has been tried in its turn, and has in turn proved equally defective. Autocracy, or individual despotism, has been long since rejected by the majority of Europeans, and is at present confined to one barbarous state, Russia. At an early period, the principal States of Greece and Italy, the centres of civilisation, cast off the monarchical form of government for the republican, without thereby establishing general peace and happiness; for in aristocratic republics, as Sparta, Venice, the tyranny of a small class stood in lieu of the tyranny of an individual; while in democratic republics, as Athens, Florence, the state was in a perpetual turmoil, generally rewarding the services of the great men they incensed but yesterday, with banishment or death—and all republics have disgraced themselves by the institution of slavery.

In our own time the frightful tyranny exercised in France by the nobles over all the other classes of society was only annihilated by the majestic, but sanguinary policy of the people, which finally involved all Europe in bloodshed and famine: nor can it be said that individual liberty was more respected under the popular than under the monarchical or aristocratic sway.

The republican form of government has likewise failed in America to produce all the blessings anticipated from it by the majority of moralists; and limited monarchy, or the balance of the three constituent powers, the *ut plus ultra* of perfection of modern political writers, is so far from conducing to the happiness of the bulk of the nation, that it may be safely asserted that in England and France, the two models of this vaunted form of government, the sum of misery is even greater than in those countries which are not yet blessed with a constitutional charter.

The defenders of civilisation, in their inability to find a more perfect form of government, either give themselves up to a most revolting optimism, closing their hearts and eyes to the social miseries; or malign the Divinity, by declaring his work, man, irretrievably bad, and born to vegetate, suffer, and die; in spite of the experience of so many centuries, their blindness will not let them perceive that the whole system on which civilisation is based is radically false; for from its fruits we are to judge of the tree, and what are the fruits of civilisation? On the one hand, some transient comforts and pleasures for the few;—on the other, labour in its most repugnant form, insufficient and uncertain wages, misery and its child, *vices*, for the many.

Can that state of society be the best in which the peasant who attends to our flocks and herds knows not the taste of meat? In which the producer of our corn is generally unable to feed his family on bread? In which a deficiency in one year's crop of one inferior article of food, the potatoe, places the mass of a rich nation on the very verge of starvation, in which the manufacturer of our clothing is all but naked? In which those things which are noblest in their nature are perverted into the most oppressive forms? For out of free competition has sprung the monopoly of capital; and charity, that divine principle so warmly inculcated by Christ, charity itself has been perverted from its pure origin; it has become the bane of the rich; it has but too often been a tool for extortion in the hands of the intriguing; and so far from healing the social wounds, its insufficient succour only degrades the honest man, anxious for work, not alms; or demoralizes the indolent, who prefers the miserable pittance of the union-house to the honourable reward of his labour. Although in England and Wales 175,000,000,

have been expended within the last forty years for the relief of the poor, yet pauperism is still increasing in a most fearful ratio, and threatens to attack the very roots of civilisation, in proportion as capital is accumulating in the hands of a few bankers and great traders.

Till now civilised man has sought a remedy for all social miseries in political changes only. The British Empire has lately been convulsed by agitations and murders in Ireland, by rebellions in Wales, and by Chartist meetings and the Anti-Corn Law League, or Free-Traders throughout the whole country. That this theory of free-trade in abstract principle is just—in theory, correct,—there are few unprejudiced by party spirit who can deny; and that it must replace, ere long, the protective and prohibitory duties throughout the world is evident from the anxiety expressed by land-holders in England, and the aggressive, yet confident attitude assumed by the Leaguers; but that the opening of the ports will bring all the promised comforts to the labouring classes is, in the present state of society, a delusion. The existing system will only pull down one aristocracy to set up another.

If the existing political sciences fail to solve so many vital questions, is it not the duty of the statesman to seek for their solution elsewhere?

The body of the people should be no less anxious than the land-owners and statesmen in seeking the means of improving our social condition, and securing the agricultural interests without vainly attempting to shackle those of the manufacturer; for on the prosperity of the employer depends that of the employed. But unless these means be sought, the British landholder will in some few years fall into the same abyss of ruin that engulfed their brethren in France, as soon as the middling class (capitalists, bankers, traders, lawyers) raised their voices against them; nor will the fate of the great majority of the nation be in the least degree ameliorated; for as it was of little importance to the slaves of Greece and Rome whether the aristocratic, or so-called democratic element prevailed in the state—as it was to them merely a change of masters, bringing no change to their condition—so in England, the political change brought about by free-trade will merely snatch all influence from the hands of the landed aristocracy, to place it unaltered, if not more oppressive, in the hands of the aristocracy of money; slight will be the relief afforded thereby to the labouring classes.

Yet have not these three elements of the nation,—the land-holders, the capitalists, and the body of the people, or labourers, each their own individual rights? And are these rights so opposite, that to assert or establish the one, we must revile and overturn the other? And is there no law by which these seemingly clashing interests might be made to combine in one sublime unity, as the seven distinct colors of the prism in one pure and exquisite colour—white?

This law, though it has hitherto escaped all philosophers and political writers, does exist; and has been discovered by the genius of one man, who, like Bacon, Galileo, Newton, Columbus, only discovered new truths by boldly quitting the beaten track, and seeking the laws of the Creator by consulting his great work, Nature. This man is Charles Fourier, whose theory is contained in the following simple words:—*attractive industry, organization of labour, and association*; not association as is understood in civilization, but real association, in which all will participate, each in proportion to his capital, talent, or labour.

That Fourier's system was received at first, like all great inventions, with contempt, jeering, and calum-

nies, is but too true; but that his ideas have lately spread into all ranks, and all parts of the globe, and have ceased to be considered as visionary by those who have taken the pains to study them, is now no longer to be denied.

Nevertheless, in England, the country of all others in which his constructive principles are most needed, in order to counteract the subversive theories of the political and economical sciences; in England, a country so eminently suited to their realization, they are almost unknown. The aim of the following short view of the system is merely intended to draw a little attention to the subject, which we will fully develop at a future period, or which may be studied in the numerous works published by the Phalansterian school.

If it be asked how so simple and yet so fruitful a law as that of *moral or pasional attraction*, on which Fourier has founded his system, has remained so many ages undiscovered, we will ask how the great continent of America remained unknown till revealed to the Old World by the genius of one man, in spite of the scoffing and calumnies of both the ignorant and the learned? how *material attraction* lay concealed from all eyes till one man, Newton, raised the veil which covered it, and thereby changed the face of the physical sciences? how steam and electricity, having existed from the beginning of the world, the discovery of their application to locomotion and telegraphic communications, which far surpass in wonderful rapidity all that oriental fancy could invent, should have been reserved for our generation?

But instead of entering into questions foreign to our purpose, let us examine how the principles of Fourier may be applied in England, first stating that the landowner's income must be increased cent. per cent.; that the labourer shall receive no more than his present average wages, but shall be comparatively four times richer; and yet that after the second or third year from the profits accruing from the enterprise, considerable dividends shall be equitably distributed among landowners or capitalists, men of talent who have conducted or improved the enterprise, and labourers who have carried it into effect.

(To be continued.)

THE EXCITEMENT-SEEKER.

BY JOSEPH GOSTICK.

(Continued from page 140.)

I travelled from Berlin to Vienna. The Viennese are well known as good-humoured and rather childish, pleased with the amusements of their *Prater*, and ready to forget all political questions and grievances when they hear Strauss's band strike up a lively waltz. Some have called this capital "the Capua of souls." Yet here I found quite a cynical philosopher, Count Lebensmüde. I cannot tell what bound me to his company, for it did not contribute to my cheerfulness. His wit and humour were like momentary meteors in a black night. He chose to look upon the world as a faded, worn-out old play, and found in all the occupations of men but repetitions of insanities. He had the rounciness of an Italian, rather than of a German—with long raven-black hair, a sallow complexion, and melancholy but sometimes sparkling eyes. Here are a few of his definitions and observations:—

"Poetry!" said he, "you like poetry! Is there not a great sameness in it? A few dreams about love decorated with similes from violets, roses, and moonshine. I exhausted all the interest of such things

before I was out of my teens."—"Music! 'tis quite worn out. Where can you find a piquant melody or a new arrangement of chords? Beethoven is trying to make something new of it; but I cannot think he will." "So you have heard their philosophy at Berlin. Take a hundred words—long ones—not one of them understood—turn them about—place them this way—then that way—arrange them positively—then knock them to pieces and arrange them negatively—come to a conclusion by doubting—and that is a system of philosophy!"—

"There is truth; for the mind strives for it—" said I.

"Oh!" said Count Lebensmüde.

"Yes; and there is such a condition as happiness for the heart longs for it. See this flower: it turns towards the sun; and yonder, see, shines the sun!"

"Very good!" said the Count, with a laugh, "then every thing you long for, of course, is true. Oh, yes!—there must be, somewhere, an Egoria for you, or a Venus Urania you would, perhaps, prefer. Come—let us play at billiards: pushing these balls about will drive time away as well as they do it at Berlin with philosophical theories."

With all the Austrian Count's professed contempt for life and all its pleasures, he seemed to prize my company, probably because my more buoyant spirits and hopeful views of the world afforded him some temporary amusement. I was glad, however, when I had gathered up my resolution to leave Vienna; for the misanthropy of Lebensmüde had become rather tedious by daily repetitions of cynical remarks. We were walking on the *Prater* when I mentioned to him the countries through which I intended to travel. "You will be disappointed," said he. "I have travelled. Poets and historians have made a noise about these old countries which are, in reality, very dull affairs."

"Greece—Rome—is there nothing stirring in their recollections?" said I.

"They were as dull in their day as we are," said the Count; "the glory of the past, and the glory of the future, are only two rainbows thrown from the mind, one upon the dark cloud behind us, and the other upon the dark cloud before us. Both melt away when we go to grasp them."

I persisted in hoping for rich entertainment on my travels. "Well," said the Count, "you will return to Vienna when you have seen all these wonders. You will be older then and more like me in your philosophy. If you find the place where you can say honestly—'here I could spend all my days and be happy,' come and tell me, and I will allow that I was wrong."

When I returned from Vienna in the spring, I went to Dresden, where I had formed an acquaintance with a scientific and enterprising young man, named Brenner. Half in jest, I had once proposed to accompany him on a rapid tour across Northern Russia. We talked over the design until the jest became earnest. We determined to carry out the suggestion; so, after purchasing military costumes and making other preparations, we went to Königsberg, and thence to Petersburg. After staying here awhile, we set out on a rapid tour, intending to proceed as far as Ustjug-Welik.

A strange impression of human life, surrounded with a monotony and desolation of nature, that rapid tour across the North of Russia has left upon my mind. The dead level road, stretching away league after league, between silent, black fir-forests, without the slightest change of scenery; the monotonous jingling of the bells attached to our post-horses; the un-

varied nature of the vegetation spreading over vast tracts of country; and the long, unshaded dazzling sheen of the Russian summer, making the eyes and the imagination long for shadows and dark nights;—all these features of our journey are frequently recalled to my memory. The people seemed to be under the influence of surrounding nature. We observed no national sports. They had music, but there was to my feelings an indescribable tone of melancholy in all their melodies. I remember being especially impressed with this one night, when we were rowed in an open boat down the Suchona river. The banks and the water were lit up with the blood-red flashes of the Aurora Borealis, and our boatmen sang together, in parts, wild melancholy strains accordant in spirit with the surrounding scenery. The religion of the people is as monotonous as their other habits. In one church after another we saw the same crossings, prostrations, kneeling and rising, and heard the same dull chant of the Greek liturgy—"Gospodin Pomilui!" At Kyrrillof we gazed upon the stiff, antiquated figures of old saints, painted by the nuns; and the old principal of the convent showed us the cell of its founder, St. Cyril, with the well from which he drew his water, and the bowl out of which he drank. We sometimes passed by lonely burial-grounds where a few wooden crosses marked the little cells of everlasting rest, and the fir-trees in the wind hummed an eternal dirge. Yet in this desolate region I saw old men with gray hair and ruddy faces, who had lived here through sixty dark winters and as many shadeless summers, and seemed hale and contented, if not happy. But utter forgetfulness seems to be their highest pleasure. When the Russian peasant has earned enough to afford the luxury, he goes to the town when, all the church bells are ringing to hail some saint's day; he solemnly attends the ceremony of worship and goes through all the required forms of kneeling, prostration, and making the sign of the cross; this done, he hastens to the brandy-shop (and sometimes the priest goes with him)—there he wastes no time, but pulls out his money and buys as much corn-brandy as he can afford. He does not toy with his liquor, but swallows it down at once, and in a few minutes falls senseless upon the floor. The tavern-keeper takes his satisfied customer by the heels and draws him out into the street there to lie till the next morning. Frequently, as we entered a town after the celebration of a festival, we saw a score of these brandy-drinkers lying senseless on the side of the road. Even *love* in this country seems to have caught some frost from the climate. We continued our tour as far as Ustjug-Weliki, and here we found an amusing instance of national taste. In the market-place stood a long row of stout, honest-looking, ruddy-cheeked peasant-girls, each with a basket upon her arm. They had come up the river to sell themselves! It was a market of wives with their dowries in their baskets! The young men of Ustjug-Weliki walked along the tempting line of faces in a very apathetic way, and seemed quite as earnest in peeping into the baskets as in looking on the faces of these willing girls. I and my companion made an appraisal of the charms thus freely exhibited, and I think we noticed two or three that might have served as excellent wives, had our circumstances allowed of such a speculation. Positively, there was something to me quite charming in this plain business-like arrangement of matrimony, as contrasted with the same thing done in our fashionable circles in such an indirect, round-about, and hypocritical style.

But to shut up my memories of our Russian tour—when the nights began to gather blackness, and fires could be seen in the evening twinkling through the

fir-trees, we turned toward the west and travelled homeward with all possible speed, not without pity for those whom we had left to pass the winter in Ustjug-Weliki.

I had determined to spend the winter in Italy;—so I left my companion in Vienna, where I had a little gossip with Count Lebensmude. He laughed, in his satirical style, at my Russian adventures, and suggested to me the north-west passage as a very pretty amusement for another summer; but I told him that my inspiring genius now directed me toward the east, "the land of wonders, miracles and mysteries," said I.

"And of consummate *cumuli*," said the Count. I left him playing at billiards, and set out on my journey to Venice. I shall not give a long description of the "Sea-Cybelé," which so many have tried to write down into common-place, though it had as great an effect upon me as if I had read nothing of Beckford's prose, or Lord Byron's verse about it. Its liquid streets; its marble structures, rising from the water with a dream-like beauty; the silence of evening upon one of its many bridges, only interrupted now and then by the cry of the gondolier; the movement and variety of life in St. Mark's Place; all remains, as an unfading picture, in my memory. At Venice I saw Byron. I question whether any circumstances could have made him a happy man. In some men the imagination seems to be developed at the expense of the heart. Our most fruitful trees do not bear brilliant flowers: some natures exhaust themselves in the flowering seasons. From Venice I went to Naples—beautiful, sunny, gay, wicked Naples, with its crowd of monks, beggars, hawkers, idlers, sailors and fishermen. There lay the famous bay like a sheet of silver, and there was Vesuvius breathing up into a serene sky a column of light grey smoke, terminating in a something too fine to be called smoke. As I landed, amid a crowd of *lazzaroni*, sailors, and pedlars, all bustling about for bread in this land of beauty, I thought of Count Lebensmude, and then of Goethe's words in the same circumstances:—

"What would the people do, bustling, buying and selling?
They struggle for bread to nourish themselves and their children—
Traveller, whatever you think, you can do nothing better."

The enjoyment of a few weeks in this sunny and beautiful region repays one for some years passed amid the mists and rains of the north.

It was with regret that I severed myself from the neighbourhood of Naples to pursue my journey toward Rome.

Rome rose before me—grand and melancholy—once the centre of all nations, then the head of the religious world—now a splendid collection of so many incongruities of the human mind. Here stand old heathen temples in ruins, and Christian shrines that never would have arisen had not the primal simplicity of the new faith been mingled with something, not a little, of the old Roman pride. But I will not stay to moralize. To understand Rome, ancient and modern, is not every man's business.

I turned my steps next to visit a land which presents to us antiquities in comparison with which Rome appears as a mere modern innovation. I went to Egypt, but whither must we go to shun modern irreverence? When I reached the Pyramids, I found a German Countess ascending the highest of them with the assistance of a party of Arabs. I think her name was Hahn-Hahn. She has written several novels. She quarrelled bravely with her guides about the amount of the "*backshresh*," or fee, demanded;

and assured me that the greatest nuisance in climbing the Pyramid was to be attended by such a set of extortionate fellows.

From Egypt I went into Palestine: but all that I saw here may be found in the pages of many travellers. In this land a Divine Teacher arose to teach a faith that would make the world a universal temple: that faith has been perverted, but, as if to make some atonement for the perversion, men have made pilgrimages to the land, and have kissed the soil over which that Teacher walked. I explored its sandy vallies and rocky passes, bordered with splintered and pinnaced crags. It seems, indeed, a land bearing the prints of supernatural earthquakes. I visited several convents, and heard the dull monotonous chaunt of the monks. Their life seemed to be a dream; their religion also a dream. In one convent I found the monks busy in making a bargain about some date-brandy within a few minutes' walk of the summit of Mount Sinai. I called on that strange, half-fanatical woman, Lady Hester Stanhope, who talked to me about her steeds destined to bear the Messiah, of the planetary signs of the times, and the invisible spirits with which her fantasy has peopled her solitary abode.

After visiting all the sacred places of Palestine, I returned to Cairo.

From Egypt I went to India. Here nature indeed is great; but man seems to lie prostrate under a monstrous pile of old traditions. The mind of the Hindoo seems to have exhausted itself, at a very early period, in giving birth to a gigantic system of mythology, and it has not vigour enough to drive away into the shades the creature of its own imagination. I saw an old fakir who had been sitting in his cell gazing, in a state of stupefaction, upon a mountain for six weeks. This he esteemed as a great religious merit. I asked him if he had gained any new ideas by the process. Oh no! he had been far beyond all such superficial things as ideas. I supposed the simple fact to be that he had enjoyed a six weeks' fit of mesmerism. I talked about these things to my *pundit*, who was a Brahmin, and he gave me some metaphysical doctrine, from which I gathered his belief—that the whole of human existence was a miserable "vanity and vexation of spirit;" that never to have been born would have been man's highest happiness, and that, next to it, is a state of profound apathy, as near as possible to all that we can conceive of annihilation. When I heard this I could not help irreverently exclaiming—"humbug!"—but, luckily, my *pundit* did not catch my meaning. Yet, in some of the books to which my *pundit* introduced me, I was surprised to find, among the strangest, wildest, and most uncouth mythological fantasies, some gleams of doctrine bordering closely upon a true religion and a profound philosophy. Yet, these gleams always died away into twilight, never brightened up into clear daylight. I remember reading in one book—I think it was the "*Bhagavad Gita*"—some true thoughts on the folly of seeking, in change of places and circumstances, that peace, which can only be found in a due regulation of the mind; but when I expected these thoughts to find issue in some good practical application, teaching us to realise our faith and practice, our good principles, in all the circumstances of life, I was disappointed; instead of anything like that, I found the old advice of "go to sleep;" was recommended to care no more for the death of a friend than that of a sparrow; and was told, that murder may be committed with the utmost nonchalance when circumstances seem to require it. This was Hindoo philosophy! I closed my studies with disappointment, and without a wish to read all the

adventures of myriads of gods. Surely, if the Germans had colonized India, they would have found employment until the end of the world in endeavouring to comprehend and to reduce to a logical system the Hindoo mythology. The English scarcely notice it, excepting in its political relations.

(To be completed in our next.)

• Poetry for the People.

TO THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

By MARY HOWITT.

Band of young apostles,
Teaching love and truth,
Ye are come before us,
In your glorious youth;
Like a choir of angels,
Missioned from above,
To make our souls acknowledge,
How beautiful is love!
Taint of earth I see not,
In your clear eyes' shine,
You to me resemble,
Natures all divine;
Pure, seraphic creatures,
From some higher sphere,
Who, but for love and pity,
Never had been here,

Who but for human fellowship had never shed a tear! .

Band of young apostles!
Such to me ye seem,
As I list your singing,
In a rapturous dream;
Now, with choral voices,
Like to birds in May,
Warbling in tumultuous joy,
That winter is away!
Now, like angels weeping,
O'er a sinner's bier,
With their white wings folded,
And low voices clear;
Mourning for the sorrow,
Which sin has brought on earth;
Mourning that of pity,
Man has made such dearth;

Teaching to the callous world what a soul is worth!

Band of young apostles,
Teaching love and truth,
Onward go, high-missioned,
In your glorious youth!
Onward go, God's blessing,
On your path alight!
Still lift your kindred voices,
As prophets of the right!
Onward go, undaunted,
Heralds of that day,
When all mankind are brothers,
And war has ceased to slay!
—We have seen and loved you!
We have pressed your hand;
We have blessed you, and we bless
In you your native land!

[band!
Farewell! God's angel guide you, ye young and noble

SNATCHES FROM OUR OLD LITERATURE.



A LYTELL GESTE OF ROBYN HODE.

(Continued from page 110.)

THE STORY OF THE SHERIFF AND LITTLE JOHN.

Lithe and listen, gentle men,
 All that now be here,
 Of Little Johan that was the knightès man,
 Good mirthe ye shall hear.

It was upon a merry day
 That young men would go sheet;⁽¹⁾
 Little John fetch'd his bow anon,
 And said he would them meet.

Three times Little John shot about
 And alway cleft the wand;
 The proud sheriff of Nottingham
 By the marks 'gan stand.

The sheriff swore a full grest oath—
 "By him that diéd on a tree,
 This manne is the best archér
 That [ever] yet saw I me.

(1) Shot.

"Say me now, wight' young man,
 What is now thy name?
 In what country wert thou born,
 And where is thy winning wan?"

"In Holdernesse I was born;
 I wis all of my dam,
 Men call me Reynold Greenèleaf
 When I am at hame."

"Say me, Reynold Greenèleaf,
 Wilt thou dwell with me,
 And every year I will thee give
 Twenty mark to thy fee."

"I have a master," said Little Johan,
 "A courteous knight is he;
 May ye gete leave of him,
 The better may it be."

(1) Strong, stout.

(2) Dwelling place.

The sheriff gate Little Johan
Twelve moneths of the knight;
Therefore he gave him right anon
A good horse and a wight.¹

Now is Little John the sheriff's man,
He give us well to speed;
But alway thought Little Johan
To quit him well his meed.

"Now so God me help," said Little Johan,
"And be my true lewte,"
I shall be the worst servant to him
That ever yet had he."

It befel upon a Wednesday,
The sheriff on hunting was gone,
And Little Johan lay in his bed,
And was forgot at home.

Therefore he was fasting
Till it was past the noon:
"Good sir steward, I pray thee
Give me to dine," said Little John.

"It is too long for Greenleaf
Fasting so long to be;
Therefore I pray thee, [sir] steward,
My dinner give thou me."

"Shalt thou never eat nor drink," said the
steward,
"Till my lord be come to town." [John,
"I make mine avow to God," said Little
"I had liefer to crack thy crown."

The butler was full uncourteous,
There he stood on floor;
He started to the buttery,
And shutte fast the door.

Little John gave the butler such a rap,
His back went nigh in two,
Though he lived a hundred winter,
The worse he shoulde go.

He spurn'd the doore with his foot.
It went up well and fine,
And there he made a large livery⁴
Both of ale and wine.

"Since ye will not dine," said Little John,
"I shall give you to drink;
And though ye live a hundred winter,
On Little John ye shall think."

Little John ate, and Little John drank,
The while that he would.
The sheriff had in his kitchen a cook,
A stout man and a bold.

"I make mine avow to God," said the cook,
"Thou art a shrewde hind,
In a householde to dwell,
For to ask thus to dine."

And then he lente Little Johan
Good strokes three.

"I make mine avow," said Little Johan,
"These strokes liketh well me."

"Thou art a bold man and a hardy,
And so thinketh me;
And ere I passe from this place,
Ere I'd better shalt thou be."

Little Johan drew a good sword,
The cook took another in hand;
They thoughte nothing for to flee,
But stiffly for to stand.

There they fought sore together,
Two mile way and more,
Might neither other harme do
The mounenance,¹ of an hour.

"I make mine avow to God," said Little
"And be my true lewte," [John,
Thou art one of the best swordemen
That ever yet saw I me.

"Couldst thou shoot as well in a bow,
To green wood thou shouldest with me,
And two times in the year thy clothing
Ychanged shoulde be."

"And every year, of Robin Hood
Twenty mark to thy fee."
"Put up thy sworde," said the cook,
"And fellows will we be."

Then he fetch'd to Little John
The entrails² of a doe,
Good bread and full good wine
They ate and drank thereto.

And when they had ydrunken well,
Their truths together they plight,
That they woulde be with Robin
That very same³ day at night.

They did them to the treasure house
As fast as they might gone,
The lockes, that were of good steel,
They brake them every one.

They took away the silver vessel,
And all that they might get,
Pixes,⁴ vessels,⁵ and spoones,
Would they none forget.

Also they took the goode pence,
Three hundred pound and three;
And did them straight to Robin Hood,
Under the greenwood tree.

"God thee save, my dear master!
And Christ thee save and see."
And then said Robin to Little Johan,
"Welcome might thou be."

"And also be that fair yeoman
Thou bringest there with thee;
What tidings from Nottingham?
Little John tell thou me."

"Well thee greeteth the proud sheriff,
And sends thee here by me
His cook, and his silver vessell,
And three hundred pound and three."

"I make mine avow to God," said Robin,
"And to the Trinity,
It was never by his good will
This good is come to me."

Little Johan him there bethought
On a shrewde wile:
Five mile in the forest he ran;
Him happen'd at his will,—

Then he met the proud sheriff
Hunting with hound and horn;
Little John knew his courtesy,
And kneel'd him befor.

"God save thee, my dear master!
And Christ thee save and see."
"Reynold Greenleaf," said the sheriff,
"Where hast thou now be?"⁶

(1) Stout. (2) Loyalty. (3) "Yede." (4) Delivery.

(1) Amount. (2) "Nombles." (3) "Like same."
(4) "Peces." (5) "Massars." (6) Been.

"I have been in this forest,
A fair sight can I see—
It was one of the fairest sights
That ever yet saw I me.

"Yonder I saw a right fair hart,
His colour is of green,
Seven score of deer upon a herd
Be with him all bedene^d."

"His tyndes^d are so sharp, mastér,
Of sixty and well mo,
That I durst not shoot for dread
Lest they would me slew."

"I make mine avow to God," said the sheriff,
"That sight I fain would see."
"Busk ye thitherward, my dear mastér,
Anon, and wend with me."

The sheriff rode, and Little John
Of foot he was full smart;
And when they comé afore Robin—
"Lo, here is the master-hart!"

Still stood the proud sheriff,
A sorry man was he:
"Wo worthe thee, Reynold Greenelaf,
Thou hast betrayéd me."

"I make mine avow to God," said Little
"Master, ye be to blame;" [John,
I was mis-servéd of my dinner
When I was with you at hame."

Soon he was to supper set,
And served with silver white;
And when the sheriff saw his vessél,
For sorrow he might not eat.

"Make good cheer," said Robin Hood,
"Sheriff, for charity;
And, for the love of Little John,
Thy life is granted to thee."

When they had ysupped well
The day was all agone;
Robin commanded Little John
To draw off his hosen and his shoon,

His kirtle and his courtepy,³
That was well furr'd—well fine,
And take him a green mantél
To lap his body therein.

Robin commanded his wight⁴ young men,
Under the greenwood tree,
They shall lay in that samè sort,
That the sheriff might them sec."

All night lay that proud sheriff
In his breech and in his shirt;
No wonder—it was in greenwood—
Though his sides do smart.

"Make glad cheer," said Robin Hood,
"Sheriff, for charity;
For this is our order I wis,
Under the greenwood tree."

"This is harder order," said the sheriff,
"Than an anchorite or frere;
For all the gold in merry England
I would not long dwell here."

"All these twelve months," said Robin,
"Thou shalt dwell with me;
I shall thee teache, proud sheriff,
An outlaw for to be."

"Ere I here another night lie," said the
"Robin, now I pray thee, [sheriff,
Smite off my head to-morrow morn,
And I forgive it thee.

"Let me go, then," said the sheriff,
"For Saint Charity,
And I will be thy beste friend
That ever yet had thee."

"Thou shalt swear me an oathe," said
"On my brighte brand, [Robin,
Thou shalt never await me scatthe,
By water nor by land;

"And if thou find any of my men,
By nighte or by day,
Upon thine oathe thou shalt swear
To help them that thou may."

Now hath the sheriff sworn his oath,
And home he began to gone:
He was as full of greenewooll
As ever was hip of stone.¹

(To be continued.)

THE EXCITEMENT-SEEKER.

By JOSEPH GOSTICK.

(Concluded from Page 154.)

If wisdom was to be found in the East, I determined to discover it: so I embarked again at Madras in a vessel bound to Canton. China! a singular land of old women and children. Some have thought that the final cause of the human race is to give birth to genius. Here is a puzzle for them in a nation of some three hundred millions of people amusing themselves with carving wooden and ivory toys, with "feasts of lanterns," sweetmeats, fireworks, and chopsticks, and never giving birth to one original thought. I could only explain it by Goethe's epigram quoted at Naples. However, I have no doubt there is as much quiet enjoyment in China in sipping tea, studying the rules of Confutze, worshipping the emperor, and eating bird-nests-soup, as in any country under heaven. I shall not detail the adventures of my return to Europe. I called at Vienna, where Count Lebensmude laughed at me. I told him that I did not despair of happiness: but that I should return home and find some work to do. On my way to England I was taken ill at Paris. I hastened across the Channel; but found my illness increasing. How I arrived at Parkby I do not remember; for the fever, which had been neglected, had gathered strength and had attacked my head. I lay for some days and nights in a state of delirium, and, as I afterwards found, in the house of the good clergyman, with Hester Morrison watching over me.

In my dream, all the scenery of my travels was strangely blended together. I was led through vast Hindoo temples, where great black idols frowned upon me—Chinese mandarins came to arrest me for having said something irreverent about the emperor—then the dancing dervishes, whom I had seen at Constantinople, came and

(1) It has been noticed by the editor of the edition of the ballads in Smith's excellent "Standard Library," that "the hip is the fruit of the wild rose; but in the present instance, and in that quoted by Mr. Ritson,

"I was once as fow of Gill Morice
As the hip is o' the stean."

The fruit of the white thorn, or hawthorn, appears to be indicated since the hip has no stone, although it is very full of seeds."

(1) Supposed to mean, scattered about with him.

(2) The tines of the horn. (3) Short clock. (4) Stout.

whirled themselves round and round, till my brain was giddy with gazing on them—then long Romish processions passed by, with crucifixes and all the pageantry of the church—again, I was in Germany, and a little smoke-dried professor was lecturing, in a most unintelligible style, about “the soul of the universe.”

Then an interval of calmness would come, and all the fantastic imagery of my vision faded away, like a dissolving view, into a gray twilight, and from that dusky air there seemed to be moulded the quiet form of the old clergyman's daughter at Parkby. But again, one of the fantastic figures came forward—a great Turk with a beard as long as his pipe—I must be bastinadoed, for I had been peeping into a *harem*. I fled away to China, but there the mandarins were after me again. I tried to flee from the country, but all the ports were guarded to prevent my escape. I was to be kept a prisoner at Peking for a thousand years. Horrible thought! it startled me out of my dream.

Then the tormenting spectres left me. The fair vision of the clergyman's daughter was left alone, and now there was a sense of reality attending it. I stretched out my hand toward the figure—I felt the pressure of another hand, which seemed to act like a charm in restoring my bewildered senses. I felt a wondrous change passing over my whole system—the light of sober reason seemed to be newly kindled in my brain—a mist was cleared away from my eyes, and I saw, really and truly, the figure of Hester Morrison sitting beside my bed. I spoke to her; she answered me, and now I clearly understood the nature of the *want* which I had carried with me through all the scenes of foreign countries.

During my convalescence, I became a philosopher. I studied my own nature and reflected on my experience until I came to these conclusions: that the proper employment of man's life is not in mere gazing upon what has been done in the world, but in *work*; that true satisfaction can only be found in realising, to the greatest possible extent, the aspirations of the mind within the limits to which our bodily existence must be confined; and lastly and chiefly, that one true *love* engaging the whole soul is better than a thousand superficial excitements. I understood, now, the meaning of one of the oracles uttered in our society of German students—“*One is better than the million.*”

Why should I lengthen my story? I recovered. In a few months I married Hester. I concentrated all my interest upon my estate, studied its cultivation, repaired my mansion, laid out gardens, bought fine pictures, collected a library, established schools for the poor, and, in short, made for myself a home in which I am contented, because I have found my work and am doing it. I see faces around me happier on account of my presence. I endeavour not merely to dream of a better world, but to make the world better. I can see something worth living for in contributing my aid toward the conquest of industry, enterprise, and genius over all their opposing discouragements. Some may complain that the interest of human life is exhausted. I see a new interest arising, and, in comparison with the work which remains to be done, all that has been hitherto done in the world seems to me a trifle. To elevate human society; to give to the world works of benevolence and beauty; to help genius in its aspirations; to prepare a better and a higher sphere of existence for those who will follow us—in such objects I see an interest that will never fade.

Count Lebensmilde came over to see me last au-

turn. “Ha!” said he, in his satirical way, “you have a sort of Arcadia here I suppose?” “I have found a place where I am contented,” was my reply.

Why have I written these few short notes of my travels? Certainly not to find fault with travelling as a means of amusement. It may even contribute towards a good education. But it is only in doing our proper work that we can find happiness; and we who are endowed with wealth and power have surely some work to do in the world. “Our aristocracy is in danger,” it is said. Then let us build up a new and a permanent aristocracy—an order of men devoting their power and their wealth to great and noble works. Shall we, the most highly privileged class in the world, leave poor poets and half-starved thinkers to dream of philanthropic schemes in their lonely studies, and sigh because they are only dreams, when we have the power to turn these visions of the brain into realities? Shall we leave all the work for the future to be done by others, and content ourselves with travelling over the Continent, collecting a few pictures, or, perhaps, breeding some fat cattle? If we would maintain our station, we must be superior men, and help others to rise. Several noblemen have lately become antiquarians, and have been poring among the ruins of old abbeys and castles. That is an innocent amusement; but I would propose to them a nobler object. Let them become members of the Society for the Future. Let them study not only the developments of art and industry in the past, but those developments of genius and art which the present day requires; let them place themselves at the head of every movement for human elevation and advancement; let them achieve works proportioned to their power and privileges, and thus assert and defend their station as a *true* aristocracy.

Holidays for the People.

MOTHERING SUNDAY.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

IN turning to the days in March which have been held from the most ancient times as popular festivals, there is none that can offer to the mind in the present day so strong an attraction as MOTHERING SUNDAY, falling this year on the 22nd of March,—also called *Mid-lent Sunday*. As may be seen in Brand, this, like all our old festivals, was borrowed from the ancient pagan festivals of Greece and Rome. The religious use of beans was in the ancient nations connected with the dead. On this Sunday the Roman church celebrated the mystery of Christ's death, as well as on Good Friday, and hence it was called *Passion Sunday*. Following the usage of the pagan church, the papal one, to lead the common people easily into the change, also used beans on this day. These were afterwards changed for peas, and on this day, as at Newcastle-on-Tyne, grey peas were fried with butter, after being steeped all night, and were given away and eaten on this Sunday, which was called from this cause *Carling Sunday*. But why Carling Sunday? These peas were called *carlings*, or peas to be eaten on Carle or Carr Sunday. But why Carle or Carr Sunday? Here we come back again to antiquity. Brand, quoting Marshall's observations on the Saxon Gospels, tells us truly that “the Friday on which Christ was crucified was called

by the Germans both *Guter Freytag* and *Carr Freytag*, because *carr* or *karr* signifies a satisfaction for a fine or penalty." The week preceding Easter in Germany is still called *Char-Woche*, or *Stille-Woche*, that is, the week of sorrow, or the still week; and all musical entertainments and gay parties cease that week.

It may be interesting to many to see how exactly we and the Germans, proceeding from the same ancestry, have maintained the same popular customs. It was the custom on this day, before the Reformation in this country, for children to carry about spears with cracknels suspended on them, and for two figures, one of Winter and another as Summer, to go about and gather contributions.

Thus children also bore, with speares, their cracknelles round about,

And two they have, whereof the one is called Sommer stout,
Appareld all in greene, and dressed in youthful fine arraye;
The other Winter, clad in moose, with heare all hoar and graye
These two together fight, of which the palm doth Sommer get.
From hence to meat they go, and all with wine their whistles wet.
Popish Kingdome, fol. 49.

These customs, that perished with us at the Reformation, still exist in Germany, as may be seen from the following quotation from my "Rural and Social Life in Germany":—

"On Summer-day, as they call it, which falls in March, on *Latere Sunday*, for they make very little mention of spring, but talk, as soon as the winter is over, of *summer* coming; they make a *bretzel* (a species of cracknel) of a different size and shape to the *Lent bretzel*, which they call *Summer-bretzel*. This the children in the Palatinate carry about on wands adorned with ribbons, through the street, and sing the summer in with a song which bears a striking resemblance to the oldest song in the English language, beginning—

Ye somer 1st yowmen in,
Loud sing cuckoo, &c.

and which, no doubt, was brought in by the Saxons, and thus sung in England by their children, as at this time in Germany is still sung this

SUMMER-DAY'S SONG.

Tra, ri, ro!
The summer comes once mo!
We'll to the garden lie us,
And watch there till he comes
by us.
Yo, yo, yo!
The summer comes once mo!

Tra, ri, ro!
The summer comes once mo!
We'll behind the hedges creeping,
Wake the summer from his
sleeping.
Yo, yo, yo!
The summer comes once mo!

Tra, ri, ro!
The summer comes once mo!
To wine, boys, to wine!
All in my mother's collar
lies Famous muscateller.
Yo, yo, yo!
The summer comes once mo!

Tra, ri, ro!
The summer comes once mo!
The summer! the summer!
The winter's now the toamer
Yo, yo, yo!
The summer comes once mo!

Tra, ri, ro!
The summer comes once mo!
To beer, boys, to beer!
The winter lies in bands, O!
And he who won't come here
We'll trounce him with our
wands, O!
Yo, yo, yo!
The summer comes once mo!

Tra, ri, ro!
The summer comes once mo!
A golden table the master we
wish,
At every corner a baked fish,
And, midst to see
Of wine, cans full three,
That he therewith may jocular
be!
Yo, yo, yo!
The summer comes once mo!

On summer-day, also, two men go round; one dressed in moss and straw, as Winter, and the other in ivy or other evergreen-leaves, hung with garlands and ribbons, like our Jack-in-the-Green; or rather, they go round in a sort of covering of this, out of which they can creep at pleasure; and in this form they beg from house to house."—P. 92.

Such were the exactly corresponding customs in the two kindred countries of Germany and England on this day, and such is the antiquity of these customs. But there was one custom on this day, and which was, till late years, widely observed in the rural districts of England, and probably is still in some, that gave its name to the

day, and was well worthy of being for ever perpetuated. It was called *Mothering Sunday*, because, says Brand, while the Roman church was the established religion, it was the custom to visit their *mother-church*, on Mid-lent Sunday, and make their offerings on the high altar. So ancient and deep was this feeling, that the Epistle for that day which alluded to Jerusalem *Mater omnium*,—Jerusalem, the mother of us all,—Galatians, iv., 21, is still retained by the English church, though the occasion is forgotten. This feeling of the beautiful maternal relation descended from the church to domestic life, and it became the custom for all servants and apprentices on this day to be allowed to visit their mothers, and carry with them some little presents. They were received with a rural feast, in keeping with the old customs of the day. Beans, in the progressive refinement of living, had given way to peas, and peas to boiled corn, and therefore the entertainment of to-day was a dish of excellent furnety.

Why should this beautiful custom have died out with the mass of rubbish which encumbered or defaced the popular festivals of past times? Why should it not be revived, and made a holiday of the heart? Why should not every family on this day still unite, and expect those of its children that are gone out into the world as servants and apprentices, at least such as are near enough to avail themselves of such a privilege, and make it a day of family reunion and affectionate enjoyment? Why should not the young still be anxious, as we are told they used to be in different parts of England, "to visit their parents, and make them a present of money, a trinket, or some nice eatable?" And why should not the ancient dish of excellent furnety be set to welcome them on the table?

There is something so beautiful in this custom, that we know of no holiday that can in this respect compare to it. The principle embraces all that is lovely and endearing—all that is purifying and strengthening in domestic life. The love of parents, the expression of reverence for their virtues, and gratitude for all that they have done and suffered for their children, the fraternal bonds, and the memory of childhood and youth in the common home, everything that can cast a charm over social life, and cherish the best impulses of our nature, meet in the celebration of this holiday. It were a thousand pities to let it perish for ever out of our usage. It is the very kind of thing that we want in this busy and stirring world.

The world is too much with us: late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.

We are become too worldly—too common-place—too matter-of-fact. We have stripped life of its poetry—of its simple graces and embellishments—far more than any other nation. All those beautiful customs of gathering and of scattering flowers, which make part of our written poetry, were the actual poetry of the life of our ancestors, and continue so still of our Continental neighbours. Nothing is said to have struck Queen Victoria so much as this fact in her German visit. With all our advantages over them, they have this great and real advantage over us, that they devote themselves more heart and soul to family *fetes* and family enjoyments. They still throw around these simple scenes of pleasure the poetry of nature. To stroll into the forest together, and have a dance and a simple repast there; to dine under the trees of a village inn, father, mother, children, even to

the very little ones; to meet with their neighbours and enjoy music, coffee, and the sight of the young in the dance, while they talk over old times and old affections,—these are with them never-satiating pleasures. Even the bride still goes to church with a wreath of flowers on her head; even the hearse goes to the grave garlanded with evergreens and flowers. Walking the other day in the Cemetery at Abney Park, Stoke Newington, I observed one amongst all the tombs there with a wreath of everlasting reared at the foot of the marble headstone, within its little enclosure of flowers. That simple fact told me at once it was the grave of a foreigner. I advanced to it, and read, “To the memory of ADOLPHINE GREIFFENHAGEN, born at Archangel, and who died in September, 1845, at Stamford Hill, aged 21, far from her home and all her relatives.”

Independent of these touching circumstances recorded by these simple and touching words, there was a sentiment about this tomb that was different to the sentiment of any other tomb in the cemetery. It was the Continental sentiment. That sentiment of practical poetry which is still cherished by the continental nations in every-day life, but which in this country, partly by the influence of Puritanism, and partly by that excessively trading character which has grown upon us, has been too much stripped away. Poetry has come with us to be regarded as the life of books, and not a practical part of our own life. We class it with the beautiful dreams of fairies and the days of romance, instead of ornamenting our daily path, and our domestic and social festivities with it. On some few, and chiefly royal occasions, we manage to erect a triumphal arch, or illuminate our shops; but how bare and formal are these evidences of rejoicing to those which are seen in many a German town on many a farless occasion. Brilliant carpets and tapestry hung from all the windows; flowers strewn on the ground, with the gay and rejoicing throngs and music—nothing can be more striking. Yet the sentiment lives in our hearts, and is responded to when manifested. Even in this simple instance which I have mentioned: notices are placed in every direction in that cemetery to keep the walk; and they are in every other case well obeyed; but to this tomb, and all round it, the turf is trodden into a bareness that betrays the visits of a thousand curious feet. There can be little question that it is this suppressed sentiment for the beautiful and impressive that has enabled Puseyism of late to revive superstitions and rites which the Reformation exploded. It is a sign for us to give the sentiment way; to let it take the air in its own legitimate forms; to let it ally itself with the people and their pleasures; and restore to the toiling mass some days of holiday gaiety and holiday heart. As the year advances we shall point out what seems fitting occasions, and show how that which is beautiful in the past may reunite itself to the good in the present. And for a March holiday, what can be more appropriate than Mothering Sunday? It might be the one Sunday in the year distinguished from all others as a Sabbath holiday: one where the young, hastened home to spend a happy day with their parents and brothers and sisters, and went with them to the old church or chapel where they used to go in childhood. What pleasant and picturesque gatherings might there be around cottage tables, and in the village churchyard. What meetings of young friends and old neighbours it would lead to. This would be bringing back a portion of the “Merry England” of old, without touching on one hour

of the labour and gains of the new. It would be bringing back its heartiness without its superstition. Over hill and dale, and through the bright streets of great towns, what millions of glad hearts would be beating on their way to the blessed reunion of home. To what thousands of mothers' hearts would the dawn of Mothering Sunday bring the sweetest sensation of the year, for on that day their children would come streaming in to at least a few hours of affectionate intercourse. On this holiday, of course, there could be no active exercises and rural sports; but round the fire of many a home would be assembled loving hearts and smiling faces. In how many humble dwellings would be revived such scenes as Bloomfield has so charmingly described in his “Richard and Kate.”

Kate viewed her blooming daughters round,
And sons, who shook her withered hand:
Her features spoke what joy she found,
But utterance had made a stand.

The father's unchecked feelings gave
A tenderness to all he said.

“My boys, how proud am I to have
My name thus round the country spread!”

“Through all my days I've laboured hard,
And could of pains and crosses tell;
But this is labour's great reward—
To meet you thus, and see you well.”

Thou, FILIAL PIETY, wert there,
And wound the ring, benignly bright,
Dwelt in the luscious, half-shed tear,
And in the parting word—Good night!

And why should not such scenes of FILIAL PIETY be universal? Why should not thousands of other “poor old pairs” “with thankful hearts and strengthened love,” be “supremely blest” by the visits of their children on one Sunday in the year, sacred to parental affection? Not even the poverty of England should prevent that; for every youth and maiden might carry in their hand the necessary little contribution to the cost of the feast; and then assuredly *Mothering Sunday* would be one of the happiest and holiest days in the English year.

POLAND.

By JOSEPH MAZZINI.

“If there is on earth anything really great, it is the firm determination of a nation advancing under the eye of God, without being wearied for a moment, to the conquest of the rights it derives from Him: which counts neither its wounds, nor its days without rest, nor its nights without sleep, and which says within itself—What is all that? Justice and Liberty are worthy of many other toils.”

“Verily, I say unto you, when it shall go down like Christ into the tomb, like Christ it shall come out from it on the third day, conqueror over death, and over the prince of this world, and the ministers of the prince of this world.”—*Lamennais' Words of a Believer.*

WE write these lines independently of all political foresight, independently of all calculation as to the immediate issue of the struggle which, during the last fortnight, has caused every true heart in Europe to beat most anxiously. It may be that by the time what we are writing appears before the eyes of our readers, new events shall have succeeded, in spite of present appearances, to strengthen and extend a movement which is said to be suppressed: it may be that all will be, for a time, at an end, and that Poland shall for a third time descend into her tomb: but whichever it shall be, nothing can alter the sentiment which places the pen in our hand. Ours is not a political journal. At this moment we are not thinking of Cracow, or of the bands of Gallicia; we are thinking of Poland, which lives, suffers, and combats, whether openly or in silence, wherever her children

are to be found, from the Baltic to the Carpathian mountains. We do not look (much as our heart throbs with hope at the present brave efforts, and bleeds with grief for the recent victims) at transient events, the incidents of a struggle whose denouement is not yet come: we look to the *Everlasting*; to the *Idea* which regulates all these attempts, unfortunate till now, but always heroic; to the *Thought* which survives all these disasters, which soars, like the eagle, from the midst of the tempest; which floats, like a flag, over the tombs of the martyrs.

And this *Everlasting*, this *Idea*, this unconquerable *Thought*, which all the brutal forces of the three European despotic powers will never be able to stifle, is the right that twenty-two millions of men, belonging to the same race, cradled in the same national songs, nourished by the same historical traditions, possessed by the instinctive sentiment of having the same mission to accomplish, have to group themselves as God suggests to them, to organise themselves as they deem best for themselves and others, to express the life within them by acts freely initiated, freely worked to completion. This right has been immorally, perfidiously violated by the dismemberment of 1773, by that of 1793, by that of 1796. It has been said to some, *You shall belong henceforth to Prussia*: that is to say, to a country which itself had not a real nationality to substitute for theirs; to others, *You shall belong to Russia*: that is to say, to a nation whose civilisation was one or two centuries behind that of Poland; to others, again, *And you, you shall belong to Austria*: that is to say, the liveliest, the most unquiet, the most stirring of people, to a power which represents China in Europe. The Polish nation has from that time protested: protested by arms, because all other ways of progress were closed against her; protested by an appeal to all its members violently separated, because, to the shame of Europe, to the shame of countries calling themselves free, there has not been a single government to say one word for her. There is the whole question, put simply, and, as it appears, in a sphere far above that slough of diplomatic dirt, in which at the present day they work out what they call their European policy.

Poland has protested; she will protest: and woe to us if she should not! For her inertness would say, that it is possible to suppress an *Idea* before it has borne all its fruits; it would say that bayonets have power to kill *Thought*, and that it is enough for Force and Violence to nail Prometheus to his rock, to disinherit Humanity of the conquest of that secret which made his life divine: Justice, Liberty, Progress.

And see how her protest has gained force, since the prodigies, which we have so soon forgotten, of 1830. See how the vase inclosing the national sap, broken at Warsaw by the Russian scythe, has fertilised the land all around. Before the insurrection of 1830, Prussian and Austrian Poland rested, if not cold, inert; there was not the least demonstration there. Now, it is Galicia which makes itself the focus of Polish nationality; a thousand arrests embracing the best families, hardly suffices to hinder the insurrection of the Duchy of Posen. Sceptics, who take the grand historical lessons of Machiavel for a doctrine, and whose heart, the prophet of the mind, has been withered by the coldness of analysis, were, in 1830, telling us not to attach too much importance to a manifestation, the consequence of the general fermentation excited by the three days of July. Well! France has long since abandoned her part

of propagandist; Europe is tranquil at the surface; the moment is altogether unfavourable to every isolated attempt; and this is the moment Poland chooses to perform an act of life; it is in the midst of the sleep of Europe that she raises herself, were it but for a moment, to repeat her glorious protest, to declare that she is not, that she shall never be, submissive; that Liberty, without which human responsibility is only an empty name, has been given by God to all his creatures; that Nationality is a sacred sign placed by God of the forehead of his people, as a means for the organisation of the common labour; and that the dismemberments of 1773, 1793, and 1796, cannot efface the collective life of twenty-two millions of men, belonging to the same race, cradled in the same national songs, nourished by the same historical traditions, possessed by the instinctive sentiment of having the same mission to accomplish.

What has not been done, since 1830, to endeavour to stifle in Poland this need of proper, spontaneous, national life? It is a history which one would say could not belong to our time: a history which if we had, we men of the nineteenth century, a belief at heart, as we have an intelligence in the brain, would be enough to determine a crusade. They have proscribed, imprisoned, shot, by hundreds, by thousands, nobles, soldiers, princes, poets, all who could in any way exercise any influence. They have peopled the mines of Siberia, and supplied the armies of the Caucasus. They have destroyed colleges, universities, libraries; falsified education; substituted, wherever they could, the language of the oppressor for that of the oppressed. They have broken the bonds of family; broken—but that is no crime in England—the seals of letters of mothers, of fathers, or of sisters, who were sending some poor consolations to the exiles of ten or sixteen years; and they have kept back the succours which they contained. They have torn hundreds of children from their mothers, to form, far from their country, military colonies fashioned after Russian manners and tendencies. They have put religion in play for a political end, and inflicted on poor nuns such persecutions as move the heart to disgust, rather even than to hatred. Whilst among other nations, they counted their martyrs by individuals, they counted them by masses in Poland. She has been, during the last fifteen years, the MARTYR-PEOPLE. Nothing has succeeded. And when its masters nursed themselves in the hope of having stifled for a long period, perhaps for ever, the hydra of Polish *Thought*, by a sudden explosion Polish *Thought* started up to give the awakening to Europe; to frighten the three powers together; and to force Austria, in self-defence, to heap up the measure of her infamy, in organising the *jacqueries* of the middle age; in seducing, by we know not what calumnies, the ignorance of the peasants of Tarnow, and in setting a price of ten florins on the heads of the Polish nobles which they should bring in. "The time has been badly chosen," say gravely the men of day-by-day policy. *Who* has chosen it? The oppressed or the oppressor? Is it the sick man who chooses the moment when his pain shall shake him in his bed? Is it a Polish hand which has signed the ukase declaring, that at the commencement of 1847 all territorial demarcation, every outward sign of Poland shall cease to exist? Count the thousands of exiles who drag on their life of sorrow in France, in England, in Africa, in the United States; the thousands who people Siberia; the thousands who people the Russian prisons; the thousands murdered by the bullet or the knout:

each of these men represents a family: do you think that mothers, sisters, brothers, and sons can coldly and leisurely calculate the moment at which they shall have gained a few chances more over their persecutors? Do you imagine that the young men who have seen these terrible words—*on foot*—in reply to the petitions of their mother in behalf of their father*—do you imagine that they have nothing better to do than to wait tranquilly for the awakening of Europe, or for I know not what change in the views of diplomacy? To wait in silence! Ah, we know too well that the very men who cry out at every unsuccessful endeavour—“*Why did they not wait?*”—are the first to take advantage of that silence and that patience to reply to every protest on behalf of those who suffer—“*What would you have us to do? They are reconciled to their lot!*”

Yes! Actual Europe (we speak of constituted, official, governmental Europe,) presents a hideous spectacle of egotism, of indifference, of denial of every great and generous or progressive thought. They can talk about religion, but any notion of what really constitutes religion—that is to say, the active communion of men for the Just and the Good, is altogether effaced. Local interests have their worshippers: principles have not. The collective life of humanity, the copartnership of all its members, is nowhere represented. And, as if in the long struggle between Evil and Good which constitutes the history of the world, Evil had at last triumphed, there is a principle of common life, an association for Evil; there is none for Good. There exists an Alliance (we do not like to repeat the word *Holy*) between the powers who represent despotism, that is to say, the denial of human liberty, in Europe; there is none among those who pretend to represent the principle of civilisation and progression. Wherever a people raises itself to bear witness to its faith in God, in his law, in its own conscience, the first intervene to crush it: the second proclaim the principle of non-interference; that is to say, they assist with folded arms the triumph of Evil; they declare themselves politically atheists.

Italy arises once, twice, thrice; she asserts her rights and her unanimity of thought, by driving out, without shedding one drop of blood, her imbecile governments; a foreign army falls upon her before she has time to prepare her means of defence: not a single voice is raised in the councils of “free” nations, to say to the intruders, “*Withdraw! leave this people free to manifest its life in its own manner!*” Poland arises, after having endured a series of atrocities almost enough to make one doubt of human nature; new atrocities reply to her appeal; the Austrian government puts the scythe in the hands of ignorant peasants; it says to them, “*For every patriot head you bring us we will give you ten florins:*” not a government raises its voice to say, “*Withdraw! you have lost all right to rule the destinies of millions!*” Not a single member of any of the European governments that call themselves free and enlightened, will dare to withdraw his hand from that of the ambassador of a government which has thus placed itself under the ban of humanity. You talk of charity, virtue, man’s brotherhood in God, and do you not hear the voice of God demanding of you, “*Cain!*”

* Prince Sanguszko, proprietor of large estates in the district of Tarnow, in Galicia. His family, men, women, and children, petitioned the Czar to mitigate the punishment of perpetual hard labour in Siberia to which he had been condemned. *The Czar wrote on the margin, “On foot,”* and the journey from Warsaw to Siberia was performed on foot.

Cain! what hast thou done with thy brother?” Know you not the sentence which followed the reply, “*Am I my brother’s keeper?*”

At least let individuals repair, as far as lies in their power, the faults of their governments. Let all those who believe in the unity of the human family, all those who believe in a better time to come, all whom the example of their masters has not educated in the ignorance of what is great in martyrdom for a holy cause, protest by their words, by meetings, and by subscriptions, against the indifference reigning in official circles. Let them say what they will of the English government, but let the name of Englishman be respected and loved by the oppressed of all nations.

And as to Poland—honour to her if she triumphs, honour, if yet again she fall! It will not be for ever. Her oppressors may yet be able to throw into the balance some hundreds of heads; but she can throw into the opposing scale Herself—

“An equal to all woes,
And a firm will, and a deep sense
Which even in torture can defy
Its own concentrated recompense,
Triumphant when it dares defy,
And making death a victory.”

Jupiter has long been dethroned: humanity has pursued its course, and the chain which hangs round the limbs of Prometheus is ready to fall off.

THE CLUBS OF THE WEST END,

CONSIDERED IN REFERENCE TO THEIR MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL RESULTS.

In England, more than any other country in the world, the material interests associate and combine themselves with a rapidity that has for some years past become a peculiar and remarkable feature of the modern national character. In commercial speculations of every description, from the manufacture of lucifer-matches to the colonisation of distant lands, men are always ready in numbers to unite and form associations, actuated solely by the all-engrossing motive of the pecuniary profit which they hope to derive from the combination, and restrict their views, in the great majority of cases, alone to the amount of those profits, utterly reckless of the political, moral, or religious utility of the enterprise in which they join.

Without any personal knowledge of each other, without the sentiment of friendship or esteem, and often, even without the attraction of political or religious opinion, men belonging to all parties, and to sects of every denomination, affix their signatures to the same register, and in this heterogeneous mass, the thirst of gain, and the all-pervading, all-absorbing cupidity of the age suffice alone to maintain accord and harmony. This spirit of co-operation, which in some commercial respects has certainly tended to the advantage of the merchant and manufacturer, has evinced itself of late in the Railway mania, in a manner which has demonstrated the real character of British society in the present day in the most unmistakable shape; but it stands forth, perhaps, in nothing more conspicuous than in the numerous clubs which of late years have successively reared their palatial fronts at the West End of the modern Babylon. Those magnificent structures, in which are found combined every material advantage which the association of interests can give, cannot but excite the mingled sentiments of wonder and admiration in the mind of the superficial observer, but they conjure up, in that of the reflective, a

train of thought which infallibly leads to the question, what are the moral and intellectual results which they induce?

Who that has visited the interior of the clubs of St. James, Pall Mall, and Carlton Terrace, has not been struck with the richness of the decorations, the magnificence and ingeniously studied comfort of the arrangements? The entrance to many of these establishments is princely; vast vestibules, superb staircases ornamented with sculpture, covered with the richest carpets, and lighted up with a profusion of gas lights, the whole heated by means of pipes diffusing warm air throughout every part of the building. On the ground-floor, spacious dining-rooms overlooking handsome gardens; on the first-floor, magnificent saloons from fifty to eighty feet long, with libraries adjoining; in almost all, the windows leading out upon terraces, ornamented in summer with beds of beautiful flowers; no expense has been spared to enhance the pleasing appearance of every part; looking-glasses of colossal dimensions, and paintings by the first masters of the day, consisting of portraits of celebrated personages, adorn the walls; the libraries contain the works most usually read, and the tables of the reading-rooms are covered with the English papers most in repute among the members of the respective clubs, the literary novelties of the day, and, in many, with the French and foreign journals. The subscriptions are, according to the club, from £8 to £20 annually. Each member is at liberty to breakfast and dine at the club, read the journals, write his letters, read a novel, and in many are small dressing-rooms for the members. None of these clubs which pique themselves upon being first-rate establishments but have a French cook, who retains also on this side the channel the pompous title of *Chef*, borne by all culinary artistes of that nation with any pretensions, and in such establishments these fops of the kitchen are treated with a consideration and respect such as they meet not even in their own country; in fact, the *chef* is the soul of the establishment, and the gourmand, peer, and M.P. think it not derogatory to pay their respects sometimes to these knights of the stew-pan. The diners are excellent; the wines of first-rate quality, and at moderate prices. Such, certainly, are great material advantages resulting from the association of interests; but now let us examine, in a cursory manner, what are the moral and intellectual results.

What are the daily occupations, what are the modes of passing time of the two or three hundred members of such a club? Do they meet to enlighten themselves honestly upon the importance of any of the great social questions of the day? Do they discuss commercial or political subjects, literature, or the fine arts? Do they meet to confer on the best means of alleviating the sufferings of the lower classes of society, to reform the abuses which have crept into the administration of public affairs? Is the great cause of humanity and the amelioration of a depraved social condition the theme of their discussion? No. They go there to eat luxuriously, and drink finer wines at a cheaper rate than they could at a tavern or hotel; to relate and hear the small talk and scandal of the day; to concoct petty conspiracies against a party in the House, or against the introduction of a new member to the club; to gaze vacantly through the plate-glass windows upon the passers-by, satirise their appearance, and stare the women out of countenance; in fact, to seek a refuge from the ennui and wearisomeness of spirit which amid

their wealth oppresses them, and from which they can find no resource amid the barrenness of their own mental endowments. The theatres, the operas, the new singer, and the *corps de ballet*, the merits of a bootmaker, a tailor, or the horses or kept woman of so-and-so, are the every-day subjects of discussion, relieved by a lounge in Pall Mall, Regent-street, or the Arcade, till the hour of the drive or ride in the Park brings its accustomed relief until the dinner-hour returns. In some of these clubs private play is permitted, and that which is justly forbidden by law in the tavern and public house, is perpetrated with impunity and as a right, in the clubs of the privileged classes of English society; they are sanctuaries which the law would blush to invade. And when these members of one and the same club meet in their spacious apartments, with whom, after all, are they to converse? The majority are unknown to each other! Being a member of the same club neither requires the obligation to speak to each other, nor even to exchange the civilities of common politeness! Each enters the saloon with his hat on his head as though he were entering a stable; he looks at, he bows to, no one. And here the comical sight is afforded of a reunion of about one hundred men brought together like the furniture of the apartment they occupy; on one side lounging in an arm-chair, one reads a novel; another is writing at a table, close to a person with whom he has never spoken; a little way off, a member is stretched full-length, asleep upon a sofa; others are walking up and down, and that the sepulchral silence may not be broken, those who converse speak in an under tone, as if they were in a church. On beholding this assemblage of men, the question naturally arises, what pleasure of the mind can they find in such an association? All appear as if they were oppressed with ennui; and what a mode of dispelling it! But it is perfectly orthodox—English—and bears the highest impress of nationality, as exhibited in the higher classes of Britain! A foreigner upon beholding such a reunion of automatons, naturally inquires, how is it that there exists no more communion among the members of these societies? The reply is, an English gentleman could not think of addressing a gentleman whom he does not know, even though a member of the same club, until he is well assured whether he be a man of rank or fortune, a tory, whig, or radical; the dignity on either side might take offence at such a step, it would militate against English notions of breeding and respectability, and appearances are everything with an Englishman—foreigners only could perpetrate such an unreasonable imprudence. Why, then, receive into such a society men of whom you know nothing? Why? Because a specific number of subscribers are necessary to insure the support of the expenses of the material advantages of the club, and it is sufficient to know that the respectability of the member has been guaranteed by two members who introduced him. Yet is that not sufficient to overrule the English gentleman's ideas of social intercourse!

How perfectly does this portray the spirit of English society! That form of society which looks for nothing beyond the material, the sensual advantage. Ask it to associate its intellectuality, its moral bearing, it will not understand you. Has not this immobility of the soul, this social materialism, something degrading to the boasted civilisation of England in the 19th century? The clubs of London differ widely from those reunions which have been formed in the other capitals of

Europe. The clubs at the West End have tended more than is usually contemplated to render the men of the higher classes of Britain yet more personal, more exclusive, more egotistical. They have been the cause of the present desertion of society in the metropolis; they have withdrawn husband and son from the bosom of their families, and made them strangers to their own hearth. The fruitful source of disorder in families—by them husbands have been weaned from the beneficent and honourable society of the wife and children—the family board has by them been deprived of the presiding and salutary presence of the father; and that wife and family compelled to content themselves with a restricted fare, while the husband feeds daily on luxurious viands, drinks of costly wines, and dilapidates his fortune at private play. The neglected wife, left to her own mode of consolation for the loss of the society of the husband, the friend and companion with whom she had hoped to pass at least those hours which his professional or legislative duties left unoccupied, grown callous to the interests of that husband and to those of her children, leaves the latter to the care of mercenaries, who pervert their morals and debase their minds, to dissipate her annui in a reckless expenditure which, combined with her husband's losses at the card-table, leads eventually to a necessary fashionable self-banishment of three or four years upon the Continent. In other instances, that wife and mother throws herself into the arms of the attentive seducer, and abandons family, name, and fame with disgust, in the vain hope of finding happiness with a being apparently more studious of her taste and feelings. How many such instances could we not cite which have derived their source from the baneful misapplication of this principle of combination, as inapplicable to the interests of social life, as it is advantageous to commercial interests. We leave it to the reflective reader to decide whether, in such a shape, the purchase of such material advantages by the association of interests is worth the price at which it is acquired? Whether such a perversion of the otherwise useful spirit of combination, offers advantages equal to the moral evils it is fast accumulating upon the social character, the moral and intellectual interests of the higher classes of Great Britain?

JUNIUS.

THE GOTHIC CHIMNEY.

(Translated from the German for the People's Journal.)

A loud noise which shook the crazy old window-frames was heard outside the castle, and the warder started at the unusual sounds as though he had been struck by lightning. The next moment, however, ashamed of his weakness, he regained his accustomed composure, and his black eyes sparkled from under his long red eyebrows. Any one who had not the honour of being acquainted with the Signor Saccarito would have been terrified at the lightning which shot from his eyes, and which, in the twilight, resembled the fire from the eyes of a vampire, when he throws himself on the youthful beauty, who comes for the first time with a beating heart to an assignation.

The noise increased.

"If it is travellers that are disturbing me," muttered Saccarito, "I would that they had perished; but if it is robbers—"

He did not finish the sentence, but drew out his stiletto with a scornful sneer, and moved with firm

strikes to the door from whence the unusual noise proceeded.

Although he dwelt on the shores of the Maranella, a little stream watering the Roman Campagna, his rough accent and his dress of coarse red stuff testified to his not being a native of Italy, where the inhabitants, even in the heat of summer, wore a brown mantle fringed with silk. Signor Saccarito was tall, and his sharp features produced aversion in the beholder. The inhabitants of the Campagna never looked on him without fear since the day that a bandit's dagger broke against his breast. He did not seem more than forty years old; and yet, according to all testimony, he had inhabited this castle since the year 1460, and they were now in 1530. In short, a veil of mystery which no one ventured to raise, and which was made thicker by superstition, covered this man, and made him a wonder for the curious. More than one noble stranger had alighted at the hotel of San Marino, situated only a few miles from the old castle, but none ever visited it, so much were they terrified by the stories, either false or authentic, which were related to them by the host, Signor Matteo Bandocci.

On the 4th May, 1530, two young artists, one a painter, the other a musician, who were travelling in search of materials for their profession, halted before this ruined castle. They had been told that it had been inhabited, at a very early period, by Cardinal Giuseppe Giocchini; in later times by his nephews the Counts von Tessina, all celebrated by their orgies; and that it was looked upon now as the abode of spirits, at least such beings would prevent their entrance.

The artists only laughed at these tales, and assured their host that they neither feared Satan nor his troop. They persisted in their determination of visiting the castle, and their knocking was what had disturbed the Signor Saccarito.

"Who knocks here so late?" cried he.

Orestes and Pylades entreated shelter for the night.

"Go to the devil!" muttered the warder. "I do not open the gates to-night."

"Uncivil churl! We have sworn to look upon thy face, and to pass the night in thy cursed den."

"You will soon lose that desire."

"Not before thy soul, if thou hast one, is driven from the case of thy body. Wilt thou open the gate? Satan! wilt thou?"

"Return to your tavern."

"Our tavern for this night shall be this Gothic building; our wine, the best out of thy cellar; our bed, the softest in the castle; our amusement, thy daughter, if thou hast one, and she is pretty; and our cupbearer shall be thyself, master,—thyself. We will taste thy bowl—thou shalt pour out our wine, and we will pass a right merry night of it. Open, then, quickly. The night is darker than an owl's nest; the weather is sharp, and our voices are rough in the midnight air."

"The day will break in three hours. you may wait so long."

"Thou art more ceremonious than a young maiden. If thou continuest much longer in this fashion, we will set fire to this rat's nest, and dance round it."

Signor Saccarito returned no answer, but the friends heard the key creaking in the rusty lock, as if it were lamenting being put to such an unusual service, and the next moment the gate opened.

"You highness requires much pressing," said the painter, ironically.

"My highness loves neither prating nor compulsion, my most excellent cavalier."

"As little as the gold of the Italian nobles," interrupted the former speaker, smiling.

"Even so: as little as the gold of the Italian nobles," repeated Saccarito; and, opening his hand, he allowed the young artist's gift to roll out on the ground.

The young man was astonished. It was indeed a wonder to meet with such contempt of money at that period, and in a man of Saccarito's condition. But his national pride soon triumphed over his astonishment.

"Your lordship will have the goodness to introduce us immediately to the lords of this castle."

"Most willingly, gentlemen. Follow me."

"Comrade," said the musician, "this castle is then not so uninhabited as we have been told. But I swear by this sword, which is as true to me as my mistress, and that is saying a good deal, that if we are treated uncivilly it shall do me good service."

"Follow me, young men," repeated Signor Saccarito, who had by this time lighted two torches, and he led the way through a most extensive garden.

"Your masters must love quiet very much," said the painter, who was fatigued by the long circuit they had made.

The warder made no answer to this remark; and after a few more turnings, they found themselves before a building belonging to the castle. Saccarito pushed open the door, and they descended a few dozen steps, when suddenly their guide extinguished the torches, and they perceived they were in a long vaulted hall, dimly illuminated by a lamp suspended from the ceiling.

"I here introduce you to the lords of this domain," said Saccarito, in a low, solemn tone of voice. And with outstretched arm he pointed to several rows of monuments, ranged along the walls. Upon each monument rested the statue, in marble, of its occupant, one of the lords of Tessina. Some were represented in full suits of armour; others covered with a marble shroud: all appeared like phantoms just risen from the grave.

Notwithstanding their impatience, the two young men contemplated this strange scene with growing admiration. The artist at length broke silence.

"By my soul!" cried he, "the Capitol offers nothing so beautiful as this! This labour is not human; but a human brain imagined and a human hand accomplished this wonder. Oh, what a glorious science is sculpture! To take a block of stone,—a rough and defective material; to labour upon it with the chisel; to lend it life by degrees; to see each day the labour of genius assume a form, receive a soul; and when it is ended, it becomes the admiration of all, and endures for ever. Yes: the creation of man is a work of genius; but the creation of the marble is one also; less splendid, less animated, but more enduring. Among men, it is the creator, the God, that survives the creature: in this art it is the creature that survives its creator, its God. Wonder of art! you are an enigma."

As the travellers became more accustomed to the darkness, they could more plainly distinguish the architecture of the vault, and their lengthened admiration tired the Signor Saccarito. He relighted the torches, and bid his new friends follow him.

They ascended several long flights of stairs, and came at length to the apartments formerly inhabited by the lords of Tessina. The interior of the castle was in perfect contrast to its appearance outside. Here, every thing was in excellent pre-

servation; while the exterior displayed its ruin, but ruin in its exalted grandeur. Here stood a tower, older by disuse than by time, which, like a decaying giant, threatened to crush in its fall the pines that grew at its feet; there a whole wing of the castle, with its crumbling walls, serving as a refuge for night-birds and owls; but every part was beautiful, for it had not been disguised by that heathenish architecture which in later times has been so awkwardly imitated. None of the heavy unpleasing architecture of Pæstum was found here; none from the temple of Cora, that of Antony, the amphitheatre of Marcellus; in short, none from that inexhaustible storehouse, the temples and towers of the time of the fall of Rome. It was that of the middle ages, with its whole poetical architecture, now simple and modest, like the early Christians—now rich and extravagant in fantastic decorations, and in naive and elegant sculpture. There were the crisply indented broken clock towers, balconies and long parapets, light borders, daughters of the diligent chisel. There were rows of slender pillars,—work of a beautiful severity of art, proceeding from unknown and forgotten artists, but who were magnificent creators, and more creators than our modern artists, with their medals and orders. There were humble monastic arches, with window roses of laboured net-work, and hanging keystones, works of human boldness which far surpass all the creations of antiquity, and which would have struck Calimachus and Ictinus with horror, if a powerful voice could have awakened them out of their grave.

Everything was magnificent. Here was a piece of furniture, the form of which is now lost: there a painted window; near that a portrait, with the name and surname of the great and powerful lord that it represented; and farther off, dusty shields, with the Latin inscription—

Ante omnes bellicose Tessini.

Just as the friends were preparing to examine another saloon, midnight struck, and Saccarito refused to accompany them any farther.

"Do not take it ill, Signor," said the musician, "but we should have liked to have continued our investigations through the night."

"Then you must do it without me. Here is a torch. Good night."

"Good night," said the musician, yawning.

Saccarito departed, muttering curses that would have done honour to Satan himself.

As the echo of his heavy footsteps died away in the distance, the painter cried, "Bravo! bravo! our Argus leaves us an open field."

"An open field in a sort of tomb."

"A tomb or a palace, it is all one, we are masters here."

"Oh yes, we are masters here. I shall often think on the 4th of May, 1530, when in a few months, dear brother, we shall have returned from our journey, tired of the Italian sun, and I sail with thee and the beloved of my heart, in a gondola, on the waters that surround the island of Ischia like a green balsamic girdle, when the evening girls wave round us, when the gondolier shall have ended his song, and my lady embraces me with fervent tenderness, I will tell of this day's gloomy skies, of our trouble in entering this old castle, of the wonders in the interior, and we shall both be happy in our own way, in our mutual recollections."

"And I, brother, when I shall have beheld all the grand and vast that nature can produce in our glowing Italy, when I shall have here conceived

what my pencil is to create at a future period, when my life's strength is doubled by these wanderings, by this examination of all that can be seen, this investigation of all that one can comprehend, through this inspiration of all that the soul is capable of aiming at, then, at my return, I will assemble my friends together, and say to them, 'Brothers! glasses, wine, and pencils here. On the shores of the Maranella lies an old castle, that covetously encloses within its walls as many beauties as your feelings can comprehend, as much poetry as you find in the minds of your mistresses. Brothers! bring forth the goblets, the wine, and your pencils, and away to the old castle. Let us steal the shadows from its arcades, the forms from its capitals, the roses from its towers, and the grandeur from its architecture.' Forward, brother, forward, for this day's wanderings must advance our age by a century."

Glowing with enthusiasm, they hastily examined the different halls which were unfolded before their eyes, like innumerable pages.

At length they reached an apartment much larger than the rest, of which the whole furniture consisted of two seats. From the inscriptions on the walls, they concluded that it had been the banquetting-hall, and they determined to pass the night here.

"I think we are quite safe here," said the painter, "but precaution can do no harm. Your eyes are closing, in spite of all your exertions; go to sleep in your arm-chair. I will play the watchman, and this shall protect us both," saying these words, he drew a pistol from beneath his mantle.

His companion was soon asleep, and he occupied himself in examining the apartment more closely. A large gothic chimney, not far from the place where his friend was sleeping, particularly drew his attention. Its casement of stone reached to the roof, and was divided into unequal compartments, with spiral winding towers hanging to the corners like swallows' nests. The upper part, interwoven with indentations and flutings, was thickly studded with roses and small carved knobs, and with innumerable niches and medallions, in which were seen small figures of men and women. In the middle was sculptured the arms of the Tessina family, surrounded by carved work, and supported by griffins or chimeras. The chimney resembled a canopy at a feast, a whole family might have found room on the huge hearth, on which some half-burnt logs were still lying.

The painter determined to sketch it, and drawing the arm-chair closer, he set to work.

He had been thus occupied for about two hours, when he fancied the chimney moved. He took no notice of this at first, thinking that the flickering of the torch had produced this delusion, but each time he looked at it he became more and more convinced that it was not fancy, and he threw his pencil and paper away to contemplate this wonder.

The chimney, as though moved by some invisible power, increased its size and burst open, and he saw in the distance a saloon splendidly illuminated, and in which stood a table spread for a banquet.

He would have called aloud, but astonishment prevented a sound from passing his lips; he would have risen, but a leaden power fettered him to the cursed seat, and he was forced to remain a witness to the strange scene, that was taking place in the adjoining room.

In a few moments the hall was filled with ladies and gentlemen magnificently attired for a festival,

and the banquet commenced as soon as they had all taken their places. The glasses were filled and emptied with extraordinary rapidity; the viands disappeared and were replaced by fresh dishes, which were again consumed by the insatiable hunger of the guests.

It is impossible to describe the sufferings of the stranger who assisted at this feast of hell. Cold drops of sweat rolled from his forehead, and his body was drawn together as if with cramp. The torments that he endured appeared like the convulsive struggles of a dying man; his pulse beat violently, his heart seemed as if it would burst his breast, and yet he dared not even breathe, for at the least sign of life, the assembled guests, whom he supposed to be the deceased members of the family of Tessina, all turned their glazed lack-lustre eyes upon him.

The banquet continued, and the rapacity of the guests seemed to increase. It was concluded by the eldest of the family rising and proposing a toast in honour of Count Louis of Tessina, because he had been intoxicated forty-seven hours at a stretch.

A few seconds after, musicians and singers entered, and the song and dance began.

Everything that the fancy can create of heavenly magic and fairy loveliness were united in that voluptuous dance. The females seemed to be sylphs, their feet slid over the floor without touching it. They were Oriental dances, but more striking, more lovely. At the sight of this moving group of enchanting beings, one would have believed oneself in an eastern town, the native land of the Bayaderes.

Still the stranger did not venture to breathe. His eyes were fixed on the dull immovable ones of the male and female dancers, whose countenances were white as marble, and he remarked with horror that the bosoms of the females neither rose nor breathed.

The songs and the melodies of the dance or waltz formed a singular contrast to the mirth of the guests. The music resembled nothing that had ever been heard till then. Now it was loud and gloomy, like a voice from hell; now it was soft and harmonious, like a tone from heaven; but what was most astonishing, was that when the words expressed softness and mildness the music was vigorous and rousing; and, on the contrary, when it lost its roughness, the words were sad and threatening.

While the dancing continued several of the guests secretly left the hall, and entered one of the adjoining apartments; but as a mirror was situated on an angle with it, the stranger could still see every movement, and as besides this mirror possessed the magic property of reflecting back every word that struck upon it, he shudderingly read the glowing words, the incomprehensible omens that streamed in abundance from their colourless lips.

Suddenly his eyes sparkled; he saw in the mirror a pair of burning eyes fixed upon him, and near to the pale man with these burning eyes, hanging on his neck and affectionately caressing him, was a young woman. Her face was reflected in the mirror, and the stranger shuddered, and his brain seemed on fire, for in her he recognised the loved one for whom a twelvemonth before he had fought a duel, for whom he had sacrificed twenty years of his existence and his future glory, and who had only lately given him her entire affection. Again he shuddered, for the mirror still offered him the same female face, but she now smiled scornfully,



RAPHAEL'S VIRGIN AND CHILD.

ENGRAVED BY W. J. LINTON.

RAPHAEL'S VIRGIN AND CHILD.

BY THOMAS HUNT.

RAPHAEL, "the Prince of Painters,"—so proclaimed by all the world! What is it that makes him the greatest of painters? what is it that has neutralised special attempts to show that some one or two others were greater, and has made the whole world to whom painting is known so thoroughly recognise his supremacy, that the words "Prince of Painters" are universally accepted as synonymous with his own baptismal name? * Fuseli tried to lecture Michael Angelo into the chief seat, and carried his zeal into making his own style a burlesque upon that of his idol. Hazlitt always wrote as if Titian were the first painter that had ever lived; and the reason was, that Hazlitt, for all his vivid perception of art and eloquent language to express that perception, was himself defective in the true apprehension of form; a defect which is proved by the comparatively small space that form of any kind occupies in his criticisms, and still more palpably by his own studies with the hog-hair pencil. Other writers, with their peculiar idiosyncracies, have worshiped this painter or that; but say the words "Prince of Painters," and all mankind knows whom you mean. There is no withstanding the decision of that universal suffrage.

On what is it based? Was Raphael faultless? By no means. He was less evidently so than many other painters. He was easily vanquished in some of the principal essentials of painting. In that primary branch of the art, "drawing," he is confessedly second to Michael Angelo. Technically, that term means the art of defining forms. Michael Angelo's matchless skill enabled him to impart to his figures a show of power and vigour, of weight combined with activity, of physical grandeur unparalleled. In colouring, Raphael was surpassed by a host of painters. Colouring, be it observed, does not mean the knack of putting pigments on canvas so that they shall look brilliant, as blues, reds, yellows, greens, and so forth; but it means an artful imitation of the endless variety of local tints observable in nature, modified by the still more endless variety of ways in which light falls upon those inherent colours, and combined in a harmonious assemblage of tints as a whole. In that art Titian was unequalled; and, we say, a whole host excelled Raphael. As a landscape-painter he may be set down to be a nullity: there is not so much landscape in his pictures as would be needed in a theatre. In fact, it merely serves as "scenery" for his figures, the persons of the drama: his scenery, it must be allowed, is often meagre to the last degree, and he is a most indifferent scene-painter when he meddles with *natural* prospects. His buildings and architecture are sometimes grand. But in three essentials he excels all painters. His composition is unrivalled. Composition is the art of grouping figures together, so that they shall appear in natural action and attitude, and yet form in the mass symmetrical shapes. In Raphael's pictures, the action of each figure has all the fire of life; every posture looks purely spontaneous,

and yet each figure, and the groups composed of several figures, fall, as if by chance, into general forms that are in themselves agreeable—would be pleasing, for instance, if merely represented in diagrams, or as geometrical figures in an ornamental pattern. His expression, also, is unrivalled—the individual countenances express by the play of the features the most intense and the most delicate feelings that animate the living human creature. It has been said that Raphael is deficient in one class of expression alone—the voluptuously tender. Those who say so have not studied the face of the female in a group of two lovers embracing, among the series of pictures from the Bible, called the "Loggie," a series of compartments in the Vatican. The man is seen in profile, sitting, with his arms around his companion, his cheek resting on her head. Earnestness, contentment, the gravity of perfect happiness, are in his face. The woman has sunk quite into his arms, her own arms around him. Her cheek is against his breast. Her eyes are cast down. Her attitude is as unrestrained as love, believing itself unwatched, can be; on that score many would pronounce it "objectionable." But who would dare to say so? There is in the group a consummate grace, a chastity of mien, that hallow it against all caw. But search into the woman's face, and there you see, beneath that modest placidity, a luxuriant beauty, a melting tenderness, a satisfaction of delight that, to use an indifferent phrase, lest we offend any prudish ideas, "speak volumes."

But his greatest power of all is in "design"—the art of telling a story by means of expression and the action or aspect of figures. In that he is without approach.

Nor even where he is excelled, is Raphael always low in the scale. Far from it. As a draughtsman he approaches Michael Angelo in power and physical dignity; and excels him, again, in spiritual dignity and grace. And even his colouring often exhibits so much power—as in his portrait of Pope Julius the Second—so much exquisite taste and invention—as we have observed in copies of his now faded "Triumph of Galatea," that one suspects him of having deliberately neglected colour in order to a more exclusive devotion to simplicity of design.

He is charged with being a borrower: that is true. It is also true that the greatest men in all arts, where the history of their works and of their predecessors is known, are equally borrowers—borrowers of ideas in the most undisguised and literal shape. Thus, a figure of the Creator, in Raphael's Loggie, is taken from Michael Angelo; Spenser borrowed and amplified the lovely description of music, in Acrasia's bower, from Tasso; Mozart copied Cimarosa, Gluck, and many others, often literally; Rossini copies Mozart, and a still greater number. This seems to arise from the exquisite sense that a great master has of a fine idea, and the desire to appropriate, develop, and, as it were, careen it. Often, it is observed, the greater genius improves what is borrowed, and sometimes in a remarkable way—by omissions. Thus, Mozart, in the statue music of *Don Juan*, copies an oracle from Gluck, but enhances the effect by omitting a note. The passage in Gluck is a descent from the primary note of the chord to the fifth, and thence to the eighth below; Mozart descends to the fifth, and stops there, much enhancing the solemnity and wonderment of the passage. So, Raphael borrows his "Paul preaching at Athens" from a figure identically like it in

* According to a common custom in Italy, during the earlier ages, artists were known by their baptismal names, often abridged, or by mere nicknames. Thus, Raffaello Sanzio, also named "d'Urbino," (of Urbino,) from the place of his birth, is familiarly styled Raffaello, or, in English, Raphael. "Massaccio" is equivalent to "Tommy," and Barbieri was called "Guercino," which may be rendered Squinting, (from *guercio* squinting,) because he was "cross-eyed."

a picture by Masaccio; only Masaccio's figure is thicker, and a slight change is made in the drapery. It will be remembered that the figure is nearly in profile; the uplifted arms drag forward the robe; and in the original the garment forms—from the part near the arm towards the back of the leg, sloping downwards and backwards—three principal folds. In Raphael's copy there are only two main folds; and it is impossible to describe how the effect of grandeur is increased. But simplicity, the absence of redundancy or imperfections, is one of his great secrets for making his productions impressive. There is nothing to distract the sense of the spectator from the high objects or passions before him.

Many of the great painter's qualities were derived. His father was a painter: the child handled the tools of his art in infancy—whence his familiar skill. Studies from his sister's form and face—she was, also, an artist of the highest promise—are the prototypes of his Madonnas. From his master, Pietro Perugino—who lived too soon, and had not sufficient force of character to emerge from a crude style—Raphael copied, with modest fidelity, many a trait of grace. From ancient *bas-reliefs* he studied a more ideal and classic style of grace; from Michael Angelo, strength, size, weight, and vigour; from Masaccio, simple dignity and earnestness; from all whom he saw, it might seem, he learned something, not omitting La Fornarina ("the little bakeress"), who was his mistress.

Such is the painter of whom we present our readers with such a specimen as woodcut and paper will allow;—and, be it said in passing, we do not affect to disparage what we really hold to be a masterpiece of wood-engraving. Some of his characteristics will not escape even there. But it is impossible from any one sample to judge the vast scope of his works. We will but enumerate the principal *classes* of them. He painted many such as the one above—mere compositions, set groups of holy or imaginary persons. Of that kind are his "Madonna della seggiola" (Lady of the chair)—where the Virgin sits caressing her son, St. John worshipping with infantile affection; and the "Madonna di San Sisto" (Lady of Saint Sixtus), a wonderful vision of the Virgin with the Christ in her arms—a child-God in face and mien—and St. Sixtus worshipping in his pontificals, with a female saint, and behind the group an atmosphere of light and cherubic faces melting into one effulgence. The "School of Athens" and "Mount Parnassus" are larger groups of ancient and modern classic poets and philosophers. Some great pictures combine dramatic action with a more abstract vision or mere portrayal—such as the "Transfiguration," and the "Paul preaching at Athens." Others have every interest of a dramatic scene—like most in the series of the Loggia, and the Cartoons at Hampton Court. His portraits are instinct with individual character. Many designs for mere ornaments in the Vatican, we believe, are his. We remember noticing the beauty of proportion in a private house at Florence—a structure almost distinguished from its neighbours by its very plainness and absence of pretension. We learned that it had been built by Raphael.

The woodcut at the head of this paper is taken from a celebrated group of the "Virgin and Child," that is, the Virgin Mary and infant Jesus. It is *exactly* copied, not from the picture, but from the cartoon, or drawing upon large paper which served as a design for the original picture. The painting is now in the possession of Mr. Samuel Rogers, the eminent banker and poet: the cartoon was dis-

covered by Mr. Dominic Colnaghi, almost eaten up by dirt; but with great labour and skill he has restored it to the world, and it still remains in his possession. Both picture and cartoon are by the hand of the great Raphael.

Reports of Lectures,

ADDRESSED CHIEFLY TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

BY W. J. FOX.

ON THE COMMON INTERESTS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

THAT one agitation should begin when another subsides, seems to be the law of society in this country. A movement has recently originated, at Manchester also in this instance, which at first appears somewhat of a paradoxical character,—an agitation for peace and quietness. Such account as I have of it is in a pamphlet that has been circulated, entitled "Friendly International Addresses Recommended, being a brief narrative of the origin and early progress of an already rapid movement in the cause of national arbitration, unfettered commerce, and universal peace." And the statement of the principles of this movement, as contained in the preface, runs thus:—

"The object of the promoters of 'Friendly International Addresses' has been to originate such a peaceful correspondence, and promote such a peaceful conversation, as shall tend to dispel even the rumour of war with America; and convince that portion of the public press who are not using their endeavours to promote peace, that a change in their conduct would better serve the interests of their country, and better meet the wishes of their readers. As will be seen from the following pages, the suggestion has been cordially and extensively welcomed; and we trust no time will now be lost in carrying out the measure by the forwarding of friendly addresses. Unless where it is found quite convenient, it will not be requisite to call public meetings for this purpose: but let the merchants and manufacturers here address the merchants and manufacturers of America; and let all classes, citizens, congregations, schools, mechanics' institutions, athletic clubs, lyceums, benefit societies, and so on, address corresponding classes of their American brethren. We are sure it would be a happy means of promoting 'a kinder and healthier feeling' between us. Men who write friendly letters to their neighbours do not talk of fighting them the next. The 'Recommendation' originated in Manchester, and was first signed there and at Liverpool. But of the many hundreds of names appended in various parts of the kingdom, we have only room to mention a very few.—Lord Radnor, Lord Morpeth, Richard Cobden, M. P., John Bright, M. P., John Bowring, M. P., T. M. Gibson, M. P., Edward P. Bouverie, M. P., Thomas Thorneycroft, William Brown (the late candidate for South Lancashire), Lawrence Heyworth, Richard Rathbone, George Wilson (the chairman of the Anti-Corn-Law League), John Brooks, William Rawson, Henry Ashworth, Joseph Sturge, J. S. Buckingham, Douglas Jerrold, James Montgomery, Theobald Mathew, and the venerable Thomas Clarkson. This list could easily be lengthened had we space.

This recommendation has, in various quarters, been acted upon. A sense of the subject on which I have to treat in this Lecture—the common interests of Great Britain and America—has been shown by different classes and individuals; and it has been met on the other side of the Atlantic in a kindly and hearty spirit. There can be no doubt that a movement of this sort, a friendly correspondence between different sets and orders of people in one country, with sets and orders of people of an analogous description in another country, must draw closer the bonds of peace and amity, and tend to prevent the quarrelsome spirits in either nation having their way, and plunging the whole population into suffering and confusion for the gratification of their antagonistic passions. I am glad to know that in this place the recommendation was anticipated; and I believe that, before this pamphlet had issued from the press, or been circulated to any extent, an address had emanated from the National Hall, signed by its excel-

lent secretary, Mr. Lovett—an appeal from the working men of England to the working men of America, showing that the common interest of both was the preservation of peace, and endeavouring to excite in the minds and feelings of both a sincere and hearty desire for retaining that inestimable blessing. May such exertions be crowned with success. May this movement be a step towards the formation of a public opinion, enlightened, just, rising above the petty antagonisms that have so often plunged nations into war—a public opinion gathering strength from the truth of its representations and the beneficence of its views, and which shall in time become strong enough to control the actions of governments, and restrain the sinister interests of the aristocracy, or other parties who think that war would furnish them with some pretty pickings. It would keep down the sordid calculators, who are willing to increase their gain, although bloodshed be the condition of the pecuniary benefits which they are to reap; it would silence the brawlers who are perpetually appealing to warlike themes, and endeavouring to keep up the old cant about military glory, but who become silent when their noise finds no response or echo in the public mind; and it would tend towards the time when arbitration in the disputes of countries shall be the law of nations (a law better defined than any which now exists; for what is the law of nations now but the law of the strongest?); a time when arbitration shall be the law of nations, and all civilised countries shall be the world's police to uphold that law, to keep it sacred, so that any nation having recourse to the old and brute arguments of violence should find itself an outlaw from the community of countries, and, in going to war at all, would have to go to war with the entirety of the human race.

The subject of my Lecture this evening has acquired additional interest, and a painful interest, from what has taken place since that subject was announced. For the recent intelligence from America shows us that the wicked nonsense, of which we have so much here, is in favour there, too, and our Transatlantic brethren seem disposed to demonstrate to the world that democracy is not so good a thing as the world might have supposed, had it been left to its own speculations. They have rivalled the most warlike of monarchical declaimers; they have endeavoured, as it were, to surpass them in absurdity; and it would be ridiculous, were it not melancholy, to look at the tropes and figures in which these people indulge, at the way in which they assimilate what should be enlightened nations with the brute rapacity and savageness of animals—in which, finding their own features in the animal world, they dilate upon these propensities, as if there were in them something more godlike than human, until here and there we hear of “the British lion” and “the American eagle,” and of what one is to do with his teeth, and the other with her beak; and there is such a roaring on the one hand, and such a flapping of wings on the other—such a shaking of the mane, such a pouncing upon the prey, and such a wagging of tails—that one really feels as if the warlike instinct animating brute nature had in it a principle which was to be cherished and earnestly desired as the inspiration of humanity. While we wish a better spirit for them, we feel that our first business is to check the evil spirit amongst ourselves, and to keep down those tendencies which people who have powers that ought to be consecrated to peace, will every now and then use in behalf of war. There is nothing in this matter so momentous as sustaining the tone of public opinion—as

meeting with stern rebuke whatever tends to keep up the vain and vague, the absurd and pernicious notions of national glory that have so long been a curse and a desolation to the world. We should make writers and speakers in all directions feel their responsibility on this subject; that there is a tribunal to call them to account—that public opinion is not inert or indifferent—that it marks all and every of those who lend their faculties to the cause of evil in opposition to good, to that of bloodshed in opposition to human fraternity, to that of desolation and degradation in opposition to that of prosperity and interminable progress. They should be also made to feel that it is at the peril of their reputation as servants of the public, and as ministers of intellectual enjoyment and improvement, that they deviate into such themes, and take up the old cant, and put forth the old sophisms, and reiterate the old blasphemies. On this account I think it not undesirable to notice a lyrical composition which appears in the last number of the *Dublin University Magazine*, and which is quoted with great applause by a London newspaper that ought to have known better. It is a song by Mr. G. P. R. James, well known as a voluminous writer; but no quantity of production can supersede criticism on its quality. He indites thus:—

“ON A WAR WITH AMERICA.

“A cloud is on the western sky,
There's tempest o'er the sea,
And bankrupt states are blustering high,
But not a whit care we.
Our guns shall war, our steel shall gleam,
Before Columbia's distant stream
Shall own another's sway;
We'll take our stand,
And draw the brand,
As in the ancient day.”

Now this fling at “bankrupt states,” this magnanimous exclamation, “what care we?” may seem very high-minded: but if we twist these states with being bankrupt, what is our condition? If some of these states decline paying their debts, how does our state pay its debts but by mortgaging the property, by mortgaging the blood, bones, and sinews of generations yet unborn? They who don't pay at all are to be blamed; but they are not so very much more to be blamed than those who only pay at the expense of posterity.

“They count on feuds within the isle,
They think the sword is broke,
They look to Ireland, and they smile—
But let them bide the stroke.
When rendered one in hand and heart
By robber-war and swindler-art,
Home griefs all cast away;
We'll take our stand,
And draw the brand,
As in the ancient day.”

Well, this “drawing of the brand,” ought to stand in good stead of breakfast, dinner, and supper, for it is to heal all the ills of Ireland; and the Irish catalogue of wrongs, civil degradation, political limitation of franchise and interest, and the calamity of famine impending over it, are all, it seems, much less mischiefs than they appear to the common minds of humanity—for Ireland and England are to forget them all, if they will only unite, heart and hand, though with empty pockets and stomachs, in “drawing the brand” against America.

“Oh, let them look to where in bonds
For help their bondsmen cry—
Oh, let them look, ere British hands
Wipe out that living lie.
Beneath the flag of Liberty
We'll sweep the wide Atlantic Sea,
And tear their chains away;
There take our stand,
And draw the brand,
As in the ancient day.”

That is to say, in plain English, we will threaten to put muskets in the hands of the slaves to shoot their masters. Well, that is very civil; and this "sailing under the flag of liberty" is a very grand thing for us to say, considering how long the slave-trade was one of the staple interests in this country, and considering what a precious legacy it has left us in the differential sugar-duties—considering the terms on which we at last got rid of it—and the way in which we are treating the negroes in the West Indies now that they are emancipated. It was a cheap philanthropy, after all; and if those slaves, instead of being in the West Indies, had been in Middlesex, and had been part and parcel of the territorial grandeur and territorial resources of our landed aristocracy here, should we have been rid of slavery so soon?—would our blacks have obtained their emancipation?—would there not have been that struggle which property always keeps up, though it be property in human beings, to the very last? And is there no slavery here, as well as there? Is there such a prodigious difference between black slavery and white slavery? And is not the existence of a class which has no part in the representative legislature of the country—which has nothing to do with the laws but obey them—which must stand by, and look quietly on, while other people send their delegates, or representatives, to make laws, to sanction peace or war, to call on the people for their services, to tax their money, and to insist on their personal services, even on a military tenure—is not this a slave class that should sufficiently stop the mouth of any lyrical declaimer like Mr. James, and tell him that, before we "sail under the flag of liberty" to fight the American slave-owners, there must be no longer a slave class in the British Islands.

"Vell, starry banner, vell your pride,
The blood-red cross before!"

A pleasant colour for the cross to take.

"Emblem of that by Jordan's side,
Man's freedom-price that bore.
No land is strong that owns a slave,
Vain is it wealthy, crafty, brave:
Our freedom for our stay,
We'll take our stand,
And draw the brand,
As in the ancient day."

"Shout, dusky millions, through the world!
Ye scourge-driven nations, shout!
"The flag of liberty's unfurled,
And Freedom's sword is out!"

Freedom's poet, in this case, is more out, I think

"The slaver's boastful thirst of gain
Tends but to break his bondsman's chain;
And Britain's on the way,
To take her stand,
And draw the brand,
As in the ancient day."

He forgets that the way in which Britain "took her stand," and "drew her brand," upon the "ancient day," was not for freedom, but for taxation—not for liberty, but for slavery; and that Britain "took her stand," and "drew her brand," until the citizens of America knocked her brand out of her hand, dislodged her from her hostile stand within their territories, and sent her back across the Atlantic, there to mourn, in silence and in penitence, on the transformation of colonies over which her influence and domination had been so grossly abused, from the position of dependent colonists into that of independent states. The editor of the *Sun* adds, I think very unwisely, that this is a "fine, stirring, and noble-spirited poem." The support which that paper has re-

ceived from a large class of the public, and the kind of readers, I believe, it has had, should teach its critic sounder principles when he has to do with poetry that bears a political character. I confess, if there is any one thing in the poem more disgusting than another, it is that appeal to the cross, that allusion to the "blood-red cross" in the British flag, which is to triumph over the stripes and stars of America. Why, the Americans talk of their stripes and stars as if they wanted their stars to be shooting stars, and would have the stripes upon our backs; but that is no reason why the emblem of religion should be thus desecrated by an association with the deeds of war; and the writer who alludes to it ought to bear in mind that on the cross was exhibited the resignation of martyrdom, that on the cross was taught, not the destruction, but the forgiveness of our enemies. But we are a devout people, especially when tithes and church-rates are concerned, and where glorious victories are obtained. These seem to be the great points of our piety—pelf and bloodshed. We are admiring, just now, the devotion of Sir Henry Hardinge. Sir Robert Inglis, the representative of the University of Oxford, and therefore, of course, *ex officio*, a most pious person, and with piety under his parliamentary charge, has praised Sir Henry for acknowledging that the ferocious carnage which took place the other day was from Him who is alone the giver of victories. Now, I should like to know if Sir Robert Inglis considers that Providence only gives military victories, only gives triumphs on the battle-field. "The only giver of all victory" is a comprehensive phrase; and has not Sir Robert Inglis (or ought he not consistently to have) the same pious feeling in connection with civil victories, as well as military—with victories on the floor of St. Stephen's, as well as with victories on the plains of Asia? Ought he not to acknowledge that God gave the victory the other day, not only to Sir Henry Hardinge over the Sikh army, but to the free-trader over the protectionists? I think that is a much better victory than the other, and more worthily connected with our notions of Heaven and Providence.

But it is not in the House of Commons alone where cant is resounding on this matter. The East India Company steps forward to keep up and prolong this contemptible and pernicious desecration of religious terms and phrases. At the meeting of the Court of Proprietors, held on Friday last, one of the resolutions runs thus:—

Upon which occasion, under the guidance and blessing of Divine Providence, the enemy's defences were carried by storm, the greater part of their artillery captured, and their subsequent attempts to regain what they had lost repeatedly defeated.

To put this into actuality. It ought to strike us much as if the author of the resolution had represented the guardian-angels, or the apostles of Christianity, taking their stand at the head of companies and battalions—St. Paul and St. Peter giving the words, "Make ready—present—fire!" and a voice crying aloud from heaven, "Double quick-time!—charge bayonets!" It means this, if it means anything, this gross identification of the alleged purities of heaven with the worst grossnesses of the world. Nor did the discussion mend it. There was Mr. Hogg, a member of Parliament, who spoke very warmly in support of the resolution, and especially of the pious part of the resolution; and the kind of morality that interweaves itself into some folks' piety may be judged of by one expression in his speech. He was exceedingly

delighted to find that after the throat-cutting, the head-smashing, and the blood-shedding was over, or suspended for a while, Sir Henry Hardinge had called his troops together, around his own tent, to go to prayers; and as they joined in that service, Mr. Hogg remarks—

There was scarcely a man who joined in this thanksgiving who had not a relative, a friend, or a comrade killed by his side; and most hearty, therefore, must have been the acknowledgments.

I should have thought *most sorrowful*, therefore, must have been the state of their feelings; but thus it is that the cant of piety runs into the selfishness which is not cant, and that the sense of personal safety is made a predominant feeling in the bosom over the sense of all that is due to brother, friend, relative, or kindred. "Let them perish, so that we live, to take our pay, and get on;" or, in the words of a well-known Indian toast at an officers' mess—"A bloody campaign and a sickly season." That, that is the real morality, the morality of armics, the morality which corresponds with such pious resolutions in the India House or in the House of Commons.

To return to the interests of England and America. The point on which angry passions are now excited on both sides is not something actual, but something *future*. Oregon, not as Oregon now is, but as Oregon is to be, some generations hence, or perhaps some centuries; a large country, in which there are yet but few inhabitants, and most of those scattered, though they appear to have formed an accumulation of wood huts, which they call a town, and have even fashioned to themselves a species of temporary government, a legislature—sadly imperfect, it is true, for there is no sovereign, no president, even, but a legislature and a chief justice, who sees the common laws—that is, with them, the laws of common sense and right—executed, as far as his limited power extends. Well, all which is not under the cultivation of this little colony, which originated, I believe, in the excursions of some missionaries, and in the occupation of our Hudson's Bay Company by their hunters, the territory is at present one great wild waste, traversed here and there by a few forlorn and wretched tribes of Indians, that seem to be dying out from the sterility of the land. It is to a place like this that we set up our conflicting rights, rights founded on such nonsensical pretexts as who first saw the shore—who first touched at it—how many miles this man or that man got up the river,—as if all this, in any court of common sense, could have anything to do with the matter. The plain fact seems to be, that, according to the conventionalities of national guidance in cases of discovery, our rights to this country are more strongly founded than those of the Americans. On the other hand, there are many points of dubiety; and it is to them, assuredly, much more important than it can be to us, because their people can get at it with much more ease than ours; and whosoever the dominion be, it is a very plain case that the actual colonisation will chiefly be from the inhabitants of some or other of the United States. Therefore, I think, as it is worth something to them, and nothing to us, the best thing we could do would either be to sell it them, or to give it them; and I am sure that either would not only be a much more rational, but a much more advantageous thing, than fighting for it. For the fee simple of it, in its present condition, is assuredly not worth the cost of a single campaign. I cannot imagine that any one here wants it, if it were put to them. We have no oc-

casian for it for emigration; British emigrants never think of going there; there are no English people there. Even the Hudson's Bay Company employ the natives to track the beavers whose fur forms their merchandise. There is but one possible way in which it could be turned to account by this country; that is, supposing free-trade to be entirely established here, the land, as the Duke of Richmond has repeatedly declared, would not be fit to live in, and he and other landowners will leave it. Now, Oregon is certainly a state in which they might still exist as pure agriculturists, in which the agricultural mind might not be at all disturbed by the tergiversations of Sir Robert Peel, or by the obstinate agitations of Bright and Cobden. But, until they are ready to go to this place of refuge, until Goodwood is sold, and their chattels are packed up, I think we may abstain from entering into any warfare merely to secure them such an asylum, and hope that the American colonisers of the country will at least leave them some nook or corner where they may retire, to live in peace and quietness, in the full sense of their territorial possessions and their ducal dignities, which they will probably be at liberty to retain there, and can teach the remnants of the native savages to acknowledge and deal by reverently.

The common interest of Great Britain and the United States is *peace*. For are we not brethren in a more literal sense than is ordinarily to be applied to nations? Are we not the self-same Saxon race? Is not our blood in their veins, a kindred tide? Were not the pilgrim-fathers our own people, and some of the best of our country? And if they have had large accessions from Germany, still there is kindred also, with the advantage of another development of the same stock. We are streams flowing from the same fountain; we are branches from the same tree, with but one root. You may say that kindred among nations amounts to little; but if it be but little, it is something. There is a fraternity which the world cannot give us with the people of other races. We may feel for the Negro, on hearing his appeal, with a response from our hearts. "Am I not a man and a brother?"—but you cannot set up the same affinity between the Briton and the Negro as between the Briton and the American. France has much that responds to England in the tone and tendencies of her literature and the manners of her inhabitants; but still they are a different people, and are pursuing a course in many respects so different from ours, as to diminish sympathy. There is something in this oneness of origin of the two nations. Our language is their language; many of its peculiarities—what we call "*Yankeeisms*"—are but the faithful preservations of our old English language, which they took over with them, and which still exist in different parts of this country as provincialisms. Everything proclaims us one with them, and that we were made for the purposes of common advancement, and not for those of mutual destruction.

This oneness of race, too, is kept up from time to time. They left us, not when the national character was in its infancy, not in our rude and unformed periods of history. There was no great emigration until the national intellect had been grandly developed, until the national character had been distinctly marked out, and strongly formed. They left us in consequence of the tendencies of that character. Perhaps the emigrants in the middle of the seventeenth century were more entirely English for being emigrants. They went in the assertion of their individual freedom

of thought; they went claiming liberty of conscience, though it was in a wilderness; they went with all the industrial tendencies and powers that have ever characterised the English people. They went because they were thorough, entirely, constitutionally English in their tendencies, in their faculties, and their wants. They went because England, under Stuart domination, was no England for them; and they made one for themselves, they carved a "New England" out of the wilderness on the other side of the broad Atlantic. Then, from that time to this, the union has been kept up by constant emigration. Our people go there still by tens and scores of thousands in a year. Who is there that has not friends and acquaintances in America? How many there are who have relatives, and even near relatives. A war with America! Why it would be almost like a war between Middlesex and Lancashire; it would have all the characteristics of a civil warfare. Friends would be called upon to shed the blood of friends—relatives to contend with relatives. Their ships would be manned by those from whom our government would claim the rights of British allegiance. There would be the same determined and bloody resistance, stimulated by the threat of military execution to be done upon them when taken, as there was in the last war with America. And the character of the whole contest would be more sanguinary and more horrible than we are accustomed to conceive of ordinary wars; it would be like a household martyrdom, or the perpetration of deeds of blood and outrage, by those who should be only ministering to one another's daily enjoyment and security.

The literature of the countries should teach us our unity, and should be a pledge against that alienation of feeling that ends in active warfare. Do we not learn to read in the same book? Do we not study the same lessons? Do we not imbibe the same facts from our philosophers, the same sentiments from our poets, the same precepts from our moralists? When the first emigrants left this country, the riches of our literature had already been blazoned to the world. They had been formed by the intellectual tendencies that made a Shakespeare and a Bacon; afterwards a Locke or a Milton. They went, retaining the emotions and aspirations which had been thus impressed upon them. They emigrated from Stuart tyranny; they did not emigrate from the intellectual beauties and glories of our own greatest and earliest writers, any more than they wanted to emigrate from the sunshine and the dews of heaven. They took their knowledge of these authors with them, as their best and dearest heritage; they bore them in their vessels across the ocean, bore them in their bosoms together with their Bibles, preserved and studied them in their wilderness; and to this day, they and we practise the same intellectual hero-worship, bend at the same shrines, listen to the same oracles. The writers who succeeded in this country were not alienated from them; Pope and Dryden, and Akenside and Newton, taught them as well as us; the lesson learned here was repeated there; even while the means of communication were much inferior to what they now are, still, this mental oneness was sustained on both sides the great ocean. They repudiated the British Parliament—but they still acknowledged the British Parnassus. They would not own the authority of our lawgivers—but they still bent before the majesty of our writers; still luxuriated in their works, and by them formed their own tastes and manners. Their souls were cast into those original moulds; and as we have

advanced, so have they; enjoying the same degree of mental light, and participating in all the beauties that are made visible by that same intellectual sunshine. They have kept up their interest in our literature through all changes. Popularity here was popularity there. When Scott and Byron were bringing forth, with such matchless rapidity, their matchless works, the very proof-sheets found their way across the Atlantic before the entire volume. The works were republished there as quick as thought; in the course of a few hours, sometimes, they made their appearance, having been reprinted piecemeal in their different establishments; showing that there was a strong vibration in the heart of the country there to what was elicited from its mind here—that there was, in fact, a oneness. If it be said that they did this in defiance and despite of all copyright—we have our literary larcenies and piracies as well as they. If there be literary theft in one country, we can parallel it in the other. We are one in our piracies and our robberies, as well as one in our intellectual and moral attainments.

And this intellectual unity has not been mere participation on their side. They have contributed, as well as received. It was no dishonourable list of their writers which Wiley and Putnam, the American publishers in this metropolis, put forth a short time ago, when their nationality was wounded by certain imputations on their literature. They made out a catalogue that may well do credit to colonies which for only half a century have been an independent people. Our metaphysicians have learned from theirs. Godwin imbibed the great and leading principles of his *Political Justice* from the writings of Jonathan Edwards, the New England controversialist, and the author of one of the best works the world has yet seen on the doctrine of philosophical necessity. Their Channing has supplied the milder tone of theology, and its peaceful and holier aspirations. Their Emerson has shown us American originality in composition. His essays smelt of the pine-forest; they have the freshness of their vast prairies. They make us feel that there is a peculiar tone of intellect for America, as well as for the mother country, and that with all its unity and likeness, there is still only a likeness, and not a perfect identity of feature. Their novelists, Brockden Brown, Irving, and Cooper, for a time ran the race of popularity here, and that successfully. Judge Cooper and others have illustrated the principles of political economy with a clearness akin to that of our best and ablest writers on the matter.

And while there is intercommunication in literature, so there is in art. Every man of note here, in any department, is sure of a cordial reception there. Had Charles Dickens wandered over England as he wandered over America, he would have suffered no annoyance from the curiosity that seems sometimes to have inconvenienced him there, but which was really the homage of the Americans to the interest that he excited. He would not have had a reception almost rivalling that of Lafayette, who shared in achieving the deliverance and independence of those regions. He would have attracted much less attention here than if he were a lord, or a member of some royal family, or some slip of foreign despotism. We reverence petty kings and princes; we show an interest even in czars. America showed its interest in a man of letters; and if its curiosity was too intrusive, that curiosity arose simply out of the fact that here was a country whose entire population had appreciated his lively

creations, had smiled at his humour, had realised his descriptions, had wept over the pathos of his tales, knew all his characters by heart, and hailed them as old acquaintances, and were alive to all the emotions that the human soul has excited in it by the delineation of childish simplicity, truth, intellect and moral aspiration. How grand was the progress of our great Actor through America. With what readiness did the popularity which he there enjoyed replace (and to our shame be it said) the losses of his dramatic speculations here.

This interchange, this intercommunication, this mutual appreciation, are amongst the ties that should hold the two countries together. We should show some such disposition in return. We do show a little of it. The manner in which the name of Bryant, the American poet, was received at Covent Garden Theatre, at one of the meetings of the Anti-Corn-Law League, and his appearance there enthusiastically greeted, was a pledge that we acknowledge this oneness. If they have our artists, we have theirs too, and we are glad to see them. The best Romeo ever seen on the English stage, or that I have ever seen on the London stage, is Miss Cushman, the American. And great as may be the heights to which musical science has attained in this country, profound as may be the acquaintance with it in many quarters, and correct and pure as may be the taste that is cherished here, I am very sure there are many of our vocalists that would be very much the better for not being such mere musical machines, for having a little more perception of the meaning, the spirit, the tendency, and the sentiment of the words, which they often enunciate as if they were only inarticulate notes; they would not be unimproved by something of the taste, the expression, the real feeling which characterises the performances of the Hutchinson Family. They have poets who can well turn to account the appearances of nature and the legends of fancy, and some who have directed them towards a purpose coincident with that which I am endeavouring to promote this evening. In a lately published American magazine, there is a poem on one of those fanciful subjects which the starry heavens occasionally suggests, by Professor Longfellow, who was in England not many years ago, and who is one of those who have most honourably laboured against slavery and against war in his own country, and who has not been sparing on his own countrymen, any more than on the people of other nations, when they transgressed the rules of peace and goodness.

I saw, as in a dream sublime,
The balance in the hand of Time.
O'er East and West its beam impended;
And day, with all its hours of light,
Was slowly sinking out of sight,
While opposite, the scale of night
Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologer of old,
In that bright vision I beheld
Greater and deeper mysteries.
I saw, with its celestial keys,
Its chords of air, its frets of fire,
The Samian's great Æolian lyre
Rising through all its seven-fold bars
From earth unto the fixed stars,

And through the dewy atmosphere,
Not only could I see but hear
Its wondrous but harmonious strings,
In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,
From Dian's circle light and near,
Onward to vast and wider rings,
Where chanting through his beard of snows
Majestic, mournful Saturn goes,
And down the sunless realms of space
Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch
This music sounded like a march,
And, with its chorus, seemed to be
Preluding some great tragedy.
Sirius was rising in the East,
And slow ascending one by one
The kindling constellations shone.
Regirt with many a blazing star,
Stood the great giant Algebar,
Orion, Hunter of the beast!
His sword hung gleaming by his side,
And on his arm the lion's hide
Scattered across the midnight air
The golden radiance of its hair.

Then pallid rose the moon and faint,
Yet beautiful as some fair saint,
Serenely moving on her way,
In hours of trial and dismay.
As if she heard the voice of God,
Unharm'd with naked feet she trod
Upon the hot and burning stars
As on the glowing coals and bars,
That were to prove her strength and try
Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,
And triumph in her sweet, pale face,
She reached the station of Orion,
Aghast he stood in strange alarm!
And suddenly from his outstretched arm,
Down fell the red skin of the lion
Into the river at his feet.
His mighty club no longer beat
The forehead of the bull, but he
Reeled of as yore beside the sea,
When, blinded by Ænion,
He sought the blacksmith at his forge,
And climbing up the mountain gorge
Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.

Then through the silence overhead
An angel with a trumpet said—
"Forevermore! forevermore!
The reign of violence is o'er."
And like an instrument that flings
Its music on another's strings,
The pet of the angel cast
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,
And on from sphere to sphere the words
Reechoed down the burning chords—
"Forevermore! forevermore!
The reign of violence is o'er!"

For ever be that reign of violence over, not only for the sake of our literature and our intellectual progress, but for that of our mutual prosperity. For what two countries are so important to one another? America is our best customer; we are America's best customer. The dealings of the two nations with one another far surpass the dealings of either with any other people on the face of the earth. Are these the people to quarrel with each other? Look at the thousands and tens of thousands in this country that are completely dependant on the American trade. The Americans in their need are supplied from us. Look at all they have been to us since our colonial dominion ceased. The severance of that bond of unity became the birth of another unity, and a much more important one. When we discontinued being one politically, we immediately began to be one commercially. Coincident with the termination of the American war of independence were our improvements in machinery, the rapid strides which trade took here, the development of our resources, and that wide sphere of employment, the cotton trade. From six millions of pounds of cotton imported from America, the quantity has risen to between 300 and 400 millions of pounds a year. Four-fifths of all the cotton used in this country is brought from America. An interest has been growing ever since the dissolution of their connection with the British crown, whose importance seems to interpose, as it were, to preserve the continued oneness of the two nations, and not allow us to fall asunder, like flax at the touch of fire, simply because George the Third was an obstinate man, and his minister dreamt of

raising colonial taxation. And, at the present moment, these bonds are tightening. The measures of free-trade now going on here,—what are they but a fresh interest, an expanding interest, an interest in its future extension immeasurable, between us and them?

The more rapid facilities of communication have brought Liverpool and New York within fourteen days, instead of almost as many weeks of each other. All this should make us one; all this should show us that our rightful destiny is to be fellow-labourers in advancing whatever tends to the material, the intellectual, or the moral improvement of mankind. And this blends with their literature. They know how to trace in mechanical discovery the elements of poetic feeling and composition; and we are indebted to them (I do not know the author, for the poem appeared anonymously in an American paper) for "A Song of Steam," which well describes the power that should check that of gunpowder, and, by its peaceful victories, give more glory than was ever won on fields of carnage. The description is such an appropriate one of the new powers now developing, and it shows the American genius in delineating them to such advantage, that I trust it will not be thought tedious:—

THE SONG OF STEAM.

Harness me down with your iron bands;
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the power of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant faintly reel
With the toil which he daily bore,
As he feebly turned at the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar.

When I measured the panting courier's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love;
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.

Ha, ha, ha! they found me at last,
They invited me forth, at length,
And I rushed to my throne with thunder blast,
And laughed in my iron strength.
Oh! then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armlets range,
Nur wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah, hurrah! the waters o'er,
The mountain's steep decline;
Time—space—have yielded to my power—
The world—the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline;
The giant stream of the queenly west,
Or the orient floods divine.

The ocean pales, where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice,
And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling at my voice.
I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
The thoughts of the god-like mind;
The wind lags after my flying forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My restless arm doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden cave below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush overflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint—
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put into print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage the world by myself
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain.

We might even trace a political unity between England and the United States—a oneness of policy. Not, indeed, where the two countries attack each other—as in the present instance of quarrel about a bit of barrenness, in which this has a title, and in which that finds convenience,—but in all that should constitute the principles of policy, is there not a oneness? Are there not wants here which can only be supplied by them? And are there not wants there which only we can supply? Have not we a population and they a soil, in which the one should benefit the other? Do not our emigrants really conquer the American soil when they make it fruitful, and reap the results of their conquests when they are allowed to interchange them for the products of the country from which they have emigrated?

Every way our interests are intertwined. We both affect freedom; we both claim to have more liberal institutions than other nations. If we have, is not this, too, a bond of union? If ours are not so democratic as theirs are, nor theirs, in all respects, so orderly as ours, still the difference is not such as to prevent our being alike distinguished from other countries, and having an affinity which both we and they should much more readily acknowledge,—a closer affinity than either of us have with the despotism, the servility, and the ignorance of so many European states. The two nations are bound conjointly to take the lead in the march of civilisation, and to lead on other nations and other people towards the attainment of a more extended freedom and of a richer prosperity. The honest of both countries should be but of one heart and one mind; they should keep one purpose in view—to check and silence the brawlers; they should look to the victories of peace, rather than of war; they should cultivate commercial oneness, and not political antagonism; they should cherish every sentiment and feeling which, by tending to develop the industrial and intellectual power here or there, will render that unity yet more strong and intense, and will call forth each nation to the obtaining of what constitutes its best interests, rather than to work the work of degradation and retardation, as war must be to either party, even though it be carried on at so remote a distance from our shores. This be our aim. Such objects, cultivated by both nations, should remind us of the language which Milton held when England and Scotland were combined for the establishment of religious and of civil liberty. This apostrophe, with the omission of three or four words, might, I think, be adopted now in relation to Great Britain and the United States.—

Go on both hand in hand, O NATIONS, never to be disunited; be the Praise and the Heroic Song of all posterity; merit this, but seek only Virtue, not to extend your limits: for what needs it to win a fading triumphant laurel out of the tears of wretched men, but to settle the pure worship of God in his Church, and Justice in the State: then shall the hardest difficulties smooth

out themselves before ye; Envy shall sink to Hell; Craft and Malice be confounded, whether it be home-bred mischief or outlandish cunning; yea, other Nations will then covet to serve ye, for Lordship and Victory are but the pages of Justice and Virtue. Commit securely to true Wisdom the vanquishing and unceasing of craft and subtlety, which are but her two runagates; join your invincible might to do worthy and Godlike deeds—and then, he that seeks to break your union, a cleaving curse be his inheritance to all generations.

And what heart is there that is less truly British for feeling something of this fraternal union with the Americans? What wish is there that can really be more patriotic than the desire for continued peace, and for oneness in every good word and work,—the union of great Britain and America for the accomplishment of these godlike objects, and in that desire responding to the poet a hearty "Amen." Be the benediction to the friends of peace and the preservers of peace; and if it must be joined with an anathema, let that anathema only rest on the children and the champions of blood and violence.

HOW ROBERT COTTEREL TURNED OUT BETTER THAN WAS EXPECTED.

BY MARY HOWITT.

AFTER a long illness old Cotterel, the carrier, died. His widow had been an excellent helpmate to him all his days, and for the last several years the business had entirely devolved upon her. She was a strong-built, clear-headed woman, not at all troubled with feminine weaknesses; she had the gait and bearing of a man, and if her heart was tender she took care not to show it.

She lived in a small country town in Staffordshire, in the centre of a rich, pastoral district, and was known far and near not so much as "the carrier" as "the butter-buyer," from the circumstance of purchasing large quantities of butter which she took every week to Birmingham.

Nobody thought for a moment that Molly Cotterel would be any the worse off for the death of her husband; but they did think, as they had thought for long, that it was a shame and a scandal that Robert, the son, a fine stout young fellow of two-and-twenty, had not sown all his wild oats yet, and was not trustworthy enough to be sent with the cart even during the last week of his father's life. No; his mother would not trust him, and many a bitter word passed between them in consequence.

The very week in which her husband was buried, old Molly Cotterel mounted just as usual into her loaded cart before day-break, on her long winter-day's journey to Birmingham. She wore her many-caped coat, her beaver hat, and her black cloth gaiters, the only signs of mourning being a new widow's cap and a crape hat-band, sufficient, however, to announce to all her acquaintances in the towns and villages through which she passed that the old man was no more. Everybody had a word of condolence for her, but no one ventured to say to her face what they immediately said behind her back, namely, that it was a sin and shame that her tall stout son did not turn over a new leaf. Not a word of this kind did they let fall, because from old experience, they knew that Molly Cotterel permitted nobody but herself to censure her son, and to-day it was plain enough to be seen that she was in no humour to be provoked. "Poor

old body!" said they as she drove on, "who would have thought that she'd have taken the old man's death so to heart."

But it was not that which troubled her most now. She sat in her cart among her butter-baskets and inferior lading, on that dreary winter's day with a sore and heavy heart, and that entirely on account of her son.

She had heard for some time that her son was "keeping company" with Hannah Motteram, the straw-bonnet maker. Hannah was no favourite of her's; she was a pretty girl, to be sure, but then she was penniless, and was not, the mother thought, good enough for Robert's wife. She knew that he was a wild young fellow, and as yet had given nothing but trouble to his parents, but then at their death he would inherit some little property, and, according to her notions, he must look out for a girl with money. Robert, in this respect, seemed reasonable enough; he told his mother that what she said was true, and that he might pick and choose just where he liked, and that therefore he should pick an apple from the topmost bough, but as to marrying Hannah Motteram he should never think of it.

The very night, however, before we have seen old Molly on her way to Birmingham, she had discovered that her son had taken a villain's advantage of the bonnet-maker's love, and now, to his utter astonishment, she insisted upon it that he should marry her. Robert laughed at the idea of such a thing; laughed at his mother for thinking of it; but that, if possible, only made her the more resolute. It was no use his vowing that he did not love her well enough to make her his wife, for in his mother's eyes, that only increased the enormity of the injustice he had done her. She had always, she said, stood up for women against the tyranny and cruelty of men, and she would do it now in the case of her own son, and unless he would marry the girl he had deceived, she never would forgive him.

This led to the most violent quarrel that ever had taken place between them, and the mother making no attempt at sleep that night, set off without again seeing her son on her journey to Birmingham.

It was this subject that occupied her mind so deeply that day. She sat with an introverted, troubled and determined look just within the awning of her cart, something like an angry mastiff within his kennel, and when, on her return, she arrived at her own door, she was in no better humour. Her offended dignity did not permit her to make inquiry after Robert, although he was no where to be seen, and it was with no little surprise that, on going up to the old looking-glass, in the frame of which were stuck all such letters and papers as came in her absence, to find a letter addressed to her in her son's hand-writing.

The letter contained merely these words:—

"Dear Mother,

"I will not marry Hannah Motteram. I shall go to sea, and so these are the last words you will hear from me,

"Your loving son,

"ROBERT COTTEREL."

She read the letter twice, but she could make no more of it. He was gone; and gone, too, in a spirit of defiance, and knowing how wilful and resolute he was, she had no expectation of any change in his determination. This was a turn in the tide of affairs which she did not expect, and at first it was a severe blow. What she endured,

however, she kept all to herself; she told her neighbours that her son was gone, and some of them said that she was an unfeeling, hard-hearted woman, who had driven her son, perhaps, to destruction. Poor woman, they did her wrong, however, who accused her of want of affection to her son.

The very next day, she went up to Hannah Motteram's; she had never condescended to enter the poor girl's room before, and Hannah was terrified at an occurrence which, as she thought, foreboded no good.

"Hannah," said the stern butter-buyer, "you have been the cause of Robert's going to sea." The poor girl was ready to drop at these words, but the mother, regardless of her distressed countenance, proceeded: "He is gone to sea, and we, likely-enough, shall never see him again. You have both of you done very wrong; but I know what is right, and that shall be done. You must come and live with me."

Hannah dropped the bonnet she held in her hand, for this was spoken in a pitiless voice, and she foreboded sorrow and suffering.

"I never liked you," continued the mother, "never! I tell you this plainly; I did all in my power to turn Robert's fancy from you; but he has deceived and wronged you, and from this time you shall live with me. I know that I am severe and stern, but there is good in me for all that. After the child is born, you shall be my servant—perhaps more. I will try to be a mother to you; you must be a dutiful daughter to me, and try to win my love."

Hannah cried as if her heart would break; but the old woman, who did not indulge in tears herself, took no notice of them in others. She had said her say, and so departed.

Hannah went to live with her, and was every thing that a dutiful daughter could be, and the old woman really came to love her like a mother. But Hannah had loved too truly to bear Robert's desertion with indifference; a blight and sadness dimmed her youth, and she faded and drooped with a sickness of the heart for which there was no medicine. In two years' time she died, and the old woman seemed then really bereaved. The strongest affection existed between them, and their deep love for Robert, who had used them both so unkindly, was an additional bond of union, whilst the child, a strong handsome boy, the very image of his father, was the pride of both their hearts. The only time for twenty years, through winter and summer, that Molly Cotterel sent a substitute with her butter-cart was when Hannah lay in her last and rather tedious illness. She tended her day by day; she sat up with her at night, and would allow no one else the privilege of waiting upon her. The neighbours were all astonished to see so much gentleness and patient affection in her nature; they had not thought her capable of it; but Hannah's meekness, and unvarying faithful devotion, had touched the inmost strings of the old woman's heart, and had found there a response.

When she was dead, things fell into their usual course, and Mrs. Cotterel seemed to attend as zealously as ever to her business, but she was essentially an altered woman. The love that had flowed into her heart towards Hannah had softened every hard feeling towards her son. She had long since forgiven him; she prayed for him every night—prayed that his heart, like hers, might be melted; that he might return to her like the prodigal of the Gospel, for she was ready with open arms to receive him.

Robert, as he had said, had gone to sea. He

was full of resentment and obstinacy, and vowed never to return to his home, where he regarded both his mother and poor Hannah as his enemies. His life was a hard one; he went to the East and to the West, and came back to England again and again; but though each time sick of a sea life, he was in no humour to go home. He had visions in his own mind of getting great riches, how he knew not, but of returning to his native place a rich man, and of avenging himself, he had not quite made up his mind in what way, by his wealth, and greatness. Again he went to sea—the voyage was disastrous; the ship was wrecked, and then he fell sick, and as he lay in a foreign hospital among strangers, whose language he could not speak, his very heart seemed to be dead within him. Things assumed a very different aspect then to what they had done before; he thought of Hannah, he thought of his mother, and he would have given what little share of life was said to remain for him, might, he but have kissed the very hem of their garments. He cursed himself, and his pride and obduracy; and made a vow to God, that if his life were spared, he would return to those against whom he had sinned and atone for the past.

Robert remembered the former wishes of his obdurate heart, that he might return home rich to mortify those whom he had wronged by the sight of his greatness, and what madness of folly and wickedness did it seem to him now, when ragged and poor as the prodigal son of old, he neared his native town. He waited till nightfall, that he might enter the town without fear of recognition. It was Wednesday evening, the one evening in the week when he was sure of finding his mother at home. He turned up a little entry by the house, where was a small window, the shutter of which was not regularly closed at dusk. He found it open, as he expected; the kitchen was all a-light with its cheerful fire and candle; butter-baskets waiting to be re-filled, and boxes and parcels, stood about just as it used to be; all was familiar to him; nothing seemed changed. His mother sate at tea, at the little round table as of old, and with her the servant-girl; there was a child, too, sitting upon a tall chair beside the old woman, and she was laughing, and the child was laughing; she gave it tea from her own cup, and pulled its curling locks when its head was turned, and seemed as merry as could be.

"Ah," sighed Robert, "she has forgotten me—I am not wanted, and that is some neighbour's child she has taken a fancy to. She cares nothing about me!"

The thought seemed more than he could bear, and he turned away and wept. It seemed to him that he could not live without his mother's love and forgiveness. But he had seen enough for that night; and not venturing to accost any one in the town, he walked on to a village a few miles on the road by which he knew his mother would go the next morning, on her way to Birmingham.

At about five o'clock next morning the butter-woman's cart was on its way, and Robert was on his way too. He saw it coming slowly up the steep hill, with the lantern hung in front, and he heard his mother's voice encouraging the horse as she walked up the hill as usual. He walked on slowly; and now she had almost overtaken him; his heart beat wildly; she had now come up with him, and they walked together, step for step.

"It bids fair to be a fine day, my friend," said she, in the cheerful voice in which she addressed fellow-travellers.

"Mother!" exclaimed Robert, "you don't know me! How should you? I am Robert, your son, your hard-hearted son, who deserted you! I am he—can you forgive me?"

"Robert!" exclaimed she, at once recognising his voice, and forgetting the horse and cart, "how came you here? Oh, Lord! my son! my own dear son!"

She caught him in her arms, and they both wept.

It was well that the cart, which was proceeding onward, recalled the good woman to herself. She shouted to the horse to stop, and the horse, glad enough to rest with its heavy load up the steep, long hill, stopped readily: she ran forward, scotched the wheel, and then snatching down the lantern, held it to her son's face.

Yes, it was he; but so changed!

They mounted into the cart, sat side by side, and had enough to talk about.

When, on Saturday night, the butter-buyer's cart drove into the little town again, it was noticed that a young man sat by her side. It must be somebody that she had picked up on the road; but that was odd, for it was old Molly's way never to take a living passenger; it had been her way for years; however, there was now a young man with her, and a good-looking, well-dressed young man, too. Nobody imagined it to be her son.

How his rags had been changed into a good broad-cloth suit never was known; nobody, indeed, but he and his mother knew that he had come in rags; people now saw nothing but a dress that bespoke comfortable means. Next morning, which was Sunday, Robert and his mother, and the little child, sat together; the little child on Robert's knee. The servant-girl was sent to church, and old Molly herself undertook to look after the oven, in which was cooking a dinner meant to honour the occasion. Right glad was the servant-girl to go to church, and to spread abroad the news of Robert Cotterel's return. Before evening all the town was talking of how his mother had met him in Birmingham; how he had brought a deal of money back with him; and how he was come, intending to have married poor Hannah Motteram; and that when he heard she was dead, he tore his hair, and fell into such a passion of grief as never was witnessed before. This was what rumour made of it; but the servant-girl had only said that Robert was come back looking very grave and sober; that his mother and he were the best friends in the world; and that the little child was told to call him father, which it very soon did, as was natural, because he seemed so fond of it.

If any one inquires how, after this, Robert went on, we can only say, that some five years later he, instead of his mother, might be seen driving the butter-cart. There was a smart, modernised air about the green cart, and the horse and harness were much handsomer than they had been formerly. Robert also was greatly improved; he looked so good-humoured and happy, and he was the steadiest carrier that came into the old town of Birmingham. In fine weather too, now and then, might be seen a fine stout lad of about eight, with a rosy, merry face, and a pair of remarkably sturdy legs, perched in the front of the cart by Robert's side, flourishing the whip, and making lusty outcries to the horse. This was Hannah's child: Robert was very proud of him, and the only thing that troubled him was, that it was then too late, excepting through the child, to make her any amends.

PROGRESS OF THE SANATORY MOVEMENT.

It has been already stated, that the Reports written by Dr. Southwood Smith, and presented to Parliament by the Poor Law Commissioners, "On some of the principal causes of the sickness and mortality to which the poor are particularly exposed, and which are capable of removal by Sanatory Regulations, exemplified in the present condition of the Bethnal Green and Whitechapel districts;" and "On the prevalence of fever in twenty Metropolitan Unions," made a deep impression on the public mind. The Bishop of London, in particular, took up the subject, and moved for an inquiry whether the evils described in these Reports were prevalent in other towns and populous districts. This inquiry was instituted by the Poor Law Commissioners, and the results were embodied in a Report by Mr. Chadwick, on the "Sanatory Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain." In this Report it was stated, that "the annual slaughter in England and Wales from preventible causes, by typhus fever which attacks persons in the vigour of life, is double the amount of what was suffered by the allied armies at Waterloo." When questioned by her Majesty's commissioners, as to the accuracy of this statement, Dr. Southwood Smith replied in the following words:—"This is no exaggerated statement; this great battle against our people is every year fought and won; and yet few take account of it, partly for the very reason that it takes place every year. However appalling the picture presented to the mind by this statement, it may justly be regarded as a literal description of the truth. I am myself convinced, from what I constantly see of the ravages of this disease, that this mode of putting the result does not give an exaggerated expression of it. Indeed, the most appalling expression of it would be the mere cold statement of it in figures."

While Mr. Chadwick was pursuing, with unwearied industry, the inquiries which led to this result, and was pressing to lay the evidence of before the legislature and the public, which he ultimately did in a masterly and most effective manner, Mr. Slaney moved for a select committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the state of the "Health of Towns." The picture here presented of the total and almost universal neglect of drainage in the poorer and most densely crowded districts, the consequent poisonous condition of those localities, the filthiness of the houses and persons of the poor, their want of air, light, and water, and their misery, disease, and mortality, impressed even the House of Lords; and the Marquis of Normanby, then Secretary of State for the Home Department, who, whether in or out of office, has always shown sympathy for the people, and has particularly taken an earnest interest in the Sanatory question, brought in a general measure for the "Drainage of Towns," and for regulating the construction of the inferior classes of houses. This was the first attempt ever made to abandon legislation for sanatory objects by local acts, and to substitute a general principle of sanatory regulation applicable to all cities and towns. However defective the measures proposed for accomplishing the object, the suggestion and actual adoption of this great principle as the only true legislative principle, will confer lasting honour on the name of the nobleman who first embodied it in a Bill, and obtained for it a legislative sanc-

tion. Before Lord Normanby's Bills, which twice passed the House of Lords, could be discussed in the Commons, the Whig ministry was dissolved; but the subject had taken too deep hold, both in the public and the legislative mind not to attract the early attention of the new administration. A commission was now appointed under the Great Seal, for inquiring into the "State of Large Towns and Populous Districts," the commissioners consisting of members of the government, members of parliament, physicians, engineers, and architects. It was expected that these commissioners would consider the fact of the unhealthiness of towns, and the causes of their great and unnecessary sickness and mortality as established, and would therefore apply themselves immediately and earnestly to the consideration of remedies. A whole year, however, passed away, and nothing was heard of the commissioners. Their silence was regarded with anxiety and alarm. It was remembered that a slaughter like that of the sanguinary field of Waterloo was still annually going on among the people; that every day's delay in the adoption of efficient sanitary measures costs the lives of 136 persons in England alone.

Dr. Southwood Smith now formed the "Health of Towns Association," and prevailed on several members of both Houses of Parliament, amongst whom were the Marquis of Normanby, the Bishop of St. Davids, the Bishop of Norwich, Archdeacon Wilberforce, Lord Ashley, Lord Lovelace, Lord Francis Egerton, Lord Robert Grosvenor, Lord John Manners, Viscount Morpeth, Sir Robert Inglis, Mr. Sheil, Mr. Stancy, and many others, without regard to sect or party, to unite on the common ground of humanity, with a view to aid the government in any large and effectual measures of improvement which they might propose; to obtain the co-operation in this purpose of instructed and benevolent persons in every part of the United Kingdom; to diffuse the valuable information on these subjects elicited by recent investigations and contained in official reports; to correct misconceptions as to the expense of the requisite sanitary measures; to remove groundless apprehension as to interference with existing pecuniary interests; and to devise, and to endeavour to obtain, some better means than at present exist for the investigation of the causes of any unusual degree of mortality in any locality, and for the more effectual protection of survivors by the prompt removal of those noxious causes which are proved to be removable.

A decided impulse was given to the sanitary movement by the public meeting of this association, held at Exeter Hall at the close of the year 1844. Branch associations were immediately formed in Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and many other places. At the same time funds were raised for the printing and diffusing short and cheap tracts, containing the most important and condensed information given in parliamentary and other reports; and for delivering, printing, and distributing at a small cost, lectures on these subjects, given at Mechanics' and other institutions by eminent persons.

Soon after the formation of this association, and, it is believed, hastened by it, the first report of Her Majesty's commissioners for inquiring into the state of "large towns and populous districts" was presented to Parliament, and this has been followed by a second report on remedial measures. A laudable custom, recently introduced, has been followed in this instance. The information contained in these reports, instead of being locked up

in the ponderous blue books usually presented to Parliament, has been given to the public in the more accessible form of the octavo volume, four of which have been printed under the authority of Government for general circulation. Her Majesty's commissioners did not rest satisfied with the evidence already collected on the actual state of large towns and populous districts, but they instituted inquiries of their own; and some of their own body visited, and personally examined, fifty of the large towns in different parts of the kingdom. They also examined at great length distinguished persons, whose attention it was known had been particularly directed to the sanitary condition of the country, and who were capable of giving trustworthy information, relating alike to the evils actually existing and to their remedies. The commissioners have completely established, by their examinations and reports, the accuracy of the details previously given, and have added much valuable information for the instruction of the public mind, and the guidance of the legislature. They have come to the conclusion that legislative interference is necessary, and they have reported a number of recommendations, which they urge the legislature to adopt as legislative enactments. Almost all these recommendations are sound and judicious, and capable of being applied in practice; and they are, moreover, supported by a body of evidence which shows not only that they are necessary, but why they are necessary, and why the evils complained of will go on, uninterruptedly and unceasingly, to produce suffering, disease, and mortality, unless they are stopped by positive and general sanitary regulations. The government have adopted most of these recommendations, which they have embodied in a Bill brought into parliament at the close of last session by Lord Lincoln. This Bill is a great improvement on any attempt heretofore made at legislation. It is of enormous length, consisting of 118 closely-printed folio pages, and containing 325 clauses. Great pains appear to have been taken in drawing it up. In most instances, as already stated, it adopts the recommendations of the commissioners; in others it does not; and wherever, either from inadvertence or from a want of a due consideration of the evidence, it neglects these recommendations, it goes wrong. This great and important measure will soon come on for discussion in Parliament, and then we may probably have to direct the attention of our readers to its excellencies and defects, and to urge them to take an active part in securing the adoption of the former, and preventing the latter from becoming part of the law of the land.

Poetry for the People.

SERVICES.—3. SERVICE.

Thou art God's servant;

God serveth man;

Be thou observant;

Stand in the van;

Seek no reward!

Halt not for danger;

Flinch not for shame;

Keep praise a stranger;

Look straight at blame;

Grasp thy true sword!

Be not too yielding;

Peace hath its strife;

Ever be wielding

The service of life—

True deed and word!—W. J. LINTON.



OUR SISTER ISLAND.

A SKETCH FROM CONNEMARA.

BY P. W. TOPHAM.

OUR SISTER ISLAND.

ST. GEORGE'S Channel is a narrow sea; in one part only fourteen miles wide. On one of its shores is Great Britain, the richest, most powerful, most influential country in Europe; its harbours crowded with the ships of all nations; its large manufacturing towns vying in wealth and intelligence with its immense capital; its proud aristocracy and land-owners, with their parks and forests clothing the land with beauty; its wealthy and highly educated middle class; and its sturdy artisans and labourers, at this moment assuming their true position, asserting their rights, and in a fair way to win them. On the other shore lies Ireland—the poorest, most neglected, most miserable country in the world: with its wasted resources, its desolate impoverished towns, its undrained bogs, its absentee aristocracy and landed proprietary; its labourers barely subsisting on one of the lowest kinds of human food, always for six weeks in the year in a state of destitution—at least three millions and a half of them: lodged in hovels, clothed in rags, densely ignorant, and at this moment perishing by famine and pestilence, and without a chance of escape from something like extermination, except by the prompt assistance of the English government and people. These two countries are subject to the same sovereign, form what is called an "United Kingdom," and are styled Sister Islands. Sisters in law it may be, but not in deed and in truth.

What is the cause of this appalling anomaly? The natural advantages of Ireland are acknowledged. The character of the people is in some respects peculiar; but where it differs from that of the Scotch and English, with whom long ages of intercourse and joint occupancy must have mingled them to a great degree, it is favourable to an advanced and happy state of civilisation. The Irish are indisputably brave, industrious, and intelligent; quick in sensation and perception, possessed of that ready sympathy which we call good heart, a natural humour, and animal spirits. Thus they are singularly impressible by kindness, equally alive to its opposite, but eminently calculated for enjoyment.

It is most important that the people of England should be alive to the question, "why is Ireland so miserable?" because the state of Ireland is forced upon the attention of the legislature at present by the urgency of its case; this ministerial measure—the Coercion Bill—is now before the country, and its ready sympathy must watch the course that will be taken.

But before any thought of causes or consequences, the present dreadful crisis must be met. The best and most earnest writing on the case of Ireland is to be found in the *Daily News*, and all the accounts it has been publishing for some time past, are fearfully corroborated by the government reports. The middle and wealthy classes of England must come forward and subscribe the means of sending supplies of cheap and wholesome food into the districts where the famine has begun, to be distributed by committees chosen for the purpose. They must thus co-operate with government, which appears neither energetic nor prompt enough in its efforts, to be equal to the long and complete destitution of the country, without voluntary aid. There is much mistaken argument carried on about the "danger of eleemosynary assistance," and about "teaching the Irish to be dependent." People who talk so do not understand the case. This potatoe disease is a new, unlooked-for, unprecedented calamity. If we now

used the language of ancient times, we should talk of it as a judgment. In the Bible it would be described in some such words as these—"And it pleased the Lord to smite the land, and all the roots perished in the ground and in the pits, and the people cried to the Lord." And the people do cry, and their cry is heard. Let it not be a witness against us; let us help before it is too late.

Government, no doubt, appears earnest to meet the case, but it is too tardy. There has been a measure for the erection of temporary fever hospitals, before the measures for the supply of food came into operation. This is direful. Famine is thus proved to have done its worst on part of the population, and its fell companion, Fever, is now at work. Political economy, as we are taught, resembles domestic economy in principle. There is not a woman managing a family who would not hide her head with shame if she had suffered even a dog to die in its kennel for want of the food she ought to have provided.

To return to the question "why is Ireland so miserable?" The answer must be found in the past history of the country, which may be summed up in few words—the acquisition of Ireland by conquest, and the imposition of a new creed upon the conquered.

Out of the former evil has grown the misfortune to the country of an absentee landed proprietary; for the conquered lands were taken from their possessors and parcelled out among the English aristocracy or adventurers; and these, in consequence, live either on their English estates or in foreign countries more agreeable than the unfortunate one whence they draw their rents.

The defective state of the law between landlord and tenant has also grown out of that evil of a tenure through conquest, and has been so incontrovertibly proved to be at the root of the disorders and crimes of which we hear so much, that if Government did its duty, a measure to reform the state of the law in that particular would be now before the legislature instead of the Coercion Bill, and crime would be prevented instead of avenged. It seems as if certain Irish proprietors were trying to impress this truth upon us by their present cruel proceedings, which are yet within the law, strange to say—strange, indeed, that a country which calls itself civilized and Christian should own such laws. At this very moment, when Free Trade on one hand, and Famine on the other, are fixing the eyes of Europe and America upon us, do we see one Irish proprietor eject sixty-one families from their homes, raze their habitations, make bullock-pastures of the land their industry had reclaimed, and thus turn out two hundred and seventy individuals to wander as outcasts, or die in hospitals, or by the roadside; and actually not satisfied with having extinguished the fires on sixty-one hearths, next extinguished the fires which the outcasts had lighted in the ditches where they took refuge. This is all literally true. It can no longer be doubted, as it was "doubted" in the House of Lords at first. It is said that prayers were put up in the chapel on behalf of the outcasts, that patience might be given them in their affliction. Does not their patience rise up to Heaven with a pining cry? Do we not seem to hear the voice of Christ addressing this generation, and saying, "Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers, that upon you may come all the righteous blood that has been shed upon the land." May it come in the loud, irresistible demand, for justice to the poor and oppressed.

Out of the tyranny practised in the name of religion has grown the burden of the English Church establishment. For, Catholic Ireland saw the church lands and revenues seized and given to the priesthood of the Church of England, and it therefore has now to maintain a Protestant hierarchy of archbishops, bishops, deans, chapters, rectors, vicars, priests and deacons, and its own priesthood beside; and wide parishes and whole districts maintain incumbents, who, as they have nothing to do at home, live in England, Paris, or Italy; while the Catholic priests, maintained also by the poor Irish, care for their flocks in their own way.

These, and other grievances, too long to be detailed here, must be reformed before Ireland can prosper. Railroads, harbours, and drainage, now undertaken, are all good, but wise legislation must go hand in hand with enterprise. Let the People of England, then, take a true interest in the welfare of their Irish fellow-subjects. The interests of the people of both countries are identical. Whoever seeks to divide them strengthens their oppressors. The prosperity of each is essential to the welfare of both. Look at this proposition in its lowest and most familiar form, and its truth is apparent. Does not every period of manufacturing distress in England and Scotland send back a multitude of Irish operatives to their own impoverished country? the average number of Irish operatives in Britain being estimated at six hundred thousand. On the other hand, does not the want of employment in Ireland send a constant stream of destitute labourers into Great Britain, lowering the rate of wages, and dragging down the condition of our labourers towards their own? The writer of this paper has been used to reside frequently in the great corn county of Scotland—East Lothian. So sure as harvest approached, but about three weeks before it, colonies of Irish were seen swarming into the country. They were utterly destitute; men, women, and children; the men clothed in long ragged coats with great rents, perhaps fastened together by a thorn, and brimless hats; the women and children barefoot and ragged to such a degree that they appeared to be covered by a succession of fringes. Till harvest began they were an annual tax upon the farmers and gentry, and the tax was acknowledged and paid, either in money, oatmeal, potatoes, or sometimes penny loaves, given to every company of ten or twelve of these ragged customers as they successively applied for help. They were perfectly orderly and well-behaved. They slept in barns or under stacks or hedges. They were always cheerful. The children might be seen dancing in the joy of their hearts in a dusty road or the path of a field, while the parents sat by the hedge. When work was to be had then they were all alive. The corn was cut down in no time. Bands of two and three hundred reapers—or, as they there call them, shearers—might be seen at once in the large fields, which in that county contain sometimes sixty, eighty, or a hundred acres. Now this influx of poor Irish at this time, of course, lowered the wages of the native population, besides burdening the country for weeks.

As it is said that a breath of wind cannot blow on the great ocean, nor a wave ruffle its surface, without the movement—though imperceptible to our senses—being transmitted to every part of the mass of waters on the globe, so it might doubtless be said of the great family of man. Could the ramifications be followed, we should find that no event occurred to any portion of its children which did not influence in some way the destinies of all.

How much more then must this be true of the fellow-subjects of one government, divided only by a narrow sea? May the beautiful countries they inhabit soon deserve in truth their title of "Sister Islands!" M.

OMNIBUS CRITICISM.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

"Omnibuses," says Every-Body, that great authority, whom Every-Body knows, "are the most useful things; what *should* we do without them?" True, and what a deal we do with them that we seldom take into the account. Not half the usefulness of omnibuses is reflected on or allowed. An omnibus is a public school, a public lecture-room, a public parliament, where we hear the most extraordinary lectures delivered, opinions promulgated, and debates on all great questions carried on, all gratis, or at best included in the sixpence paid for mere carriage. It is quite inconceivable what knowledge we pick up in omnibuses, while we are merely going about our own business. It is certain that as all the world rides about in omnibuses, all the wisdom and information ride about there too. All the cleverest people in the world certainly go about in omnibuses; none but very grand aristocracy disdain to make use of an omnibus; and then everybody knows that very grand aristocracy are neither very wise nor very clever—that's a settled point. Well, then, as all the very clever people, orators, poets, philosophers, editors—who are so full of wisdom that they are obliged to say "We," and speak for a whole multitude of people at once, or they would be in danger of bursting, knowledge springs so fast in them,—editors, who are philosophers, poets, orators, and all the world of cleverness in one,—as they are constantly going about in omnibuses, it is obvious that there is no such a place as an omnibus in the world for being in the very atmosphere of wisdom. It is quite alarming to think what great guns we are sitting at the very muzzle of every now and then, and are quite unaware of it. Imagine a little dark man sitting close to you, that looks very insignificant, but is really like a six-barrelled pistol, capable of exploding with half a dozen discharges of wisdom at once, enough to lift the roof off! And then what charming poetesses, and editresses, and actresses, —what delicacy and genius there must be every moment in omnibuses! And then what great public men: parliament men—nothing less than parliament men—pondering their very speeches as they go along; great scientific inventors, great engineers, great railway directors, and bankers—bankers!—that have piles of sovereigns as big as haystacks, and piles of bank-notes as big as haystacks! Think, good public, what illustrious society you get into when you get into an omnibus. There is certainly no other such place for meeting the best society. At the first-rate parties you seldom get more than an odd real lion or two; but omnibuses!—they are actually lions' dens. All the lions of London are eternally going about in them. What would not many smart little fellows that we know, that walk about with very slender black sticks, suckling geniuses, and embryo authors; and very pretty young ladies that go about with albums—what would they not give to be able to say, "I was in company the other day with Mr. So-and-So," or "Mrs. So-and-So—those celebrated people"—and yet do not know that they actually were in company with those great geniuses the other day all the way from St. Paul's to Piccadilly. There

is scarcely a great man or woman,—except the great silly aristocracy, that you don't want to meet—but you may most safely declare that you have been in company with if you will. To a certainty, one day or other, you have been in their company in an omnibus. If you are a gentleman, you have had the pleasure of handing in that popular poetess Mrs. —; or, if you are a lady, the button of that fascinating fellow, the author of —, has caught in the fringe of your shawl, and you have had the most charming bows and apologies from him. What good fortune is lost in this world, all for not, knowing one another!

But if we don't know one another, we know now if we never gave it a thought before—that all these charming and alarming people are there; and that is the reason—and now we can account for it—that we do hear such clever things in omnibuses. Everybody knows that all public questions are settled in omnibuses long before they are settled anywhere else. Here has the House of Commons been debating on the Corn-law-question this month—it has been settled in all the omnibuses these two months. Railroads, foreign news, bank stock, Mesmerism, chemistry, capital punishments and capital jokes—often the greatest of capital punishments to those that they hit—all are thoroughly discussed and settled in omnibuses, with half the difficulty that they are in other places; and for the plainest reason—because all the clever people meet there.

What need of going to lectures, and public meetings, then, or even to school or college? Ride about in an omnibus and you hear everything that is to be heard of in this world, and surely you don't want to hear more? Has your education been neglected? Ride in an omnibus, and you will soon be as knowing as anybody! What need of paying a hundred a-year for your son at school? Let him take two rides a day in an omnibus, and he will learn far more than at any school, and save two-thirds of the money. Why subscribe to a library, and buy so many books? Ride in an omnibus, and you hear everything, and save your eyes into the bargain. If anybody has been amazed at the rapid growth of cleverness in the world of late years, here he has the cause—it's all since the introduction of omnibuses. And did you ever hear such entertaining people as you often hear in an omnibus? I have often been tempted to suspect that certain people are regularly hired by certain proprietors to ride about in their omnibuses, they are so attractive. And then what things you hear of to your advantage. That Moses and Son have got a very clumsy way of puffing their suits, and a very unsuitable way for the streets, of sending a Tower of Babel about on wheels, and a dozen men in wooden pinions walking after it. Why don't they let them more comfortably ride about in all the omnibuses?—

"Where did you get that capital paletot?" "At Moses and Sons." "Well, I never saw such a beauty—I must go there and get one like it." How easy were such a dialogue; and what a saving of printing! One hears such things of other shops every day, and almost every hour.

And another advantage of omnibuses is, that we get to know the opinions of people we should never otherwise know more than the outside of. We learn how the world is progressing in the nooks and the alleys. We are too apt to look at the figures that are busy about us in the streets and highways, as mere figures in a scene; but occasionally one of these enters an omnibus, and then we find he has his inside as well as his outside;

he has thoughts and notions of his own, and sturdy ones too. Critics start up from under the hedges, orators out of the ale-house, and astonish us, at all events.

The other day a bill-sticker came hurrying to the omnibus in which I was just leaving town. He was armed with his wooden cross—I know not what he calls it—with which he hoists his hand-bills to the walls, his paste-pot, and a great roll of bills. He looked hard and eagerly up at the side of the omnibus, as though he meant to dab a placard upon it; but it was only to call to the driver to take up his traps. They were soon mounted on the top, and the man himself entered the omnibus. He was a little fellow in a suit of most threadbare black; his coat an old dress-coat of the scantiest dimensions, and his whole person most liberally coated with his paste. He proceeded to the top of the omnibus, and posted himself in the centre of the head seat. It was obvious at once that he had been accustomed to take the chair at his club, and at the head of the village ale-house company, on those rural visits in the service of George Robins, of which his present journey was one. He looked round him with an air of "well, how shall I be off here for a talk?" You could see as plain as daylight that he was a man all life and action. One of those that Wordsworth says "Feel their life in every limb." A man of few words that must be saying something. His little grey face and grey eyes cast sharp glances round the omnibus. An old gentleman sat in the corner at his left hand—myself and a lady or two near the door. We were too far off. He cast a hawk's look on the old gentleman—you saw his instant conclusion—"That's the man for me."

"This is a warm morning, sir," said the bill-sticker, taking off his hat and giving an active circular scrubbing to his head, which reeked with perspiration—you could see he had had a run for it. "Very odd weather, sir," continued he, now taking out his comb, and combing his very thin grey hair, that nowhere concealed his skull, though he could nowhere be said to be bald. "Very odd weather!" The old gentleman gave a short nod, and shrunk closer into his nook. "Don't you think it very strange weather, sir?" continued the bill-sticker, beginning to fan himself with a little reddish heap of something that possibly had once been a handkerchief. The old gentleman opened the window beside him, and looked out. The bill-sticker found his bill would not stick, but he was nothing daunted—he had found very dry walls before now. You could see him thinking—"I must try another tack." He felt in his coat-pocket and pulled out a little book.

"There's a curiosity, sir!" said he, leaning forward, and putting it just under the old gentleman's nose. "I think you never saw that book before."

The bait took; the old gentleman's fixed yet benevolent features relaxed; there was a lively inquiry in his eyes, and he said, "What is it?"

"Killing no Murder!" said the bill-sticker in a most awful tone. The conversation at once became animated, and so we will give it in dialogue shape.

Old Gentleman. Ay, ay, Milton's, I think.

Bill-sticker. Milton's! No, no; Milton wasn't quite so bad as that. Milton's book was "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," in which he argued that the people may call kings to account by fair public trial, and, if necessary, cut off their heads. But this book, sir, this was written by one Colonel Titus, under the name of William Allen,

to justify assassination. The assassination of Cromwell, sir—the assassination of Cromwell. (*A series of very significant nods.*)

Old Gentleman. Well, I'm glad it wasn't Milton, he's so noble a poet.

Bill-sticker. Noble poet! Milton a noble poet! I beg your pardon, I call him no poet at all.

Old Gentleman. You don't? Ha! ha! What then?

Bill-sticker. Why no poet at all, sir. We may say that he wrote a very decent paraphrase of the Scriptures; a very decent paraphrase.

Old Gentleman. But the test of time,—that is considered—

Bill-sticker. Oh, a fig for the test of time! What test of time has Milton had? A hundred and fifty years or so. A nothing—a flea-bite compared to all posterity! Milton will be forgotten by posterity.

Old Gentleman. Well, we sha'n't live to see it.

Bill-sticker. No; there's no need of that—it's settled already.

Old Gentleman. Who has settled it?

Bill-sticker. The common sense of mankind, sir! Common sense, sir—my common sense. Every man now thinks for himself. We don't pin our faith on anybody's sleeve. Now, if you want to know who is a great poet, I can tell you.

Old Gentleman. By all means let us hear that.

Bill-sticker. Dr. Watts, sir!

Old Gentleman (*laughing heartily*). What! Dr. Watts of the hymns? That a poet? and Milton none? Very good, my friend, very good—*new*, at least.

Bill-sticker. That a poet? Ay, that a poet! and one of the most amiable. Have you forgotten those beautiful lines—(*here the Bill-sticker threw himself into a very declamatory attitude, and flourishing his right hand aloft, and with quivering fingers and flashing eyes, repeated—*)

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour.

There is poetry, if you will! We get none such now-a-days. But now-a-days, indeed, what do we get? Sir, this age is too superficial. We live in too great a hurry! We have no time for solid study, and solid reflection. We live by steam. It is all railway work, and railway speculation. Our lives are a fizz! and off we go! There is but one great man living.

Old Gentleman, (*evidently now much amused*). And who may that be?

Bill-sticker. Can you ask! There is but one—Sir Robert Peel! That is a man! In my opinion the greatest minister that ever sat on the throne of these realms!

Old Gentleman. On the throne?

Bill-sticker. Throne, did I say? Well, throne, sir, throne! Metaphorically, and with all loyalty to our gracious Queen, he rules, sir, he rules, in fact. A very, very great man!

Old Gentleman. If he were but consistent?

Bill-sticker. Consistent? Pshaw! Consistent! Who can be, who wants to be consistent in these times, when we live at the rate of seventy miles an hour? He is better than that, sir—He is candid. But, hillo! Hang the man! Stop him! Stop the buss! The fellow is carrying me to the devil!

Here the fiery little man bounced out of the omnibus. A sharp altercation took place outside, in which "Didn't I tell you when I got in?" and "No, you didn't!" and "a mile too far," were heard. Down came the man's traps.

and away he ran back again. It was evident that the charms of Dr. Watts's honey bees, and *Candid Peel*, had carried him quite away, and that his legs must do penance for his clever, combative head in another run. When we see Bill-stickers in future, let us remember that they are not pasty automata, but have ideas of their own.

Reports of Lectures,

ADDRESSED CHIEFLY TO THE WORKING CLASSES

BY W. J. FOX.

ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY.—NO. II.

It is a strange and bewildering sensation—to a Londoner, at least, who can seldom escape to the country—in some remote and elevated locality, to awake before sunrise, and to look out on a wide and misty scene, where the objects are all confused and intermingled in the darkness that is soon to retire. Thick and heavy mists brood over the vallies: here and there some tower or spire rises through them, and seems to be floating upon them. The near and the distant lose their proportions. Form is enlarged, and becomes shadowy. The large roots of trees seem like intertwining serpents of colossal magnitude. Shapes intermingle, and seem to be partly bird and partly beast, or partly animal and partly human. The stillness acts upon sound, as the darkness does upon sight. The first twitter of a solitary bird falls upon the ear like a bell. The eternal stars lose their lustre, and seem to be retiring into the remote spaces of the sky. And then the light begins to break, and, as it advances, objects fall into their proper places, and assume their natural forms. Everything becomes clear, distinct, orderly, harmonious, and we rejoice in a healthy and inspiring day—a day which presents to us familiar objects in a familiar light, and makes us feel at one with the world.

Now, just such as this is the dawning of history. It forms a scene as strange, confused, misty, perplexing, gigantic, and monstrous, as that presented to the senses under the circumstances I have supposed. What is the opening of all history—of all ancient history, at least? Every one begins with legend and *mythos*, with a strange, and dreamy, and colossal time—a time when things were most unlike what they have ever been since—a season of strange forms, and strange sounds, and monstrous combinations. The first chapter of ancient history is always wild and wayward as a dream—indistinct and shadowy as a strange scene before the morning light has beamed upon it, and shown us a world to which we are accustomed. It is in those periods, in the records of those first chapters of history, that we are told how the gods reigned in Egypt myriads of years each—how Isis went over the world, seeking for the mangled limbs of Osiris, and endeavouring to recompound the scattered members of the deity—how Brahma was eighteen millions of years in the work of creation, working and working in the production of all things, unable to complete all in six days, and and with no rest on the seventh—how the giants and demons of Hindoo mythology churned the ocean with the tail of the great serpent, that they might get the amreca liquor of immortality—how the gods met, and feasted, and thundered on the summit of Olympus—how the man-fish, Oannes, came on shore

every day, and taught the Babylonians all about former worlds and former beings, and their different combinations, and expounded to them the mysteries of their religion. These, and many such things as these, belong to the first chapters of history, which then go on to tell us how Numa was taught his laws by the nymph Egeria, after Romulus had ascended in a thunder-storm to his father, Mars, to dwell amongst the immortals—how the founders of a different mythology, the fathers and mothers of their gods, had multiplied their offspring—how, “eldest of beings, Chaos first arose”—how Orpheus built the city of Thebes, and its stones moved harmoniously together at the sweet sound of his lyre: all these, and many more dreams such as these, present themselves to us as the commencement of things, claim to be the introduction of the world's history, and give us dreams, dreams, apparently, of nature herself in her unquiet slumberings, but which yet contain in them many germs of enduring thought, many facts of physical science, many latent doctrines worthy the searching out; and, therefore, let history retain this wild and fanciful introduction—let us have these first chapters, with all their wonders; we may arrive with all the more zest afterwards at what comes home to our business and our bosoms, and what tells of humanity, with its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows, its struggles and its trials.

But although history, even as we find it in the sacred books of different nations, commences in this mystical way, and the original mystery only produces other mysteries, according to the teaching of its professional interpreters; yet there is remote truth to be found, and it has been found, by a power that pierces through all this darkness. When the young Epicurus was engaging in his studies, he went first to the poets, and inquired about the origin of things, and was answered by the first verse in Hesiod's Theogony,

“Eldest of beings, Chaos first arose.”

To which the youthful inquirer promptly replied—“And Chaos whence?” “Oh,” said his teacher, “the poets tell you nothing of that; for that you must go to the philosophers.” And to the philosopher Epicurus went. On our return from these mythical stories, which have been connected with so many histories, and consecrated by so many religions, science does tell us even of the world before humanity made its abode here. It does not show us a long list of pre-Adamite kings, who reigned successively, and are now to be seen in the Hall of Eblis; but it gives us physical facts, of older date, but of surer authenticity, than any of the recorders of history have put forth at the commencement of their narratives. Science finds its documents in books, which cannot lie. The bright volume of the stars—the unchanging volume of rock and stone—it reads their inspiration, it interprets their lessons; it traces back the solid world that we inhabit through its different changes, demonstrating each by the now visible and tangible results of those changes. It measures the distance of the stars, calculates the speed of light, and shows how long that light must have taken to travel the vast profound to reach us; and so it infers the time which those stars must necessarily have existed. It is a testimony more sure than any certificate of baptism. It finds, in the remains of a former state of things, many former states of things; it finds traces of a period when there was no man upon the earth through

all its variety of island and continent. It traces a yet earlier period, when there were none of the higher order of animals—when there was no quadruped, but only something of the kangaroo kind, the connecting link between the meaner and the nobler species of the brute creation. It goes back beyond this to the reptile ages, the ages of monstrous and slimy forms, and amphibious creatures—to the time when all living creatures were to be found inhabiting the waters, and the waters only. It goes to the period when there was no appearance on the earth of any of our varieties of vegetable life and form—when the first buddings of the moss were just showing themselves, the first germs of vegetable existence; and, beyond this, to the time of no vitality whatever, of only inorganic matter going through its various revolutions, and entering into its different and successive combinations; and, back from that, to the time when this solid world of ours was much as one of the misty clouds, the nebulae, objects of curiosity for telescopic contemplation. It grasps the most minute and the mightiest; rebuilds the skeletons of creatures whose gigantic forms fill us with astonishment, and traces in the stone, that was once sand on the sea-shore, the slanting marks of the descending rain, or the foot-prints of birds, as they hastened to or from the advancing or the retiring tide. It brings before us visibly the events of a world which no one existed to chronicle, which had no observers, no analysts to classify its various phenomena, that present themselves to us with a certainty far greater than the report of travellers from some distant region. It rebuilds the old world, makes it known to the existing world, and thus shows us one of the most real, the most distinct of histories, that can be presented to the mind, with none of the variations of human passion, no misunderstanding of motive, character, or feeling; it is the history of life, of life gradually unfolding itself, of life developing itself as the world advanced in efforts at higher and more complete forms of life—indicating at the outset that law of progression which prevails in the unconscious world as in the conscious—the law of matter, through all its shifting forms, and the law of mind, through all its diversified and aspiring faculties. This Science does, giving us real revelation: Science, late born, and yet in its infancy; but that infancy with acute perception detecting the facts of remote ages, that are to be collected by hundreds, thousands, and millions, and that will at last swell so as to baffle all calculation or numerical expression;—Science, resting on no uncertain chronology, no wavering, false, or conflicting testimony, but having the remains of a reality to work upon, exhibiting them in our museums, tracing them in all their diversities, and in their huge accumulation; Science, from the past anticipating the future, and giving man real knowledge, while those who profess to understand the past, the future, and the invisible, only cheat him with dreams and phantasms;—Science, overturning their theories one after another, trampling upon all vain reveries, all theories, that are not based upon actual observation and demonstrated fact—and thus giving man an authentic history of the world in which he lives, a history ever accumulating in its facts, its practical facts, but already amounting to certainty in its principles, and laying the basis, in this introduction of physical knowledge, for all that can be added as to natural development, social progress, and the attainment of those arts and sciences that make it life to live.

There is another period which is the same in all histories, too. As they begin with *mythos*, they go on to heroic legend—a hero age. Every nation has had a hero age—an age of wonderful men, with their wonderful achievements. They always occupy the second chapter of the chronicle. It may be at an early, or at a comparatively late time, as to the chronology of the human race, but it is the same as to the stage of civilisation. The transition from barbarism to civilisation has been effected by different races of mankind, or in different countries, at very different periods; but whenever, and wherever, that transition goes on, there arises a hero age. Then comes the Hercules, with his wonderful labours, and the other demigods of antiquity. Then *Œdipus* solves the enigma of the Sphinx, making his own life a darker enigma. Then have we such achievements as those distinguished in oriental song; *Rustan* laying prostrate before him whole armies. Then is the season for such deeds as those of *Coriolanus*, and *Mutius Scaevola*, and the earlier worthies of the Roman history. Then does the German *Herman*, or *Arminius*, maintain the rights of his barbarian country against the power of imperial Rome. Then has Scotland a Wallace, to render his name renowned, and encompass himself with enduring glory, though he may die a traitor's death. And then has our own land—her *Boadicea*—her King *Arthur*, feasting his knights at his Round Table—the enchanter, *Merlin*—or *Guy of Warwick*, flourishing at a time when a dun cow might spread alarm through a wide neighbourhood. And all those men who, by their individual prowess, have delivered villages from the fear of wild beasts—have put bands of robbers and murderers to flight—have succoured the distressed—have achieved for a time the purposes to be achieved in future years by government, and law, and justice—and have left to themselves a celebrity which the bard prolongs in his animated strains, and which one generation hands down to another in its traditional legends around which adventures or wonders are accumulated in future times, until the historian endeavours to discover what in all this there may be of truth, and to connect it with the more authentic records of a later period. Now, the legends of this kind, preserved in minstrelsy, in song, and the tales told by bards connected with the different localities, all point to one fact of some worth. It is,—that at a particular stage in the progress of society, when the community has not organised its powers, when yet there is a high sense of justice, and an admiration of the noble and heroic—that then individuality is strongly developed, and makes itself the admiration of a subsequent time, which is conscious of having much less of it, although it has more of the peaceful results of the social combination. That individuality is a noble quality, and that heroic time, with all its fables, with the monsters and giants that those heroes were born to slay, has ever been a time delighted in by the poet, by the artist; for it is a time when one is not bound down by the strict letter of historical record; it gives bold and grand outlines of character, which may be filled up according to the taste and fancy; it is the time for ideal characters, for those who become so at future periods. You may reflect back upon your chosen hero there whatever virtues and graces you please, so that they are but results of a mental and moral philosophy that makes them cohere together. You may build up your notions of human worth and greatness to the highest pitch; you may form to

yourself such an image as that your heart would willingly do homage to it, and you would kneel down and worship it. You can realise to yourselves, in that remote admixture of reality and fiction, of record and imagination, whatever constitutes your notions of heroic humanity; and can place before your mind's eye for its contemplation, for its wholesome and animating contemplation—if not

That faultless model which the world ne'er saw—

that perfection of humanity which, though the world may have never truly beheld it, it is good for those who inhabit the world to realise in their own imaginations. It raises their standard of the true and the great; it brings them beyond the reality of past times; it tends to produce in the future that which it fails actually to find in the ages that are gone.

To this period succeeded that of the commencement of actual record, or rather, at first, of the unshaped materials of history. They are a sort of *omnium gatherum*. There is the Indian's *wham-pun* belt—his strings of muscle-shells, which, as he passes along with his fingers on the cord that holds them, recal the terms of some treaty or compact. There are the Peruvian knot records, in which the number and arrangement of knots upon different strings were made the chronology, or the history, of successive reigns. There are the Mexican pictures—their painted figures, half-way towards hieroglyphics, with hands grasping cross-swords, denoting battles—rude inventions, but in which, it is said, chronicles for many years were intelligibly preserved. Sometimes a stone, a tree, serve, by the mere association of ideas, and the communication of traditions from one to another, as a record and a testimony. Commemorative ceremonies—these, too, are portions of the material of history. They point to their origin; they preserve, if not a distinct account, yet some shadowy indication of what that origin was. And it was no bad idea of the Greek philosopher, no bad bidding for an earthly immortality, who, when asked in what way he should be commemorated after his death, said—“Let all the school-boys have a holiday upon that day.” That bore him in gladsome remembrance for many a generation. Song, of course, is largely one of the materials of history. In comic, too, authentic, and connected, and minute histories of long periods of antiquity can be made out. In those days they were not so exclusive as we are in their preference for king's heads, queen's heads, and coats of arms. Events were recorded in medals, which were money; and any one might at the same time enlarge his purse and extend his information; he might grow richer by possessing the chronicles of a province or a kingdom, and have his mental wealth and his pecuniary store thus enlarged by the same process.

In all these, and different cases, materials went on accumulating, have gone on accumulating, since actual history was written. By tradition they went on before that time, until, at length, we come to such a scene as this:—The Greeks of different states and tribes are gathered together from every portion of their beautiful country; they have come up to the celebration of the Olympic games. They are there in all their hilarity, in their countless multitudes. They have shouted their plaudits, as each successive contest took place. The crowned ones are there, with their laurel, bay, or parsley wreaths—those that have won the chariot-race, or triumphed in athletic sports. Crowds are there that have sat in judgment on the dramas of Es-

chylus or Sophocles; those whose cultivated taste gave the stamp of enduring worth, which all subsequent ages have gladly sanctioned. And amidst them all there rises an old man, with a roll in his hand. The assembly is hushed in mute attention; and he begins reading from this scroll, of his the tales which he has picked up in his wanderings through distant countries, in Libya and in Egypt—his tales of their religion, their sovereigns, their wars, their arts, and their peculiar phenomena. It is Herodotus, the father of history—the first author, so far as we know, of connected narrative—who dignifies those glorious old games, and that magnificent Greek assemblage, as they in turn dignify and crown him the first of a new race of men, who are to be the world's chroniclers—who are not to let that die which is worthy of preservation—who are "to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature," and make each generation the wiser and the better for the crimes and conflicts, the sufferings and successes, of its predecessors.

Well, then, we come to the time of regularly constituted history—a time of increased care, but diminished simplicity—a time of greater ambition, but of less reality—a time which requires of us to look well to ourself-constituted guides and teachers. For all history is a compound—a compound of the external fact and the internal man. It is made up of what he perceives, or thinks he perceives, in the world without him; and the passions, prejudices, partialities, and antipathies, that exist within him. Therefore, in all history there is necessarily a deduction. In all history there should be the analysis of the man that writes, as well as of the things that are written. They all have their biases, like Dr. Johnson, who, when reporting the debates, said he "always took care to give the Whig dogs the worst of it." They give the worst to the nations, parties, or classes, with whom they are not in sympathy. Some are biased by the patriotic feeling; they put down, not what was, but what most makes for the glory of their country, what shows it the most brave or free, gallant or generous people that ever was. In other instances priests are the chroniclers, and they look out upon the world for judgments sanctioning their religion. They show how the believer was exalted and glorified, and how the scorner was visited with sore calamities; the foretaste in this world of what they generously consign him to in the world to come. Some mislead us merely by copying others, others who, perhaps, had very different tendencies and feelings from their own. Shakespeare, the universal, Shakespeare, the general-minded—he who has so often purified and elevated an imperfect character—he who by his identification with humanity, in all its different forms and phases, has done so much towards making us love humanity—what a picture he has given of Joan of Arc, in the second part of his *King Henry the Sixth*! What a mere politician, a pretender, an enchantress, and dealer with demons, he has made her—misled by the chroniclers who put down in their pages the low, envious, base, and dastardly feelings under the influence of which that heroic woman was condemned to the flames; leaving it for long subsequent ages to detect the truth. Historians were not so just, nor antiquarians, with all their research. It was the eagle eye of poetry that saw the beauty and grandeur of the character of that enthusiast who delivered her country from English domination; and what the poet delineated, the historian afterwards verified. What Schiller, in his drama of *The Maid of Arc*, exhibited as her true and genuine portraiture, in opposition to what

had been previously believed, subsequent researches, bringing out the musty documents of her trial and condemnation, which had long been covered with dust and cobwebs, have shown to be the truth. And thus, in the long lapse of ages, does some poet or other rise up and rebuke the falsehood of the formal historian, correct his errors by anticipation, and lead to the fact of their being corrected by actual disproof of his misrepresentations. Partialities and servility,—these falsify history. What crimes have been accumulated on the head of Richard the Third—some of them true, perhaps. It was an age of crime, and he belonged to a family that was addicted

To wade through slaughter to a throne.

And, yet, some wholesome laws were passed in his short reign—some of the most wholesome laws upon our statute-book. The enormous amount of guilt heaped upon him was an act of subserviency towards his successor, the first of the Tudors; his character remained in uncontested blackness and the depths of criminality, through the succession of Tudor sovereigns; and as soon as Elizabeth died, and a Stuart succeeded to a Tudor, then came out a life of Richard the Third, which vindicated him from a number of the charges accumulated upon him, paved the way for the *Historic Doubts* of Walpole, and led to what will be eventually a much juster appreciation of his character, although it may yet leave his memory stained with many crimes. The mere carelessness of copying from one to another often destroys the truth of a character. It has only been the work of a living author, Sharon Turner, in his *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, on which he has bestowed so much industry, and by which he has thrown so much light on an age which was quite dark before his labours began, as to historic record—it has been reserved for him to develop the real character of Alfred—to solve the enigma of his speedy exile from the throne at the first attempt of the invaders—to detect in him the tyranny and cruelty that needed such a season of adversity to correct; and to show that that adversity was the training influence under which he was led to correct the mistakes and the faults with which his career had commenced, and render its course so glorious.

Thus it is throughout the world. We must always check, as far as we can, the narrative of the historian: check it by what we know of himself, check it by the testimony of other parties. And best of all is it, in reading history, when we have access to contemporary documents, when we can get at the speeches, the pamphlets, the squibs of the time—when we have records like those of the newspaper—when we can pierce into something of the life of the age, and see it, not in the mere full dress in which it is presented to us in the formal page of the historian, but in the way in which it would be presented by our own documents of this kind if they should be consulted some ages hence. Suppose a critic of that day should fall upon some clerical account of the present times. He would infer from it that the Church of England, at this time, was a most evangelical institution—delighting in visiting the poor—the stay of the country against insurrectionary movement and revolutionary change—the upholder of every good and sound principle—the teacher of children—seeking, first of all, and most of all, to be good and to do good—caring nothing about worldly self—and reckoning that the more labour in that holy vocation a man could go through, the higher was

his recompense, the labour being its own "exceeding great reward." Well, if anybody were reading such a history as I have described (such histories have been written over and over again), some few generations hence, what a corrective it would be if some of the numbers should fall into his hands of *The Monthly Advertising Sheet of the Clerical Registry*! This is a publication to which the parsons send advertisements of what they want, or what they have to dispose of, one amongst another; and it therefore shows what is most in request among them.—[After some specimens of these advertisements, the lecturer proceeded.]—

Here, then, we see what it is that many clergymen prize; here we have an insight into the real character of the establishment, which is worth, a thousand times, all the flummery which goes into annual reports of societies, that is detailed in bishops' charges, or is assumed in religious tracts and publications. Here we come to the reality—that it is with many a profession, where those who have got the good things go to the cheapest market, in order to get the spiritual supply for their parishioners,—look out for fashionable localities, for carriage-drives, and genteel residences, and lawns, and kitchen-gardens, and all the rest of it, and are particularly anxious to have to do with venerable incumbents from 70 to 80 years of age. Add these to such trials as have recently appeared in the newspapers—put all together, and we get the notion of a profession in which the younger sons and dependents of aristocratic families may have their chance of promotion—who, if they have not intellect enough for the law, nor adventure and enterprise enough for the army, may yet have an opportunity of getting on—may have their share of the public plunder—may arrive at their share of public honours; and perhaps, at last, mitres on their heads, and lawn sleeves on their shoulders, may take their place amongst the peers with whom they are associated, and help to vote taxation on a people's food, infringement on a people's liberties; help to support war, and oppression, and curfew acts, where there should be acts of generosity and charity, for a starving, and therefore a discontented people.

But, to return from this to the different modes in which we should check the accuracy of history. One of the most interesting exercises for the student's mind is to contemplate the same character, according to the portraiture of different biographers. Sometimes you can scarcely recognise the individual as he is presented by historic painters of different classes. There is a specimen of what I mean in the different versions of the character of Oliver Cromwell. We have three remarkable ones, by three writers of eminent ability; Southey, in what, I believe, was originally an article in the *Quarterly Review*, but was afterwards published separately—Forster, in his *Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth*—and Carlyle, in his recent publication of the *Speeches and Letters of Cromwell*. Let us look at the man as he appears in each.

The Oliver Cromwell of Robert Southey's delineation is a fanatic at the outset of life, conceited, bustling, pragmatic, and assuming, and very soon, indeed, becomes a hypocrite, a thorough and entire hypocrite, politically and religiously. His talk is cant; his gestures are grimace. He has no truthfulness in his heart in joining with the republican party; he has no real humility when on his knees in prayer. He is looking out for himself; and what conscience he has, is a conscience regulated, not by his own creed, but by what

Southey, his biographer, deems the true creed in faith and morals. He is conscious of guilt in the gratification of his ambition; he knows he is doing wrong through the whole process of the struggle; and, in the death of Charles, he has the severest sense of blood-guiltiness upon his soul. According to Southey, Cromwell never recovered the sense of his own crime in that transaction. He felt that he was a traitor—a murderous traitor. Nor was he so much the bigot or the republican as to think that the old forms, of what is called the constitution, were not the best. He knew that monarchy, aristocracy, and episcopacy, were essential to the well-being of the country, and having overthrown these, he tried to establish some forms and images of them, as the only means of holding society together. But he was always mourning in secret over his treason, his shedding of royal blood. This haunted him; this unmanned him; this filled his days and nights with sorrow: "and for this," says Robert Southey, "oh, what would he not have given"—(he represents him as earnestly desiring the restoration of the Stuarts, only he knew that Charles the Second would never forgive him for the death of his father)—"what would he not have given, in reference either to this world or the world to come, to have had the crime of that bloodshed off his conscience." That is Robert Southey's Cromwell.

Mr. Forster gives us a portraiture something like this.—His Cromwell is a man of intellect and earnestness, sincerely religious from a hypochondriacal constitution, acting upon his sensations, and giving him that sort of experience which is so common amongst some classes of believers—ambition kindling up in him, prompting him, intermingling with better feelings and principles—a love of liberty, or, at least, a strong insubordination against tyranny existing in his mind—joining heartily with Hampden and the other great leaders of the opposition in Charles's Parliament—but as they are, one after another, removed from the scene, his personal ambition growing more and more upon him, until it absorbs all other principles; he becomes a perfect Machiavelli in contrivances, a deep deceiver of others, and the subject of yet deeper deception in himself; his eye fixed on the crown, to which he dare not put forth his hand that he may grasp it; not untrue to himself, with his complicated and ambitious nature, but untrue to the political principles and the political associates of his early life, and punished in his own feelings, and in his external position, for that treason. Southey's Cromwell was a traitor to Charles the First; Mr. Forster's Cromwell is a traitor to the cause of civil and religious liberty. The consciousness of his failure, the consciousness of his own usurpation—this is the demon that besets him. In his unwise pursuit of personal aggrandisement, he found the very means of government breaking away within his grasp; difficulties accumulate without; perplexities increase within; he lives a life of torment; until, at last, the day which releases his spirit, the anniversary of his great victories of Worcester and Dunbar, is his fortunate day, more for the sake of the death it then brought than for that of the triumphs with which it had formerly illustrated his name. Such is the second Cromwell.

Mr. Carlyle's Cromwell is different from either—different in being an entirely truthful man—true to himself, true to others. Carlyle's Cromwell begins and ends in sincerity and integrity. His hypochondriasis is the action of mind upon body, rather than of body upon mind—the hard strug-

glings of his soul in deep penitence for the sense of divine forgiveness. He goes into public life not from personal ambition, but under the strong compulsion of conscience. He feels that a woe, a curse, is upon him, unless he serves the Lord, and the Lord's people, in the work of the day; and he applies himself to it with all his might. No fear distracts him; no honour dazzles him; but on he goes, endeavouring still to secure true religion for his own spirit, and the people whom Providence had committed to his charge. If Mr. Foster's Cromwell has no penitence for alleged treason against Charles, Carlyle's Cromwell has no penitence for treason against the republican cause, or the supporters of republicanism. He has no penitence of any kind. With him there is no breaking down within; there is a strong heart bailing with the world, and with the things of the world; endeavouring to overcome every difficulty, in order that the great cause of which he is the agent and representative here, the great Puritan cause—the cause, in his estimation, of God and man—may be established. For that he lives; and, praying for that, he dies—no hypocrite, no traitor, but a champion and martyr of the Puritanical faith.

Now these three portraiture are remarkably different; and it is only for the sake of their difference that I have endeavoured to give this summary view of them. I pretend not to decide between them; I merely want to illustrate what I mean by the action of the writer's tendencies, his sympathies, and his antipathies, on the character which he draws. To note these differences, to deduce from them the lessons they are adapted to teach—this should be one main business with the philosophical student of history.

And he will find ample material for the exercise of all his powers. One of the most important is tracing the laws which have acted on the world's progress. There is a curious adaptation of causes, in the history of mankind, at every juncture when some evil or other became so great as to pull down human character to a very low degree of worth. In the first period of history, the danger was of mankind becoming an utterly scattered race; of their rambling over the face of the earth, without aim or object, isolated individuals, or at most isolated families. Then arose those vast Oriental empires which spread far and wide, and amalgamated myriads of people under one tyrannical sway. When tyranny threatened to reduce mankind to a state of utter and beastly slavishness; when it made them mere hewers of wood and drawers of water; then arose those Grecian states, those grand republics, where individuality had such full and free scope; where science won its first triumphs; where poetry made its sweetest tones resound; where liberty was shown to the world in all its power of generating art, and wealth, and courage. When division seemed to be prevailing too much, and states were small, then the city-power of Rome, "the eternal city," began its long career of aggrandisement; subduing one neighbouring state after another, until it spread itself over the whole civilised world, and all was only the great outer suburb of that magnificent city. As these came under imperial sway; as all sorts of luxury and dissoluteness prevailed as the current morality was—"Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die;"—as philosophers had their secret doctrine for the initiated, and their common doctrine for the public; and when there was a universal laxity of thought and feeling; then, Christianity came into the world—Christianity,

with its martyrs and confessors; with its men, women, and children, ready to go to the stake and to expire in torment, rather than abate one jot of their confession of faith, or deviate one iota from their spiritual allegiance. When this had corrected the old laxity and had become itself a form, other forms rose from it and prevailed, and the result was mere blank ignorance. The Scripture records that had inspired such heroic determination were secluded from the common eye. The world sank again in ignorance and barbarism; and then the outburst of the Reformation proclaimed the independence of mind, revived the ancient literature, and originated the literature of modern times. When feudal Europe had consecrated the military profession as the only dignified one; when it threatened to absorb every other feeling in the reverence for military fame—then arts, and commerce, and manufactures, began their course, accumulating wealth in peaceful modes, raising up, perhaps, another form of aristocracy to counteract the old, but one that does counteract it, and that by a more peaceful and civilising agent—itsself awaiting the time when all forms of aristocracy, except that natural aristocracy which is everlasting, and which buds and germinates wherever human nature is found—the aristocracy of superior vividness of imagination, ~~at~~ extent of information, or depth of intellect, or refinement of taste—when every species of aristocracy, except that of nature, shall merge in universal liberty, in equal laws, generating feelings of universal brotherhood.

Such has been the world's progress; such is the course to be traced, even in the imperfect histories that remain to us; although where amongst them shall we look for the grand desideratum, a history of the people? Kings and heroes, tyrants and senators, have been chronicled; but who tells the people's tale? Where is their record? Attention has been of late turned that way. Some recent publications in this country evince an honourable spirit of research into the condition of the great multitude in former times; but their history is as yet a nonentity. A melancholy story of the peoples' history remains to be told—the history of their abject subjection, of their mere slave-state, of their submission to the indignities of feudal domination, of their vain resistance, of their violent outbreaks bloodily repressed—these have to be told, and they should be told; but only as the introductory chapter, for the people are working upward; and for the ignorance of those past days—those great, dark, blank pages in their history—they are giving us zeal and ardour in the pursuit of knowledge; they are raising their institutions, nascent colleges; they are there cultivating an acquaintance with the sciences and with literature, storing their minds, and preparing themselves to act the part of human beings on this great stage of things. They are working their way upward; and for the servility of a past time, the blows and kicks which were the stimulus to enforce labour, they are now battling for the rights of labour, its title to the full earnings that it achieves by the sweat of its brow; they are claiming for themselves to exist politically as well as physically, and to have their part in the formation by representation of the laws under which they live, and by which life and property are to be secured. They are working their way upwards; they are cultivating, not only the receptive, but the communicative power. There is a literature of the poor, science in which they contribute discovery, pages bright with the eloquence or song which they produce; they have their writers, their

bards, and their philosophers; and they show that they can and do bring their share, their contribution, to the world's great treasury, and not only claim to enjoy, but offer to communicate. And thus are they making history, and preparing the day when it may be really written, written with a due regard to what constitutes man's most important interests; so that, while the deeds, the vain and wicked deeds, of conquerors and tyrants shall fade away into a dimness analogous to that of the gods of mere *mythos*, the twilight of history—the great productions of future ages shall be the people's history; with the people for its hero, their wrongs and sufferings, their endurance and deliverance, their progress and triumph, for its narrative of the past; and their prosperity, their freedom, their benevolent influence and exertions, and their ample enjoyments, its prophecy for the futurity of national existence.

A TALE OF THE LAST MILITIA.

BY ARNHOLDT WEAVER.

AN old house amid old trees.

The tops of these trees have caught the first golden beams of the rising sun. A radiant gush of coruscating light has darted through their thickly interwoven branches. The lighter foliage blending with the deeper, and thus illumined, has a resplendent and most picturesque effect. The landscape, as beheld through an opening in the forest, is clothed in a beautiful garment of rose-tinted light. The breath of the morning air is very fragrant: it is laden with the aroma of herbs and flowers that has been exhaled during the night. Thousands of birds have commenced the day with songs of extravagant but delicious joy. Their voices blended together form at once a pleasing harmony and a discord also pleasing.

The sea, which is near at hand, is distinctly visible, and is scarcely rippled by the breeze that creeps lazily over it. Presently the full glory of the sun is flooded directly upon its surface, and its waters glow like one vast diamond floor. A white speck in the distance denotes the presence of a fisherman's little bark; numerous atoms, white, dazzling, ever glancing to and fro, are sea-gulls rapidly fanning the air upon delighted wings.

The sun rises this morning, as upon all other mornings, upon a very different scene,—upon the houses and streets of crowded cities,—upon palaces and mansions,—upon noisome alleys, and ugly, miserable courts, into whose recesses the golden glory of his beams can scarcely penetrate, or struggles in by many a crooked, tortuous path. In such courts and dens—the lairs of wretched human beings, those who are first awake, rise gently, and unclothe the windows. that the freshness of the morning may visit the flushed and heated brows of the sleepers. And those who have spent the night in cellars, and under archways, crawl forth and shrink upon their way.

Let us thank God for it! The sunlight streams also this morning through the grated windows of the prison and the mad-house, and glivens the hospital ward, and the workhouse dormitory.

There was early stirring among the inhabitants of the old house on the morning to which we have made reference. Invariably no slug-a-beds, they had risen on the present occasion earlier than

usual; and when the sun got at the upper windows, he found them set wide open, and the sleeping chambers vacated. Quickly he took possession of each apartment, streaming joyfully in, and straightway there arose a buzz of delighted flies, and myriad notes came sailing through the air to court his notice. It was a rare old house—to delay, for a moment, our introduction to the human beings within,—one of the old mansions that we sometimes drop unexpectedly upon in sequestered parts of the country,—pulses of the sixteenth century left beating in the enlarged frame of the nineteenth. Numerous were its gable ends; immense were its stacks of fantastically-formed chimneys. From the roof the ivy that had clambered up the walls, depended in natural and graceful festoons. The trees by which it was surrounded were hundreds in number, and of all kinds known to the lovers of the forest, or readers of Evelyn's Sylva; oaks, some in their vigorous prime, others gnarled and doddered: tall straight elms; fruitful beeches; stately, sombre firs; the different varieties of the ash; in short, the whole sylvan family. A glorious seclusion of nature's own contriving had that old house to rest in.

A white-headed old man sat in the breakfast-parlour, in an arm-chair, softly cushioned, holding a cup of tea in one hand, and an untasted portion of a roll in the other. A beautiful girl of seventeen standing behind the chair, bent over him, and her ringlets descending to his right shoulder, rested there.

"Tis of no use, Ma, I can't take it; I won't try," said the old man, in a choking voice, while long restrained tears rolled down his cheeks.

Up sprang from a stool where she had been sitting, a seven-years-old girl, and while her elder sister relieved the grandfather of the cup and untasted roll, clambered upon his knee, and wound her arms endearingly round his neck.

"Oh, grandpapa," she cried, in sobbing accents, "please don't cry so,—see, there's mamma crying now, and Margaret and Mary are crying, and I shall cry, and you know you can't bear to see little Edith cry."

The old man kissed the child,—affectionately kissed her.

"Though brother Fred is going ever so far away," continued the little girl, "won't he write us letters,—and come home again, and find us all here,—and me grown such a big girl?"

"Ah! that I shall," rejoined a youth of eighteen, who sat at the breakfast-table, devouring slices of cold roast-beef, with an appetite unimpaired by any participation in the general grief.

"Come, grandpapa," said a matronly woman, wiping tears from her cheeks, "you must see that it is not fit we should lament at Fred's departure. It is what we have long anticipated and hoped for; and though he is my own son, I am determined to be very brave, and not weep ever so little more on the day that we send him forth to carve his fortunes in the world."

It was even so. The youth was about to become a soldier,—a commissioned soldier, of course,—but of his own free will, and with the consent, and God-speed-ye, of his relations. We will say nothing of the false ideas of glory with which he was imbued,—how that he esteemed the trade of killing more honourable than the exercise of any peaceful profession. Let that pass. He was about to become a soldier; his long-cherished hopes were on the point of being realised. With a sword in his hand he would soon be at liberty to hew his way through ranks of his fellow-men.

His friends' grief at his departure would soon be changed into joy for his success, pride in his advancement. His absence would deprive them of no comfort; no luxury.

Having finished his breakfast, he rose to take a farewell of the garden and the fine old trees. It was some pain for him to part with them, for they had been his friends from childhood, and he would let no one accompany him—he had so many adieus to take of familiar haunts—so many good-byes to whisper among the leaves—so many foolish things to do and say to inanimate objects. This love of nature argued a better destiny for him, if he had chosen to seize it, than a license to slaughter his fellow-creatures. But it was war-time; Napoleon and the allied armies were digging soldiers' graves all over Europe. The youth of England was fired with extravagance on the misunderstood subject of military glory.

Oh! how the birds sung that morning; pouring down from the branches of the ancient trees such a flood of melody! It came like rain upon the young soldier. Its burden was peace. Happiness and peace—goodwill and amity among all God's creatures.

He was employed in carving his initials upon a tree in a spot much frequented by his sisters, about half-a-mile from the house, when a twenty-years' old peasant came suddenly upon him—a fine stalwart fellow—the type of glowing health, with finely-shaped limbs, and a frank, honest, but for the time being, a sad countenance—if his heart was as noble as his physiognomy declared it to be, a true gentleman of God's own creating.

"Why, how now, Wilson, you look gloomy this morning. What is the matter?" said our youth, Fred Mourilyan, accosting him.

The young peasant did not reply for a minute or two, but remained with his eyes fixed upon a wild flower growing in the turf beside where he stood.

"You are going for a soldier, are you not?" he said presently.

"Yes I am, Wilson; I leave to-day to join my regiment."

"Humph! and you are not sorry that you are going?"

"Sorry, my good fellow! On the contrary, I am delighted. But what ails you?"

"I've got enough to ail me. You are a soldier from choice—I must be one from necessity."

"You, from necessity! What do you mean?"

"I mean," answered the young peasant, bitterly, "that I am drawn for the Militia."

"Whew! that's a bad job. But you're in no danger, and your duties will not be onerous; they will not be hard, I mean."

"It isn't the danger I think of. I'm no coward. None who know me can say that of me; but I've a bed-ridden mother and a young sister to support, and how will they get fed, I should like to know, when I am taken from my work to go a-soldiering? It's shameful to make a man be a soldier whether he will or not, and keep him from earning an honest penny for those who have nobody to depend on but him. If all poor men were like me they wouldn't stand it."

"Come, come, Wilson, 'tis the law of our country, and I won't hear you speak in that disrespectful manner of the law. We must honour and obey the king, you know, and all that are put in authority under him."

"What's the king to me?" cried Wilson, angrily. "What good does he do a poor fellow like me? Aye, just make him a poor man, and draw him for the Militia, and see how he'd like it."

"Wilson, I take this as an insult. Go about your business."

The peasant looked at the young soldier, knitted his brows, and seemed about to utter a fierce reply. Some feeling came over him, however; perhaps a recollection of old times, when they were boys together, and he aided the young squire, as he was wont to call him, at his sports.

"I was going to ask you to assist me, but I wouldn't accept help from you now," he said, and turned proudly away.

Mourilyan was inclined to call him back; but he delayed to do so until the peasant was beyond hearing. He finished carving his initials, and returned homewards, a little desponding, for the hour of his departure was near. Perhaps his interview with young Wilson had some effect upon his spirits, for he foresaw how greatly the peasant's bed-ridden mother and little sister must suffer if he could no longer support them. But he was really angry with Wilson. His grandfather, a high-church Tory of the old school, had taught him to reverence the king and the laws. In the old man's eye, neither the king nor his law-makers could do any harm, and the law that was the most stringent and galling was the best. "We must rule the people with a rod of iron," was his favourite aphorism. The youth had imbibed his grandsire's sentiments, and saw in every poor man a rebellious spirit that needed curb and fetter.

"I shall just have time to call at Wilson's cottage," said the youth, communing with himself. "He can escape serving by paying a fine of ten pounds, and I will give him the money." And he set his face towards the peasant's dwelling. But he had not got far upon the road when he was overtaken by a farmer who had seen him at a distance, and after a chase which had put him out of breath, now came up with him.

"What, Farmer Trundle, is that you?" said Mourilyan.

"Good morning, Mr. Mourilyan, good morning to ye; I hear you are going away to help lick the French; I'm glad o' it, mighty glad o' it, I am. I hope ye'll give the frog-eatin' varmin a right down good pepperin'!"

"We'll do our best, Farmer Trundle."

"Well, what d'ye think now that I came blowin' along at this rate for? Just to ax ye to come over to the farm, and try my new mare Rasper's paces, afore ye go."

"If you won't detain me long, Farmer, I have no objection to turn back with you."

He *did* turn back. Unfortunately for himself; unfortunately for the peasant Wilson. Arrived at the farm, the mare was produced, and the young soldier mounted her.

"A superb creature, by Jove, Trundle. What's her price?"

"A hundred guineas; devil a penny less," answered the farmer.

"If I were going to stay in the country, I would buy her. I could wheedle my grandfather out of a hundred guineas for an animal like this mare."

"Put her upon her mettle, Mr. Mourilyan," cried Trundle. "You can keep your seat with the best of us. Make a dash at that fence. Whew-hip, she goes. Hoicks, tally-ho!"

She did go, without doubt. A shout of warning from the farmer, that was raised too late—a crash—and the young soldier lay stunned and bleeding on the other side of the fence.

Two months, and no sign of returning sense in all that period. Two long terrible months to the mother who watched by her son's bed—to the

grey-headed old grandfather—to the youth's sisters—to the very domestics in the house—and to none more long and terrible than to Farmer Trundle. But one glorious morning in August, little Edith, who for a brief while had taken her mother's place in her brother's chamber, jumped from her chair, and descended the stairs almost without feeling her feet, she flew down so rapidly.

"Mamma! grandpa! Fred's getting well! Fred knows me—Fred speaks again, without talking that rigmarole, as nurse calls it!" she shouted into the room where the members of the family were assembled. They found it as she said when they reached the youth's bedside. He knew them all, smiled upon them all, called them all by their names, and asked where he had been all that long time. His grandfather stood and wept, trembling with emotion. His mother threw herself upon her knees, and gave thanks to Heaven.

When his recovered reason strengthened, and he grew to recollect what had taken place, his first thoughts were of the peasant. He questioned his grandfather respecting him.

"Oh," replied the old man, "he came here to ask me to get him off from serving in the Militia; said 't would ruin him if he had to serve, and went on against the king (God bless him!) and the laws. They don't make the laws strong enough, Fred. These rascals who dare to speak a word against the king (God bless him!) deserve to have their ears cropped in the pillory. That's how I would serve such firebrand fellows."

"And is he really serving?"

"That is he, and received a good flogging with the cat-o'-nine-tails, for desertion. He refused to serve, and so, as he was regularly enrolled, they seized him, and tied him to the halberts, and there, I reckon, he had a good taste of what soldiers' flogging is."

"You don't mean to tell me, grandfather, that Wilson has been flogged?"

"I do. I wish I had been there to see it."

"And his mother—she was bedridden—what has become of her?"

"Gone into the workhouse—best place for her. Oh, now I recollect—my memory isn't half what it was—she died from the jolting of the parish cart, in which they moved her. The girl is in the workhouse, and has got a fever, they say."

The young soldier groaned.

"Grandfather," he said, "I begin to think what Wilson told me was true. It is unjust and oppressive to take poor men from their families, and force them to become soldiers. It is worse than Buonaparte's conscriptions."

"Unjust! oppressive! Why, how is the land to be defended, when our regular soldiers are drafted off to foreign parts to fight our battles?" cried the old man, amazed and angry.

"There are plenty who are ready to become soldiers, if you pay them. Rich men do not serve in the militia; they find substitutes, or pay ten pounds, and so get clear off altogether. Why should the burden fall with the greatest severity on those least able to bear it? Surely that is unjust, grandfather; and depend upon it, the law has made in Wilson, and a thousand others, forcibly taken from their homes, so many enemies—so many dangerous and disaffected men. If we would have the poor live on good terms with us, let us take care that we never oppress them ourselves, or sanction oppression in others."

What answer the old man returned to this revolutionary speech, the present story-teller knoweth not.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A FRENCH THEORY OF ASSOCIATION.

By TITO PAGLIARDINI.

(Continued from page 168.)

In a previous page (168) we mentioned the Palais Royal as giving a tolerably fair notion of what is meant by a Phalanstery. Yet the former has faults which would not exist in the latter. Each of the 900 or 1000 apartments has, in the Palais Royal, a distinct cellar, or portion of cellar, a distinct kitchen, in which the meals are expensively and uncomfortably prepared by as many hands, which might be more profitably engaged; besides which, a kitchen in a small establishment must *ever* be a nuisance to the inhabitants thereof. In the phalanstery, on the contrary, these numerous small kitchens are supplanted by one large one, on the plan of those at Greenwich Hospital or the Invalides, and in which every variety of food can be *well* prepared for all the inhabitants at less than one quarter the sum now expended in preparing it, more than indifferently, for each separate family.

The kitchen establishment should be divided into three departments; one for the wealthy, one for the middling classes, and one for the industrious classes; and all persons in the Phalanstery would be free either to take their meals at a table-d'hôte, or at a private table with companions of their own choice, or at their own private apartments.

Let it also be observed, that by carefully husbanding the broken food and vegetable parings, &c., which could be so easily collected from a kitchen feeding 1800 persons, and of which more than two-thirds are at present cast unprofitably away, the hog might be fattened without the least expense; and, from its prolific nature and easy sale, become to the inhabitants of the Phalanstery a considerable source of income.

The building ought to be warmed throughout by hot air, which would not only tend to the comfort, cleanliness, and salubrity of each apartment, but likewise produce an incalculable economy of fuel, and save a great expense in construction; since one large chimney at each extremity would replace the thousand chimneys which would otherwise be requisite.

Whether not only the public compartments, but likewise each room, would not be better lighted, and at a cheaper rate, by gas than by lamps or candles, would of course be determined by local circumstances; nevertheless it seems more than probable that even if the association were forced to establish gas-works of their own, they would still find them profitable. Among other advantages, the coke would find its daily application in the kitchen, without the extra value added to this article in civilisation, from the necessary expense attending its carriage to great distances; for in the Phalanstery the gas-works would be not far remote from the kitchen. The ashes would also be carefully preserved, and find their application both in brick-making and the manuring of meadows.

As yet we have not touched on two of the most important branches of Fourier's social system—namely, the *organisation of labour*, and the just repartition of profits among all the members of the association.

DISTRIBUTION OF PROFITS.

All the faculties of production can be classed under the three following heads:—*Capital*—lands, buildings, instruments, money; *Talent*—theoretic knowledge, superior skill; and *Labour*.

These three elements of production have each their

individual rights, which might be made to concur in the general welfare of the other two; but civilisation, with its usual exclusiveness, or, to say the very least, short-sightedness, has hitherto only acknowledged one of these elements—namely, Capital, the *passive* source of production; and has left wholly unprotected the other two elements, Talent and Labour, the *active* source of production, and without which, the former is but a body without a soul.

Some philanthropists, struck with this injustice, have attempted social changes, but have failed in their purpose, from falling into the opposite error, namely, that of upholding talent and labour, but denying the sacred rights of capital, which represents the accumulated fruits of labour or talent, or, at least, an acquired right, which no legislation ought to have the privilege to attack.

These three elements, far from being naturally opposed, are, on the contrary, so intimately connected, that no work, small or great, can be undertaken without their combined concurrence. Why, then, uphold the one at the expense of the others? Why not at once admit, that since these three elements are equally indispensable in the production, they have all equally a right to share in the profits? At present, in railways, for instance, the engineer, the workman, receive their salary, it is true, as long as the work lasts; but once the work completed, the workman has no resource but to starve, or fall an unproductive burden on society. To whom doth the whole profits accrue? To the *capitalist*, to the administrator alone. In vain has the legislator sought to protect the rights even of the public, by limiting the profits allowed to railway companies; the most illegal and dishonest measures are resorted to, and the law is eluded with impunity.

That this is not fair, no just, no virtuous heart can deny; that it is neither prudent, nor yet conducive to the immediate interests of the capitalist himself, will only be evident to those whose minds are unsophisticated by what is so falsely termed *political economy*.

The annual profits of the enterprise, after the general expenses have been deducted, (and the same principle might be applied to all enterprises) ought to be distributed in the following manner.

1st. The interest or *salary* of the capital, whether it consist in land, implements, or money, must first be paid, according to the legal rate; also the taxes due to Government.

2nd. Labour and talent must next receive their minimum salary, either in board, lodging, and dress, or in money, according to agreement, (and note, that from the very nature of the phalanstery, the workman with the average wages, now barely sufficient to keep himself and family from starvation, will be enabled to enjoy even some of the luxuries of life).

3rd and lastly, of whatever remains over, five-twelfths must be distributed as dividends among the capitalists; five-twelfths among the labourers, and two-twelfths among those who have distinguished themselves by superior knowledge, intelligence, skill, or activity.

Thus, each man, woman, or child, for *every member* of the association is considered a shareholder; and in the distribution of salary and dividends, the administration recognises only *individuals, not families*; each man, woman, or child, may receive a share in the profits for their concurrence in each or all of the elements of production, capital, labour, and talent.

(To be continued.)

Poetry for the People.

SPRING—THE UNEXPECTED.

By RICHARD HOWITT,

Author of "Impressions of Australia."

Grim old Winter surely loses
Timely memory, and reposes,
And, oblivions, slips command
To a gentler, kinder hand;
Or else, whence this radiant weather,
Bland for weeks and weeks together?

Christmas scarce was come, when he
Took infant Spring upon his knee;
But now she seems of fullest size,
With sovereignty of earth and skies.

Spring, in at my window shining,
Said to Thought at Life repining, —
"Lo! the Awakener! I am here!
I, of heaven and earth the brightener!
Long before the time appear:
There's no reason that the season
Always should be thus severe.

"Leave the winter of your spirit;
Muse not on the future dread:
How the larks sing! come and hear it—
Midst the living seem not dead.
Road and woodland with me tread:
There are streams in gladness flowing;
Mine are flowers in beauty blowing,
On their good old mission sped:
Which to you shall read the lesson
They a thousand springs have read.
'Hope!' they cry, to full hearts beating,
Panged with present woes and past:
That the darkest woes are fleeting,
And the shadows which they cast;
Mist and shadow still retreating,
Storm, and gloom, and wintry blast;
All is sunshine—calm at last.
Earth the greener, heaven the brighter,
And the chastened heart the lighter;
Air diviner, ether clearer,
For the truthful perseverer."

Thus invited—thus incited,
Forth I strolled, not undelighted;
Led by her, who sweetly leads;
O'er the crocus-purple meads;
Till by silver Trent I found
Sun-responses on the ground;
Saw anemones and daisies;
And the pet of laureate-praises,
Golden-bosomed and rayed, to shine,
Wordsworth's Little Celandine:
Long unnoted, now divine:
Saw the speedwell's eye of blue,
And, most meek, the primrose too:
Heard the blackbird in the dingle,
Startled, sharp notes, flying, mingle
And the lark far heavenward sing
Boldly, jubilant of spring:
Paused—and dallied with delight—
First when violets came in sight:—
Maiden-violets, bridal-white:
Blessed the purity of youth,
And felt that Memory was Truth.

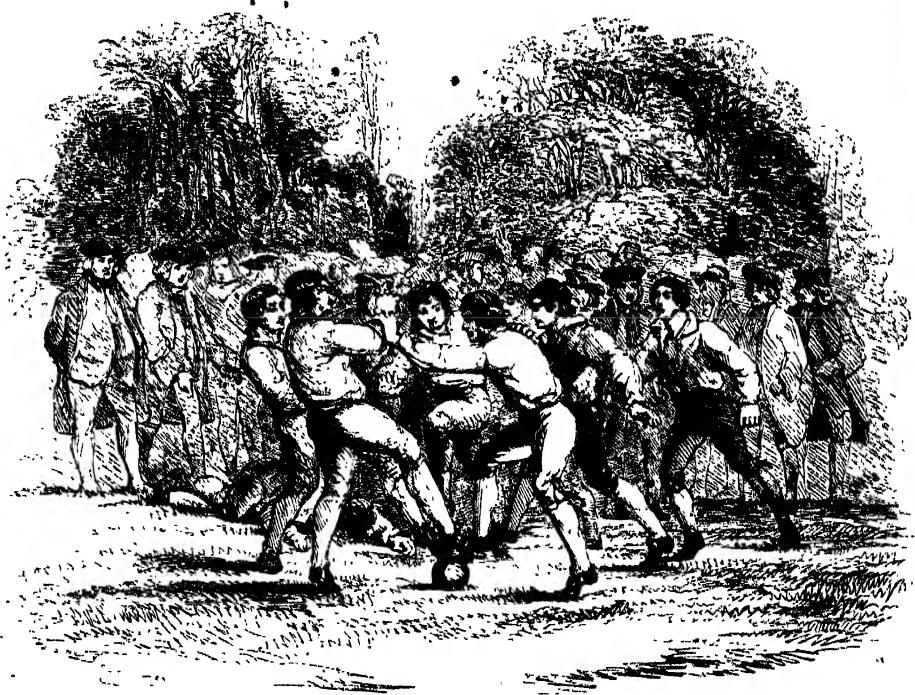
Here was Winter's pennon river—
And the sun had all the heaven!
'Making earth like it serene:'
As here care had never been—
Loved-one dead, nor pang of sorrow,
Nor dark haunting of the morrow.

Dry, the sated soul within me,
Yet these charms could melt and win me:
Nature's stolen spring-tide sharing,
Sadder heart had ceased despairing.

February 25, 1846.

Holidays for the People.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.



EASTER MONDAY.

FOOT-BALL PLAYING IN THE LAST CENTURY.

BY EDWARD DUNCAN.

With the exception of Christmas, Easter was, and is, the greatest festival of the Catholic Church. The occasion is the most joyful that can be conceived—the rising of Christ from the tomb, the promise and evidence of immortal life to every child of Adam. There is nothing calculated to inspire so much joy, so much rapturous confidence, so much grateful love to God and our Saviour. Immortal life proclaimed, the palpable proof of it given in the return of Jesus from death and the tomb: beyond these glad tidings—this glorious miracle, setting the seal of heaven to the truth of those tidings—what more could the heart of man desire?—what more could be added to the measure of his joy? The season is as auspicious as the occasion is great! Spring is bursting forth in all its silent vigour and delicious tenderness. Buds are making green the branch; blossoms of dazzling

whiteness, shed over the old fruit-trees in our gardens and orchards, seem to be the magic laughter of nature at the departed snows of winter, a mimicry of the sad past in the outpouring beauty of the present. Birds sing—ay, in the dusk of early morning the thrush comes and makes his eloquent oration near your chamber-window; an extacy, a rhapsody—the enthusiastic delivery of a soul of gladness, that must forth to the air and to your ear, or break—comes, and thus thrills through your dreams as a voice in Fairyland, or in Heaven, waking wonderful emotions. Birds sing—rooks caw; flowers, the spicy wallflower, the dear old polyanthus, the luscious jonquil, and violets yet lingering on shady banks, and primroses carpetting the copses with delicate fragrance; on earth and in heaven all seems one heart and atmosphere of gladness, and the dullest bosom bursts, like the

very ground and the very trees, into a thousand buds of new life, and feels that its breathing is itself a thanksgiving. "Is not Christ arisen? Is not God our Father? Is not Heaven promised us? Is not earth a heaven to those that live and love?"

Such are the circumstances which have made Easter, from the most ancient times, a festival of fullest rejoicing. Long before the last great charm was conferred on this festival—before Christ had walked the earth with the humble, died with the sinner, tenanted the tomb with the myriad dead of all ages, and risen as the first-born of a new and more glorious creation—this mystery of life and resurrection had hovered about in the spirit of prophecy, and had furnished the primitive nations with many a significant symbol and rite. The egg, which now figures so conspicuously in the festivities of Easter in many nations, and which is not yet even wholly disused in this, was the symbol of this mystery of the re-assumption of life amongst the most ancient of all people—the Hebrews, the Hindoos, and the Egyptians. The Hebrews regarded it as a type of the whole human world, in Noah and his family being shut up in the ark, as in an egg; they regarded it, moreover, as a type of their having passed through the Red Sea, and ascended, as it were, to a new life out of it. They therefore laid it, and probably do still, on the table at the feast of the Passover. The Hindoos celebrated the same great event of the deluge and the ark, under the fable of the god Vishnu once, in a cycle of ages, inclosing the world with him in an egg, and floating on the ocean of eternity, till the time came to reproduce himself, and all things with him. The Egyptian symbol of the world is a winged egg. Hence the egg, through all ages, has held in almost every nation the same high symbolic character, and, introduced into the Christian Church, displays itself at Easter—the time of the resurrection of Christ. In the Greek Church it is as zealously employed as in the Roman—nay, even in Turkey, Easter is a great festival. The Russians celebrate it with extraordinary enthusiasm. At Moscow every one salutes his family, his friends, his neighbours, all that he meets, with "Christos vos cress!" (Christ is risen!)—and is eagerly answered with "Voistinky vos cress!" (He is risen, indeed!) On Easter Monday they present one another with the Paschal-eggs. Lovers to their mistresses, relations to each other, servants to their masters, all bring ornamental eggs. The meanest pauper in the street, presenting an egg, and repeating the words Christos vos cress, may demand a salute, even of the Empress.

In Germany, for some days before Easter, the market appears full of hard-boiled eggs, deeply dyed with bright colours. These are laid with little sugar-hares in the gardens on Easter-Eve, towards dusk, amongst the grass and bushes; and the children are told, that on this night the hares lay eggs, and they are up early in the morning to look for them. It is one of their most favourite fictions. Father, mother, and all the elder brothers, make as much pretence about these hares' eggs and sugar-hares, as about their Christmas Christ-child and his gifts; and go out and rejoice in the surprise of the children, as they discover these many-coloured eggs, as much as the children themselves. In many places the poor children go round and beg these eggs, lay them upon green leaves in a basket adorned with field-flowers, and at evening roast and eat them.

In France the custom is much the same; the market is filled in the week preceding Easter with the boiled eggs, dyed dark red, or violet colour,

and the children amuse themselves with them, and then eat them. Throughout the country of Bonnevall, on the day preceding Easter Sunday, and during the first days of that week, the clerks of the different parishes, beadles, and certain artisans, go about from house to house, to ask for their eggs. The children in different parts of the Continent make feasts of these red eggs. The Egyptians used to dye them red, because they said the world was on fire at this time. The Christians continued the colour in memory of the blood of the Saviour shed for them on the cross.

In England, in the more rural districts, these eggs, now corrupted from paschal, or paschi, to pace-eggs, are still to be seen at Easter: and in Lancashire you may hear under your windows the clatter of the wooden shoes of the children, early on Easter Monday morning, who are running to and fro to beg their Pace-eggs.

Such is one of a dozen, or more singular observances at Easter, all ancient, but this the most ancient of all. Few, indeed, who see or handle a party-coloured pace-egg, reflect that it dates its history from the Flood!

In Catholic countries this festival is still celebrated with great pomp and circumstance. Independently of feelings of devotion, every impulse of life is put in motion. Lent, with all its asceticism, and abstinence, and gloom, is over; it is gone for a whole year. The season and the circumstances call on the people to rejoice, and they do not need calling on twice. There are visitings, balls, dinners, suppers, masquerades; the people fill the streets and the taverns with their songs. At Jerusalem the church of the Holy Sepulchre is crowded, often with as many as 7,000 pilgrims, who wait for the giving out of the sacred fire on Easter Sunday morning. At Rome the morning is ushered in with the firing of cannon, and the ringing of all the bells in the city. The Pope is carried aloft through the church of Saint Peter, attended by his guards in princely uniforms. He is shaded by waving peacocks' feathers. The ambassadors and their wives; the senators and their trains; the Armenian bishops and priests, in very splendid robes; the cardinals, bishops, and all the Roman troops, in grand procession. The pope blesses the people from the terrace, who receive the benediction on their knees, and look up with eager eyes for the indulgences which are scattered amongst them by the cardinals. In the evening there is a grand illumination of St Peter's.

Besides these, the Catholic churches at Easter were everywhere the scenes of displays, which to us would appear most extraordinary. The whole drama of the Sepulchre and the Resurrection was acted. These church plays, as they were called, cost great sums, and would now be thought great scandals. In the churches on the Continent you still see the chapels of the sepulchre where these exhibitions were, and probably still are in some places, made. In England the clergy, after service, threw up a ball in the church, and there was a regular game. The very archbishops or bishops, if present, threw the ball, and engaged in the sport with their clergy. This, no doubt, originated in the egg, which used to be tossed about, and played with as a ball. In Germany, the ceremonies in the churches on Easter Sunday are often very beautiful. Processions of children, all in white, and crowned with flowers, march round the church after the priests, visiting the different shrines, and joining in the singing. In the very Catholic districts, they march out and visit in this manner the shrines in the streets, and by the

way-sides. In Vienna, the Prater, or Grand Park, is passed through by a procession often not less than six miles in length. The Emperor and royal family lead the way. They are followed by the nobility; and every carriage in the city succeeds, and tens of thousands walk on foot. There is no scene like it in Europe. The common people finish the day in what they call the Sausage Prater, a part of this park, where they have swings, whirligigs, puppet-shows, theatres, and all sorts of refreshments. The fine dams wave coolly over their heads, and numbers of fine tame stags walk amongst them, and receive dainties.

In Protestant England, parliament winds up for a week or ten days its long-winded speeches; the lawyers used to close their courts, put off their law-suits, and, in holiday-garb, take those unlucky toads, their clients, from under the harrow; schools still dismiss their pupils, who live near, to the joys of home; and the working people indulge themselves with a day's relaxation at least. In large towns Easter Monday is a great holiday, and in some of them you may see swings, shows, and whirligigs for the children; but as you go farther into the country the traces of this once great festival fade away. Perhaps nowhere is it still kept up so much as in London. The people there pour out by thousands and tens of thousands into the country. Greenwich is the grand resort; and on Easter Monday there descend the Thames to that place often upwards of one hundred thousand persons. The steamers are crowded to excess, often to danger of sinking. Out of all the alleys and close courts of the huge metropolis, men, women, and children pour to catch a breath of fresh air for once on the heights of Greenwich Park; to partake in all the fun of a country fair, and to see the youngsters take their roll down the hill. There is much going on there that must die out as the taste and moral feeling of the masses progress. Vulgar and low debauch will, with this advance, gradually disappear. The wisdom will be to drop the folly and retain the fun. In the meantime, such are the attractions of Greenwich, and the facilities of the steamers, that that attraction of former days—the Epping Hunt—has sunk to the most perfect burlesque. I went to witness it a year or two ago. But where were the Lord Mayor and aldermen, who used to be there in all their glory? Where were the surrounding thousands upon thousands? On the top of the hill, near the Bald-faced Stag, stood a few carriages, with ladies in them; a few gentlemen on horseback; a few vendors of oranges and ginger-beer, and a few professors of the game cock-shy, or will-peg, ready to afford young men the opportunity of winning a snuff-box, by the flinging of a stick. There might be a couple of hundreds of people assembled. On came the huntsmen with their stag in a covered cart. The chief huntsman blew dismally on a tin horn; the cart stopped, the door was opened, but out,—did not come the stag. It appeared a tame one hired for the occasion; and quite contented to remain where it was. Six hounds following the cart, the whole splendid pack! waited with the same *nonchalance*, till the huntsmen roused the stag, and compelled it to spring out of the cart. Once out, however, it did not seem at all alarmed by the sight of men and dogs. The dogs were equally quiescent. Neither stag nor dogs seemed desirous of the trouble of a run; but as a hunt there *must* be, the stag was actually driven off by the huntsmen, and looted off by the

crowd. Away it went; certainly in a very obliging manner, for it cordially preferred the company of the people, and the vicinity of the gingerbread-stalls: and away went, after some spirited setting-on, four of the hounds—one coolly declined the invitation, and laid himself down under the cart; the other as coolly set off on his way homewards again, which, as we returned soon afterwards, we found him pursuing in as calm, sedate, and philosophical a tone of mind as any of the dogged school could well evince. The stag had a large label attached to its neck—I suppose to warn any one against killing it; and the galloping of the horsemen giving spirit to the dogs, away went the stag gaily before them, flapping its great white label, just as several old ladies on the hill, who had brought their luncheons with them, were flapping the crumbs and creases out of their white pocket-handkerchiefs in which they had carried them. The next moment it plunged into the wood below, and was lost. Disconsolate horsemen followed the outskirts of the wood; boys rushed in amongst the trees with shouts and howls, but in vain; the stag was as clean gone—perhaps to sleep in some snug thicket—as if it had been an enchanted one, and vanished into thin air. But, certainly, never less enchanted seemed stag, or dog, or people. The cunning creature never reappeared, and therefore I speedily disappeared, as it is evident the Cockney Hunt will in a few more seasons.

In fact, the people now fly at higher game than the hunt of a creature looking, with its label, more like a bottle of hartshorn than a Hart of Greece. They have steamers and railroads; and such places as the gardens and galleries of Hampton Court; the cartoons of Raphael, the paintings of Titian and Correggio, and the sweet slopes and wooded hills of Greenwich and Richmond Parks, have charms for them that draw them from the more boisterous amusements of their ancestors, or the stupefying heavy-wet of the beer-shop. On such days such places as St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey should stand wide open; the Colosseum and the Polytechnic be accessible at the smallest possible price. Zoological gardens, and all kinds of rational and elevating pleasure should be thrown open to the growing taste in the million. And yet, amidst the numerous customs and games of past times, what should banish the brisk foot-race, and the game at foot-ball on the village-green? What banish the gummon of bacon and the tansy-pudding from the family-board? In the holidays of the future taste will banish vulgarity, but not hilarity; youth and age, mind and body, will all find themselves included in the circle of the general joy.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF INDUSTRY.

By MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

THE day is not far distant when labour as well as land will be represented in the Commons' House of Great Britain. It has been said, that

“Just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those who toil.”

But the thinkers and the toilers are becoming one and the same, and self-government, the best of all government, must be the result. Let labourers, like landlords, be unanimous in supporting each other, in advancing and conserving the interests of their own order. Exclusiveness, which erects barricades for a few to shut out the many, has

been held to be the vice of aristocracy; but it is, in fact, a canker common to all classes. It is a species of oppression acting negatively, instead of positively; and one of the "tendencies of all oppression," says an able man of the republican world on the other side of the water, "is to create a scale of tyranny." It would be laughable, were it not lamentable, to see the grounds upon which human beings, calling themselves Christians, will refuse association with their fellow-creatures. In fact, the prejudices regarding trades and employments are as untenable in the view of common sense, as the castes in India are in that of common charity. There, if an unhappy man loses caste, every relative must reject him or lose caste also; and how often is this the case in England, amid the broad light of the religion of equality, not under the dark shadow of Braminical superstition. If in marriage an individual steps into a higher class, or descends into a lower one, how soon the demarkation-line of distinct conditions rises between those once embosomed in the same homestead of affection! Among the wiser—the more generous portion of society—let us hope that this remnant of feudal pride will disappear; and, as is the case with our polished and politic neighbours, the French, that he who presents himself with propriety will be received with prepossession, and that soon in every other house, if not in the House of Commons, the moral, not the money, qualification, will be "the one thing needful." Till this moral reform be accomplished let the excluded make common cause among themselves; cultivate the fraternal feeling; remember, that "a house divided against itself cannot stand;" and if the better-fortuned fastidiously exclude them, let them feel the consoling consciousness that they do not deserve such exclusion; that they are sinned against, not sinning. But the great work going forward for the Commonwealth of Industry—(the aggregation of interests,—the current of circumstances, all tending to concentrate popular power in large masses, which, by an inevitable moral gravitation, will yet run together and fuse society into one compact and harmonious whole,)—seems going on almost in spite of the people rather than with them; a benevolent agency appears at work in their behalf, and, instead of aiding it with all their united energy, they are only aiding it partially and intermittently. They will be startled to be told this; but if they look into themselves as a whole, they will find they are told the truth; and that some among themselves are inducing the friction which is fatal to the advance of the social machine. If the people were hand in hand, it would little matter who were in arms against them. If they were heart in heart, the opposing power of all but Omnipotence were vain. The present is a most peculiar period. Let it be remembered, that

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our venture.

The power the people have acquired they owe to their knowledge. Their growing intelligence has placed them on the point at which they now stand; and as they become increasingly sensible of the advantages to be derived from knowledge, they will combine to use it for their common interest, and thus raise, by their own hands, a temple of national honour and bloodless glory, worthy of the

universal family; shedding a broad light upon the world, inviting other nations to do likewise, and affording them aid and example to light up such sanctuaries for themselves.

The democratic tendency of the age is positively startling—startling to even the accustomed eye of the democrat—he who has habituated himself to contemplate the feudal ruins of the past, and calculate, as he watches their decay, the probable period when many anow towering—but still tottering, fabric will fall. Democracy, instead of creeping like a subterranean stream, working its slow way suspicious of the light, is now leaping like a cataract from a precipice, and piercing into places where we should least expect to find it gain admission. Mr. Cobden has well observed, that the protectionists themselves have preached the democratic doctrine of appeal to the people. Nothing is more certain than from their unanimous voice there is no appeal. That voice is public opinion; and how is public opinion formed? By the union of a majority of minds agreed upon facts. The lightning which flashes forth from such combined intelligence has shattered many a strong-hold of arbitrary power, and will again. The numerical force centred in the people is in itself an immense force; when knowledge is its moving power it becomes irresistible. Public opinion is the colour of the times; and be the minority what it may, and let it feel and do as it may, to that "complexion we must come at last."

At a crisis like this, when the downfall of that gigantic monstrosity, the corn-laws, amid the firm phalanx of the corn-lords, who made so protracted a struggle to uphold it, shows the people what they can do—when the long-tried have been triumphant, let them not abandon the arms that have gained them the battle. Let them all work, but, above all, work together. There is no being (unless ill or idiotic), but has power to take part in the business of removing misery, and creating happiness: there are none who, under any other plea, can claim exemption from the bond due to the universal brotherhood to which he belongs. It is ground on which there is no neutral track—no pausing point; he who will not go forward must go back—humanity never stands still; he who will not assist at the work of regeneration, must expect to be regarded as a renegade; he who will not aid the apostles of the people, to be deemed an apostate. To gain an advantage is not all—there is much in the subsequent use of it. Public integrity must be based upon private worth; those who have stood together in the field of strife must carry their confederate strength into the field of social exertion, and strive with the same heart and zeal that they did in the battle.

Man, poor and feeble when alone,
The sport of every passing wind,
In war—in trade—hath ever shown
He's all resistless when combined.
If then, when fears or interests plead,
Combining crowds together press,
Why cannot social feeling lead
Men to unite for happiness?

A very humble home may become a beacon-light to its immediate neighbourhood. Good, like all the elements of nature, is indestructible: it may be scattered, it may be obscured, but it is never utterly lost. That so much good has been so often unavailing to its originator, is the fault of the disjointed framework of society, amid which the unworthy monopolist often wins the reward that another has earned. Many remain inert because

their supposed ability, and apparent field of action, is small; but all merit has an expansive quality, and grows in capacity and skill according to the exercise it receives. But even granting that the power be small, as the most modest of these willing defaulters may allege, yet the combined power of even such workers must do much. Let them turn their attention one moment to the coral-insect. How little can each of those atoms effect! yet, by combined and persevering action, behold the coral-reefs they raise amid the mighty waters of the ocean! Happy are those spirits—and, measured by the highest standard, as great as they are happy—who give unobtrusive ministry in the cause of human improvement; who rejoice in its advancement, whether their share in the work be known and acknowledged, or not. Many such, happily, there are. The most eminent, yet most modest—or rather, considering the consequences they produce, the most considerable, yet the most unconscious—are to be found among the women of the working classes—the mothers of the rising sons and daughters of industry. Much will society owe to these patient workers, however little it may acknowledge. Men of industry—England's best and bravest men—do to them the justice you desire to have done unto yourselves. Turn to the bosom friend, the friend of your heart and hearth, and recompense, by your intelligent aid and devotion, the disadvantages that the present social system surrounds her with. Give to your sons and daughters equal education; endow colleges for both; your united efforts may do this, and much more. Let your watchword be education. Educate the heart; educate the reasoning and reflective faculties, not your children's only, but your own, also. It is a common error to regard education as the business of only a portion of life, when it is, in fact, a work that must be going on throughout life. Let this great business, then, not be neglected, as it regards either the infant or the adult—man or woman. The world is by this time too wise to let one half of its mental capital lie dormant, or die, for want of cultivation and exercise; or, which is far worse, and more likely, if no high direction be given it take a pernicious and perverse course, infecting the atmosphere it might purify, refine, and illuminate; and, instead of creating for you coadjutors in the work of happiness and improvement, plant your path with impediments to your own felicity and advancement.

Reports of Lectures,

ADDRESSED CHIEFLY TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

BY W. J. FOX.

ON LIVING POETS—THEIR INFLUENCE ON THE CAUSE OF POLITICAL FREEDOM AND HUMAN PROGRESS.

BARRY CORNWALL.

In announcing as the subject of to-night's Lecture, the poems published under the name of Barry Cornwall, I principally regarded them as consisting, to a large extent, of songs; and amongst them, some of the best songs in the English language. This is a species of writing which has scarcely met with its due attention in this country. England has never been the land of song, like Scotland or Ireland. An Englishman goes neither about his work, nor his sport, chaunting old or modern ditties. Song is not an element of an Englishman's life, as it is, in a considerable degree, of that of the Irishman and of the Scotch-

man. Our birds sing, and our tea-kettles sing; but we don't sing ourselves. This difference amongst people so near in locality is perhaps partly resolvable into organisation: we have not the organ of music in our heads, though we may have the barrel-organ in our streets. We pass through life in a more prosaic way than our impulsive neighbours; and whether the difference be or be not phrenologically traceable, (which I really cannot answer for,) there are differences of organisation which belong to the entire system; which affect the whole construction of the human being; and which, I apprehend, do produce in some a sensibility to "the concord of sweet sounds," which others, differently constructed, differently organised, are by no means capable of feeling or perceiving. But if this be the primary cause, there are a number of secondary causes for the difference between England and the two neighbour kingdoms. Scenery, perhaps, has something to do with it. Each of the latter is a

Land of the mountain and the flood,

as well as a land of song. Each is remarkable for its romantic glens, for its lovely lakes, for its lofty mountains; and those scenes are traversed by a population who are really alive to their beauties, and drink in their inspiration. We have much very lovely scenery in this country, great variety of beauty, and something of sublimity. But the English peasant is not trained to feel this, like the Irishman or Scotch Highlander. He is more a plodding creature of the day; he is more the victim of that feudal system which prevailed so much more completely in this country than it did in Ireland or Scotland; where, instead of feudalism, they had clanship, a much freer thing, and more adapted to develop the capabilities and the feelings of human nature, both in the heads of the clans, and their followers. The feudal serf is a mere beast of burden, a tool to cultivate the land, a machine whose bone and sinew are to be worked for the pecuniary profit of his lord and master. But in the old clanship of Ireland, (and something of it has existed for a long time, in spite of all the different forms and modes of ruling to which they have been subjected by their English governors) and in Scotch clanship, till a very late period, there was a state of society that, while it had some similarity to the feudal condition, yet differed from it remarkably in the better relations that subsisted between those who were mightiest, and those who were feeblest; those who were wealthiest, and those who were poorest. In the Scotch clans, every member of the clan was a blood relation, or was held so conventionally, of the head of that clan. They were not fixed to the heavy work of cultivating fields like machines; but they had their range of the mountain and the valley; they had the air of freedom breathing in their faces; and if they had not education any more than the English peasant—the education of books—they had much more of that education of events which nature gives, and which so often presents us, in the person of the savage, with an acuteness, with an intellectual power, with a discernment, and sometimes with a loftiness of thought, and an imaginative power of conception and expression, that at first suggest to the mind the notion of highly cultivated intellect, of sublimated taste. They have their national instruments, too—the harp for the one, the bagpipes for the other; which, however strange a music it is to our ears, yet has its effect when heard in the wild and stormy scenery of its appropriate abode; and the very familiarity with these

musical instruments would keep up in them the sense of song, and make it their daily and nightly habit; the solace of their leisure hours, cheering them in their calamities, animating them for their exertions, being their companion through life, and flinging its last sad strains over them when they were committed to the grave. In both countries, too, there have been circumstances to stimulate the sense of song, supposing it to be originally the result of their organisation. Ireland has always, for centuries, been in the position of a subjugated country, with no tie of affection between the lords of the land and the great masses of the inhabitants. They have had their defeats, their oppressions, their wrongs, to mourn over. Occasionally they have made their desperate efforts for enfranchisement. They have brooded over a sense of what they were originally, and of the condition to which they have been reduced; and what is this but a state of human feeling that naturally vents itself in song? Especially will this be the case when the conquered people has a language of its own not generally known to its conquerors; and they will be more induced, in that unknown tongue to their masters, but native tongue to themselves, to breathe forth their songs of endurance, or their impatience under the yoke, or their determination to break that yoke on the first fitting opportunity. You can reduce the Irishman to no state of subjugation, however complete—you can surround him with no cordon of troops, however rigid may be the siege which they lay to the mountain, or the marsh fortresses of his "Captain Rock"—you can in no way break him down under the most accumulated mass of wrong—you cannot make him his own gaoler, by your "Curfew Bills," under penalties the bitterest and the heaviest—but his heart is still disposed to respond, and his voice is still disposed to raise the song of his ancestors, the song of his country, the song, as he trusts, of his own future deliverance and freedom, the bold anthem of "Erin, go Bragh!"

The Scotch have their harmonies too. They have, indeed, more than one rich stream of romantic feeling, and of impulse to song, flowing distinctly, and afterwards uniting their streams. They have that chivalric attachment, connected originally with their clanship, to the house of Stuart, which made the remote districts and fastnesses of their Highlands the place of safety for the adventurous prince of that race; which, connected with his coming there, and with his bitter struggle, such an overflow of national melody as has scarcely ever been elicited; which made it their peculiar era of song; which connected it with some of their strongest emotions: so that still, though the race of Stuart is defunct, though there is no longer the physical possibility of a pretension to the crown of Britain from that once great and numerous family, yet still they cast a longing, lingering eye back to those times, and feel as if those times were honourable to their country. These are the people to cherish song, and to make it a portion, as it were, of their very being. And then, another quality of the modern songs of Scotland, of those beautiful strains which come, not from their educated classes merely, or chiefly; but which come from their toiling men, from their artisans or ploughmen, inheriting something of the spirit of Burns with his avocation—or from their hard-wrought and depressed, and sometimes beggared weavers, like the poet Thomson—from these the strains which now flow are intermingled with another feeling. Besides that wild humour and pathos of the music that traces its origin to their Highland

minstrelsy, there is a dash of the slow, and low, and deep tones in which their psalms were chaunted, when the Covenanters, with all that is hard, and logical, and dogmatic in their religion, were made romantic by circumstances—when their long prayers were poured forth, and their long homilies were devoutly listened to for hours on the bleak hill-side—when their only sheltered places of assembling for the worship which they deemed essential to their salvation were in the caves of their mountains—when they were hunted like the hart in the wilderness, and cherished not only the intellectual forms and phases of religion, but that deep and mournful expression of it, which, mingling with the lighter and more adventurous character of their Highland songs, has produced together the rich blending of pathos and of humour, of true sentiment and of earnest feeling, which characterises the Scotch songs of the present day, and which gives to that country a name that many of the brighter stars of literature have often failed to achieve for the land to which they belong.

These are the differences which, I take it, have operated as between this country and Ireland and Scotland. But there is no doubt that, however extensive the influence of circumstances, and whatever the power of original organisation—when once the feeling is fairly started in a country, familiarity does much, and proves very often an efficient substitute, both for the original organisation, and for the peculiar circumstances. One musical generation succeeds another in some countries, because children hear songs from their infancy, in every season, whether of labour or of relaxation. It is part of the very atmosphere they breathe, and it is capable of becoming so, with cultivation, in a country which shows not innate or natural instinct. Hence, one cannot but think that it is a desirable thing, if organisation and circumstances have not done it, that cultivation should do it. It is desirable that the power of song, and that the sense of song, should be far more extended than they are in England. Therefore, I say, success to Hullah's, and to all similar schemes for propagating and diffusing, as broadly and extensively as possible, a taste and a faculty of this description. It is a diffusion of useful knowledge; it has its worth, which may be placed alongside of the worth of science; and we shall be none the worse for it when, in this country, assembled multitudes can spontaneously express their feelings and desires in happily-chosen verses, and well-adapted melodies; and when they raise, even while engaged in earnest struggle for political rights, or for the redress of social wrongs, strains, perhaps, composed by bards belonging to that great multitude itself, and no otherwise distinguished from the masses than by the inspiration which glows within them, and which has thus shown itself to the world—when they go on in their march towards freedom, chanting strains inspiring as that *Marseillois* which led on the French troops from victory to victory, until they planted the tri-color over the towers of every capital in Europe.

If we look at other races and other people, distinguished from the world by the degree in which they possess the musical faculty and the power of expression in song, we find that very different influences may lead to this one result. Italy and Germany are both now renowned for music. We do not, I think, find evidence that they were remarkable for this tendency in antiquity; it has grown up in later days, connected, perhaps, with their religion, in both countries. Luther raised

his solemn chaunt of the "Old Hundredth,"—which resounds to this day in so many places of worship,—when he went to present himself before the Diet of Worms, and to brave the perils there of whatever fate might await his bold enterprise. And in Italy, music grew as the expression of that artistical worship which the Catholic Church adopted when thus rudely assailed from without, when it was threatened to storm its fortresses and displace its dominion,—that worship of the external sense, by which it called to its aid alike the power of the painter and the musician. This gave the stimulus there; and in both countries, genius has applied itself to artistical effort, because a political career was not open to it, and those topics and efforts which have ever excited the greatest exertions of human ability, and had the strongest hold upon the human mind and heart, being denied, genius has sought in other ways to gain its crown; in other ways it has won that crown in both countries, but not to the extinction of the power or of the impulse. The idea of political freedom yet glows in the bosoms of multitudes, both of Italians and Germans; repressed by iron force on every side, they feel that their day is not yet; they endeavour to break loose only to show the world another example of martyrdom in the cause of liberty; but the divine spark is there; it does not expend itself altogether in song; it is re-acted upon by its own exertions in song; and the time will come when its genuine efforts will be shown, and we shall see, in the land that once gave laws to the whole human race, in the land where "the eternal city" reigned mistress over cities, and kingdoms, and empires, to the utmost bounds of civilisation, and that other country, of deep reflection and sturdy character, where the Roman arms were first successfully beaten back, whence issued what are called barbarian conquerors of Rome, where so much of mental courage has been shown in their philosophical and theological speculations;—the world will behold them both, one day, rising as giants from sleep. When Germany and Italy shall have achieved their national existence and independence, and their national freedom, their genius for song will glow all the more brightly; and exalted as are the names they have hitherto produced, names will be found to rival theirs; and to show that the world, with all its variety of poetical topics, can produce none that shall permanently compete, in sublimity or in comprehensiveness and influence, with the songs of Freedom.

Another race was remarkable, in very remote times, for its music. When the Jews were captives in Babylon, above 2,000 years ago, they were then famed for their song. Their masters demanded of them to sing the songs of Zion, which they indignantly refused to sing in a strange land. It is stated, that the Roman soldiers, when besieging Jerusalem, often paused to listen to the wild and solemn strains that came to them from the guards of the beleaguered city, as they paced their rounds upon its walls. And in modern times, the descendants of these people have been remarkable, most remarkable, for talent of this description. Mr. D'Israeli, in his glorification of the race from which he himself is descended, in his "Coningsby," names many of the great singers of our day as having Jewish blood in their veins, if not actually bred up in the forms and in the strictness of the Jewish religion. And they have especially shown their excellence in that touching and diversified, yet homely power, which belongs more to the song than

to the complicated music which has the admiration, the conventional admiration, of the aristocracy, and which appeals most closely and powerfully to the common heart of humanity. The great reviver, indeed, of ballad-singing in modern times, Inceledon, was a Christian; at least I infer so from the circumstance told of him, that when returning from Ireland in a terrible storm, he made a vow, that if he got safe on shore, he would go to church every Sunday. He did get safe on shore; and, falling down to return thanks, modified his vow to every Christmas-day. Still, this was evidence of his orthodox faith. A name which has eclipsed even his in that same style of singing, belongs, I believe, to genuine Judaism. I mean the name of one who, now indeed a veteran in song, yet glows with all the fire of his youthful days, and shows no abatement of that wonderful power by which he gives expression to the most varied emotions of song, by which he realises all, like pictures before the eye,—makes us hear the tramp of those "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and whom Bruce led on to victory,—and realises to the mind's eye the very scene which his melodious but powerful tones describe to the ear, and which, if free from seasickness, one would be very glad to listen to indeed, though

"Walay, all the day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!"

It has often been said,—happily, there is less truth in the reproachful saying than there used to be,—that the English nation has but two songs. One of these is a song which no nation need be ashamed of, as to the grandeur of its imagery. Assuredly, the poetical power which tells us how

"Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,"—

is power of no ordinary description; and in the various topics which are brought together there is shown the genuine discernment, and the fervent glow of the poet. And yet, there is something about it selfish and arrogant. It challenges peculiar dominion over what God and nature have created free. It stimulates insult towards others whose flags flutter in the breeze, and whose sails court it. It tells of pride and domination, rather than of a gallant spirit of brotherhood, in braving the perils of the wide and roaring ocean. And if it is to remain the national song, one would wish that this "ruling the waves," were not understood of slaughter and carnage, were never again to be a dominion that should "rule the waves" by blood-staining the waves, but one that should make its power the means of bringing from country to country the riches of each for peaceful interchange,—a ruling over the elements, not for the national supremacy and glory of one country, which is national degradation to others, but so that all the elements, whatever their nature, or whatever their powers, may render up to our common humanity their ample stores of good, their rich treasure of enjoyment, and sea and land be alike conquered and subjugated; that man, the lord of all, may from all derive whatever ministers to his physical support, to his intellectual and moral development, and to his course of interminable progress. That is one of what used to be called our only two songs. The other must find in its loyalty, if anywhere, an apology both for the words and music. The production of it is ascribed to a Dr. John Bull,—whether it is from him that the population have derived the name I don't know,—but a Dr. John Bull, or-

ganist to James the First, is said to have been the author of the music of "God save the King;" and, for aught I know, of the words too; the one is worthy of the other. Dr. Burney, in his "History of Music," describes this Dr. John Bull's compositions, and says, that he had no idea of doing anything more than putting down notes, that he had not a conception of melody, and that the sound of his strains is comparable to nothing but the continuous motion of the clapper of a mill, or the rumbling of a post-chaise. Well, thus originated a song which has served for every sovereign, from James the First to her present Majesty, Queen Victoria. The virtues that are ascribed in it to one have been successfully ascribed to others; they have been hereditary; each one who succeeded has been great and noble; and the nation has, according to this expression of its wish, very earnestly desired that the reigns of each might be prolonged in a way which, if the wish could have been granted, would have very much spoiled the chances and virtues of their successors, who, in their turns, have inherited this self-same expression. An awkward thing is implied in that song; it seems as if those who chaunt it were most earnestly bent upon God's saving the sovereign, as if that were one of the most doubtful points in the world. They intercede with the Deity, chaunt to the Deity, over and over again, as if they would hammer it into the hearing of Providence, as if salvation were wanted, not for the inheritor of all possible virtues, but for a desperate class of incorrigible sinners. And with this great overflow of Christian piety on the one hand, there is a preposterous pathos in the expression of indignation on the other.—

Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,—

and so on. That is, first, these enemies are to be scattered as if with a thunder-bolt; being thus scattered, spread abroad, dispersed, annihilated, they are to be "made to fall;" and then, after they have been scattered, and when they are fallen, their political tricks are to be frustrated, and their politics to be confounded. The pyramid stands upon the wrong end; there is a regular going down, as if a person was to be sentenced to the old punishment of treason—to be hanged till he was half dead, then to have his breast cut open, and his heart taken out and burnt before his face; and not only so, but to be whipped at the cart's-tail, or to be imprisoned for one month, and pay a fine of five shillings.

We have, indeed, had songs enjoying a considerable degree of temporary notoriety, though not so as to make good their character to be called national. Perhaps none ever obtained a wider influence for a time than the songs of Charles Dibdin. That man was a true poet, though, unfortunately for the popular taste, so far as he influenced it, a wrong-headed one, and with a bad and a false philosophy. He was the author of about 900 songs altogether; he had a most fertile genius; for he composed about 70 musical pieces, besides the music of 25 more. He was engaged at three theatres; but the delight of his muse was in the sailor's life. And that song, which the death of a dear brother of his, who died at sea, was the occasion of his producing, "Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling," would of itself be sufficient to stamp the character of a poet on its author. When not confined to the sailors' life, he showed a familiarity with, and a power of poetically

expressing, a great variety indeed of the humblest and lowliest occupations. The lamplighter the carter, the plough-boy, the flower-girl, the dustman,—these, and many more, were in his songs, but all were subordinate to the one great topic by which he threw a false glare over the naval service, as it relates to the privates in that service, by which, probably, many were led to enter, from a sentiment and a feeling, on a mode of life which, when once in it, they found a most intolerable slavery, so much so that the ships which were called in pride "the wooden walls of Old England," were described by those on board of them as so many floating hells. A growing perception on the part of the public that there was a false varnish spread over this mode of life, checked the popularity of his songs at last—restricted their influence,—made them die out, except when the stage-sailor was personated by some such talent as that of T. P. Cooke, and effected at last a reform, a very extensive reform, in the mode in which those bulwarks of our land are managed in their interior. For the truth crept out after all Dibdin's idealisations; the truth appeared when, in 1797, those mutinies broke out at Plymouth, Portsmouth, and the Nore,—that at Plymouth successfully, and the other two extinguished only with the lives of those who had taken the lead in them, and that in a way which disgusted the sympathies of the country from one end to the other, but which left a memorable lesson as to the difference between the reality and the notion that had been entertained in song. Truth, the object of the philosopher's veneration and desire,—truth, which the moralist and the teacher should ever study with the intensity of devotion,—truth, which the statesman should place before him as his guiding-star in framing the measures that are to vindicate a country's rights and liberties,—truth, which should be the substance and essence of morality with every mind,—truth is the spell of the song-writer; by this, and this alone, can he attain to the exercise of real power; and though in his compositions the humbler classes may be those to which they are addressed, yet, consulting this, he may render good service to his age and nation.

Barry Cornwall is well known to many by that popular song often heard in our streets—"The Sea!—the Sea!" There are others, as "King Death was a jolly old fellow," and other poems, not of the song kind, which I do not introduce now, because I have referred to them on former occasions, and read them in former Lectures, and especially his description of the workhouse, and the poem entitled "The Rising in the North." But in these instances, as in others, it is well to have a writer's own notion of what the object is at which he aims; and the true character of song is well delineated by Barry Cornwall in one of his own:—

Song should breathe of scents and flowers;
Song should like a river flow;
Song should bring back scenes and hours
That we loved—ah, long ago!

Song from baser thoughts should win us;
Song should charm us out of woe;
Song should stir the heart within us,
Like a patriot's friendly blow.

Pains and pleasures, all man doeth,
War and peace, and right and wrong,—
All things that the soul subdueth
Should be vanquished, too, by song.

Song should spur the mind to duty;
Nerve the weak, and stir the strong;
Every deed of truth and beauty,
Should be crowned by starry song!

When going out of the song form, he shows what is in every way characteristic of his songs

also—that strong perception of the dictates of moral truth, that lively feeling of delight in whatever is good, and that abhorrence and disgust at what disgraces a nation—which cannot fail of recommending an author to the sympathies of all who not merely appreciate genius, but who study and rejoice in its moral influences. The subject of capital punishment is very often before us—has been brought before us of late in a melancholy way—and still we see in the perspective others who are to be publicly strangled for the moral edification of the crowd collected to witness such sights. These are things against which the moralist enters his protest, against which the patriot, if he rightly understands his country's interest, raises his voice, and which the poet does well to find a place for in his verse. One of his compositions, as I said, not belonging to the class of songs, though intermingled with them in his publication, is entitled "Il Penseroso and L'Allegro," which raises a very different set of associations from those suggested by the same words in our recollection of the well-known pieces of Milton so entitled. They are a description of night and morning:—

II. PENSEROSO AND L'ALLEGRO.

Night.

Old Thames! thy merry waters run
Gloomily now, without star or sun!
The wind blows o'er thee, wild and loud,
And Heaven is in its death-black shroud;
And the rain comes down with all its might,
Darkening the face of the sullen Night.
Midnight dies! There booms a sound
From all the church-towers, thundering round:
Their echoes into each other run,
And sing out the grand Night's awful "One!"
Saint Bride—Saint Sepulchre—great Saint Paul—
Unto each other in chorus call!

Who speaks? 'Twas nothing.—the patrol grim
Moves stealthily over the pavement dim—
The debtor dreads of the gripe of the law;
The haitot goes staggering to her straw;
And the drunken robber, and beggar bold,
Laugh loud, as they limp by the Bailey Old.
Hark!—I hear the blood in a felon's heart!
I see him shiver—and heave—and start
(Does he cry?) from his last short, bitter slumber,
To find that his days have reared their number;
To feel that there comes, with the morning text,
Blind death, and the scaffold, and then—WHAT NEXT?
Sound, stormy Autumn! Brazen bell,
Unto the morning send you knell!
Mourn, Thames! keep firm your chaunt of sorrow:
Mourn, men! for a fellow-man dies to-morrow.
Alas! none mourn; none care—the debt
Of pity the whole wide world forget!

Morning.

'Tis dawn 'tis day! In floods of light
He drives back the dark and shrinking Night.
The clouds?—they're lost. The rains?—they're fled,
And the streets are alive with busy tread,
And thousands are thronging, with gossip gay,
To see how a felon will die to-day.

The thief is abroad in his last new dress,
Earning his bread in the thickest press;
The idler is there, and the painter fine,
Studying a look for his next design;
The fighter, the brawler, the drover strong;
And all curse that the felon should stay so long.

At last—he comes! With a heavy tread,
He mounts—he reels—he drops—he's dead!
The show is over!—the crowd departs,
Each with a laugh, and a merry heart.
Hark! merrily now the bells are ringing:

The Thames on his careless way is springing:
The bird on the chimney-top is singing:
Now, who will say
That Earth is not gay,
Or that Heaven is not brighter than yesterday?

The man who has thus powerfully portrayed the dreadful contrast which exists between the solemn work of an execution and the manner in which it

is presented to the public, can enter into the feelings of the loose and careless classes that hang upon society; can show the mode in which their avocations are sometimes pursued with a light and gladsome heart; can trace, in the beggar's life, the elements of song. There is a description in one of his songs of this kind, in which he depicts the roaming life of a vagabond, with its freeness, and with all that gives a zest to that freeness. He is supposed to know none of the common restraints of society, none of the deference for human will and human laws that others have, but simply to seek his own profit and enjoyment in laying his hands upon whatever can conduce to his support, and making the most of what presents itself. It is called "The Beggar's Song."

I am a merry beggar,
A beggar I was born,
Tossed about the wild world,
From evening till morn;
A plaything of the tempest,
A brother of the night,
A conjuror, a conjuror,
When 'tis merry star-light!
Oh, nothing can withstand me,
Whenever I do stoop,
From the warm heart of the housewife,
To the chicken in the coop;
From the linen of the lady,
To the ladder of the knight,
All come when I do conjure,
In the merry star-light!
I pay no tithe to parson,
Though I follow like his clerk,
For he takes his tenths by daylight,
I take mine in the dark;
I pay the king no window tax;
From some it may be right,
But all I do beneath the blue,
Is by merry star-light!
I roam from lane to common,
From city unto town,
And I tell a merry story,
To gentleman or clown;
Each gives me bed or victuals,
Or ale, that glitters bright,
Or—I contrive to borrow them
By merry star-light!
Oh, the tradesman he is rich, sirs,
The farmer well to pass,
The soldier he's a lion,
The alderman's an ass—
The courtier he is subtle, sirs,
And the scholar he is bright;
But who, like us, is ever free,
In the merry star-light!

I cannot help placing by the side of this a different version of the same mode of life, by a poet of a different country. Barry Cornwall has given us the vagabond in his style of gladsome rejoicing, when he enjoys his freedom; Berenger—with whom there is a good deal of similarity as to spirit, though he has gone more decidedly into the politics of France than Barry Cornwall into those of England—has given us the vagabond in his old age and disconsolateness. It is a picture which well deserves to be placed by the side of the other:—

THE OLD VAGABOND.

Here in the ditch my bones I'll lay;
Weak, wearied, old, the world I leave.
"He's drunk," the passing crowd will say:
'Tis well, for none will need to grieve.
Some turn their scornful heads away,
Some fling an alms in hurrying by,—
Haste—'tis the village holiday!
The aged beggar needs no help to die.
Yes! here, alone, of sheer old age
I die; for hunger slays not all.
I hoped my misery's closing page
To fold within some hospital;
But crowded thick is each retreat,
Such numbers now in misery lie.
Alas! my cradle was the street!
As he was born the aged wretch must die.

In youth, of workmen, o'er and o'er,
I've asked—"Instruct me in your trade.
"Begone!—our business is not more
Than keeps ourselves—go, beg!" they said
Ye rich, who bade me toil for bread,
Of bones your tables gave me more,
Your straw has often made my bed:—
In death I lay no curses at your door.

Thus, poor, I might have turned to theft:—
No!—better still for aims to pray!
At most, I've plucked some apple, left
To ripen near the public way
Yet weeks and weeks, in dungeons laid
In the king's name, they let me pine;
They stole the only wealth I had, —
Though poor and old, the sun, at least, was mine.

What country has the poor to claim?
What boots to me your corn and wine,
Your busy toil, your vaunted fame,
The senate where your speakers shine?
Once, when your homes, by war o'erswept,
Saw strangers batten on your land,
Like any puling fool, I wept!
The aged wretch was nourished by their hand.

Mankind! why trod you not the worm,
The noxious thing, beneath your heel?
Ah! had you taught me to perform
Due labour for the common weal!
Then, sheltered from the adverse wind,
The worm and ant had learned to grow;
Ay,—then I might have loved my kind:—
The aged beggar dies your bitter toe!

So will beggary terminate, or any form of wretchedness, when it is trodden to the dust. Well is it that for such wretchedness, wherever found, the poet has a voice; and Barry Cornwall has not only raised his for the beggar, but he has made us comprehend what the felon feels; and one of his most powerful songs is the chaunt of a number of convicts, who are supposed to be rowing in their boat towards the vessel which is to bear them to the penal colony of their destination. He supposes them to chaunt this chorus:—

Row us fast! Row us fast!
Tiall's o'er and sentence past.
Here's a whistle for those who tried to blind us,
And a curse on all we leave behind us

Farewell, juries—jailors—friends
(Traitors to the close!)
Here the felon's danger ends.
Farewell, bloody fines!
Farewell, England! We are quitting
Now thy dungeon doors.
Take our blessing, as we are flitting—
"A curse upon thy shores!"

Farewell, England, honest nurse
Of all our wants and sins!
What to thee's the felon's curse?
What to thee who wins?
Murder thrive in thy cities,
Famine through thine isle
One may cause a dozen ditties,
But t'other scarce a smile.

Farewell, England—tender soil,
Where babes who leave the breast,
From morning into midnight toil,
That pride may be proudly drest!
Where he who's right and he who swerveth
Meet at the goal the same;
Where no one hath who he deserveth,
Not even in empty fame!

So, fare-thee-well, our country dear,
Our last wish ere we go,
Is—May your heart be never clear
From tax, nor tithes, nor woe!
May they who sow o'ertrap for others,
The hundred for the one!
May friends grow false, and twin-born brothers,
Each hate his mother's son!

May pains and forms still fence the place
Where justice must be taught!
So he who's poor must hide his face,
And he who thinks—his thought!
May Might o'er Right be crowned the winner,
The head still o'er the heart;
And the Saint be still so like the Sinner,
You'll not know them apart!

May your traders grumble when bread is high,
And your farmers when bread is low:
And your pauper brats, scarce two feet high.
Learn more than your nobles know!
May your sick have foggy or frosty weather,
And your convicts all short throats,
And your blood-covered bankers o'er hang together,
And tempt ye with one-point notes!

And so, with hunger in your jaws,
And peril within your breast,
And a bar of gold to guard your laws,
For those who pay the best,
Farewell to England's woe and weal!—
For our better, so bold and blithe;
May they never want, when they want a meal.
A poem to take their title!

I should not do justice were I to close the quotations without some of a different nature, to show the gentleness, the exquisite tenderness and gentleness, which the writer of these stern words in the character of the desperate pours into his song when it becomes the language of his own heart. There is one—"a home song"—a little fireside ditty, that could not be put forward as a thing of very high pretensions; but it breathes so sincerely the soul of a kindly mind, enjoying its own fireside, that I shall make it serve as a specimen of these other qualities:—

A PETITION TO TIME.

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide down thy stream
Gently,—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost,—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not pond nor soaring wings
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim unbounded sea,
Seeking only some calm climate,
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

With one more I shall finish these quotations, and I take it from the old edition; for I must now, as has happened more than once in these lectures, refer to poems which the authors have suppressed, one knows not why, except it be from their superabundant richness. It is "A Song of our Fatherland;"—

Hurrah! Here's a health to the land,
Brave brothers, wherein we were born;
Here's a health to the friend that we love!
Here's a heart for the man that's forlorn
Let us drink unto all
Who help us or lack us,
From the child and the poor man,
To Ceres or Bacchus;
And to Plenty (thrice over!) not forgetting his horn!

Here's a health to the sun in the sky;
To the corn,—to the fruit in the ground;
To the fish—to the brute—to the bird;
To the vine—may it spread and abound!
To good fellows and friends
Whom we love or who love us,

Far off us, or near us,
Below, or above us;
For a friend is a gem, wheresoever he's found!

Here's a curse on bad times that are past!
Were they better—but now they're no more!
So, here's to all good,—may it last!
And a health to the Future—thrice o'er!
May the hope that we look upon
Never deceive us!

May the spirit of good
Never fail us or leave us!
But stand up like a friend that is true to the core!

Ambition,—oh, lay it in dust!
Revenge,—'tis a snake: let it die!
And for Pride—let it feed on a crust,
Though sweet Pity look out from the sky!

But Wisdom and Hope,
And the *lowest* endeavour—
May they smile on us now,
And stand by us for ever.

Fast friends, wheresoever the tempest shall fly!

I fear I have done very imperfect justice to the varied talent of this writer, especially in his songs; but these are not critical lectures. I bring the names of poets forward here, to ascertain and to appreciate the services which they render to the community—their services to the cause of political freedom and of human progress; and all serve that cause who teach us to shrink back and recoil from vindictive and useless punishments—who teach us to sympathise with our fellow-creatures, whatever their modes of existence, or the humility of their occupation—who teach us to look on mankind with a heart of human brotherhood, and in the spirit of universal love. They who do this, render service; and this is the spirit of poetry—would that it were the spirit of all things else! Would that the unimaginativeness that realises others' sensations, that the vivacity of feeling, and the keenness of perception, which can make the quiet bard in his study know how throbs the heart of him who is fevered by want, famine, or crime; would that that were the portion, not of poets only, but of the wealthier classes, all of them; would that it taught them the vanity of mere difference of station, the foolishness of the vaunt of those glittering things in which they so often place their notions of happiness—that it made them feel for the outcast, for those who are perishing whilst they are talking—that it brought them to some sense of what belongs to our common humanity. Would that there were this power of realisation, this attribute of the poet, in those who have more immediate contact with the children of industry and toil—in capitalists and in masters, that they might perceive that they are dealing with things of flesh and blood, and of like passions with themselves—that they might not make their calculations on human beings as they do on bags of cotton, and measure the strength of toiling men as they calculate the power of wood or iron in their steam-engines. Did they do this, there would be an abatement of those class animosities that rage so in our land. Different orders of men would not be appealing to Parliament one against the other, each struggling as if to gain something by its advance against the other; but they would be at one amongst themselves, in their different orders and grades. The capitalist would be a sort of Captain of Industry, as Carlyle calls him, studying how to gain the affections of his labourers, as well as to secure their obedience; regarding his lot as blended with theirs, though events have made them subservient to one another—he to their wages, and they to his profits; and both ready to show a united and determined front in resistance to oppression of any kind, and for the assertion of national rights. Would that there were more of this spirit in statesmen. We should not then have laws which, while they profess to be laws of charity and kindness for the relief of destitution, subject men to insult and injury, and occasion such enormities as have been brought of late before the public—occasioning even the sacrifice of life itself for the sordid saving of a few shillings to the rate-payers of a parish. There would not then be a speaking against time, a wearing out of night after night, and of week after week, in legislative assemblies, while famine is moving on with sure and giant step, and beginning already to display its malignant influences by calling up the horrors of fever, threatening to lay a whole nation, as it were, under

interdict; but, to show their sense of wretchedness and suffering, legislators would hasten, with the rapidity of lightning, to throw open the gates of plenty by free importation, and to provide every possible relief, instead of seeking, by coercive and threatening laws, to keep down the expression of desperation, whilst the reality of the feeling is stimulated in millions of human beings.

The quality of the poet would enrich mankind in all departments. Those who wield the power of money, those who exercise the functions of law, and those who direct the influences and administer the teachings of religion—all would lose their coldness and their stateliness—all would feel brothers' hearts beating within their bosoms, could they realise as the poet does, and blend the feeling impulse with the calculations, or the ambitious desires, by which men direct their own progress. It is this characteristic of poetry that renders it so valuable to the world, and that constitutes the poet the world's benefactor. For the test applied by these Lectures is a severe one. We have tried the poets, not by what they profess in their own art; we have not tried them by the laws of the human mind as to the development of fancy and imagination; we have not tried them by the beauty of their descriptions; but we have brought them to the test of utility, of public good—and they have stood the test. Not one has failed. There is not one but I have shown cause in his or her writings, why it is good for mankind that they have written. They have stood the test; and who else would stand it so well? Would our philosophers even? Have they not often betrayed a more mischievous tendency than can be ascribed to any form of poetry, and one more bewildering and misleading? Have our military heroes? Who could recommend them as good subjects to pass unharmed through this test? What rank, what class, what degree, could bear this strict test as the poets have borne it? I repeat again, not one; not one of these classes could bear it as all the poets do; not one would come out of it clearly public benefactors, entitled to our veneration and our love. Not the law, with all its array—from its wigged judges to the meanest tipstaff that belongs to its ceremonies; not Government, through all its varied functions—from the premier to the lowest secretary that drudges in the office; not the army, with all its grandeur, and its boast of laurels, laurels stained with blood: none of them will bear it—no, not even the bench of bishops—not all the prelates of Christendom—nor the potentates that occupy the thrones of Europe.

SONNET TO W. J. FOX, ESQ.

[Extract from a letter to the Editor:—"Pray allow a working man to offer a testimony, whose truth is felt by so many of us."]

I look around on all who labour on
For man's regeneration, but I see
None whom we owe a greater debt than thee—
Fox! of the manly mind and fervid tone!
Above thy compeers dost thou stand alone,
Urging with bold originality
Truths, whose practical results may be
Applied to daily life as soon as known;
Guiding our reason; stirring up our minds,
Exploding superstitions; claiming rights;
Leading the thoughts to dwell on the refind,
The beautiful, the noble—which excites
And softens also; and at once unites
The sympathies and hopes of human kind.

HENRY FRANK LOTT.

LETTERS ON LABOUR TO THE WORKING MEN OF ENGLAND.

By WILLIAM HOWITT

LETTER FIRST.
ON THE TRUE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN,

King Solomon said there was a time for everything. The time for labour to enjoy the full fruits of its creation has certainly been somewhat long in coming. Six thousand years are a long course to run before the time comes to that magnificent Power, the Titan Labour, to sit down at his own board, and to share with his own guests in honour and equality, in all that superb pile of luxuries with which he has heaped the table of the universe. Labour, patient and unambitious, has too long been content to do its work of beneficence in the earth without asserting its own personal rights. It has been content to be misunderstood and misused, so that it were permitted to go on fulfilling the commission of God, in preparing food, raiment, and shelter for the millions of his creatures. It has been content to be treated as a drudge, and regarded as a slave, while it is in reality a prince and a demigod. The Latin poet saw this when he addressed to the bees and to other toiling creatures those admirable verses,

Sic vos non vobis,

the burden of which is, "Thus do you labour but not for yourselves." But there are signs of the times which proclaim that this long period of too patient and degraded drudgery is coming to an end. Labour, that all-enduring creature, is itself roused by the magnitude of the wrongs that have been put upon it. It sees that it can no longer fulfil God's commission for achieving the comfort of his creatures by patient endurance alone, for that endurance is taken advantage of to monopolise its labours for the many to the benefit of a few. The millions for whom it is especially sent upon earth, it beholds in want and misery, and the long dream of Labour is broken. He has heard himself hailed by a nickname that has excited even his indignation—Labour in Vain! Labour knows that he was not sent down from heaven in vain, and it is from heaven that he comes. No heavenly gift is in vain; its object is heavenly as its origin is. He knows that God does not create for the few, but for the millions, and it is Labour himself that now calls on these millions to help him to set himself and them right in the world.

In other and plainer words, my fellow countrymen, as every evil, carried to its extreme, effects its own cure, the miseries which the millions suffer in the present day, while the world is every day filled fuller of wealth by their exertions, have at length roused them to consider, how this is? and why this is? and they have come to see that it is simply because they have not listened sufficiently to the fable of the Bundle of Sticks. They have not sought by co-operation to conquer from capital and education their own rights. But education, as well as misery, has now made good progress amongst the people, and there are thousands and millions who see clearly enough that they must combine for their rescue, or be wretched to the end

of the world. It is not now, indeed, that this great truth has been preached for the first time to the multitude. For nearly half a century great and warning voices have been raised; and great, yes, gigantic exertions have been made by generous individuals for the introduction of this great saving principle of popular co-operation; but it is only now that that principle seems to have worked itself free from the errors of inexperience, from the crotchets which beset too often the brain of the very best enthusiasm, and to have arrived at the true path of its progress, on the true field of its operation. The labours of Robert Owen, and the attempts of Trades' Unions, great and invaluable as they both are as experiments in the infancy of co-operative efforts for the enfranchisement of Labour, have certainly not reached the sources of the evil against which they are directed. Of these we will speak hereafter. It is enough at this moment that they do not array the multitude in one great body, do not animate it with one great spirit, without which nothing great can be effected, far less this mightiest of all revolutions ever contemplated—the Enfranchisement of Labour. This is a revolution which will, when once carried out, reorganise the whole system of society, by the simple operation of insuring to labour its own gains. But for this purpose, it is not enough that the multitude avows its conviction that "Knowledge is Power," nor that "Union is Strength;" it must also feel that, in this day above all things, "CAPITAL IS SOVEREIGNTY!"

There is already an immense mass of knowledge amongst the people in this country; in no country, spite of the irregularity of education, is there so much. There is, moreover, amongst them, the melancholy knowledge of their sufferings—but notwithstanding this, they must impress it deeply and durably on their hearts, that that knowledge is not power which does not enable them to enter into and to maintain union; that that union is not strength which does not enable them to accumulate capital! It is capital which has thrust down labour to its present condition; and it is capital, accumulated in the hands of labour, which must raise it again. In vain will millions associate for the noblest object if they associate without capital. Look round, my countrymen, and see if you can discover one great victory which has been won over its enemies by poverty. Every great achievement in this country, however just, however philanthropic, however glorious, has been won by capital. The abolition of West Indian Slavery: what achieved that, after twenty years of the most gigantic efforts that ever were made in any age or nation, by the greatest intellects and most eloquent tongues, and most zealous hearts, combined for a resplendent object? Twenty millions of English capital! The aristocracy of England; how did they win their wonderful ascendancy in this country—over its constitution and its funds? By their accumulation of capital in land. And what has again reared itself in the face of aristocracy as a new and, to them, terrible power, and is about to abolish their corn and other tyrannic laws? Capital in the hands of the manufacturers! Would the League have triumphed without its funds? Would the aristocracy have cared one jot for it—would it have deigned to think of it, just and national as was its object, if it had not had its League-fund? It was when it subscribed its £100,000 that it first, and at once, struck terror into the men of acres. Where are the victories of the Chartists? Where the victories of any combinations of the people for the most legitimate or constitutional of objects?

They are yet to come, for they have not yet come into the field backed by capital—that general more victorious than Wellington or Napoleon. Knowledge, my countrymen, is great; Union is great; Moral Power is great; but Capital is, in some respects, at least, greater than them all.

It is, therefore, because I see an earnest disposition now showing itself amongst the people to accumulate capital for the legitimate object of enfranchising labour, that I desire to address a few words to you. I propose to direct your attention, just at present, chiefly to three things. The true rank and dignity of Labour; the powers of Labour; and the application of those powers. In the present Letter I shall confine myself to the first of those subjects.

It is of the highest importance that the false ideas of labour should be corrected; that the mischievous prejudices which have from age to age prevailed, and still do prevail regarding it, should be demolished; and that labour should be made to assert its true rank and value in the public estimation.

From the foundation of the world there has been a tendency to look down upon labour, and upon those who live by it, with contempt, as though it were something mean and ignoble. This is one of those vulgar prejudices which have arisen from considering everything vulgar that was peculiar to the multitude. Because the multitude have been suffered to remain too long rude and ignorant, everything associated with their condition has been confounded with the circumstances of this condition. The multitude were, in their rudeness and ignorance, mean in the public estimation, and the labour of their hands was held to be mean too. Nay, it has been said that labour is the result of God's primary curse, pronounced on man for his disobedience. But that is a great mistake. God told Adam that the ground was cursed for his sake, but not that his labour was cursed. He told him that in the sweat of his face he should eat his bread till he returned to the ground. But so far from labour partaking of the curse, it was given him as the means of triumphing over the curse. The ground was to produce thorns and thistles, but labour was to extirpate these thorns and thistles, and to cover the face of the earth with fruit-trees and bounteous harvests. And Labour has done this; Labour has already converted the earth, so far as its surface is concerned, from a wilderness into a paradise. Man eats his bread in the sweat of his face, but is there any bread so sweet as that, when he has only nature to contend with, and not the false arrangements of his fellow-men? So far is labour from being a curse, so far is it from being a disgrace, it is the very principle which, like the winds of the air, or the agitation of the sea, keeps the world in health. It is the very life-blood of society, stirring in all its veins, and diffusing vigour and enjoyment through the whole system. Without man's labour, God had created the world in vain! Without our labour, all life, except that of the rudest and most savage kind, must perish. Arts, civilisation, refinement and religion must perish. Labour is the grand pedestal of God's blessings upon earth: it is more—like man and the world itself—it is the offspring and the work of God.

So then, Labour, instead of being the slave and the drudge, is *really* the prince and the dervogod. It is no mean species of action, but it is, in truth, a *divine principle of the universe*, issuing from the bosom of the Creator, and for the achievement of

his most glorious purpose, the happiness of all his creatures. Who was and is the first great labourer? It is God himself! In the far depths of the unexplored eternity of the past, God began his labours. He formed world after world, and poised them in infinite space, in the beautiful language of Shelley, like

Islands in the ocean of the world.

From that time to the present there is every rational cause to believe that he has gone on labouring. He is the great labourer of eternity: and it is the highest of possible honours to be admitted to labour with him. There is no patent of nobility which can confer a glory like this. When he had finished his labour on our planet, his last and noblest work being man, he conferred on him a partnership in his labours. He handed down to him the great chain of Labour, and bade him encircle the world with it. He elected us as his successors here; and from that time to this, the great family of man has gone on labouring with head and hand in a myriad of ways, carrying out, by the unceasing operations of intellect and mechanic skill, by invention, and construction, the designs of the Almighty for the good of his creatures. Can there positively be a sight more delightful to the great unseen but watchful Father of the Universe, than that of all his countless rational creatures, busy at the beneficent scheme of boundless labours, out of which springs the gladness of all life?

After the lapse of thousands of years, and when the cunning and the proud had cast a base stigma on that which God had created good and the medium of good, Christ came, and what were his remarkable words? "MY FATHER WORKETH UNTIL NOW, AND I WORK!" Thus again, the revelation of the Gospel was also a grand revelation of the dignity of Labour. It was acknowledged to be a principle exercised by the Divinity itself. Every one who laboured was made to appear, not the slave of man, but the fellow-labourer of God. Where then is the meanness of labour? If God himself does not disdain to use it, shall we? If God seems even to glory in his labours, shall we be ashamed of ours? No! Labour is, as we have asserted, a divine principle of the universe; it is the most honourable thing on the earth, and next to God himself, it is the most ancient in heaven.

All honour then to Labour, the offspring of Deity; the most ancient of ancients, sent forth by the Almighty into these nether worlds; the most noble of nobles! Honour to that divine principle which has filled the earth with all the comforts and joys, and affluence that it possesses, and is undoubtedly the instrument of happiness wherever life is found. Without Labour—what is there? Without it there were no world itself. Whatever we see or perceive—in heaven or on the earth—is the product of labour. The sky above us, the ground beneath us, the air we breathe, the sun, the moon, the stars—what are they? The product of Labour. They are the labours of the Omnipotent, and all our labours are but a continuance of His! Our work is a divine work. We carry on what God began. We build up, each in his own vocation, the grand fabric of human honour and human happiness, exercising all our faculties and powers, physical and intellectual, and the result is—What?

The scenic of all our glories, the sum of all our achievements as a race, everything which history can tell, which art has accomplished, which science has exhumed from the depths of oblivious dark-

ness, which embellishes our abodes, and animates us to still greater victories in the cause of man and mind.

What a glorious spectacle is that of the labour of man upon the earth! It includes everything in it that is glorious. Look round, my friends, and tell me what you see that is worth seeing that is not the work of your hands, and of the hands of your fellows—the multitude of all ages?

What is it that felled the ancient forests and cleared vast morasses of other ages? That makes green fields smile in the sun, and corn rustling in the breezes of heaven, whisper of plenty and domestic joy? What raised first the hut, and then the cottage, and then the palace? What filled all these with food and furniture—with food simple and also costly; with furniture of infinite variety, from the three-legged stool to the most magnificent cabinet and the regal throne? What made glass, and dyed it with all the hues of rainbows or of summer sunsets? What constructed presses, and books, and filled up the walls of libraries, every inch of which contained a mass of latent light hoarded for the use of ages? What took the hint from the split walnut-shell, which some boy floated on the brook, and set on the flood first the boat, and then the ship, and has scattered these glorious children of man, the water-walking ships, over all the oceans of the world, and filled them with the produce of all lands, and the machinery and steam of profoundest inventions? What has made the wide sea like a great city street, where merchants are going to and fro full of eager thoughts of self accumulation, but not the less full of international blessings? What has made the land like one great garden, laid down its roads that run like veins to every portion of the system of life, cut its canals, cast up its lines of railways, and driven along them in fire and vapour the awful but beneficial dragons of modern enterprise? What has piled up all our cities with their glittering and exhaustless wealth, their splendid utensils, their paintings, their mechanic wonders, all serving domestic life, and its beloved fireside delights? Labour! Labour! Labour! it is labour, and your labour, men of the multitude, that has done it all!

True, the wise ones tell us that it is intellect that has done it. And all honour to Intellect! It is not I nor you, fellow workers, who will attempt to rob the royal power of intellect of one iota of his renown. Intellect is also a glorious gift of the Divinity—a divine principle in the earth. We set Intellect at the head of Labour, and bid it lead the way to all wonders and discoveries: but we know that Intellect cannot go alone. Intellect cannot separate itself from Labour. Intellect has also its labour; and in its most abstract and cerebral form cannot develop itself without the co-operation of its twin-brother Labour. When Intellect exerts itself, when it thinks, and invents, and discovers, it then labours. Through the medium of Labour it does all that it does; and upon Labour it is perfectly dependant to carry out all its mechanical operations. Intellect is the head—Labour the right hand. Take away the hand, and the head is a magazine of knowledge and fire that is sealed up in eternal darkness.

Such are the relationships of Labour and Intellect; and even in those cases where Labour appears to have had assigned to it the simplest task of merely manufacturing articles for which Intellect has given the complete model, nay, of merely performing the most routine operations in work-

shop or field—who shall separate Intellect even from that ordinary Labour? Who shall say that Intellect is not every moment raising itself up in these operations, and advancing them to something more perfect? There is scarcely a man that labours on the very high roads that is not at the moment exercising some portion of intellect on his work. There is no man that has not an intellect as well as a pair of hands. Thus Labour introduces itself in all things; and in a thousand instances has gone on improving, advancing, and utilitising the works of genius and intellect. In all the arts by which society is governed, guided, instructed, and aroused, Labour has done great deeds, and has been an indispensable agent; in law, in politics, in philosophy, poetry, and general education, what an immense amount of labour has been expended—what an immense amount of its exertions he condensed!

Shall Labour, then, the twin-brother of Intellect, and the great father of all mental works and movements, that which raises armies, and clothes and arms them, and brings them into the field, and crowns them with victory, which builds the very trophies by which these victories are commemorated; shall Labour, which builds the shrine of peace, and spreads the banquet of domestic affection, and raises the temples where grateful man adores the Great All-Father—the Father of all spirits and blessings; shall this divine principle, which has filled the world with peace and beauty and music, be still treated as a helot and a slave? Away with the delusion! Let Labour have its due honour, and it will soon have its due advantage. Let no man, however lowly be his position, however simple and confined the sphere of work given him, regard himself with contempt. Let him still look up to heaven and say, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." It is from the ranks of labour that of late years have risen the discoverers of new principles and the constructors of new mechanical agents. There is one step further, and Labour will have arrived at the epoch from which it shall date its enjoyment of its own produce. From the ranks of Labour must arise the constructors of that social machinery which shall ensure the accumulation of popular capital.

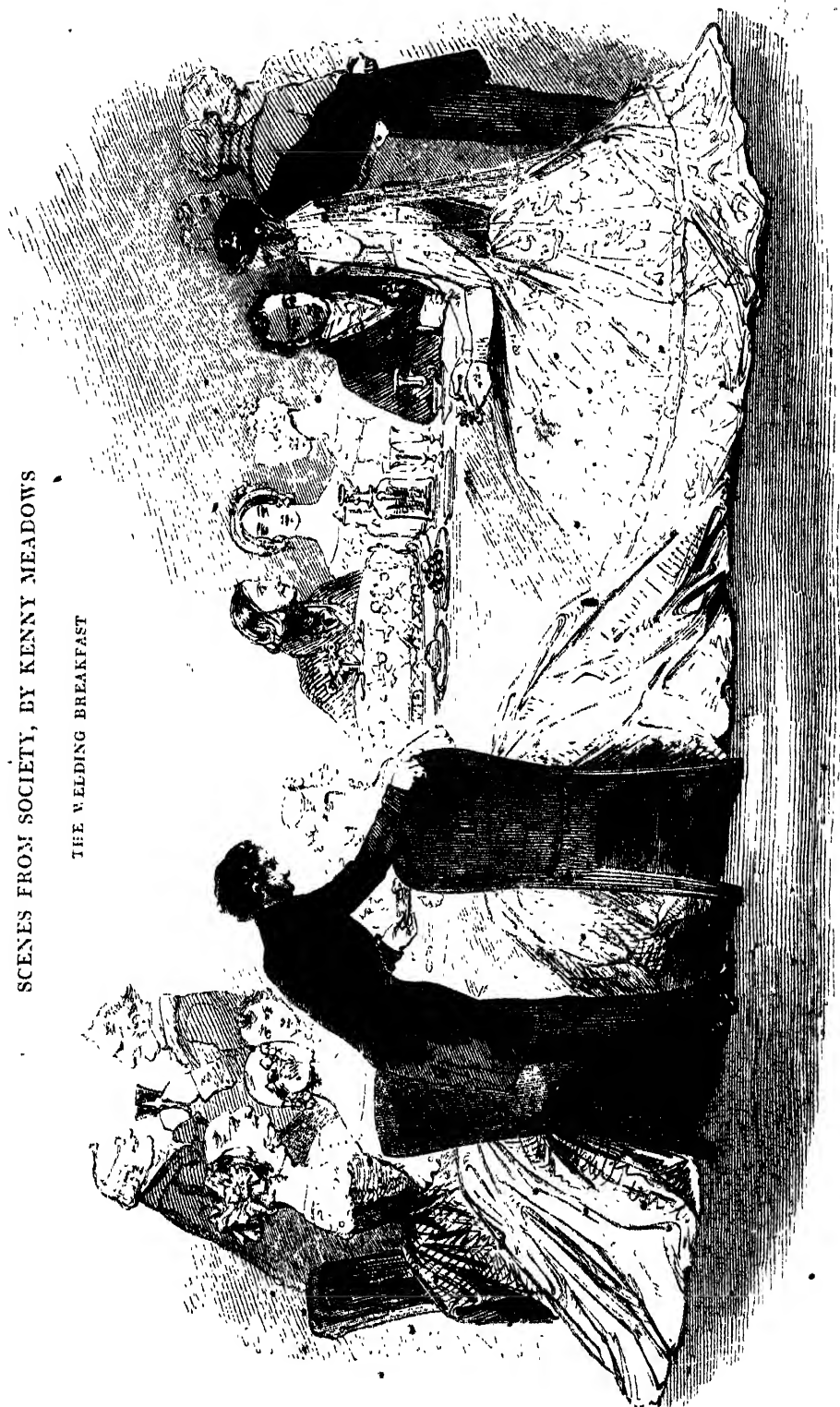
Shall Labour still continue to sow the wind and reap the whirlwind? to fetch water in a sieve? to perpetuate the memory of Sisyphus by rolling the heavy stone of exertion up the hill of difficulty, merely for it to rebound again to the bottom? shall it fill the world with plenty, and starve its own millions of children? shall it still be a blind Samson grinding in the mill of its enemies? No! To suppose that were to suppose that the workers of this country, men, women, and children, have learned nothing from their years of unspeakable starvation, oppression, and suffering. It has been well said by the Leeds Redemption Society, "that social combination is the test of civilisation, as disintegration is the badge of savage life." The path of successful combination is beget, it must not be denied, with huge difficulties and dangers, which it will be our business hereafter to point out and deal with. Here I pause for the present. Reflect working men, and working women of England, on the real rank and dignity of Labour, and you will be prepared to listen more eagerly to the Powers which exist in that great principle. Till then I remain

• Your friend and fellow labourer,

WILLIAM HOWITT.

SCENES FROM SOCIETY, BY KENNY MEADOWS

THE WELDING BREAKFAST



THE WEDDING BREAKFAST.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

MEN and women are born, and marry, and die. 'Tis the beginning, the middle, and the end of our earthly being. True, some folks there be who pass from one extremity to another, managing to skip the middle; but to the mass, amongst whom there is marriage and giving in marriage, what day is there more important—more fraught with deep feelings and longing hopes, than that which sees them, as it were, pass the half-way house of life—than that on which bridal-bells sound a medium tone between the joyous chime which welcomed the first-born to the world—and the knell which shall herald his departure?

Bridal-bells! The very phrase comes with a silvery ring on the ear—a melodious overture to the life-long opera on which the curtain is about to rise. Do the first sweet tones, strike a key-note which shall run unbrokenly on throughout? Do these harmonious bells chime forth a prelude to a domestic life to “go as merry” as their music? Are the echoes of that well-tuned peal to be heard and felt, for years and years, in the merry laugh, and cheerful tattle, and beaming glance of household love? Or, do the bells lie in their gleesome promptings? Are they the frolicsome prelude to a dismal drama? Do they ring a dirge disguised? Is this blythe day—for even the tears shed sparkle in the gleam of a hopeful future—but the deceitful dawn of a dreary time? Is this fresh opening vision of promise but the mocking mist which hides the dread reality of a joyless home and a broken heart!

We will not think it. We shall be merry as the occasion—hopeful as the time. Marriage-bells shall chime in with the twang of starting champagne-corks, and merry phrases, and hopeful words, and gleesome hints, telling more than the words speak, and joyous nothings, trivial at other times but pleasant then—all mingling, all blending with the half-heard sound of girlish laughter; this it is which shall make up the exhilarating atmosphere of the scene—which shall sparkle, and glitter, and delight—the spirit, the essence, the floating charm of the Wedding Breakfast.

'Tis done—Emily, or Mary, or Lucy. The priest's voice is still ringing in your ears. They were solemn accents those, which have, as it were, changed your very being as your name. “For better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death you do part.” You are no longer your own, fair girl. The nearest ties are slackened, for you are bound by one which presses still closer. The old home is no longer for you. Another waits you. Even between the holy relationship of father and mother, brother and sister, a being rises dearer than all. You have turned the great corner of your life; a new road lies before you—new sympathies, new feelings, new thoughts, new emotions, new duties. You feel this. In the midst of all the tremulous sweet flutter of the time, there is something which still sits heavy in your inmost heart. Not that you would fling away the burthen—'tis a pleasing pain—but you are conscious it is there. You listen, half-laughingly, half-tearfully, to the joyous buzz around you. You hear, all-tunelessly, the words breathed by your lover-husband in your ear, yet the gleams of sunshine in your heart are ever and anon darkened, as by a cold grey mist, when a furtive glance catches your mother's eyes, all

anxiously, yearningly fixed upon her child—her child no longer—and when the thought of the old familiar home, so soon to be quitted, comes with a death-qualm upon the soul. Else why, fair bride, why that posture? We see not your face—but your attitude, and your slightly downcast head, and the hands which mechanically hold the bouquet all tremblingly in their light grasp, and the eye, mayhap, as unwittingly fixed on that now significant ornament, that hoop of gold, girding a white finger, the emblem of the bond passed round you, the little circle in which is grasped a happy or a dreary future. May it be the symbol, the lucky guerdon of all peace, until the new gold be dimmed, and the white soft finger belongs to a dry, and shrunken, and tremulous hand, which is placed upon a grandchild's head!

But while the bride muses wistfully, and when she speaks, speaks as though the voice and the soul went not together—all is merry around her. There is no more capital time for flirtation than the Wedding Breakfast. 'Tis so pleasant an opportunity for broaching those delightful topics on which ladies will not be explicit, until confession after confession is drawn from them by a sort of laughing torture—a rack of sly promptings, and downright impudent questionings. The bridesmaids, in especial, are subjected to this ordeal. We would almost undertake to report the whispered conversation between the gentleman—decidedly an eligible young man—who is leaning upon the back of the chair in the foreground, and the lady to whom he is addressing those delightful nothings which always mean something.

The words, of course, are whispered.

“And your turn, Miss Bridlington?”

“Now, don't be foolish!”

“When is the promotion to take place?”

“What promotion?”

“From a bridesmaid to a bride.”

“'Tis a brevet rank—I'll none of it.”

“I agree with Momus.”

“With respect to what has the God of Jokes that honour?”

“With respect to his plan for framing and glazing windows in the human heart. Had you been so constructed, you would have been afraid to have made such an answer.”

“Impudent! Think you, that even although humanity were made so transparent, we women would not have tact to keep the curtains drawn upon our windows?”

“Or that we men would not have the acuteness to know what was going on behind the shade?”

“Brighten your vision by a glass of champagne, and go and discuss politics with those two happy old gentlemen there, who will be sure to improve your mind, if not your manners.”

And so on, *ad infinitum*.

Only that we must correct Miss Bridlington's error. The two old gentlemen in question, with whom the reader must have made acquaintance long ago, are not talking politics; corn and coercion are both happily banished from the Wedding Breakfast. They are talking, probably, about something they do not very well know what; but it makes them laugh and chuckle and feel as if they dispatched ten years of the long life which has rolled over each with every glassful of the creaming, sparkling wine. They are evidently two of the friends of the family—for all we know—uncles of the bride or bridegroom, or of both: at all events, they are hearty old cocks—very pleasant to be acquainted with. Steady goers, no doubt. Respectability, in fact, shines out of

every button of their dress-coats. But they are no ascetics. They have no connection at all with the surly old uncles occasionally seen on the stage—a species of ogres partially civilised, and induced to wear trousers. Not they. They pat children on the head, and like above all things to give them a treat to the play at Christmas time. Then their performances at that same season under the mistletoe are perfectly *shaking*. Everybody wonders why they have never got married. They seem somehow or other to have missed by chance. They are the idols of a whole troop of little god-sons and god-daughters. They, and cosy old uncles like them, it is who support half the toy-shops of the Lowther Arcade. And they make more valuable presents too. We warrant the wardrobe of the bride, or her jewel-case, is none the worse off that she calls one of them her uncle. A score of years back he bought her a doll. "He has watched her ever since. She has sat on his knee a child—hung on his arm a girl—and she looks on him—she said so this very marriage-morning—as a second father. He was impudent enough to reply that he hoped she would look to him—of course, all in good time—for a god-father. She turned round to hide the blush and smile which came together, while he in his coolness wheeled off to tell the joke to the old uncle No. 2. That is what they are actually laughing about at this moment. Those depraved elderly gentlemen—as Mark Tapley would say—do come out so strong at Wedding Breakfasts.

There are but two additional figures to whom we would devote a word—the father and the mother of the bride. You see them before the depraved old uncles. They sit silent and happy—their thoughts and their eyes on their child. She has been a good daughter—she will be a good wife. They have told her husband so; although assuredly he needed no such assurance to make him believe it. No doubt a shade of sadness clouds the joyousness of the time. But 'tis only a shade, just enough to temper, not to veil the heart's sunshine. Occasionally, too, glimpses of a similar day—some twenty years ago, or further back still—are recalled. The father whispers his recollections of that old, long thought-of, well-beloved time, and the mother smiles—smiles joyously, proudly. Ah, she was then the image of her daughter now; and "you, papa," she adds in a whisper to her "John Anderson my Joe,"—"you were not quite such a foolish old man, dear, as now."

"Foolish old man, Mrs. Plumly! foolish old man, indeed! Come now—"

A tremendous knocking on the table, and loud cries of "hear, hear!"

Uncle John, the bride's uncle, is on his legs,—
 "Ladies and gentlemen (applause), I beg permission to propose a toast (hear, hear, and bravo, from both sides of the table). I assert my privilege—I am rather accustomed to this sort of thing. I have so many idle young nephews and pretty baggages of nieces (oh, oh, and cheers), who will get married whether anybody pleases or no (a voice, "Quite right," and cheers), that the only consolation I have on these occasions is to propose prosperity to the young married couple (thunders of applause). I have never been caught in the matrimonial way myself—which I regret (hear, hear, from the ladies), principally on account of the female sex (hear, hear, from the gentlemen). But really I do think, if I were fifty years or so younger, or Miss Emily Plumly—(oh, oh)—I beg pardon, Mrs. John Joliffe (cheers) fifty years

or so older (loud symptoms of disapprobation)—Ah, well, I see you don't like that. I am sorry, however, to state my belief that she is likely to be older before I become younger. But what I mean to say was—that—you understand—had matters been otherwise—in short—there is no use mincing the matter, I envy my friend John Joliffe his sweet little wife (cheers). For, gentlemen, I have known her, and can appreciate her; and a better (cheers), kinder (louder cheers), more loveable (still louder cheers), and more loving being, never from the sphere of a dutiful daughter entered on that of a dutiful wife (the superlative of cheering). And I know John Joliffe too; and all I will say of him, and the highest compliment I can pay to him is, to assure you that he is worthy of his good fortune (great applause). Gentlemen, the young pair are impatient to be off. 'Tis very natural. Let us then drink all happiness to the wedded couple—upstanding, with all the honours, and one cheer more for the bride."

And mingling in the spirit our voice with the glad burst of shouting which hails the conclusion of Uncle John's oration, we too join heart and soul in the "one cheer more for the bride."

SOME ACCOUNT OF A FRENCH THEORY OF ASSOCIATION.

BY TITO L'AGLIARDINI.

(Concluded from page 196.)

ORGANISATION OF LABOUR.

In all agricultural and manufacturing arts, it is universally admitted that the most minute subdivision of labour adds considerably to the quantity and quality of the produce; thus every pin, to be perfect, is made to pass through the hands of no less than ten persons; or, in other words, the pin-manufacture is divided into ten different branches or series; but at what a price is the perfection of the produce attained! The workman devoted for months, years, his whole life to the exercise of only one of his faculties; and generally condemned to carry on monotonous and deadly occupations in narrow, filthy, ill-ventilated apartments, becomes degraded in body and mind, and falls early a victim to the perfection of the produce.

Yet the principle of the division of labour is too essential in all productive arts, ever to be abandoned; nay, it is so essential that it ought to be extended to every branch of human industry; but to increase the wealth of the community without sacrificing the labourer, this subdivision must be thus organised:

All the occupations of a Phalanstery or community (village) may be classed under the following seven heads:—domestic, agricultural, manufacturing, educational, scientific labours, and the practice of the fine arts, besides the political or administrative functions common to all; each of these classes may be further subdivided into many species, each species into varieties, each variety into sub-varieties, and so on, until it be reduced to the smallest division possible. Each individual will undertake only one or two of those small portions of labour, and as he will have to choose among at least three or four hundred, he will follow the bent of Nature, and only choose among those for which his taste or talent is suited, to the considerable improve-

ment of each article; for some tailors excel in making waistcoats, who completely fail in the confection of a coat; some ladies, who would scorn to prepare a complete dinner, often take the greatest pleasure in preparing the creams and pastry for an evening entertainment; thus, also, many wealthy persons, in the cultivation of their own gardens, neglect numerous essential or beautiful plants, to devote themselves exclusively to the care of a favourite flower, nay, of a particular variety of that flower; and such is the will of nature: but civilisation generally forces each individual, if tolerably free, to accumulate in his own hands all the various branches of his trade or occupation, for many of which he has neither taste nor aptitude; and if solely dependent on his labour for existence, he is forced to wear out his life in a monotonous, health-destroying occupation, such as gilding, needle-grinding, mining. The happiness of the individual is thus destroyed, and the work proceeding from his hands suffers from the indifference or disgust with which it is performed.

In Fourier's system, all who are engaged in any branch of industry are divided into groups, each group undertaking only one small portion of the labour; but to avoid all the above-mentioned evils, the labour of each group will be limited to two or three hours at a time, another group coming to relieve them, if necessary; so that the work may be continuous, though the workmen vary. The relieved group, then, breaks up, and each individual proceeds to join some other group of his choice, which he again quits for another; thus finding variety and pleasure in his work, which makes him not only a healthy, but a contented man.

That no confusion will arise from one group relieving another every two or three hours, is evident from what happens daily in the army, the only well-organised body that civilisation can boast of. The sole difference between the existing body of destruction and the proposed industrial army is, that the latter substitutes the *universal principle*, attraction, as its link to the barbarous principle of constraint, which alone holds together the former. Besides which, there are natural interruptions in the course of the day, formed by the three meals, breakfast, dinner, and supper, which divide the day into four parts: namely, 1, before breakfast; 2, between breakfast and dinner; 3, between dinner and supper; and 4, between supper and bedtime. Now if, instead of returning after each meal to the same work, which might have been attractive for a time, and in nowise injurious to the health, but which decidedly becomes both tedious and unwholesome if long continued, each individual joins a totally distinct group, no confusion will have arisen, and the workman will feel refreshed by the variety, and happy in the exercise of some other faculty. Thus, supposing that in the first portion of the day he devotes himself to the care of the horses and cattle (and how many noblemen there are whose first morning-visit is to the stables!) or to some necessary domestic occupation; after breakfast, he may proceed either to the fields, or to the orchard, or to the garden, according to the directions of the chief of the group, which he has freely entered, and which he may as freely quit, on giving sufficient notice; after his dinner, he may then, having been sufficiently in the open air, and enjoyed sufficient exercise, like to be engaged in some more sedentary occupation, and enter not only without disgust or danger, but with absolute pleasure and benefit into various manufacturing groups.

As all occupations are subdivided into their

most minute and simple details, the work entrusted to each group can offer but few difficulties, and will not need a long apprenticeship; every one will thus be enabled to belong to twenty or thirty different groups, and yet attain excellence in each. Every group will be directed by the member generally admitted to possess most skill or science, and who will thus be entitled to a dividend, not only from the portion of the profits allotted to labour, but also from the portion to be distributed to talent. This election of a chief will always be a just one; for as the ambition of all men may be satisfied in consequence of their belonging to several groups, none will be unjustly envious of the superiority attained by one member in a particular branch, it being probable that every one will be superior in some other branch; moreover, whatever emulation or jealousy may exist between any two groups, this jealousy will never extend to individuals; for they may the very next moment be united in some other group, which a similarity of taste on this particular point has made them enter. Thus, the Organisation of Labour, at the same time that it admits of the natural inequalities of rank, fortune, and talent, completely does away with the party hatred so fearfully conspicuous in civilisation.

That man will naturally submit to superior skill, is evident from daily occurrences. Do we not see the nobleman, of his own free-will, follow the advice, nay, obey the orders, of his farmer, of his jockey? Do we not see ladies meekly submitting to be directed by their milliner in dress, by their gardener in the cultivation of a favourite flower? Yet on all other occasions they feel, they jealously uphold, the superiority of their rank.

Though the system here proposed applies only to the industrial population, it is nevertheless probable, that, after a certain period, those of the highest rank would join in some particular industrial group, not from need, but from inclination. Do we not already see noblemen delight in driving a stage-coach?—men of education charm their leisure hours in gardening, shooting, hunting, fishing, carpenters' and turners' work?—ladies seek unceasing amusement in embroidering stools, slippers, braces?—nay, in employing their delicate fingers in the preparation of coarse clothes for the poor and the aged? It would certainly be difficult for men of polished manners to associate even for two hours regularly with a group of uneducated workmen, such as civilisation produces them; but the manners of these will be so improved, from the organisation of the community, that a well-bred man will no longer dread passing a short time with them while engaged in some occupation or sport of which he is passionately fond.

The organisation of labour will have the extreme advantage of preventing that curse on workmen in civilisation, the *dead season*—a season of difficulties, forced idleness, and the consequent temptations to vice and crime: for, as every member pursues twenty or thirty various branches of industry, the periodical slackening in the activity of one or several of these is scarcely felt; and so much the less so, as it is compensated by a corresponding increase in the activity of other branches. Thus, in winter most agricultural pursuits slacken, or cease altogether; but the manufacturing arts acquire at the same time a renewed vigour.

The administration must be particularly careful in keeping a just equilibrium between the necessities of the Phalanx, and the demand for labour in the various groups; and this is easily accomplished. For instance, if the industrials, free in

their choice, have grouped in a manner not perfectly in accordance with the general interest, the administration, by diminishing the sum ascribed to the crowded groups, will soon remove from them the least ardent, and by increasing the pay of the till then abandoned groups, will forthwith recal its members; and, as a general rule, the more agreeable and more attractive labours will be less liberally remunerated than the more repugnant ones.

The whole system, then, is included in the following words:—*Association, Attractive Labour, Organisation of Labour, and Unitary Administration of the Community*; principles which are by Fourier logically deduced from axioms as obvious as those of Euclid, and from a most profound analysis of the laws of nature and the human heart, but which it is not at present our purpose to develop.

Neither will we now expatiate on the efficacy of the proposed organisation of the commune, or village, in preventing crime; nor prove that with a well-fed population, working in groups, the fruits of the fields and orchards will be secure—that they will, therefore, only be gathered at fit times, and not while still unripe, to prevent their being stolen; that in a corporation where each individual, man or woman, is sure of finding work, and being remunerated therefore—and in which the natural instincts of children will be made useful to the community, marriage, now so perilous a step, will be encouraged at an early age (between 18 and 24, or 25); and that this facility, combined with the moralising influence of continued and attractive industry, will do more towards extirpating vice from its bosom than all the repressive laws of the realm. Neither will we, supposing the first trial to have succeeded, and its example to have been followed by other communities, represent these communities as combining three and four in cantons, under the general administration of a borough—three or four boroughs forming a county, under the administration of a town—three or four towns forming a province, under the administration of a city—a collection of cities forming a state—several states a nation. We close this imperfect view of the subject, by the enunciation of the opinion that, at a future period, when the whole of the world shall have been organised as we propose, happiness, plenty, virtue, and truth, will alone reign among men; and that, in the meantime, we wish to preserve all the existing institutions—the laws, with all their severity—the judge, the fine, confiscation, prisons—until, having no more crimes to punish, they die of languor. Also, that we wish to preserve all the political privileges of the existing classes, till they of themselves shall relinquish them for far superior advantages.

THE BROTHERS.

BY ARTHUR WALLBRIDGE.

(Author of "Torrington Hall.")

THE pretty village of Irwell never looked more green—the sun never lighted up its old church, its one picturesque straggling street, and its broad shallow mill-stream, more brightly—than on the morning when John and Martin Stanmore issued from the King's Arms Inn, and mounted to the front seats of the Eclipse coach, to proceed to the brick-and-mortar wilderness of London. Their

faces, as they sat, were fanned by breezes from the hills which they had been accustomed to climb from childhood; rural sounds, familiar to them as far as memory could go back, reached their ears; faces, and forms, and voices known to them as long as they had known life itself, were gathered around as they whirled away from Irwell, and set out on their first great start in the world.

It is a tremendous thing, this setting out in the world! Why it should be so tremendous, and why a lad, on commencing to take a part in the operations of a society calling itself Christian, should feel very much as if he were about to enter a huge battle-field, is more than I can say. Some day, let us hope, it will be different; meanwhile, there are numerous heavy volumes extant, full of reasons why we should go on fighting, and directing us how to fight.

John and Martin Stanmore grew sadder and sadder, as they receded further and further from Irwell; and when they arrived at the commencement of the Metropolis, and the coach rolled through miles of suburb, which appeared as if they stretched along a day's journey before London itself could be reached; when, at last, the bewildering noise—the endless throng of human beings and vehicles, moving in two rapid currents through all the streets, and continually crossing each other—the magnificence, the squalidness, the palpably selfish energy of the Great City, came really upon them—they seemed as if borne down by an avalanche. All was comprehensible and depressing. They thought they could never again feel light-hearted.

On one of them, however, this effect was altogether temporary. John, after the first sensation of novelty had passed away, derived vigour and enterprise from a sight of the mighty struggle of conflicting interests around him. He burned to distinguish himself in the strife—to meet opposition, and to overcome it. Martin was differently influenced. His first instinct of antipathy was merely moderated by custom, whilst an intense and deliberate conviction of the hollowness and inferior nature of the motives which produced the active competition of every-day life replaced all that was taken from the original unreasoning dislike. He found as little desire in his mind to jostle others aside, as to be jostled aside himself; and the want of desire soon came to be taken, both by others and by himself, as a want of capacity also. But in London, a poor man who does not attempt to snatch bread from his fellows, will find that his fellows will snatch bread from him. As years went on, Martin found that, poor as he was, he was compelled to struggle hard to avoid becoming poorer. John, meanwhile, was growing rich.

These youths had left Irwell on the death of their father, and had come to London on the recommendation of an uncle, who had succeeded in procuring places for them in the counting-house of a merchant. John quitted his situation two or three years afterwards, and entering the service of another merchant, gradually worked his way upwards, until he was taken into partnership. Martin remained with his old master, at an advance of thirty pounds a-year on his first small salary.

The brothers, as their distinct destinies developed themselves, saw less of each other; and when they had arrived at the point I have just stated, they had become utterly estranged, without any quarrel or actual misunderstanding having occurred. John Stanmore, the rich merchant, and Martin Stanmore, the poor clerk, were too widely separated

in social position to be familiar together; and as John now made his wish pretty evident that all public intercourse between them should terminate, the wounded pride of Martin combined with the natural unobtrusiveness of his character to meet such a wish half way. The brothers, who had once been inseparable companions, ceased to visit, or even to see each other.

Some few years after their alienation became thus perfect, Martin, wearied by his constant sense of isolation, married a girl as poor as himself, but whose happy, sunny disposition proved, I will venture to say, as valuable an acquisition as if she had brought with her the usual insipidity, and so much money in the funds. Martin thought so, at all events; and though his brother shook his head when he heard of it by chance, Martin himself—who was certainly the person most competent to judge—so far from regretting the step, considered it about the wisest that he had ever taken in his life. John, the rich man, remained single until he could meet with a rich lady willing to invest her capital in a marriage with him; but as such enterprising female capitalist did not present herself, it seemed very likely that he would remain single altogether.

Just as the arrival of the fourth child was beginning to cause an unpleasant, undefined doubt in the mind of Martin whether, after all, he had done right to marry even a good and charming girl on an income of eighty pounds a year, the uncle who had procured him his situation died. This gentleman had been aware of the breach between the brothers, and of its cause; and though during his life-time he had never extended any pecuniary assistance to Martin, he indulged at last in a posthumous stroke of justice and benevolence. He left one-third of the small amount of money he had at his disposal to John, and two-thirds to Martin, marking thus his estimate of their comparative claims on his aid. The only objection which could be offered to the wisdom of this bequest was, that it gave a little to one man who had too much, and didn't give enough to another man who had nothing; but bequests must not be examined too curiously, and, like flattery, are welcome to all people in all circumstances.

When Martin, on this accession of fortune, came to calculate his resources, he found that, by practising strict economy, he might be able to give up the drudgery of the counting-house, which was so thoroughly distasteful to him, and—retiring to a cheap part of the country,—live on his income. His wife eagerly urged this course; and soon the only point for discussion was, the place where they should go to live. After poring over the maps of England and Wales for some weeks, Martin—who, I verily believe, intended the thing from the first—suggested that Irwell would be a very agreeable place to live in. It was his birth-place. He had, of course, many friends there, and some (poor) relations. He undertook to prove that it was as cheap as any locality in the Island of Great Britain; and as for the purity of the air, the beauty of the situation, and the picturesqueness of the village itself—these would strike any one immediately. Mary—his gentle wife—fell in love with Irwell at once, when she heard her husband speak in this manner of it. She pleaded for it above all other residences whatever. She was eloquent beyond Martin himself in praise of its cheapness, its picturesqueness, its air, its water, its sky; until actually Martin, in determining to settle forthwith in Irwell, half thought that he was but yielding to the strong inclination of his wife to live there. So

Martin and Mary Stanmore, with their four children, entered Irwell in the London coach, as Martin, fifteen years before, had quitted it.

They took a pretty little cottage, looking on to the hills that Martin loved so well. A large garden and orchard were attached to it, and a most seductive woodbine-covered porch enclosed the door, furnished on each side with a seat, on which Mary and Martin became accustomed to sit in fine warm weather. Mary thought of a plan for adding to their income, which turned out good beyond their anticipations. This was the establishment of an apiary; and very liberally and regularly did the bees pay rent for the well-constructed hives with which the garden was soon stocked. Their landlord and landlady, I am happy to say, proved worthy of such desirable tenants. They did not smoke them to death with sulphur—nor practise any other villainous arts to which poor honest and industrious bees have too often been subjected. The operations of the apiary were conducted on principles beneficial alike to bee and man.

It was on a bright and exhilarating morning in June that Mary sat in the porch, teaching her youngest child, a girl of five years old, to read. Martin had set out for the neighbouring market-town directly after sunrise, in order to make some purchases, and had promised to return to their usual mid-day dinner. Little Ellen was puzzling over a dreadfully difficult word, made up of two long syllables, when the creaking of the garden-gate in front of the porch, which led on to the high-road, caused her mother to look up from the page. She saw a man who had not yet reached the middle period of life—gentlemanly in appearance, though clad almost humbly—with an expressive, intellectual face, pervaded by a certain air of sadness. He advanced up the path from the gate, and stood before the porch.

"I think I am not mistaken in believing this to be the house of Martin Stanmore?" said he, slightly raising his hat.

"No," replied Mary, "this is his house; but he is from home at present. I expect him back every minute."

"Then," said the stranger, "with your permission I will wait for him. But allow me to sit down; for I have walked some miles this morning, and feel rather tired."

So saying he sat down in the porch opposite to Mary; and little Ellen being between them, he took her upon his knee. Something there evidently was in his face and manner that the child liked; for no sooner had he begun to speak to her, than she very seriously confided to him the difficulties which she experienced in learning the art of reading; and he, betaking himself at once to giving her instructions, heard her read—corrected her pronunciation—and helped her over the hard words as if he had been all his life a schoolmaster. So they got on capitally; and mother and daughter and teacher were all very friendly together.

Mary was just reproving the little girl for taking such a liberty as to ask the stranger to swing her on the garden-gate, and he was excusing it on the ground of its being a laudable desire for healthy exercise after study, when the gate itself opened, and Martin Stanmore appeared.

He started, as if surprised, when he saw a man sitting so sociably with his wife in the porch; but, when he had advanced nearer, the surprise clearly became mixed with still more of joy. He darted at once upon the stranger, seized his hand, and shook it with the utmost warmth.

"And do I see you once more, John?" exclaimed

he. "How is it that we meet? or, rather I should say, why was it that we ever parted?"

"My dear Martin," said John, returning the hand-shaking of his brother with equal cordiality, "the generous reception you have given me removes all my fears. I doubted whether you could ever forgive my contemptible behaviour. 'Why did we part?' you say. Why, but from my crawling dread of association with comparative poverty, even when that poverty was made wealth by superior elevation of mind? But I have been justly punished!"

"How punished?" exclaimed Martin. "What then has happened?"

"Only that I have lost all my money," said John, calmly. "My whole fortune, except a mere trifle, is gone. Thank heaven for a loss which has endowed me with a knowledge of the best part of myself!"

"My dear John!" exclaimed Martin in a tone of deep sympathy. "How did this misfortune occur? You poor! Oh dear, dear, this is bad indeed!"

"Bad!" said John, "it is *good*—the best thing that could have happened to me. I should have remained a despicable, selfish being all my life if I had remained *rich* all my life—that I feel, and know! Nothing but poverty could have softened my hard heart. Now I am released from the slavish, maddening race after riches; with a warmer heart, a clearer conscience, and a sufficient income of seventy pounds a-year!"

"Seventy pounds!" repeated Martin; "and have you no more than seventy pounds a-year?"

"I have no more indeed," said John; "and, now that my delusion is over, I feel grateful that ventures in cotton, dabbings in guano, stock-jobbing, railway-trafficking, and other honourable methods of gambling, have left me so much—or left me anything at all."

"Ah, these horrid railways!" said Mary, "I persuaded Martin to put five pounds in one, and I really don't think we shall ever see the money again. But it serves us right for speculating!"

"I remained in London," said John, "for some time after my losses had put an end to my intoxication of avarice. I could not summon up resolution enough to set out for Irwell, and seek for peace with you. But I reached it yesterday: and when I entered the dear old village on the coach, the events that have passed since we quitted it boys together, seemed like a dream."

"So they seemed to me," said Martin, "when Mary and I and the children came here."

"But *your* life has not passed like a feverish dream, as *mine* has," said John, sadly. "You have worked with a calm wish to be useful, not with a burning lust to be rich. You have a family that has grown up around you: I have no wife nor child to care for me. My miserable strugglings for wealth absorbed my whole mind, and have left me little more than the memory of their vanity. My work in the world's dirty market is over—but I know not if I am fit for leisure."

"You shall live with us," said Martin; "and what with books, conversation, pleasant walks, the sight of merry children, and such work as you may please, trust me you will not complain of dullness. I have tried all these, and can answer for the result."

"I will live *near* you, but not *with* you," said John. "My good sister-in-law is too wise to second such a request. I have walked all about the neighbourhood this morning, Martin, and have fixed upon a pretty little cottage, not a quarter of

a mile from here. It is small; but it will be large enough for an old bachelor with seventy pounds a-year."

"You shall be with us every day," said Mary; "every day—mind that! And we'll have long talks about times gone by, and longer still about times to come. We'll make the porch larger directly."

And so, indeed, it all fell out. John took the cottage, but was every day at the cottage of his brother. They read, and talked, and walked, and worked, and were very happy. John often wondered, as he felt how truly rational was his present mode of life, how it was that he could have come to the age of forty-five before he ever seriously doubted that to grow rich was the one object of existence. "Brother Martin," he would sometimes say, when in a moralising mood, "depend upon it, the world will some day think as we think upon this matter. Whether the rich may require to lose their riches before they make the discovery, as I did, is a question; but sooner or later, they will agree with the more reasoning of their poorer brethren, that *money* is one of the greatest and most spreading branches of evil, if not actually its root. Health, knowledge, virtue, love, friendship, useful labour, innocent recreation—these are the true ends for which a social system should be instituted; and the earnest *money-seeker* can know little of them. Gold is an idol, whose worshippers sacrifice *themselves* to its glory, whilst they think that they merely sacrifice others!"

Our Library.

THE PEOPLE *

By J. MICHELET (from the French). *

M. MICHELET, the French historian, who has rendered so eminent a service to all civilised society by his able and startling exposure of the Jesuits; who has, in fact, laid bare that universal inquisition and despotism which they have established almost all over the Continent, making themselves masters of the secrets, the peace, and happiness of every family, through the medium of the women, has here presented to the people another work on another popular subject. As a whole, we cannot consider it of equal merit to his *Priests, Women and Families*. In some parts it is rather flimsy, wants matter and substance, which is made out with a great deal of French vapour and flourish. As we are involuntarily looking at the weak side of the work first, we may as well give a specimen or two of this. The faults of M. Michelet are, in fact, national. His idea of France is that it is the nation of nations. He partakes, with his countrymen, largely in that envy and hatred of England, which her greatness not unnaturally inspires. He has an unfortunate fondness for war, like his countrymen in general, and fans this wretched and barbarous spirit amongst his readers with all his might. In this respect, one part of his mental development is far behind the other; as the public mind of almost every people is, on this head, far behind that of England. We have been horrified to observe, on the Continent, how much of the military mania yet pervades the popular feeling, and to hear that most dreadful of all barbarisms, War, lauded as a necessary medium of advance in manly sentiment

and the spirit of freedom, by tender and delicate ladies, mothers of young creatures sporting around their knees in beauty and love, whom their doctrine would doom to butchery, and the excitement of every demoniac passion. In England, we have rejoiced to see a far different spirit, and, spite of our Chinese and Indian warfare, in the Government too. We did hope that the United States of America were keeping pace with us in this cultivation of the philosophy of peace, and we hope so still, though the spirit of the American Government has of late assumed a much humbler character, in this respect, than our own. But to M. Michelet.

He is fond of saying smart things; he thus opens his volume, in an address to his friend, M. Edgar Quinet:—"This book is more than a book—it is myself. That is the reason it belongs to you. Yes, it is myself; and, I may venture to affirm, it is you also," &c. And again—"France is superior as a Dogma, and as a Legend:—France is a Religion!" Again—"If we could heap up all the blood, the gold, the efforts of every kind that each nation has expended for disinterested matters, that were to be profitable only to the world, France would have a pyramid that would reach to heaven; and yours, O nations! all of you put together—oh, yours! the pile of your sacrifices would reach up to the knee of an infant!" p. 237. These ebullitions of a comfortable vanity make us smile; we are glad that they can make the author happy; but when he stimulates the blood-thirst of his nation, we find, with deep regret, that he has yet much to learn.

Ah! my hope is in the flag! that it may save France, the France of the Army! May our glorious army, upon which the eyes of the world are fixed, maintain itself pure. May it be a sword against the enemy, a buckler against corruption! May a spirit of police never enter there! * * * What a deposit in the hands of those young soldiers! What a responsibility for the future! On the day of the last grand battle between civilisation and barbarism—who knows but it may be to-morrow?—the judge must find them irreproachable, their swords pure, and their bayonets gleaming without spot! Every time I see them pass my heart bounds within me. "Here, and here only, thought and mind, valour and right, those two blessings, separated throughout the earth, go hand in hand. If the world is saved by war, you will save it" p. 104.

We are quite certain that the world will be saved by a far higher principle than that of war—by the principle of a wise adjustment of national differences by arbitration, not by the inconclusive barbarism of butchery; and that the noblest heroism of human nature will take the shape of justice undaunted in the cause of peace and union. But exclusive of this serious flaw in the philosophy of M. Michelet, his book is an invaluable one. His spirit is a fine spirit—generous, glowing, liberal, and tender. He loves the people, for he knows the people, having risen from their ranks. The able historian, the ardent and eloquent orator, was originally a printer. In him and his reasoning we recognise great truths, not only as relating to France, but to our own country. He reflects our own experience amongst the people of England. He regards the working-class of France as the finest in the country. His faith in the healthiness, truth, and ability of their instinct is his hope for the moral advance of France. We rejoice to hear it. It has been our long-cherished conviction, founded on long experience, that the working-classes of this country, enlightened by education, are destined to infuse fresh life-blood into the intellectual veins of the nation. The tendency of

wealth and prosperity is to corrupt—while refining the manners, to effeminate the spirit—while polishing, to harden. The tendency of poverty and suffering, spite of extensive corruptions from vulgarity and low vice is, on better natures, to strengthen the nobler feelings, to expand the social sympathies. Hence the quick recognition of all great sentiments which every one who has addressed popular assemblies in this country has universally perceived in the people; hence the admirable patience and spirit of sacrifice which they have displayed under their distresses; hence the kindness they have shown amongst themselves. These are fine elements for the future nation of industrial gentlemen of England. We rejoice to hear that this is the encouraging fact in France; we believe it to be so in every country.

The chief and most prominent feature which has always struck me most in my long study of the people, is, that amongst the disorders of destitution, and the vices of misery, I have found a richness of sentiment, and a goodness of heart, very rare amongst the wealthy classes. Everybody, moreover, may have observed this. At the time of the cholera, who adopted the Orphan children? The poor.

The faculty of devotedness, the power of sacrifice, is, I confess, my standard for classing mankind. He who possesses this quality in the highest degree, is the nearest to heroisms. Intellectual superiority, which proceeds partly from education, can never be put in the balance against this sovereign faculty.

To this it is generally replied:—"The lower classes of people have generally but little foresight; they follow an instinct of goodness, the blind impulse of a good heart, because they do not foresee all that it may cost them." Even if this observation were just, it by no means does away with the unrelenting devotedness, the indefatigable sacrifices which we may see so often exemplified in hard-working families, a devotedness which is not exhausted in the immolation of one life, but which is often continued from one to another for several generations.—p. 10.

But if this be true of the French people, what becomes of all the portraits of such writers as Dumas and Eugene Sue?

Let it suffice nations to be well assured that this nation is by no means like its pretended portraits. It is not that our great painters have always been incorrect, but they have generally painted exceptional details, accidents at most, in each species;—the minority; the worst side of things. Grand views appeared to them too well known, trivial, and vulgar. They wanted effect; and they have often sought it in whatever deviated from the general rule. Sprung from agitation, commotion, so to speak, they have been gifted with passion, with a tempestuous strength, with a touch occasionally true as well as fine and strong; but, generally, they have lacked the sense of majestic harmony.

Romantic writers had fancied that art lay especially in the horrible. These thought that the most infallible effects of art were in moral ugliness. Erratic love has seemed to them more poetical than the domestic, theft than labour, the galleys than the workshop. If they had descended themselves by their own personal sufferings into the profound realities of present life, they would have seen that the family circle, toil, the humblest life of the people, have in themselves a sacred poetry. * * * Whenever our great writers have looked there, they have been admirable. But generally they have turned their eyes toward the fantastic, the whimsical, the exceptional. All readers, but especially foreigners, thought they were describing the rule. They said, "the people are so." And I, who have sprung from them,—I, who have lived, toiled, and suffered with them,—who more than any other have purchased the right to say that I know them,—I come to establish against all mankind the personality of the people.—pp. 8, 9.

The great plan of M. Michelet's work divides itself into the delineation of the peculiar evils, or

what he calls the bondage, of the different classes in France to circumstances, and the causes to which he looks for deliverance from this bondage. His ultimate hope is in the great heart of the people. But besides this, his tender and humane feeling, his admirable views of the true character, mission, and influence of woman; his affectionate appreciation of the hallowing tendencies of domestic life; the clearness with which he introduces you to all the varied classes of the people—the peasant, the artisan, the manufacturer, the tradesman, the citizen; the sympathy which he creates in you for them and their concerns; and the information he gives on the state of agricultural and industrial associations, render his work equally attractive and useful. We are glad to see it introduced to the English public at so accessible a price.

CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN,

By FREDRIKA BREMER.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

Translated for the People's Journal

By MARY HOWITT.

DEAR FRIEND,

"Whilst I in Mercury float round the sun in fiery circles, you wander heavily and wearily in your remote Saturn, far from the centre of life." Thus, excellent friend, were you so polite as to write in your letter from Mercury—England. I now send you my salutation from Saturn—Sweden; (what an opportunity for enlightenment this communication between the planets will open!) and my thanks also for your communication respecting the life in Mercury. I see that it is as I have been told, that the wheels of existence hurry on with precipitate speed, like that of the steam-engine; that day and night change rapidly; that business goes on by high pressure. "That is life! that is action!" you exclaim. And yet, you eternal tourist, you are wearied and out of humour,—that must be the case, I believe, when people are perpetually out of breath with mere exertion!—and write at every station on your route, like a certain travelled Swede in the day-book of an Italian hotel, "*Malcontentissimo!*" and proceed farther, for ever seeking a *contentissimo*, whilst you begin to despair of ever finding one. Think about coming to Saturn! You shudder, you are afraid of stiffening with the cold there. Do you not remember that Saturn has a glowing belt? Think, if after all that should be the light of an inward, deep, warm flame of life!

But I will not deceive you. Here, as in Jupiter, in Venus, and in Mercury, people may become torpid, weary, stiff with cold, as in many another place, whether amid volcanic lava or the ice of the north-pole. But here, as everywhere else, the people can live, work, and enjoy themselves; the thing is, how do they conduct their life? The greatest of all arts is to live!—the greatest of all arts and sciences! For a thousand years has man laboured after this, and labours for it still. And that which all are seeking for in common is, some life which will make the heart leap, which will make it a pleasure to rise in the morning, which will make the stars of night speak of peace and hope, which causes in all ages a contentment which cannot be resisted; a perpetually reproducing, perpetually vivifying contentment. You ask,

"can this be produced on the earth?" Permit, oh winged son of Mercury, that a bear out of the woods of Saturn answer you, "yes!" "Under what circumstances?" One great thought in the soul which lights up existence; also our own aim in life; and for each day its own work; an organised activity which will make our lives a week of tranquil working-days, at the close of which we may look back, in the joyous rest of the sabbath upon our work, and, notwithstanding its defects, may still hope that it is good. Behold here a happiness for all! I do not know whether it may be found in Fourier's Phalanstere—from which God preserve me!—but this I know, that it may be found under a Swedish roof of turf, and that I, among my own family, am not a long way from it.

Some other time we will talk about the great thought—to-day we will merely speak of that still life which people can lead here, whilst out of doors the snow lies a yard deep. "Still life!" I hear you exclaim almost contemptuously; and you think immediately about stagnant water and the like. But no; by the eternal sun! I know of no other kind of life than that which aspires, improves, develops itself. But the aspiration may be more inward than outward, and the improvement a calm development of life and of knowledge. Blessed, therefore, is the "movement" of the present time which enables us from our humble homes and huts to behold the whole world; which brings all the noble fruits of inquiry home to our orchards. The sciences make themselves popular, as a means of elevating the masses of the people. (In this respect they resemble—I know whom!) Pluto, Fauna, and Flora, and the heavenly Utopia descend, like the gods of old, and in certain human shapes enter our dwellings to impart to us of their treasures. The newspapers—do you know the origin of newspapers, my brother?—I will tell you.

Hugin and Munin, Odin's two wise ravens, which every day took a flight round the world, in order to inform their master of all that occurred there, now and then alighted to rest themselves upon the little mole-hills of the earth, and in this way they made acquaintance with the crows and magpies of the world. The immortal birds became enamoured of the mortal, and—you see my meaning—the offspring of these now fly round the world in the shape of gazettes, journals, and such like. They have inherited from their parents something immortal, and something mortal: something of the firmament, and something of the clod; something of Odin's nature, and something of the crow and magpie nature. And in the degree in which these dissimilar natures preponderate is their appearance and their speech. At all events, they are in the service of the All-beneficent; and I and you, the shoemaker, the king—nobody in the world can live without them. With them we travel every day round the world; and in what a comfortable way—in our undress, in our arm-chair, and with our coffee!—survey new lands, whether in the realms of thought or of action, observe all that goes on in China as well as America—to say nothing of the antipodes. With them, and by means of them, we see an infinite deal which we should not see without them. And the fact is, that the broader is a man's range of vision, the deeper his insight into things, the safer he can both stand and act. In short, if we, who are absorbed by our homes, our interests, our love, only knew the wealth which is revealed to us at this present moment, we should possess, in mere observation alone, a perpetually flowing spring of perpetually vigorous life-enjoyment.

But *apropos* of home, I forgot just now to mention one condition for happiness on earth which, according to my feelings, is indispensable, and that is—a peaceful home, with good hearts in it, and bright eyes, and in whose select, warm circle, man, in union with noble fellow-minds, may pass innocent and happy days. I once heard three stout gentlemen talking about happiness. The one said that a man might always be happy if he would, and the other said, that was not so easy, because the stomach had so much to do in the business; to which the third remarked, that before every thing else the cravings of the stomach ought to be appeased: to which I will make reply, "Gentlemen! as a matter of course, people must have a sufficiency; must have *enough* of food, clothes, house-room, and the like; but, gentlemen, what is *enough* of outward necessities as compared with inward, will be understood by the wise only, and they only will value of the outward the right proportion. Gentlemen, I do not explain this expression—that will explain itself!"

But I must now conduct you into my home, my humble home; but still there is to be found there the best which can be found under the sun, from the juice of the grape, and silk, and gilding—but all in the right proportion to my ability, my position in life, and my requirings, which I do not allow to go swarming about after pleasure, but put them early under a queen-bee's guidance.

"He is always satisfied with himself and what belongs to him;" you may, perhaps, dear brother, somewhat calumniously remark. We have a great festival to-day, you must know, and it may possibly so happen that the smell of candles and — now, also, there is an abominable smell of sealing-wax! That is because my wife is picking up and sealing Christmas-boxes! The smell of tarts and roast meat, and the rejoicing of children, get rather into my head. It is Christmas eve, dear brother, a day which, through the whole of Sweden, is celebrated in castle and cottage with gifts given and received; with the best that people have of this world's wealth. For a month past one has seen that the festival was coming by the increase of life and bustle over the whole country, as if the whole country got itself ready for a feast. In the capital it seems as if a population of 80,000 souls had, all at once, increased to 100,000, and as if the bodies of all their souls had no more rest within the house. People drive, people walk, or rather people trudge up and down, from morning till night. People meet, people cross, people jostle one another in the crowds, in streets and lanes. At the turning on each hand one hears the words, "Your most humble servant!" And in the Great West-street in particular, people are in peril of their life—if they are poor foot-passengers, like me. In the shops the ladies elbow one another, under the pleasant pretence of desiring to see this and that; examine, consider, turn over and over, ask questions, chatter, cheapen, and finally open their pocket-books and put in the bills, and then, without any impropriety, go out with their parcels, be they large or small, oblong or four-cornered, wrapped up with ingenuity in waste paper, and tied with pack-thread. The ladies, in their elegant pelisses, float to their elegant carriages, attended to the door by the gentlemen of the shops, who ask, with low bows, "Shall I send them home?—shall I add them to the account?" A nod, or gracious "be so kind!" the window is pulled up, the whip cracks—the bills swell out! 500 rix-dollars for fine dresses; 1000 for gold and silver stuffs; 2000 for fine wines. Such purchases make they,

the powerful money-potentates, and then drive home to scold about a few pence and grumble over the dear times. "Two farthings' worth of ginger-bread!" demands little Janne, in his ragged coat, and with his nose-end red with the cold, standing before the paradise of the huckster's stall, gets called little friend by its red-breasted cherub, receives two brown hearts, pays his money contentedly, goes his way as happy as a prince? No, because a prince has too much to be happy with so little—but as a little, poor, good-hearted lad, who is as proud as can be to bid his little sister to a feast.

In the great market-place, booth after booth is opened in long rows, each one filled with bread, books, stuffs of all kinds, confectionaries, and with —every thing in the world. It is the Christmas-market. And all the world—in Stockholm—goes to the Christmas-market to make purchases and to look about. Behind all this visible movement there is another movement in operation which is invisible. There are at this time in Stockholm, tailors, seamstresses, shoemakers, carriage-builders, furriers, lace-weavers, glovers, in a word, makers and workers of every kind, who are not so lucky as to deceive more than twenty times in the day with their "it shall be ready this evening!" "in the morning!" "by the end of the week!" "the very first of all!" which means the very last.

Thus it goes on in the month of December in the capital, and thus, no doubt, down to the very least of Swedish towns. In the country it is fresh life. Every mistress of a house steeps the fish, makes candles, and stuffs puddings. Every maid-servant is overladen in business. All heads and all hands are busy for Christmas. All men and all domestic animals will be fed plentifully; even sparrows will sing of Christmas on their appointed sheaf of oats; and human sparrows—the beggars, will be abundantly fed from rich men's tables. The earth experiences the truth of the Lord's words, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

At this time there is an end of all candour and confidence in the family. Husbands and wives, parents, children, brothers and sisters, relations and friends, all conceal themselves from one another, all have secrets from one another, all have something to hide or withdraw from each other's sight. And an observer might think that such things testified but indifferently for the happiness of Swedish homes if the mirror of the soul, the eye, was not in the meantime become more loving and friendly than ever. But with roguish gravity, and repressed breath, the spirit of secrecy goes about sealing all lips until—all at once—as if by a magic stroke—amid the darkest night of the year, millions of lights are kindled, and, like a festive board, stands on the twenty-fourth of December, the whole kingdom of Sweden, from Lapmark down to Skone, and millions of voices exclaim the while, it is Christmas! it is Christmas!

The genius of equality never reigned thus absolutely in the old states of the republic, as this evening throughout Sweden. A groat-ladle is the sceptre in his hand. The odour of sweet groats prevails over the whole kingdom, and in its atmosphere breathe all, in a brotherly concord, high and low, great and small. Christmas-candles burn in castle and cottage. Such is Christmas-eve. But the light which is thus kindled extends much farther; and, like a circling wheel,—pleasure follows pleasure for a long succession of days. There is dancing in cities, in towns, in hamlets. People

drive, people feast, people play, and amid the sportive hours a more glad some turn is often given to serious life. Many a grudge; much ill-will disappears amid the "borrowed fire," and, Spirit, dost not observe something? Many a happy bond is knit for life amid blind-man's-buff and "hide-the-ring—hide the ring, show it to no one!" And so people go on till the twentieth day of Christmas, which is also called *Käot*, and which puts one upon the thread of Christmas pleasures. Christmas ends then; and on this evening, conformably with old Swedish custom, Christmas is danced out.

In the midst of this garland of sports and pleasures occurs the great festival of the Church, full of solemnity and light. On this occasion the churches are filled with people. The true religion of God is the friend of joy and animation. Therefore we rejoice at Christmas.

And now again is this festival come, and everywhere people think about giving pleasure to themselves, and, what is better, of giving pleasure to others. Oh! what delight I had in childhood for many weeks before Christmas, in thinking upon the Christmas-boxes with which I should surprise my parents, and brothers and sisters. I remember, in particular, a sketch, a landscape of my own composition, with which I designed to astonish and delight my father. I awoke every morning with this in my mind. It was a very ambitious work. Every thing was there: the Alps, the Mediterranean Sea; sun-rise; a vessel under sail; a Roman aqueduct in ruins; a rushing mountain-torrent, beside which sat a shepherd, playing on his flute to his flock, (a union of the sublime and the beautiful!) two travelling gentlemen, (the one was to represent my father) who, from a path down the Alps, observed all this, and were enraptured. The joy of the artist,—the child's love; the child's, or rather human nature's self-love united to make my heart beat with the thought of the evening on which this sublime composition should be exhibited to the light, he admired by my father and the whole family, perhaps even by the provost and burgomaster; and—who knows?—perhaps the fame of it might go over the whole city. I did not remark, until the picture was finished, that the Mediterranean chanced to lie above the aqueduct; that the ship could not avoid striking against the sun; that the Alps looked like confectionary, and my father like a highwayman. My good father had not the heart to enlighten me on this subject, so that, although my masterpiece did not, by any means, cause the rapture which I expected, yet I remained for this time unpunished for my presumption. But ah! I fear that the hour of retribution is come; that my first-born son inherits my artistical talent and designs, to prepare for me a surprise like that which I, once upon a time, prepared for my father. I have seen something horribly shining forth from his drawing-board, and which, as I came nearer, was concealed with mighty haste. I wish, that when my hour comes, I may restrain myself as well as my deceased father did. We have now, for several days, been so full of mysteries one with another, and have attempted to hide in all corners with our intrigues, that I am quite weary of it, and long for the Christmas-goat, which will explain all. And, anon, his hour will be come. The clock strikes seven; I hear the voice of my wife, which orders tea and saffron cakes, "and lights in the parlour." Now beat the hearts of the children, and—I almost think—mine also! I leave you, and will continue my letter to-morrow.

Christmas-day.

You should have seen them, my four children, dancing round the Christmas-tree, which hung full of apples, gingerbread, and other gimeracks; you should have seen them in the light of the Christmas candles, beaming with joy, skipping, singing, laughing in unrestrained life-enjoyment, and you would not have wondered that I, absorbed by the observation of the joyous picture, did not remark that the contents of my tea-cup which I poured into the saucer ran over, until I perceived something warm at my side, and to my horror, saw a fiery pool upon the red worsted damask of the sofa. I immediately wiped it up, fortunately unobserved by my wife; but many will be the wonderings as to how and when that stain came upon it!

And now we were all assembled; my wife—an excellent wife, I assure you, but almost too great a hater of stains upon furniture—my wife, my wife's husband, two young relations, the Student N., and Mamsell Mina, and my four children. We drank tea and dipped in great slices of saffron-bread. We ought to have talked and made-believe that nothing was going to happen. But it would not do. The state of the weather was attempted. I thought we should have snow. The Student, that we should have thaw; my wife's idea was, that we should soon have winter; mine, that we had winter already; Mamsell Mina's, that we should have an early spring, and so on. In the meantime, the children began to cast expressive glances one at another, and then quickly I saw my eldest daughter, with diplomatic address, steal out of the room, and then the rest, one after another. Nobody observed it—Heaven forbid! but my wife smiled, and so did I. In a little while the children again entered, and now, in solemn procession, the eldest first, the youngest last.

My eldest daughter, a twelve-year old, and very patriotic girl, stepped forward towards me with a waistcoat in her hand, which she herself had worked for me, and which blazed with the colours of the Swedish flag—yellow and blue: both waistcoat and girl I clasped tenderly to my heart. My first-born son, a promising youth of thirteen, presented at the same time to his mother, with some pride, a colossal long-legged footstool, which, with a certain fear and circumspection, she received into her hands, uttering a joyous exclamation of applause at this, his first masterpiece of carpentry. After this he approached me, and, with a certain degree of horror, I saw a great paper in his hand. "Now it comes!" thought I. I saw, in spirit, the Alps, the Mediterranean Sea, the sun, myself—myself, even!—but, the gentle stars be thanked! it was better than I expected; for, as with terror I took the paper into my hands, I saw no Alps, only a pair of human heads, which seemed to be goring one another—although it was meant to represent kissing—yet, still, the whole thing was so human, that I could with great truth answer my wife's somewhat uneasily questioning glances by—"Ay, ay! look here, now. At his age I could hardly have done better myself!"

My six-years-old Willie, a little quiet lad, given to looking after relics, and who must be designed for an antiquary—I had a presentiment regarding the Christmas gift which, with some importance, he presented to his mother. "This was a collection of remarkable things which he had found—crooked pins, broken-pointed needles, headless nails, glittering grains of sand, little pieces of gilding, a

possible piece of money, and such-like curiosities, which caused us to burst into a hearty laugh. This embarrassed the little collector, and filled his eyes with tears, which we immediately kissed away, and assumed that demeanour of respect with which one regards relics from Herculaneum. And as among these treasures we discovered an old Northern coin of real value, then were my little fellow and I proud and glad. Bertha, my little darling—she, with her own small dear fingers, had made her first essay at hemming on a pocket-handkerchief, which father and mother were to use alternately, or in company. The two young relations also came forth modestly with their presents. The student, with verses which he dedicated to my wife and me, in which "the strength of the North" was spoken of, Ydrasil and Ragnarok, and again "the strength of the North." Mamsell Mina presented us with an especially beautiful piece of work, for which, with crimsoning cheeks, she received our thanks.

Whilst we—my wife and I—were more closely examining our Christmas-gifts by the light, turning them in every direction, and finding them all remarkable, there suddenly was heard a thundering noise at the door. Great sensation! especially among the younger part of the company. Immediately afterwards the door opened, and there entered a beast which might have put to flight all the wild beasts of Africa, but which saluted with great good-will the small community in the room. This was the Christmas goat, with great horns, with wild shaggy eye-brows, and many characteristics of the monster: behind him came a young servant-maid with a baking trough full of Christmas-boxes. And immediately was the room bombarded with these. They rolled about, and flew here and there, and after them the four children, amid a tumult of delight. A terrible tumult was this. The long legs of my first-born occasioned a dreadful convulsion among chairs and tables, and, as I feared, even upon his own masterpiece of carpentry. Amid the universal tumult, I happened to see my wife wrap something up in her shawl: it seemed to me to be the ruins of the colossal footstool, and I fancied that three legs were missing!

Every seven or ten minutes the Christmas goat made a volcanic movement, upon which a many little packets were flung up into the air. At one time a half-anker, and then a half-cask, was rolled in; and all these had to be brought to the light, and there, in presence of all, their inscriptions read, which contained many odd and significant puns *jeu d'esprits*, which were duly interpreted. In various of the verses I perceived the young genius of the student; and in many of the jokes the merry humour of Mina. Two hours were spent amid follies of this kind, and the peals of laughter which they excited. At the end of that time the young student stood in a new black suit, and, striking his hand upon his breast, declaimed, I know not what sort of tragi-comic oration, before Mamsell Mina, and she, almost killing herself with laughter, attempted to answer him in the same spirit. My first-born made *entrechats* on *entrechats* around a library of ten volumes; my eldest daughter danced before her new hat; Willie beat a drum; and little Bertha embraced a cat of pasteboard, and gave it the most loving of pet names. That was a confusion, but it was a confusion which did the heart good. All the young ones found their wishes gratified; and each and all had therein his sugar-plum to suck at a future time.

And now we had to eat, and after that to sleep;

both of which were difficult for the children, who now could see nothing, could occupy themselves with nothing, but their Christmas-boxes. Each one took his most precious gift to table. Little Bertha's cat must go with her to bed. Every one longed for the morrow, that he might the better examine his splendid treasures. Whilst they lay and talked of these, slumber came and kissed the words from their lips. They now lie and sleep. Joyous evening! God be praised for thee, and that thou comest and lightest up a portion of our long dark winter with a ray of that light which once, in the darkness of the world, was kindled at the cradle of a child. Beautiful, also, is the old Swedish custom of allowing all children to celebrate the birth of the Child of God. I have been a child, and have wept, and laughed, and wept again, like all my little April-mooded compeers, quickly forgetting the occasion both of smiles and tears. I have become a man, and have experienced the sorrows of life, and the pleasures of the world: they are now only as a dimmed memory; but, like a newly-kindled light—like a clear, crackling winter's fire—flames up before my mind the delights of Christmas-evening in my childhood. Many a pleasure, many a breeze of spring, many a bright beam of autumn sunshine, may still cheer the aged; but the joy of Christmas-eve, that indescribable, unmixed, innocently-intoxicating delight, experiences he never more! Yet he still can enjoy it, in the gladness of children—his own, or—others!

Come to Sweden, George. Celebrate with us next Christmas-eve; and let us together drink a health to all good parents and happy children for Christmas this year, and every year until the end of time!

Your friend, F. B.

Stockholm, Dec. 1845.

WHAT ARE THE PEOPLE DOING TO EDUCATE THEMSELVES?

By S. SMILES, M.D.

"The efforts of the people are still wanting for the purpose of promoting education; and parliament will render no substantial assistance, until the people themselves take the matter in hand with energy and spirit, and the determination to do something." So spoke Lord Brougham, at York, in the year 1833; and so may we speak, but with many noble exceptions, in the year 1846.

Much still remains to be done for the education of the English people. The Church does little; and what it does, is done with the view mainly of inculcating its own creed. The great class interests in the State do nothing; and perhaps it is better that they should do nothing, as unprejudiced help is scarcely to be expected from them. The education they would give the people would not be worth much, if it only stereotyped certain dogmas in the public mind, and moulded popular opinion, through the intellect of childhood, in the dogmas of civil and religious subserviency.

To enslave a nation, it is not necessary merely to impose despotism upon the people and compel them to submit to it by a huge standing army. There is a far more wily and effectual method; which is, to get hold of the minds of the young and imbue them early with slavish ideas. A government

which has at its command an army of National Teachers, who are half schoolmasters, and half policemen, is far more difficult to be resisted in its despotic encroachments on public liberty, than one that has an army, no matter how strong, of sabres and bayonets at its command. The despotism that blights the intellect is the very worst of all despotisms. Most instructive fact!—that the most complete systems of Government-Education in the world are those of China, Austria, Prussia and Russia!

"What," asks the National Catechism of Russia, "what does our religion teach us, the humble subjects of His Majesty the Emperor of Russia, to practise towards him?"

ANSWER.—"*Worship, obedience, fidelity, the payment of taxes, love and prayer*;" the whole being comprised in the words, "*worship and fidelity*."

Such a catechism as this would never suit the working classes of England; and we would rather have them remain the energetic, rough, uncultivated, sturdy, independent, and comparatively "uneducated" classes that they are, than be subjected to any thing so degrading as the perfectly organised systems of National Education, of China, Austria, and Russia.

But it is a mistake to suppose that our people are so grossly ignorant as foreigners concur in representing them to be. They judge by the deficiency in our means of elementary instruction. They see no State minister for education, no State schools for teaching, reading, and writing; and, therefore, they jump to the conclusion that we are uneducated. They do not consider how much a man is educated by circumstances—by his daily avocations and pursuits—by his associates—by example—by his struggles for subsistence—by his successes, his failures, his achievements. The education which a people receive in their homes goes for more than that which they receive in their schools. Mothers have a greater influence on the mind of a nation than schoolmasters, though the influence of the former has hitherto been too much underrated. Men in a free country are also educated by the public movements of their day—by political agitations and religious controversies. But, above all, they are educated by public opinion and a free press.

The reading and writing learnt at school no more constitute education than the possession of a knife and fork constitute a dinner. If the knife and fork have not been provided, there are other ways of eating the dinner, if it be at hand—rough and primitive methods, it is true, but still sufficient for the purpose. We have known men in the manufacturing districts, who give employment to thousands, who have never been at school. We could name several enterprising railway-contractors, who have executed the works on some hundred miles of railway, who can scarcely write their own names—and have only learnt to do this after they had grown up to manhood. We could even name extensive manufacturers, giving employment to hundreds of operatives, who cannot yet write their own names. But who shall say that these practical, energetic, sagacious men, are not educated, after their way, in the most efficient manner?

With all our want of elementary school-education, there is no country in the world in which there is more practical education than in ours. No nation has thrown forth more vigorous shoots of intellectual growth, from even the lowest classes of the people, than our's has done. The commercial and manufacturing development of England has been almost entirely owing to the exer-

tions of men whom the schoolmaster would at once pronounce to be "illiterate" and "uneducated." For the successful working of our coal-mines, we are mainly indebted to the Viewers—originally *pitmen*. For our unrivalled cotton manufactures, we have to thank Arkwright, the *barber*. For our steam power, we are owing to James Watt, the *watchmaker*. For our internal navigation, we are indebted to Brindley, the *day-labourer*. For the adaptation of steam to locomotion, we are under obligations mainly to George Stephenson, the Newcastle *pit-boy*. Faraday, the greatest of living chemists, was originally a working man, and has been his own educator. To him, if we are not greatly mistaken, England will yet look as the greatest and most philosophical of all her chemists. And so it is in all other departments of art and science. It is the working men of England who have made England what it is.

Look at the activity of mind which now pervades the industrious classes of society; their prying into abuses—their speculations in religion, and their eagerness in politics. Even the lowest recesses of humanity are becoming stirred up as if from a long death-sleep. Discussions of public rights and duties—investigations into the condition of the people—demands for extended political privileges—consideration of the social relationships of classes—agitations for free-trade and cheap food—have sucked all classes into the vortex of debate, and are daily educating men in the best of all knowledge—self-reliance and self-dependence. Before subjects such as these literature now bows down: they are discussed in the pages of almost every periodical. And why? Because the people are the readers, and the people are profoundly interested in all such subjects.

The importance of political discussion, as a means of national instruction, is not to be under-estimated. Politics stir up men to think, who had never thought before. Politics keep awake minds which, but for them, would have gone to sleep. They exercise and invigorate the intellect, and give to men the true robustness and strength of mind which fits them for citizenship. All political agitations have thus their use. In William Cobbett—that strong-minded man of common sense, though of strong English prejudices—we recognise one of the greatest Educators of the past century. The Reform-Bill movement educated millions. Chartism reached the intellects of still more, and stirred up an immense amount of mental activity in the lowest depths of society. Anti-Corn-lawism, and, indeed, all movements which appeal to the masses, are never without a highly quickening influence upon public opinion, which goes on germinating in the minds of millions, and ever striving to develop itself in new forms of social elevation and improvement.

We must not, however, underrate the vast importance of Elementary Education. The ability to read written words must always continue to be the chief key to knowledge. Without it, what were the Press? A mere swathed mummy! Every man ought to be able to read and write well; and means ought to be adopted to secure at least such an amount of education as this for every member of the human family. The melancholy fact is not to be disguised, that in this civilised and enlightened England, there are tens of thousands of our people who can neither read nor write. A large proportion of them have never had the advantage of elementary education, of even the rudest kind. Compelled at an early age to toil for their daily bread, and, year by year, coming into closer competition

with each other, the working classes of this rich and Christian country rise up to manhood comparatively untrained and untaught, without any provision having been made for their education, either in early life, or in their maturer years.

There is, however, a strong and increasing desire among the working classes themselves for the means of elementary instruction. For none feel the need of instruction more than the self-educated, and none are disposed to set a higher value than they on the advantages of knowledge. Hence, at the present day, we find the most energetic advocates of public education among the working classes—Lovett, Vincent, Collins, and others of the same class; men chiefly known for the intensely political cast of their opinions, and who, in fact, owe to politics—(as is the case with the most of our intelligent artisans and mechanics)—almost all the education which they possess.

Among the numerous institutions devised of late years for the education of the working-classes, the most prominent are the Mechanics' Institutes. Unquestionably these have done much good; still, they are only to be regarded as a beginning. As yet they have not touched the masses. They have been institutions for the middle classes rather than for the working-men. In all Great Britain, there are not more than 30,000 members of Mechanics' institutions; and of these considerably under one-half belong to the working-class, and these of the highest and best-paid description. The terms of these institutes are too high to be within reach of the generality of working-men. Besides, there is a good deal that is exclusive and patronising about them; and, in these days, working-men do not care about being patronised.

(To be continued.)

Poetry for the People.

LINES WRITTEN IN A LOVELY CHILD'S ALBUM.

By the Author of "The Purgatory of Suicides."

Love Truth, dear child, love Truth!
'Twill gladden thy morn of youth;
And, in the noon of life,
Though it cost thee pain and strife
To keep the truth in its brightness—
Still cleave to thy uprightness:

Yea, the truth to own,
Dear child, be brave—
In spite of the frown
Of the bigot and knave;
Ay, in spite of the proud,
Dare to speak it aloud!

Thus live; and when cometh Life's farewell day,

Thou wilt be able to smile and say—

"Welcome life, or welcome death!"

I have loved the Truth, and to yield my breath

I feel no fear;

Truth gladdened my life,—and the gloom of death

"Its glorious light shall cheer!"

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

By MRS. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW.

The flickering light dies in the lamp,
The fireless room is cold and damp,
Where shivering sits the drunkard's wife
Watching her infant's wasting life;
And, 'mid the gloom, she does not know
The hand of Death has touched its brow.
The morning dawns — its struggling beams
Fall on the infant's bed,
And frantically the mother screams,
"Oh God! my child is dead!"

The pelting sleet and drizzling rain
Rush through the casement's broken pane;
The tottering walls rock to and fro
In mockery of the mourner's woe;
And, as the howling wind swept by,
Unroofing that old shed,
It echoed back the frantic cry—
"Oh God! my child is dead!"

The storm at last has passed away,
And joyous birds on fluttering wing
Are hymning forth in plumage gay
The melodies of spring.
And with this change, the drunkard's wife,
Upon her knees alone with God,
Has conquered, too, the spirit's strife,
And learned to kiss the rod.
Hush! 'tis his footstep. Well she knows
Her husband's staggering tread,
And hurriedly she trembling throws
A covering o'er the dead.

"Give me some food!" the drunkard cries,
Whilst madness fires his sunken eyes.
"Tis here!" she said; "be calm and see—
See what DESPAIR prepares for thee."
With shaking hand he clutches hold—
Why is his look so wild?
He gazes till his blood runs cold
Upon his lifeless child.

"Curse on the drink! I'm sober now;
And solemnly I pledge the vow
From this dark hour, let come what will,
Water alone my cup shall fill.
Yes; by this first and bitter tear
I've shed through years of crime,
I will retrieve my wild career,
If heaven but grant me time."

'Tis summer's eve: the Sabbath-day hath brought
Sweet consolation to the care-worn breast;
The poorest sons of Toil with minds untaught
Can with the rich enjoy its holy rest:
Within a cottage on the village green,
Assembled round a couple bent with age,
A group of happy children may be seen
Reading their lesson from the sacred page.

That old man sitting by the open door
Was once—no matter; now he sins no more.
And she, whose placid brow with hope is rife,
Was shunned, yet pitied, as the DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

Public Exhibitions.



THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

A SKETCH, BY MARGARET GILLIES.

Public Exhibitions.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

At the moment when ill-will and discord seemed about to be fomented between the Old and New World, four young Americans have come before us like heralds of peace and good-fellowship. They have been cordially welcomed in England, as all advocates of human advancement ought ever to be; and it is not saying too much, when we assert that they have done their part towards strengthening in the public mind a spirit of forbearance and peace. The Hutchinson Family are exactly what Americans—the children of a young, bold republic—ought to be; full of fresh, original character; free from conventionalities, whether of society or opinion; vigorous in intellect; affiant in spirit; and combining, with all the simplicity and tenderness of the child, the wisdom and expansive views of the man. Their singing is a perfect illustration of their own nature and character, deriving its great power and its greatest charm from the absence of all art. It owes nothing to trick or artifice of any kind; every word is distinctly enunciated, and the true, natural expression is given to every sentiment; and the listener feels, that while the most exquisite and pure taste and skill is employed, that which really charms him most is, a revelation of the singer's own lofty and unspoiled nature, and that it is great and effective, because it is the expression of truth.

The character of their music is peculiar and original, not exactly resembling either the part-songs of the Germans or our English glees, which are much more artistically constructed. There is a charming nationality about it, and a spirit of psalmody which is easily explained when the peculiarities of their life and training are understood. Many of the pieces they sing are not songs, in the ordinary sense of the words, but poems of a high order; as, for instance, Longfellow's Excelsior, Hood's Bridge of Sighs, and Pauper's Funeral, Tennyson's May Queen, &c. Their voices, which are soprano, counter-tenor, tenor, and bass, are extremely fine and well trained, and besides the effect of long practice in singing together, have that beautiful affinity which belongs to family-voices, and which renders the whole so exquisitely harmonious.

These interesting young people belong peculiarly to the present age, and their songs bear upon the questions agitated at this time, whether in the old or new world—peace, temperance, the abolition of slavery, the cause of the poor and the oppressed—which are all advocated by eloquent strains of music, appealing to the inmost heart. Some people think that, in this working-day world of ours, music has little to do with topics so grave as these, and that its principal business is to enliven our hearts, and dispel our care; and for such as these the Hutchinsons have an infinite variety of comic and national songs, full of fun and humour, and as fresh as life in the Far-West.

At the head of this article we have given a sketch of these charming singers as they appear before the public, and we flatter ourselves that a little memoir, obtained from authentic sources, will not be unacceptable, either to those who have seen them, or those who have not.

Judson, John, Asa, and Abby, are the four youngest of the twelve now living, out of sixteen children of the Hutchinson Family. Their maternal grandfather, by name Leuvett, lived in

Mount Vernon, in New Hampshire, and was a builder by trade. He built many houses in Boston, but he most prided himself upon being the builder of many churches and meeting-houses in divers towns and villages in the state. He was a stout republican, zealous in the cause of his native land, and one of the firmest supporters of her liberty against the aggressions of the mother-country. In character he was deeply religious, and being possessed of great natural musical talent, was extremely fond of psalmody and church-music. His two youngest daughters, Sarah and Mary, inherited from him this gift in a still more remarkable manner, and their singing in churches and meeting-houses was celebrated far and wide. Nothing could be more simple and primitive than the life they led; they spun and wove their own and the family clothes; practised their songs over the wheel and the loom, and on Sundays or meeting-days sung in the church or the meeting-house. Mary was very beautiful, and had many lovers; but Sarah had the finer voice, and her skill in church-music was so great that she would take any part, and people came many miles to hear her sing. One day when she was from home, she went to sing in a church at some distance, and being on a visit, was dressed somewhat differently to what she was when at home; her father, however, happened also to be at the same church, and was astonished by the beautiful voice of the singer, whom he saw, but did not recognise; "who is that," he asked, turning to a neighbour, "who sings so like an angel?" "Do you not know your own daughter?" was the reply, which so much affected him that he could not help weeping.

Mary, also, when she was singing one day in a village choir, stole the heart of a young man from Milford, in the same state. This was Jesse Hutchinson, the son of a farmer, a very religious man, and a deacon of the Presbyterian church. This youth, also, like her, had been from his boyhood remarkable for his musical talent. He had a brother also gifted like himself, and they too were celebrated through the whole country for their musical powers. But though their father was a rigid presbyterian, and a deacon of the church, his sons were famed for the fun and merriment which they brought everywhere with them. They were full of the joy and gaiety of youth, and wherever they went they were welcome, not only because of the gay and merry songs which they sung, but because their violins were a summons to a general dance, which always lasted till day-break. From some cause or other, however, a great change came over his mind; he considered this life of gaiety to be sinful, and regarding his violin as an incentive to it, cut the offending "merry bit of wood" in two, and made it up into tobacco-boxes, and from that time permitted himself only to practise sacred music. It was soon after this change, and about four and forty years ago, when in his best homespun-suit, and his hair tied in a queue behind with a black ribbon, and a broad beaver on his head, he presented himself to the beautiful young singer in the character of a lover. She was then not sixteen; too young to be married, she said, and was hard to persuade; her father, who thought very highly of the young man, who had borne a most excellent character, and who was come of so excellent a stock, pleaded for him; but she would not consent, and leaving him in the parlour she went to bed. He sat up alone all night in the room, and the next morning when she went in, there she found him; but she

was still resolute, and he set off to Salem, thinking that time and absence might operate in his favour; and he was right. On his return she was glad to see him, and though still young, consented to be married. These were the parents of the Hutchinson Family, the "good old-fashioned singers," as the family-song says, "who still can make the air resound."

On his son's marriage, old Deacon Hutchinson gave up his house and farm to the young couple, and retired to a small house near them; and Sarah, whose voice and character were like those of an angel, went with her sister to her new home. A word or two must be permitted here on this most heavenly-minded young woman who, being one that the gods loved, died young; and that principally because, though her life was so short, her spirit seemed always to be present in the family, exercising, as it were, a purifying and ennobling influence on all. She was one of those gifted creatures who seem to be sent only to show how beautiful is youth, talent, and goodness; and who in departing leave a ray of glory behind them, ascending from earth to heaven. The children of the family who knew her, adored her; and those who were born after her death, from always having heard her spoken of, believed that they had known her. It often has seemed to the family as if her angelic voice was heard singing amongst them; a spirit-voice singing as no earthly voice ever sang,—and who shall deny that it is so? The very idea is elevating and beautiful.

Jesse Hutchinson and his young wife were among the first baptists in Milford, and were the introducers of their peculiar religious opinions into the neighbourhood: they frequently opened a large barn as a meeting-house, and endured no little persecution. In those days carriages were not used, excepting by the wealthy; and these excellent people, who had fourteen miles to go to their meeting-house, rode on horseback in the old-fashioned way of saddle and pillion, she often with a young child on her lap. The country round their home was hilly and woody, and of a peaceful, pleasant character; and their life within doors was singularly happy and united. It was a home of affection, comfort, and prosperity; and here fourteen children (twelve of whom were sons), were born. Sorrow, however, will enter, even in the most blessed of earthly homes. The angelic-minded Sarah died, and so did the eldest child when only nine years old. This child, like all the rest of the family, had a wonderfully fine voice, and was remarkably beautiful. He was always up first in the morning, and was heard through the house singing like a lark. His death was very affecting. His father and uncle were at a saw-mill at some distance, where he was sent each day with their dinners. While they sat and ate, the little fellow amused himself by playing among the sawn boards which were reared up to dry: one day a sudden wind rose and blew down the boards upon him, which caused his death.

Years went on; the elder children grew up to man's estate, and the place was too straight for them; the parents and younger children, therefore, removed to one of the valleys below, on the banks of the Souhegan River, to a place called Burnham Farm; and thenceforth, the former family residence took the pleasant name of the Old Home Farm. At this new home the two younger children, Asa and Abby, were born.

The father of the Hutchinsons has all his life been in principle a non-resistant, and has carried out his opinions so far into practice as never to sue a man for debt. He is an abolitionist, and a

decided liberal in politics; and has, as might be expected, suffered greatly for the maintenance of his opinions. He is described by those who know him, as a man of noble and independent character, full of kindness, and remarkable for hospitality, even in a country where hospitality is not so rare a virtue as with us. But the guests that he most warmly welcomes are the poor and friendless; these he entertains bountifully, and then speeds on their way. From their mother, who likewise is a person of much boldness and decision of character, combined with great tenderness and affection, they learned singing as children: she had fine taste, as well as natural power; and afterwards the younger branches of the family were trained by two of the elder brothers, who devoted part of their time to this purpose.

It was with great reluctance that their father, notwithstanding his own musical talent, would consent to his children singing in public; accordingly, some years ago, he made a deed of gift to his sons of the Old Home Farm, on condition that they should all stay at home, cultivate it, and devote themselves to a quiet country life. Recollecting his own youth, and with all the old presbyterian horror of fiddling and profane music, he would not consent to money being spent on such vanities. The first violin in the family was Judson's; that very one on which he now accompanies himself so charmingly in that sweetest and saddest of all pathetic songs, "The Emigrant's Lament," or which supplies such comic meaning to many a comic song, as "Down East," "Calomel," &c. To purchase this violin, Judson worked hard on the Old Home Farm, cultivating garden vegetables on his own account, until he had sufficient for his purpose. After this, of course another difficulty occurred, and this was to reconcile the father to it.

Before the violin was purchased, they sometimes, when at work in the corn-fields, supplied the want by a simple rustic instrument formed from the corn-stalk, called in their country the corn-stalk fiddle; and Asa, who was always fond of the violoncello, used to keep time in the village-choir on Sundays by rubbing his forehead against the back of the old wooden pew, by which he could produce somewhat the effect of that instrument. It may not be amiss to mention here that their vocal practice was mostly in the fields—"the happiest place on earth," as one of them has said—"to sing in, excepting when in an evening they returned from the fields, and all joined in one chorus—father, mother, sisters, and brothers—in singing some good old-fashioned tunes, which they had heard from infancy, which are ever new, and never to be forgotten." But to return to the violin for which Judson worked so hard.

He practised on his violin secretly, and in the meantime John also possessed himself of one. Whether the one emboldened the other or not we cannot say, but it so happened that one day the two brothers played "Washington's March" within their father's hearing, though at that time unknown to them. To their great astonishment, but to their infinite relief, he made no objection to the violins, which now came forth into open daylight, and his consent was soon after obtained to their devoting themselves to their art. They now organised their little community into bands; four of whom were always to remain at home to work on the farm, whilst the others were out on their musical tours. They commenced singing in public in 1841. At this very time, besides the four in England, another quartet—Joshua, Caleb, Zephaniah, and Rhoda—are travelling in America. It has been

beautifully and appropriately said of this interesting family, that they have one quartet in heaven, one in the Old World, one in the New, and one remaining to work on the Old Home Farm. The necessity, however, that there seemed to be for a fifth brother to accompany the quartet to England, to take the management of the business department, has left at this moment but three on the farm; and in speaking of those in England, we must not omit to mention this fifth brother, Jesse, of whom the public know nothing. He is considered by the quartet themselves as superior to them all in talent, and is also the author of several songs which they have made familiar to the public; for instance, "Get off the Track," "The Slave's Appeal," "The Old Granite State," &c. Like all the rest of the family, he has his own individual calling at home, and is by trade a printer. The whole family are extremely attached to this brother, and it has been beautifully said by some of them when speaking of him—"When Jesse comes into the house, it is as if he brought fresh breezes from the hills with him." This is delightful also, and gives a charming idea of the family-spirit:—"As soon as he was seen, while yet but a printer's apprentice, coming towards his home on a Saturday night, by the little footpath that crosses the hills, all would set up a shout of joy—even the very dog barked for joy of his coming; or when his voice was heard, singing as he came near, the sound thrilled to every heart!" There is, it is said, an extraordinary enthusiasm about him which carries all hearts along with him; and at Temperance and Anti-Slavery meetings in his native country, his eloquence and force of character are irresistible.

Our readers are acquainted with the beautiful and pious custom of the Thanksgiving-day, which, originating with the Puritans in celebration of the arrival of the Pilgrim-fathers in a land of liberty and peace, is now become as much a social as a national festival. The American farmer on his Thanksgiving-day pours forth his gratitude to the Giver of all good, for an abundant harvest, perhaps, or some other crowning blessing of the year. Happy families celebrate upon it some event of especial domestic happiness, when all their members meet to rejoice together. In the Hutchinson Family this festival, held in December, brings together old and young, the old grandfather Leavett, now turned ninety, and the sons and their wives and children, four generations, amounting on the last occasion to the number of forty-four persons. This last general meeting of the family was, however, one of deep sorrow, and removing one beloved brother from earth, completed the quartet in heaven.

The four younger members of the family returned home from a tour of five hundred miles, to celebrate the annual day of rejoicing, and found their brother Benjamin, a young man nobly gifted like themselves, slightly unwell. Serious symptoms succeeded, and the greatest alarm spread through the family; it was typhus-fever; and from the first he foretold his death. Before many days, the sister's husband sickened of the same complaint, and terror and dismay fell on the whole house. One day Benjamin heard the dinner-bell ring, and said, "Let me rise and make myself ready for that bell is for the thanksgiving-dinner. Are they all come?" "When you are better," replied one of his brothers, "we will have our thanksgiving-dinner; we will all assemble then together, and be very joyful!"

The usual day of thanksgiving came, and the two young men lay on the bed of death. The whole

family were assembled, and Benjamin called them one by one to his bedside, and shaking hands with them, and blessing them, took his leave of them all. Soon after this he called his brother John to him, and raising himself up, sang in the most heavenly and inspired voice, "Victory! Victory! This is the day of victory!" After this he lived a fortnight, and during this time composed some very beautiful music. He was a most amiable and affectionate character; and though considered by many the finest singer of the whole family, was one of the brothers who mostly remained at home working on the Old Home Farm for the general good. Among his favourite pursuits was gardening: he was deeply and sincerely religious, but without any gloom or severity, and was possessed, in a remarkable degree, of the power of making home happy to all around him. The fever which carried off this excellent young man, carried off also the sister's husband; and thus the burden of their thanksgiving-hymn for the last year were the words of the afflicted Psalmist,—"The Lord giveth, the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Such are the circumstances under which have been formed the characters of the Hutchinson Family. Once knowing these, we are no longer surprised at finding the like in persons who pursue a profession which is apt to wear away the marks of original nature and simplicity, and to leave instead traces of art and conventionalism. But in them the qualities which grew up on the "Old Home Farm," in the "Old Granite State," are too firmly and hereditarily grounded to be obliterated by any after circumstances. They have the durability of the granite with the cordial spirit of home. You feel at once in coming in contact with them that they are true spirits. There is a freshness, a reality, a domestic truth about them that come upon you like the freedom of the forest, the greenness of the field, the elastic breath of the country. In the midst of the throng of the city, and while administering to the pleasures of the fashionable, the spirit of the old, religious, affectionate home, never departs from them. They make a conscience of singing into their hearers the sentiments which animate themselves—those of noble independence, manly simplicity, the kindest sympathies with suffering humanity, and ardour for liberty, peace, and progress. Let America send us over such specimens of her children, and she will fulfil all our hopes and our earliest conceptions of her. They are worthy of the country of Washington, Franklin, and Channing. When once seen the heart warms to them, because they are simply incarnations of the spirit of love and the luxury of elevated sentiments; and these are the qualities which, without any reasoning or striving, will draw the two countries into that bond of brotherhood which, however manners and institutions may differ, will make them always one great nation.

It will be seen that we regard this estimable family in a far higher point of view than that of mere artists or singers,—though we are fully disposed to give musical art all its glory; we look upon them as unassuming but most effectual heralds of great truths and the noblest sentiments wherever they go. Their visit will not have been in vain amongst us; and whether they return to us again or not, our warmest thanks and wishes attend them. In that future, primitive life, amid their native scenes with which they please their imagination, they will, we are sure, often visit in thought the old country, where they have scattered

the fires of their generous sympathies; and we, on our part, shall often hear in fancy the strains that have touched us more deeply than the highest triumph of art, startling and thrilling as it may be, but which falls far short of the simple yet delicious song of nature, poetry and love blended in the heart of a Christian.

WHAT ARE THE PEOPLE DOING TO EDUCATE THEMSELVES?

By S. SMILES, M.D.

(Completed from page 224.)

It is astonishing how much the energetic example of *one man* may do in a great public cause. What Clarkson did for negro slavery, and Rowland Hill did for cheap postage, and Cobden has done for free-trade, Dr. Birkbeck did for Popular Adult Education. He set the question fairly, a-going, gave it an impetus, fairly launched it before the public. It has been reserved for other men to work out the question in all its details. Dr. Hodgson, of the Liverpool Mechanics' Institution, has shown, by his indefatigable efforts, which have been crowned with success, what noble popular schools Mechanics' Institutes might be made, with sufficiently able, self-devoting, and high-minded men to conduct them. And the Rev. Mr. Bailey, an Independent minister of Sheffield, has furnished another example of the immense influence which one man can exercise over the moral and intellectual destinies of his age.

The People's College of Sheffield, established and worked by the Rev. Mr. Bailey, affords a noble example of devotedness to the cause of Popular Education. That gentleman conceived the idea of giving to the working-people an education of a first-class kind—in fact, a collegiate education, embracing not only the elementary branches of education, but history, mathematics, moral philosophy, logic, the natural sciences, French and German, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. When Mr. Bailey propounded his plan some four years ago, he was laughed at!—called a dreamer!—an impracticable man! But your "impracticable," "Utopian" men are very often the movers of the world; very often the most far-seeing and practical men, who accomplish the greatest and most lasting results.

Undaunted by sneers, Mr. Bailey started his People's College; and pupils soon flocked to it. The classes met at half-past six in the morning, and at seven in the evening, before and after the hours of labour—the pupils paying from twopence to eightpence per week for the instructions they received. What immense difficulties such an institution had to encounter, we need scarcely say. The early and late hours at which the pupils met—though the only hours at which they *could* meet—were alone a formidable impediment. But what was the result? The "impracticable" man succeeded; and "Utopian" education became realised! Upwards of 200 pupils regularly attended the classes during the first session; and the number has now reached to 1000! Here, we say, is splendid, unparalleled success.

At the close of the first session, a public examination of the pupils took place, when Edward Smith, an influential member of the Society of Friends, presided; and at the termination of the proceedings expressed himself as no less delighted than surprised at the progress made by the pupils

in the various departments of knowledge. "If this experiment were successful (he said), and he could not doubt it after what he had seen, it would scarcely be possible to say where would be the limits of the system; for it was obviously capable of boundless extension among the working-classes." Already, it seems, Nottingham has taken up the plan, and a gentleman of that town has contributed the splendid donation of 1000*l.* for the establishment of a People's College. Other towns ought to make haste to imitate the example. "We are convinced," says the first Report of the Students of the People's College of Sheffield, "that the country contains many gentlemen who, when properly instructed by our Principal in the system, might establish People's Colleges in other districts. If one People's College were established in each of the 100 large towns of England, with an average of 200 students each, 20,000 of the most valuable of the population would thus have an opportunity of becoming well educated."

It may be remarked, however, that People's Colleges have this disadvantage—that they depend so much upon the energy of the Principal, which is voluntary and unremunerated, that there is much risk of their falling off so soon as the moving spirit disappears. It is doing for the people: hence, we turn, with still greater hope, to those instances in which the people are acting on the glorious principle of doing for themselves.

In most of the manufacturing towns and villages, Mutual Instruction and Improvement Societies have been springing up during the last few years. At Barnsley, some young working-men have established a Franklin club, for the purpose of elementary instruction, mutual improvement, discussion, and reading—a small library of cheap books being connected with their institution. At Almonbury, the hand-loom weavers have established a society with the same objects, adding some of the more popular weekly and monthly publications for the perusal of the members. At Huddersfield, Halifax, and other towns, mutual instruction societies, under different names, have been formed, generally by young men, for the same admirable purpose of mental improvement. As an illustration of the formation of these societies, and the necessities out of which they have originated, the Leeds Mutual Improvement Society may be briefly noticed.

About the beginning of 1844, four young working-men, of very humble circumstances, resolved to meet regularly at the house of one of the members to improve themselves by mutual intercourse. Other young operatives, hearing of their meetings, asked leave to join them; and the whole then adjourned to an old garden-house, where their classes were for some time regularly held. Reading, writing, grammar, and arithmetic, were taught and learned amidst rakes, and hoes, and broken flower-pots. Numbers of eager listeners stood hanging round the door, the teacher (always one of the operatives themselves), dispensing his knowledge from the interior. Poor young men resorted to the garden-house *to learn to read*. The numbers went on increasing, and as winter drew nigh, and the nights became cold, the young men resolved to hire a room. No sooner said than done. The room was hired, and pupils increased. The charges made for the instruction given were small, only from one halfpenny to twopence per week. New classes were formed; among others a discussion class, a chemistry class, and a French class. The room soon became too small, and again they had to remove, always gathering numbers as they ad-

vanced, until at the beginning of the present year they were able to engage more extensive premises in a back-yard off Kirkgate, Leeds; and they opened with a public *soirée*, which was crowded, and with classes numbering considerably upwards of one hundred pupils. As yet, the institution is in its infancy, but it contains within it all the elements of vigour and success.

Now let us just notice one feature in this humble, yet aspiring institution, which is, in our estimate, its noblest one. We mean its self-supporting, self-helping feature. It has originated entirely with young working men. Nay, they are even jealous of the interference of higher-class men. They feel the institution to be *theirs*; and they love it with pride, and labour for it with hearty zeal. These noble young men have taught a lesson to the working men of all England. They say, "We are uneducated—we *know* we are uneducated—let us wait no longer for others to educate us: Why wait for extraneous help, when we can *educate ourselves*?"

And what these young men, labouring under so many disadvantages—long hours of labour, small pay, and scanty resources of all kinds—have been able to do, the working men of all England can do. The great truth must go forth, and be preached by working men everywhere, that the people have the power and the means to educate themselves. One example is worth a million of preachers; and we point to the Mutual Improvement Society of Leeds. What might not be expected from a people so educated as they are? Manly independence, genuine self-respect, noble aims and achievements. A people so educated could never be used as tools—could never be made slaves.

We would labour to diffuse this spirit among the people, and rouse even the indifferent and the indolent to energy and exertion in the cause. And we would mainly employ that mighty educator, the Press, to teach working men that they must be their own elevators, educators, emancipators; and that if they help not themselves, assuredly they never will be helped.

And the Press must inevitably, in a free country, be the great agent and instrument of Public Instruction. It is not only the Educator, but the Creator, of public opinion. It gives publicity to new truths, and currency to old ones. It stimulates, enlightens, and fructifies the public mind. Above all, it teaches men how to co-operate for the common good. The Periodical Press, especially, is the most powerful of all instruments for the propagation and cultivation of opinion. To drop silently into the minds of millions, week after week, and year after year, the same views and opinions—which in course of time grow up and ripen into public acts, institutions, and laws—here is a tremendous power, involving the most solemn responsibilities.

In fact, the Press, nowadays, is what the Church was some hundred years ago. It is the School, the College, and the Church, of by far the largest portion of the community. "The true Church of England, nowadays," says Carlyle, "are the editors of newspapers."

To give some faint idea of the immense mass of periodical literary food consumed in our manufacturing towns, a few facts may be stated respecting the circulation of newspapers and cheap periodicals in the town of Leeds. In Manchester and Liverpool the literary consumption is much greater.

Of local newspapers alone, the *Mercury*, *Times*, and *Intelligencer*, at least 6000 copies are weekly circulated. Of London newspapers, the weekly

circulation is somewhat as follows.—*Dispatch*, 250 copies; *Weekly Chronicle*, 60; *Bell's Life*, 200; *News of the World*, 160; *Lloyd's Newspaper*, 170; *Illustrated News*, 210; *Illustrated Times*, 100. We purposely omit the daily newspapers, and also those of the *Spectator* and *Examiner* school, which address exclusively the higher classes of readers.

We next come to the host of cheap weekly publications, only a few of the most important of which we can here enumerate. *Punch* stands high in the list; his cordial wit and humanitarian spirit insuring him a welcome among all classes: upwards of 1000 copies of this publication are weekly sold in Leeds. Chambers's cheap Tracts have the largest sale of all: not less than 4000 copies of each tract being sold in Leeds alone. Of *Chambers's Journal*, about 720 copies are weekly sold; *London Journal*, 400; *Family Herald*, 450; the *PEOPLE'S JOURNAL* (in the tenth week of its existence) 300; *Sunday Times*, 270; besides about 2400 copies of miscellaneous cheap literature, of all kinds and qualities.

As educators, the conductors of these periodicals wield an immense power. Their productions are read with avidity and intensity. The newspaper and cheap weekly periodical are bought every Saturday evening, almost as regularly as the joint of meat for Sundays; and those who cannot afford the joint, very often manage to buy the journal. It is read aloud, talked about, discussed; and its lessons sink deep into the heart, materially influencing the conduct of after life.

May the conductors of the *PEOPLE'S JOURNAL* never forget the high influence which they thus exercise over the social well-being, and the moral and intellectual improvement of their age!

GLORIOUS WAR!

By MRS. WENTWORTH.

ON Easter Sunday, the day on which we celebrate the Resurrection of the Prince of Peace, thanksgivings for the recent victories in India were put up in our churches. "To thee, O Lord!" said the congregations in the form ordered for them by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, "to thee, O Lord! we ascribe the glory." Continue, we beseech thee, to go forth with our armies."

"Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of," were words addressed by Christ to his disciples when a sudden excitement had roused them to a vindictive feeling. We shall do well to apply those words to ourselves.

There are many among us who have hoped and believed that the spirit of the age had made a great and decided advance, and who have never expected to hear the sound of self-gratulation on "glorious victories" again. We remember the days when we were accustomed to see newspapers opened in anxiety—not to learn the fate of some great measure affecting the welfare of the people—but to learn the fate of battles; to con over lists of killed and wounded, accounts of towns stormed and pillaged, defenceless people, women and children, murdered, or worse than murdered; when the roar of the guns announcing triumphs was no unusual or startling sound; when our streets were illuminated for victories; and the troops marched off to the coast to embark for the seat of war were cheered by the populace, and

prayers were put up in churches for success to our arms, or thanksgivings for "glorious" achievements; but we had believed these things were over,—belonged to a past age,—would never come again. It is not so. We had been over-confident, and did not know till the occasion called it forth "what manner of spirit" we were of. This distant war, so much less exciting than any European or American war would be, has roused up the evil spirit. The columns of newspapers have again been headed "Glorious Victories;" followed by descriptions of thousands bayoneted at their posts, and thousands of fugitives driven into the rapid river and drowned. The walls of the town have been placarded in all directions with "Great triumph! 20,000 Sikhs killed!" One journal dwells on the theme with all the gusto of an amateur:—"In the hot war our guns made trophies of victory at the British bayonet's point—legions were routed—twenty regiments of Sikh soldiers swept from the land of life—twenty thousand Sikhs found a ghastly and gory grave. The Past repeats itself. The sons of our country are men to whom occasions produce victory in its most exalted aspects, its most inspiring and impressive forms"—the forms, that is, of twenty thousand ghastly and gory Sikhs. The church comes in with its thanksgivings to swell the chorus; Parliament votes thanks to the conqueror; Her Majesty grants peerages to the leaders of the war; and, responding to the sounding applause, the populace cheer the 10th Hussars embarking at the Southampton station for India. Does the *past*, indeed, repeat itself? Those cheers brought to mind a very early recollection of a great review at Wimbledon, where that same regiment, about to embark for Spain, was loudly cheered.

There is a complete mist of delusion thrown over war and all that concerns it. First, we are accustomed to hear all the actors in a battle characterised as heroes; when they are not heroes at all, but plain men, who are no better, braver, or more heroic than the rest of their countrymen, nor half so much so as many among them. It requires a clear, calculating head, and a decided will, to make a good general; but these are no rare qualities, nor by any means the highest of our nature. It cannot require much to make a good officer, for all are agreed that the British are "good officers," and we all know what they are, and whence they come; we can all very well understand what sort of men mess-rooms turn out. They may be younger sons of the aristocracy who cannot find anything better to do, and must have a profession of some kind or other; or young men of the middle class who may chance to have interest in the army, or are fit for nothing else, or do not "like their book," or like an idle life or a roving life, or are fond of excitement or adventure, or, perhaps, think a uniform becoming. When they are called into action they know that the time is come when they must do the work they have engaged to do. Some do not like it at all, but it is better than disgrace; others are delighted, because they hope to distinguish themselves, or to "get on," upon the principle of the toast "to a hot war and a sickly season;" a few because they love struggle, excitement, and adventure; a very few (let us hope) because they have a taste for physical violence. Altogether they behave well, or do "their duty," as it is termed, and so would any equal number of English, Scotch, or Irish gentlemen who had undertaken it. The officers have no especial title to be called heroes.

As for the men, the aggregate of human ma-

chines, called British soldiers, these "heroes" might, had they not chanced to enlist, have performed their part on the stage of life in characters most unheroic. Some might have spent their days running in single file up and down ladders, shouldering a hod full of bricks or mortar; others in sweeping a crossing, or sweeping up mud on a larger scale with parish-brooms, or dragging a parish water-cart; or they might have been among the poor "wretches" ejected by some Irish landlord to starve, or perish, as it happened; or, more fortunate, they might have followed the plough, clad in smock-frock and hob-nailed shoes. In a clever paper by R. H. Horne, entitled "The British Soldier," in the *Heads of the People*, there was a ludicrous description of the contrast presented by the same individual under different circumstances. The first pictured him staring over a gate at some long coach passing by—a pitchfork in his hand, and flies passing in and out of his mouth; the second, doing duty at the Horse-Guards, armed *cay-a-pee*, glittering in steel, the countenance grave, the hand holding in perfect command the charger, of which he seemed a part, in full trappings and caparisons. Certainly it is very difficult to believe that these two portraits could be made of one and the same man; but so it is. It is equally certain that these British subjects, whichever kind of work is given them to do, will do it with their might. The sturdy characteristics of their country will always be apparent; but when they are put by their government into the dreadful trade of war, they will do deeds which they would have shuddered to name, if their natures had not been thus distorted. In becoming soldiers they have become mere slaves and machines; they have no longer a will or a soul: so far are they from being heroes. In all they do of indomitable resolution and fearless facing of death, they do no more than the same number of their fellow-countrymen in the same circumstances would always do.

As to the causes of war an equal delusion prevails. It is always assumed that our cause is just. "We bless thee," says the Archbishop, "O merciful Lord, for having brought to a speedy and prosperous issue a war to which no occasion had been given by injustice on our part." It might, perhaps, be assumed as a general truth, that no powerful nation can now have a just cause of war; that the government of a powerful nation has failed in its duty if it has brought things to such a condition that war has become necessary. Considering the inevitable evils and miseries of war, the cause must be stringent, indeed, which should render it justifiable. Two examples present themselves at this moment. A vigorous, sincere, and stern interference on the part of England with the proceedings of the Three Powers who have repeatedly violated the Treaty of Vienna, might have prevented the outrages and tyrannies which have driven Poland to insurrection, which keeps Italy in ferment, and which will probably bring on a continental war: this is an instance of neglect of duty. The other is one of a rash mode of procedure, such as must have been followed to bring this country so nearly into a war with America; a war most calamitous, as it must have been, whatever had been its result—destructive to wealth and progress, and, above all, to our human relations with a great and free people, our brothers in every sense. And all this for the sake of the Oregon, a territory most unimportant to England. If, as now appears, this unnatural war is averted, to the people belongs the glory. Free trade, won by their energies, has averted it.

With regard to the Indian war, its causes will, of course, be investigated by and bye. If it has been a just war, it is an exception to all former experience in that country. "The most masterly policy," says William Howitt, in his striking and impressive work, *Colonisation and Christianity*—"the most masterly policy, regarded independent of its *morale*, and a valour more than Roman, have been exhibited by our Governors-General and armies on the plains of Hindostan: but if there ever was one system more Machiavelian—more appropriative of the show of justice where the basest injustice was attempted—more cold, cruel, haughty, and unrelenting than another—it is the system by which the government of the different States of India has been wrested from the hands of their respective princes, and collected into the grasp of the British power. Incalculable gainers as we have been by this system, it is impossible to review it without feelings of the most poignant shame and the highest indignation. Whenever we talk to other nations of British faith and integrity, they may well point to India in derisive scorn."

The History of British India is, indeed, such as should make us slow to believe in the justice of new wars and fresh acquisitions of territory; while the vast population, reckoned at nearly one hundred millions, bears witness in its poverty and degradation to the iniquity of the system to which they have been subjected under British government. Great tracts of country, once rich and fertile, have during that period been reduced to deserts. "Burke's severe rebuke," says Howitt, "still holds good—that, if the English were driven from India, they would leave behind them no memorial of a great and enlightened nation; no monument of art, science, or beneficence; no vestige of their having occupied and ruled over the country, except such as the vulture and the tiger leave behind them." The announcement that a large sum had been demanded of the Sikhs to defray the expenses of the war, unavoidably recalls to mind the former horrors of such levies; the middle-men appointed to collect the tribute from the wretched husbandmen, or ryots as they were called; the burning of dwellings, the seizing of effects, the floggings, tortures, and other nameless atrocities. True, it was the native princes that instituted these, but it was to satisfy British rapacity. It is full time that "the wicked should cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest."

If so much delusion is prevalent, both as to the actors in war, and the causes and justifications of war, it is no less prevalent as to its results. There is an old and common saying which, unlike many such sayings, is perfectly true—"War is a game which, were their subjects wise, kings would not play at." If kings and rulers had to fight their own battles, they would think more before they began them. Suppose the cost of war fell on them individually, as it now falls on their subjects. Suppose they had to suffer the ghastly wounds, the struggles, the death-agony, alone and neglected. Suppose such a description as the following could be given of one of them:—

Behold him! By a ditch he lies
Clutching the wet earth, his eyes
Beginning to be mad. In vain
His tongue still thirsts to lick the rain
That trickled but now his homeward tears;
And over and anon he wails:
His legs and knees with all their strength,
And then as strongly thrusts at length.
Rain'd or crestfallen he cannot bear:
The wound that girds him, weltering there:
And "Water!" he cries with moonward stare.

His nails are in earth, his eyes in air,
And "Water!" he crieth—he may not forbear.
Brave and good was he, yet now he dreams
The moon looks cruel, and he blasphemes.

Leigh Hunt.

Suppose it was on other kings and rulers they inflicted like evils—ghastly bayonet-wounds, trappings under horses' hoofs, sabre-cuts, horrible mutilations by cannon balls; and suppose that it was the palaces and domains of each other that they ravaged, stoned, pillaged; their queens and noble ladies and tender children that they outraged and murdered,—then there would soon be an end of war. But as it is, they are individually secure, even aggrandised frequently by war; and frequently they find the excitement of a war a most convenient way of checking the progress of improvements and innovations which alarm them, while the aristocracy find new titles, honours, and employments accrue to them. The people, meanwhile, suffer themselves to be moved like puppets and to ruin one another.

A knowledge of the causes, aims, and results of former wars would be the best means to check all future wars; for nothing will ever check them but the irresistible force of public opinion, and the practical adoption of the great Christian principle—"One is your Father, and all ye are brethren." Future opportunities may be taken of enforcing that principle by showing the never-failing evil which follows its violation, the certainty with which

Sorrow tracketh wrong, as echo follows song,

in the results of war. At present, new prospects are brightening over India. Since the opening of the trade by the abolition of the company's charter, the immense resources of the country begin to be cultivated, and the sound of education is heard. But all this requires a state of peace. The following simple facts, quoted from Howitt, may be sufficient to make apparent the advantages of peaceful commerce over violent acquisition:—

The East India Company, after fighting and conquering in India for two centuries, have found themselves, at the dissolution of their charter, nearly fifty millions in debt! while their trade with China, a country in which they did not possess a foot of land, had become the richest commerce in the world! The article of tea alone, returning between three and four millions annually, was their sole preventive against bankruptcy.

We hope the lesson will be remembered, and the moral which it teaches be enforced.

THE TEMPTERS AND THE TEMPTED;

A Story in Two Chapters.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN

CHAPTER I.

IT was an exceedingly comfortable dining-room, in an exceedingly comfortable house. The month was January, and the air was so clear and frosty, that every step which passed seemed to ring upon the pavement. Thick warm curtains, however, excluded all draught, and the brightest of fires blazed in the polished grate; while the clear light of a pendant lamp shone upon the desert of chest-nuts, in their snowy napkin, and golden oranges. Amber and ruby-tinted wines sparkled through the rich glass which held them; but the "comfortable" party were only a trio—Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, and their son. They were people whom the world had used very kindly, who had never

had a real trouble in their lives. No doubt they had imagined a few; and imaginary sorrows differ from real ones, I believe, chiefly in this—that they teach nothing, unless, indeed, their indulgence teach and strengthen selfishness.

Mr. Dixon was a fine-looking man, of about fifty, with rather a pleasing expression of countenance. He was often visited by good, kind impulses, but a certain indecision of character had made him fall under the rule of his partner early in their married life; and the instances, during twenty-five years, in which his best inclinations had been checked, were beyond all numbering. The lady, who was about five years his junior, bore every trace of having been a pretty woman, though on the *petite* scale. Yet there were people who did not like her face; and certainly, bright as her eyes were, they put you in mind of March sunshine, with an east wind blowing all the time. Her lips were thin, and she had a trick of smiling, and showing her white teeth very often, even when she said the most disagreeable things. Richard Dixon, the son, bore a strong resemblance to his mother; though, if the mouth were indicative of rather more sentiment than she possessed, it also betrayed more sensuality.

"This is a very serious charge, my dear," said Mr. Dixon, putting down the glass he had raised half-way to his lips; "are you sure there is no mistake?"

"Quite sure," replied the lady—"quite certain Mary must have taken it. I put the piece of lace at the top of the drawer, and the key was never out of my possession, except when I entrusted it to her."

"We never had a servant I should so little have suspected," returned Mr. Dixon.

"Nor I either," said the son; "and she is, out and out, the best housemaid we ever had—at least, the best that ever has been willing to stay."

Truth always hits hard, and the colour rose to Mrs. Dixon's cheek. She was one of those ladies who cannot "keep their servants." "Then bad is the best, I am sure," she exclaimed angrily; "and for my part I am very glad she is going."

"And I am very sorry," said her husband. "But why did you not tell me a month ago that you had given her warning, instead of leaving it in this way to the last moment?"

"Really I cannot see, Mr. Dixon, what you have to do with these arrangements. I mention the circumstance now, because the girl is leaving to-night; and because you will see a strange face to-morrow, and would wish to know all about it."

"But what did she say, when you accused her of theft?"

"Accused her! You don't suppose I should have done such a foolish thing. A pretty scene there would have been. I know the fact, and that is enough: you don't believe I should have got back the lace, do you?"

"But justice, my dear, justice; surely you should tell her your suspicions."

"Oh! how that I have engaged another servant—now that she is going, you can tell her if you like. But I don't see, myself, what use it is. She is sure to deny it, and then there will be a scene—and I hate scenes as much as you do."

At that moment there was a slight tap at the parlour-door, and, obedient to the "come in" of Mr. Dixon, the discarded Mary entered. She was a gentle-looking girl, of about twenty, attired in a dark cloak and straw bonnet. She came to take a dutiful leave of the family, and to ask a question which seemed not to have occurred to the party

before. In engaging herself with any future mistress, and referring to Mrs. Dixon for a "character," what was she to give as the reason that she was discharged?

So innocent, so interesting did Mary look—the tears just starting to her eyes at the thought of leaving the home of many months, and her cheek slightly flushed—that neither of the gentlemen could believe her guilty. But Mrs. Dixon was in the habit of engaging and discharging about a dozen servants a-year, of one sort or another, and was quite hardened against "appearances."

Mr. Dixon evaded an immediate answer to Mary's question, by asking her whither she was going?

"I am going into a lodging, sir."

"That is a pity: have you no friends to stay with?"

"My friends are all in Wiltshire," said the girl, with a sigh; "and besides that it would cost me a great deal of money to go to them, I would rather look out for a place than make a holiday."

"Your wages which I sent down to you, were quite right, I believe?" said Mrs. Dixon, with an icy dignity that was intended to close the conference.

"Quite right, thank you, ma'am," replied Mary, with a curtsy; "but, if you please, when I go after a place, what shall I say was the reason you discharged me?"

"I should think your own conscience must tell you," replied the lady, smoothing her braided hair with her hand, as she had a trick of doing when she was growing angry. Poor Mary turned pale at these words, indefinite as they were, and could hardly murmur—"Tell me, oh! tell me, what is it I have done?"

Her change of colour was to Mrs. Dixon evidence of guilt; and with a sort of horrible satisfaction at this proof (to her) that she was right, the lady charged the poor girl with the theft which she had just mentioned to her husband. It was, indeed, a scene which followed—a very piteous one. Mary uttered but a few words of brief and emphatic denial—far removed from the loud asseverations which the guilty can sometimes deliver. Tears seemed driven back to her heart; and as she stood for a moment with clasped hands and rigid features, she looked like a statue of woe. Richard Dixon was by no means unmoved. He had his own reasons for believing her a girl of good principles. Like many other—more thoughtless, perhaps, than heartless—young men, he never disguised his admiration of beauty to the object, even if the revealing it bordered on insult. And he remembered that Mary had always received his idle compliments with a dignity that repelled further rudeness, and with a deportment that he should have admired in a sister. He placed a chair near Mary, and begged her to be seated; but absorbed in her own misery, she took no notice of the attention. Meanwhile, Mr. Dixon had poured out a glass of wine, and offered it to her, exclaiming—"I must hope there is some mistake. I cannot believe this of you."

The word and act of kindness seemed to melt the statue, and she burst into tears. But Mrs. Dixon felt this would never do. It was time now for her to play a more interesting part in the drama, and applying her filmy lace-bordered handkerchief to her eyes, she leaned back in her chair, and sobbed out reproaches to her husband for his cruelty in doubting her word. Poor man! what could he think—what could he do? Chiefly, I believe, he resolved never—never again—to in-

terfere between two of womankind; and hurrying poor Mary to the hall-door, where a cab and her boxes awaited her, he put a sovereign into her hand, as a remembrance of her kind attention to the buttons of his shirts, and such etceteras. The gold dropped from her grasp, as she exclaimed—"No, sir—my character! my character!"

Mr. Dixon stooped for the money, and pressed it upon her again—till, trusting to his assurances that he did not believe her guilty, and that he would see her righted, she consented to accept it.

It is a subject of painful interest to ask how the hundreds and thousands of female servants "out of place" in this palpitating heart—this Great Metropolis—contrive to exist for weeks, and even months together, as they do, upon the scanty savings from their scanty wages? And plain as the duty is of employers not to deceive one another, by giving an unjust character of a servant, or hiding glaring faults, there is a terrible responsibility in depriving a young woman of a situation, which is not, I fear, generally sufficiently felt. It seems too often forgotten that servants have peculiarities of temper and disposition as well as their mistresses, and that she who would not suit one family might be admirably adapted to please another. Surely, it is the most truthful, as well as the most humane plan, in a mistress, to allude only to the moral attributes of character; judging charitably—if there be no knowledge darker than doubt—of the general acquirements. Sensible people may commonly get on well with servants who speak the truth, and have a tolerable share of brains; so much that is valuable must follow in the wake. If one cannot have both—truth is even more precious than sense. But all this is by the way. What was poor Mary to do, robbed of her character for honesty?

A day or two after her dismissal, she called upon Mrs. Dixon, re-asserting her innocence, and imploring her mistress to give her such a character as would procure her a situation. But the mistress was firm in her resolve to tell the circumstance to any lady who might call just as it had occurred. It would be tedious to narrate the trials of the friendless girl. How one stranger would have received her into her house, but for this unfortunate episode revealed by Mrs. Dixon; and how, on Mary defending herself with tears and entreaties, the half-convinced lady declared she would have taken her, had Mary told the story at first. Prompted by this assertion, in her next application she confessed the suspicion which attached to her; but there is a very strong *esprit de corps* among mistresses, and they very seldom think each other wrong. The lady could not fancy Mrs. Dixon had been mistaken. It was after these sorrows that the thought occurred to her of applying to the mistress with whom she had lived previously to her service with Mrs. Dixon, and who had discharged her only in consequence of reducing her establishment. Alas! she had left the neighbourhood, to reside near a married daughter; but, as they had paid every bill with scrupulous exactness, not one of the tradespeople could tell her whither they had gone. The nearest intelligence she could gain was—"Somewhere in Kent." Poor Mary!—her last anchor of hope seemed taken from her.

CHAPTER II.

Winter had given place to Spring; but though the frost no longer bleached the pavement, or crisped all moisture, and though the sun seemed struggling

to warm the atmosphere, there was a cold wind which would have rendered warm garments very acceptable, and which blew through the thin shawl of a young girl, as she stood at the corner of a street, talking to a friend a few years older than herself. The latter appeared more a favourite of fortune than poor Mary, for she was the shivering girl. Now *millionaires* can afford to dress in rusty black, and a great many of the sterner sex are either careless or slovenliness about their equipments, or disfigure themselves by a horrible taste; but it may be taken as a general rule, subject to but few exceptions, that women—especially young and pretty ones—dress as well as their means will permit. Hence the warmer, richer clothing of Mary's companion proclaimed her better off in the world.

"It must come to that, or worse," said Mary, with a shudder, and the tears stood in her eyes, which shone with that strange glassy lustre that often accompanies, perhaps reveals, intense mental suffering. "After all, as you say," she continued, "it would not be a false character, for I never wronged any one of a farthing's worth in my life. If it could be managed—if I could but get a place!"

"Oh, it can be managed, never fear. Do you suppose that I could not act the fine lady, when I have acted at a real theatre for three seasons, and done much harder things I can tell you. I don't say but what I shall expect you to do me a good turn some of these days, if I should want it."

"What can I ever do for you," exclaimed Mary—"you, who are so much above me?"

Poor Mary! how sadly had her heart been warped by Temptation, how sadly must her self-respect have been lowered before she could have formed such an estimate of herself—fallen, or falling, as she already was! Perhaps it were best not to inquire what were the probable services this unprincipled woman expected in return for giving the false character. It is hardly to be supposed that she had sought the acquaintance of the friendless girl without some selfish plan or motive. They stood talking a few minutes longer, and then walked away in different directions: the elder with the confident air of one who had carried herself successfully through many schemes of deception; the other, trembling and abashed at the first breaking down of the barriers of integrity. Oh! ye thoughtless women in your homes of ease—ye, whose breath can give or take away reputation—be merciful in your judgment of her, and pause well ere, on some similar occasion, you drive a helpless female to desperation.

Oh! it was pitiful.
Near a whole city full,
Friend she had none.

Mary had no longer the means of returning to her family in Wiltshire; she was already reduced to poverty's sad extremity, and had that very morning conveyed her warm cloak to the safe keeping of the pawnbroker. Besides, how could she have borne to go as a disgraced pauper among the large poor family to which she belonged? among those who had looked with such pride upon their "sister in service in London?"

And yet, notwithstanding her many griefs, and the gaunt figure of absolute Want which loomed upon her, and was drawing nearer and nearer, she had refused assistance only the day before from her "young master," whom she had chanced to meet in the street, and who had accosted her, apparently with much sympathy. From him she had learned that Mrs. Dixon was as implacable as

ever; yet, though he pressed silver, and even gold, upon her, let us be thankful she was still hedged round by the feelings of delicacy and feminine propriety, which forbade her accepting money from "an admirer." Surely the world-hardened Tempters do not always know the dreadful work they are about!

"If you please, ma'am, do you know of a place?" was the inquiry of Mary, about an hour after she had parted with her new acquaintance. She had entered a respectable-looking baker's shop, in one of the great thoroughfares.

"What sort of a place?" said the mistress, a good-tempered, good-looking young woman, of seven or eight and twenty, who was just then sweeping the counter with a hand-brush, with great activity. Mary, by the way, had observed at a glance that shop, and counter, and hand-brush, and all appurtenances, were what everything belonging to a baker's shop should be, exquisitely clean and neat; and that the mistress herself, in her snowy cap, and light-coloured cotton dress, was a pattern of neatness.

"I could take a housemaid's place, ma'am," replied Mary, "or servant of all-work in a small family."

"Lor! I wonder if you would suit us?" said Mrs. Allen, the baker's wife; "we sent off our servant in a great huff last night, and I have no one to do a stroke for me, except the nurse-girl, and she has enough to do with three children to mind. Could you come directly—to-day, I mean?"

"Yes, ma'am, to-day, if you like."

Then followed the ordinary questions, and, of course, among them—"Where did you live last?"

"With Mrs. Smith, ma'am, No. 20, —street."

Alas, alas, poor Mary!

"And can you have a good character?"

"I am sure I can, ma'am. I only left because Captain Smith was obliged to go with his ship, and Mrs. Smith did not want two servants any longer."

"Well, wait here in the shop a bit, while I go and speak to my husband. James, James," she continued, calling from some stairs which led to the bakehouse, "I want you." And up there came a portly-looking man, with shirt-sleeves tucked up, and his arms covered above the elbows with flour and dough. The Allens were a happy couple, well to do in the world, and in good-humour with it and themselves. An attentive listener might have heard something about "tidy-looking girl: think she'd just do: but here it's Friday: I am sure I never can get out for her character either to-day or to-morrow."

"That's a pity," said the husband.

"If we could but be sure of her honesty, I wouldn't mind taking her, and then going for her character next week. What do you say, James?"

"My dear, how can we be sure?"

"She wouldn't be so stupid as to say she could have a good character if she were not honest," replied the wife, whose mind seemed veering very much towards trying her.

"That's true," exclaimed the baker, as if a new light were let in on the subject.

"Come and see her," said the wife.

There were two or three customers waiting in the shop, but during Mrs. Allen's short absence, her second child, a little girl of about three years old had "made friends" with Mary, and was clinging to her hand, and looking up in her face, as if she were an old acquaintance. It may be that this was the feather which pleased the parents, and turned the scale.

The feelings with which Mary learned that she was to be received in this unusual manner, and that the Falsehood which was planned would not be acted for three days to come, at least, were something like those we may imagine a culprit to entertain, when he receives a respite of his sentence. A dim hope would make itself felt, a dim hope that something would occur to prevent it being carried into execution.

With what wonderful activity Mary set to work, or how anxiously she strove to please, words cannot easily tell. But the Lie was a haunting Presence that seemed to banish even the hope of happiness. The honest baker and his wife were evidently well satisfied with their new servant. The advantage, by which she had profited, of living in a family belonging to a higher station, enabled her to do many things in a superior way; and the Allens were people to appreciate all this. And the neat and nice manner in which she served the Sunday's dinner, of which a couple of friends partook, was duly commented on. Then the children "took to her," amazingly, and the circumstance of her discovering a half-sovereign which had strangely escaped from the till, seemed to give them the most perfect confidence in her honesty; so that, when on the afternoon of Tuesday, the appointment having been duly made with the fictitious Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Allen was equipped in a handsome silk dress, ready to go "after Mary's character," she almost felt that it was a mere form, so certain was she of the girl's acquirements and integrity.

This was a dreadful moment to Mary. She felt as if her quickly-beating heart sent the blood to the crown of her head; and that the next instant it receded, and left her ready to faint; while all the events of her troubled career rushed in strange distinctness before her, even to the history she had learned of the baker's former servant having been discharged for telling a falsehood. But then he had said—"We would have forgiven her if she had not persisted in it!"

By an uncontrollable impulse, as Mrs. Allen was leaving her parlour, Mary seized the skirt of her dress, and throwing herself on her knees before her, exclaimed, amid a passionate torrent of tears—"It is your goodness that has saved me! oh, hear me, hear me!" And then, in broken phrases, she poured out the story of her trials and Temptations.

Sad was it to see the altered looks of her benefactors, and to hear the cold and mournful tone in which Mrs. Allen said—"So, you have deceived me after all: you would have cheated me with a False Character;" and the good and naturally kind-hearted woman sank on her chair, overcome with the surprise.

"We cannot help you," said the baker sternly.

"Mercy—mercy!" exclaimed the poor girl, and, weak from recent scanty fare—for she had been too wretched to eat during even the few days that abundance had been before her—she fainted outright. When she came to herself she was stretched on a sofa, with master and mistress both leaning over her. There was pity on their faces, and tears rolled down Mrs. Allen's cheeks. In loosening her dress, in their endeavours to restore her, they had come upon a packet of pawnbroker's duplicates, the dates of which, and the nature of the articles pledged, were a touching confirmation of her story. From the "cornelian brooch," so easily dispensed with, to the necessary cloak, and a prayer-book, the mournful chain was complete.

"We will not turn you away," said the baker, "just yet: we will try you a little longer."

"Your goodness has saved me!" was all the stricken girl could utter.

"But," continued he, "my wife will go immediately to your real mistress, and hear her version of the story. Certainly your confession is voluntary, and I do not believe you are hardened in deception."

Mrs. Allen set off, and the distance being considerable, she was gone upwards of two hours. What an eternity they seemed to the poor servant!

"Well, my dear," exclaimed the baker, when at last she returned, "what do you think?"

"Why I think, James, that a great many people who call themselves ladies are no ladies at all. Would you believe it, this Mrs. Dixon has found the piece of lace she accused the girl of stealing—found it slipped behind the drawer, or something of the sort; and except for her own regret at sending away a good servant, I don't think she feels her wickedness a bit. Poor girl, I cannot help pitying her. It was very wrong to attempt to cheat us with a false character, but it's my belief we none of us know what we should do if we were sorely tempted. And besides, you see she was not equal to carrying out the deception."

"Let us keep her," was the baker's emphatic rejoinder.

"Why, I don't know that we can," said Mrs. Allen. "Mrs. Dixon says she'll take her back, if she likes to go, for the lady has had three housemaids since she left, and you know it is a much grander place than ours. At any rate, she promises to give her an excellent character."

"Did you tell this Mrs. Dixon about the intended false character?"

"No, I didn't; for I soon found out how matters were, and I felt I should have been wicked to do the girl a further mischief."

"Quite right, my love," said the baker.

Mary was called in, and the facts related. With tearful joy, and amid thanksgiving to Heaven, she implored that her benefactors would allow her to stay with them, rejecting, with something like scorn, the idea of a "grander" place. Faithfully has she now served them for years; and promoted to the dignity of shopwoman, she is looked upon rather as a tried friend than anything else. But even in the sunshine of happiness she never forgets that it is the "goodness," as she calls it, of the baker and his wife which have saved her.

Alas, for the rarity
Of Christian charity!

how often would a generous trust save the sorely
Tempted!

LETTERS ON LABOUR TO THE WORKING MEN OF ENGLAND.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

LETTER SECOND.
ON THE POWERS OF LABOUR.

MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN,

Drop a drop of water on your fore-finger, and rub it with your thumb. What is it? Where is it? Is there anything in nature so feeble, so unresisting? It seems to have vanished into nothing. It appears the very symbol of weakness;

yet it is a portion of a universal element of Creation. It is a portion of that which pervades all vegetable and animal life; which shows itself now in mighty rivers, like the Ganges or the Plata; now in the ocean, encompassing the earth, and bearing all its fleets; now roused into terrible action, dashing them to pieces. It is that which, conjoined with frost, splits the very rocks, piles itself on the loftiest mountains through accumulating centuries, and, ever and anon, descends in thunder upon plain and village, overwhelming all life beneath it. It is that which, in the shape of inundations, sweeps over whole provinces, hurls down cities, and buries in its ruinous career man, and all his flocks and herds. It is that which, in the shape of steam, becomes the slave of man, but a gigantic slave, working his most ponderous machines, and whirling along his trains of carriages from city to city. It is that which enters into all the processes of social life—aiding, uniting, moulding, and purifying: without which life itself could not exist for a single moment. It was a drop—it is an ocean! It was powerless—it is irresistible! It was *that* by partial isolation—it is *this* by combination!

Take up a grain of earth. Is there anything so dull, cold, inert, and feeble? Yet it is a portion of the great mass of the globe. Without that, in its co-operative character, you would not have a standing-place in the universe. It is that out of which all life grows; of which all bodies, even yours, are composed: which, by combination with the other elements of nature, shoots forth in all the beautiful forms of flowers and verdure, of plants and fruit-trees, with fruits, and roots, and seeds; the sustenance of all the animated tribes, their luxuries and their refreshments. It is now the foundation on which cities and towers are laid; and now it is seen soaring to heaven in the shape of immensest mountains. It is equally the mother of life, the treasure-house of death, and the emblem of transcendent power. It was that feeble, cold, lifeless thing in isolation—it is all this by combination.

Wave your hand through the air. Is there anything more thin and yielding? Yet it is the mother of tempests. It is emphatically the breath of life. It is that which enters into all substances; which penetrates everywhere the surface of the earth, and the solidest masses of its productions. It is that which sustains all the millions of the human race; it is that which wafts their ships to the ends of the earth; it is that which, rising in its fury, prostrates in its terrible power forests and dwellings, and makes the ocean a wilderness of death. It was that feeble thing in its quiescence—it is all this by active combination!

Admit a single ray of sunshine through the smallest puncture of your shutters. Is it not a gentle and a feeble thing? Yet it is a portion of an awfulest element. It is, equally with the other elements, necessary to all life. Without it there would be nothing but darkness and frost. It is light which, condensed, becomes so dazzling as to destroy vision: it is heat, which is the element of the furnace and the volcano—of the direst conflagrations, before which no man can stand; before which his cities are but as heaps of weeds; before which London and Moscow have in their turn quailed! It was that feeble ray in isolation—it is all this in combination!

You have, in fact, here, in these four impotent things, the elements of all life and substance; of all that this earth, with its inhabitants and productions, natural and artificial, is made of. Feeble

and useless in isolated particles, by the laws of combination which God has impressed upon them, he has made them the vehicles of all life, thought, and beauty. He has touched them, and they are existences—he has breathed into them, and they are Man! Without organisation they are nothing—with that they are the world, with all its glorious vision of life, loveliness, and wonder; a chain of miracles—the birthplace of innumerable spirits.

It is the very same with Labour. See that man turn over a spadeful of earth: see your wife pass her needle through the linen in her hand. How simple! how little indicative of power! Yet in these simple actions lies the element of labour; and labour in combination, as we saw when speaking of its Dignity, is the origin of all the mighty mass of works and improvements in the earth. The enormous powers which felled the forests, drained the morasses, built the cities, founded the empires (however great, or however ancient), are the powers of labour. That which raised the eternal pyramids, which reared Stonehenge, which piled up St. Paul's and St. Peter's, which built Babylon and Rome, London and Paris; which in the hands of the Greeks reared the most glorious fabrics—temples, and palaces; struck out the fairest forms of imitative art, and quelled the million invaders from Persia; that which in the hands of the Romans cut its way through mountains; opened all Europe and most of Asia by roads; left the stupendous aqueducts of the Campagna as the wonder of all generations—was the power of labour, organised and directed. That which has carried cultivation in China, and in many parts of Europe, up to the pinnacles of the loftiest and sterilest rocks, and made vineyards where there was desolation; that which has made all our ingenious manufactures, and the busy manufacturing system; that which has created millions of towns, palaces, and churches, and thousands of spinning and weaving mills; and made capital like an overflowing of the Nile in the Egypt of modern toil—this is the simple power of labour in active organisation. Where new towns are rising out of the earth, and where enormous columns lie stretched in the desert sands without name, date, or history, you see alike the evidences of this greatest of earthly powers. We often say—did the horse or the elephant know his own powers, would he be the slave of man? But if man knew his own powers, would he be the slave of his brethren?

If there be anything, my countrymen, on which you gaze with wonder in the works of art; if there be anything vast, massive, magnificent, cunning in its construction, terrible in its strength, glorious in its uses—remember!—it is you who have created that wonder, by the powers of labour. You read of great empires founded—it was by the agency of organised labour: of immense armies which overthrew these empires—it was by the combined labour of thousands. Without this agency where were the greatest king, or the greatest conqueror? Where were the triumphs of Napoleon? What were Wellington at Waterloo?

The eastern nations overran Europe as Goths, Vandals, Teutons, and Slaves—it was by the labour of multitudes. They founded the present great nations of Europe—it was by the labour of these multitudes. They built up laws, customs, and institutions; these were introduced, carried out, and established by armies, by multitudes, by the force of organised labour. The Spaniards, English, and other Europeans have discovered and planted new worlds—America (North and South)

Australia, India; they have there subdued swarming and powerful nations; in India alone they have bent to the British yoke a hundred millions of people. How? By the organised exertions, courage, and lives of you, my labouring countrymen. Without your labours and invincible energies all these conquests, and this imposing dominion, were a dream and a nonentity.

At home—the mass of wealth which has been created by labour, surpasses in its astonishing amount anything which has ever been known in any other country, ancient or modern. As proofs of it, look at the splendour of the houses, equipages, and style of living of the upper classes. Look at the style of living, and the amount of the value of mere rental and furniture in all classes, except the actually labouring one. Look at the enormous sums invested in railways alone; no less than a hundred millions! Look at a quarter of a million ready to be raised at one time amongst the manufacturers and free-traders for the working of one political question; a question which, from first to last, is expected to consume little less than half a million. Look at the inconceivable amount of wealth lying in our ships, our factories, our warehouses, our banks, and on our richly cultured land. Spackman, in 1843, calculated the amount of British capital alone invested in foreign loans and public companies, both at home and abroad, to be 345,731,174*l*. And the total of British capital, including the fee-simple of the land, at no less than 5,642,360,427*l*.! producing an annual income of 897,813,345*l*!

Now, almost every class of British subjects has united its efforts for the creation of this unexampled wealth. Merchants, manufacturers, agriculturists, artisans, all have thrown in their share of those energies, that enterprise, that indomitable perseverance, for which the people of this country are renowned above all others. But the far greater amount of the labour which has produced and accumulated this astounding mass of affluence, and no small share of the skill and tact too, have been those of the working classes. The grand question then is, has this great class, has the million, whose labours lie at the foundation of this wealth, benefitted in anything like an equal degree with the other classes? As this tide of wealth has continued to rise, has it flowed in any fair proportion into the houses of the workers? No! On the contrary, as this wealth has advanced, the condition of the labouring class has retrograded. Capital has continued to run more and more into heaps, and into the hands of the few. There has been an unhealthy tendency, an *apoplectic* tendency, towards the head in our system. There has been a plethora in the head, while the extremities have grown lean and attenuated. As the system of society has become more artificial, as our manufacturing schemes have been extended, as the capitalist has learned to organise labour in new modes, and to marshal greater and greater numbers of workers in bands under him, he has become wealthy, and they have grown poor. If any one were inclined to deny this, the very fact of the enormous masses of capital continually protruded on the public notice; of capital seeking investment; the continual complaints that capital is so abundant that its holders cannot tell how to dispose of it to profit; that capital, in fact, is a drug, while the working classes are in distress, would sufficiently answer him. We have five or six millions of people in Ireland actually suffering famine, while nine and ten pounds per acre are extorted by the landowners for potato-ground,

from those very people. I speak of what I know and have seen. In England, the rate of wages seems to descend in proportion to the numbers of people employed under one master, especially when they work in conjunction with machinery. This is not the place in which I intend to go at large into this particular question. It may be here, therefore, enough to state, that such men as carpenters, masons, bricklayers, painters, and the like, generally get their three and four shillings per day, where the worker in a large factory gets his one or two. There has been now for some time an unusual degree of prosperity in the manufacturing districts, and therefore the disproportion is just now not so great in many of them; but still there are immense masses in Spitalfields, Nottingham, Leicester, Coventry, Paisley, and Glasgow, who, while they see large fortunes making by their employers, are not getting their ten shillings per week. Where such trades as tailors, stockingers, and shoemakers, are carried on by large numbers working for one master, the wages are wretchedly low. I have known in Nottingham hundreds of stockingers working sixteen hours a-day for six shillings a-week; and thousands often having no work at all.

In the country, as agriculture has become scientific, and has assumed the generic features of a manufacture—that is, by resolving itself into large farms, with numerous labourers under one capitalist—the like declension of wages has taken place. No doubt the measures of the aristocratic monopolists have had chiefly to do with this serious depression of the rate of labour; but, independent of this great cause, the second cause, that of a large number being artificially made the little cogs in the great wheel, has had its own fixed and invariable influence. Hence the wide-spread symptoms of distress and discontent amid all our prosperity. Hence strikes in towns and manufacturing districts amongst tailors, shoemakers, colliers, hand-loom weavers, shipwrights, cotton-spinners, calico-printers, and others; and in the country, the awful revelations of Goatacre and Broomhill.

Thus, my friends, we behold how magnificent are the Powers of Labour. what wonders of wealth it has created in this country; what princely fortunes it has piled up; what national pride and glory it has conferred upon Great Britain; yet—and that is the misfortune—it has not created this for you. We are truly "the envy and admiration of the world;" but that envy and admiration are not excited by your condition. "Rich!" exclaims Michelet, in his new work, *The People*, "come, confess this is the secret motive of the universal admiration. England is the rich nation: never mind her millions of beggars. For any one who does not investigate mankind, she presents to the world an unparalleled spectacle, that of the most enormous accumulation of wealth that ever existed. A triumphant agriculture, so much machinery, so many vessels, so many warehouses all choke-full, that Exchange, the mistress of the world—gold flows there like water." True, but this golden water, my friends, does not, as the Frenchman well observes, flow for you. For you, it is the old song of Virgil—

*Sic vos non vobis mifficatis aves;
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves;
Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes;
Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.*

Meaning,

Thus, but, ye birds, not for yourselves, your nests build ye;
Thus, but, ye sheep, not for yourselves, bear ye fleeces;

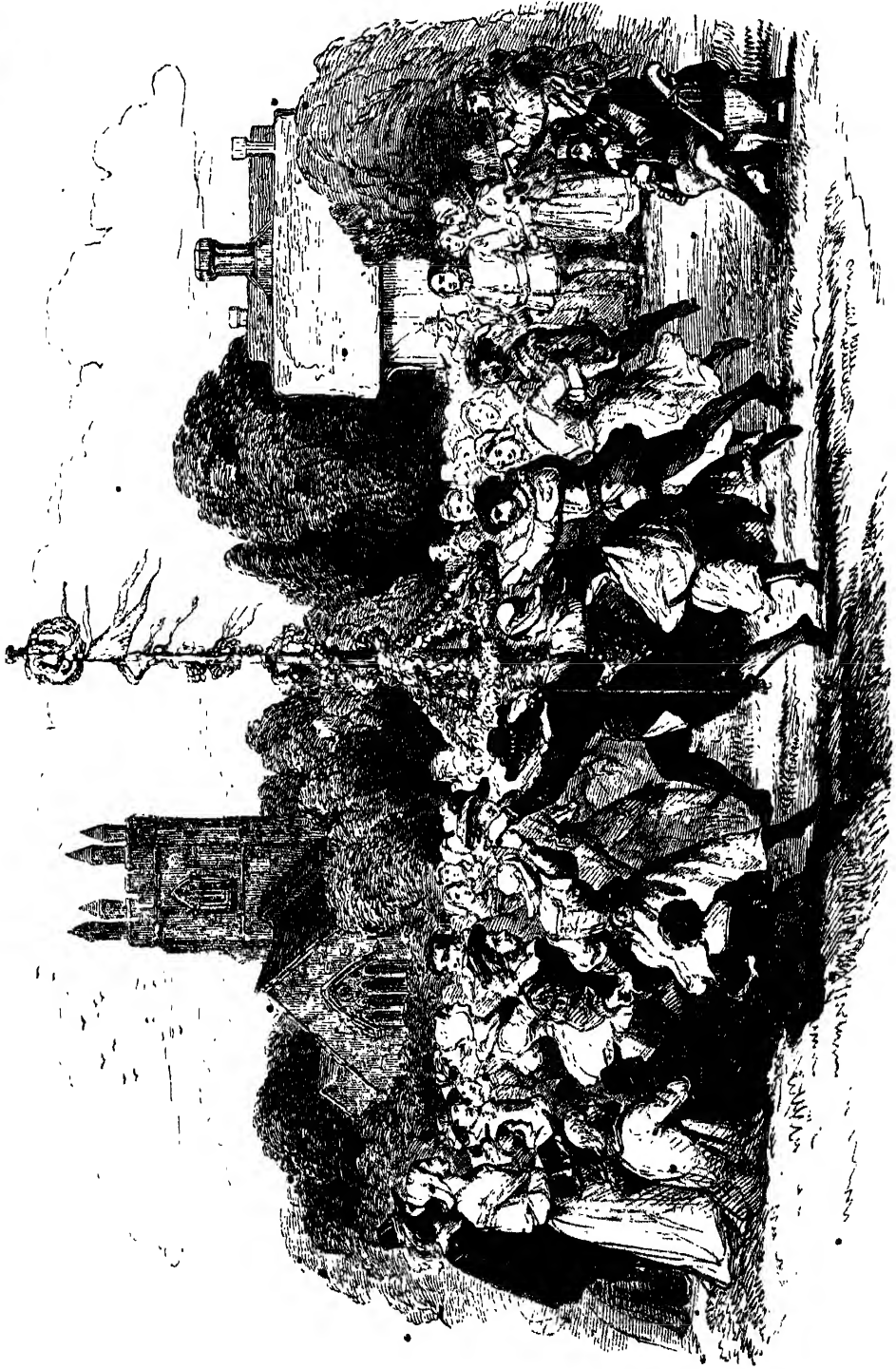
Thus, but, ye bees, not for yourselves, make ye honey;
Thus, but, ye oxen, not for yourselves, drag ye ploughshares;

Thus, but not for yourselves, do you labour, Men of England.

There is something wrong here, dreadfully wrong; and which ought to be set right. But how? By envying and endeavouring to pull down those who have come off better in the struggle of life than yourselves? By complaining of employers and master-manufacturers? No; by raising yourselves. My friends, there may be amongst the fortunate master-manufacturers and employers grasping, hard, unjust men. There is, undoubtedly, a tendency in the present modes and maxims of business to generate a spirit of self-aggrandisement, and of much real injustice towards the employed; but it is not the less true, that amongst this influential class of society, there are vast numbers of the most honourable and useful men in the country. They are men, my friends, who in most instances, were but the other day of your own order, and who have acquired their wealth and advantages by their own talents and enterprise. They are men who, more than any other, are striving to remove those political obstructions which constitute the real injustice towards you and the country. They are men, many of them, who are, each in their own spheres, zealously, and at great expense, carrying out plans for the amelioration of the condition of their workpeople; building schools on their premises for the children, establishing libraries for the adults, studying to improve the dwellings of their workpeople, and to render more healthy and pleasant the rooms of their factories. They are men who naturally, and as men do in all situations, and all over the world, merely, and very properly, avail themselves of the ways opened by circumstances before them to wealth. These men, then, you will not envy, but rather honour them for their talents and success, and endeavour to emulate them by putting into operation the same powers which they have used to ensure the same ends. And here you may succeed. Here you have the grand remedy for the evils and injustice of your condition. Rejoice, my friends, that the genius of our common country is auspicious to the exertions and the enterprise of us all. There is no barrier against advance to the very highest wealth and station, but the want of money, of business talent, and of enterprise. By exerting the same powers, you may grasp the same privileges. The road is open to all; and the grand secret lies in the proper application of the Powers of Labour. What that proper application is will bring me to my third Letter. Be assured that that application is most simple, national, and, above all, English. It belongs to no wild theory; it does not necessarily connect itself with any religious or irreligious dogmas. It requires not a single man, woman, or child to remove a yard from his present place of residence. It lies at your very doors. That application of the magnificent Powers of Labour can, in the present educated state of the Working Classes, revolutionise the world, and yet injure no individual. It cannot give ample fortunes to all, but, what is better, it can equalise the distribution of national wealth without infringing one natural, one national law, and can banish from the world the frightful distress which now haunts it.

I remain, my Countrymen,
Your Fellow-worker,
WILLIAM HOWITT.

HOLIDAYS FOR THE PEOPLE.—BY WILLIAM HOWITT.



MAY-DAY, A SKETCH, BY EDWARD DUNCAN.

MAY-DAY.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

MAY-DAY was formerly celebrated with a gaiety and poetical grace far beyond all other festivals. It had come down from the pagan times with all its Arcadian beauty, and seemed to belong to the season more than to any Christian occasion. It is one that the poets have all combined to lavish their most delicious strains upon. The time of the year is itself so inspiring,—with all its newness of feeling, its buds and blossoms and smiling skies. It seems just the chosen point for heaven and earth and youth to mingle their gladness together. There is no festivity that is so totally gone! A may-pole now is a rare sight even in the most primitive villages, and the morris-dancing is still rarer.

One would have thought that the May-day fête would have outlasted all others, except it were Christmas, of the strength of the poetical wealth of heart and fancy woven with it through all our literature. Every writer of any taste and fancy has referred with enthusiasm to May-day. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Fletcher, Milton, Browne, Herrick, and all our later poets have sung of it with all their hearts. Chaucer, in "Palamon and Arcite," describes Arcite going to the woods for garlands on May morning, according to the old custom. He

Is risen, and looketh on the merry day;
And for to do his observance of May,
Remembering on the point of his desire,
He on the coldest, starting as the fire,
Is risen to the fields him to play,
Out of the court were it a mile or tway;
And to the grove of which that I you told,
By Avon's side his way began to hold,
To make him a garland of the groves.
Were it of woodbine or of hawthorn leaves,
And loud he sung against the sunny shewn,
"O May, with all thy flowers and thy green,
Right welcome be thou, faire, freshe May!
I hope that I some green here gotten may."
And from his courser, with a lusty heart,
Into the grove full hastily he start,
And in a path he ranged up and down.

Milton has many beautiful glances at it, but none fuller of spring-life than this:—

New the bright morning-star, — 's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and fond desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

Shakespeare touches on it in a hundred places, as in "The Midsummer Night's Dream":—

If thou lovest me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in a wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I wait for thee.

The European observance of this custom is principally derived from the Romans, who have left traces of it in all the countries they subdued. It was their festival of Flora. It was the time in which they sacrificed to Maia; and in Spain, where this seems to remain much as they left it, the village-queen still is called Maia. But we have traces of it as it existed amongst the Saxons, whose

barons at this time going to their Wittenagemote, or assembly of Wise Men, left their peasantry to a sort of saturnalia, in which they chose a king, who chose his queen. He wore an oaken wreath; and together they gave laws to the rustic sports, during those sweet days of freedom. The May-pole, too, or the column of May, was the grand standard of justice amongst these people, in the Ey-Commons, or fields of May; and the garland hung on its top was the signal for convening the people. Some antiquarians have fancifully derived the origin of the crown from this garland; but it is more likely that the garland was derived from the crown. That it was a crown, formed of nature's own materials, and perhaps meant to signify that Nature here mounted her rightful throne in the open fields, reasserting her right over the arts and customs of cities. That man as man again ascended above and judged kings. Certain it is that here the people, if they saw cause, deposed or punished their governors, their barons, and kings. "It was one of the most ancient customs," says Brand, "which has by repetition been from year to year perpetuated."

But we have also traces of its mode of celebration among our Danish ancestors, for it is certainly one of the old customs of the world, having come down from the earliest ages of Paganism through various channels. Dr. Clarke in his Travels, vol. ii., p. 229, has shown that the custom of blowing horns on this day, still continued at Oxford, Cambridge, London, and other places, is derived from a festival of Diana. These ancient customs of the country did not escape the notice of Erasmus when in England, nor the ceremony of placing a deer's head upon the altar of St. Paul's church, which was built upon the site of a temple of Diana, by Ethelbert, King of Kent. Mr. Johnson, in his "Indian Field Sports," also states the curious circumstance, that the Hindoos hold a rural feast called Bhuwizan, on the 9th of Baisach, exclusively for such as keep horned cattle for use or profit, when they erect a pole and adorn it with garlands, and perform much the same rites as used to be adopted by the English on the first of May. Thus it appears how ancient and how widely spread was this custom. Traces of it may be seen in Germany to this day, where the boys in May make long horns from the bark of the elm, which they strip off, and calling them *Schalmei*, get upon all the hill tops and make a most singular clamour with them. The celebration of this festival by the Druids and Celts points it out as belonging to the worship of the sun. In Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland, the people still kindle fires on the tops of their mountains on this day, called Beal Fires, and the festival then celebrated, Beltane or Bealtane. This is the last remnant of the old worship of Baal. In Sweden, as we learn from Miss Bremer, the country-people still get on the hill tops and make great fires. In Germany the same used to be the custom; but the fires on the hills being prohibited, owing to the conflagrations sometimes occasioned by them in the forests, the boys still make bonfires in the bye-lanes of towns and in villages, and leap to and fro across them—thus, in fact, passing through the fires to Molech without knowing why.

The practice of lighting Beal-fires may still be traced in the mountainous and uncultivated parts of Cumberland, among the Cheviots, and in many parts of Scotland. Mr. Pennant says—

On the first of May in the Highlands of Scotland, the herdsmen of every district hold their Beltain. They cut a square trench in the ground, leaving the turf in the middle. On that

day they make a fire of wood, on which they dress a large caudle of eggs, butter, oatmeal, and milk; and bring, besides the ingredients of the caudle, plenty of beer and whiskey; for each of the company must contribute something. The rite begins with spilling some of the caudle on the ground, by way of libation. On that every one takes a cake of oatmeal, on which are raised nine square knobs, each dedicated to some particular being, the supposed preserver of their flocks and herds, or to some particular animal, the real destroyer of them. Each person then turns his face to the fire, breaks off a knob, and flinging it over his shoulder, says—"This I give to thee, preserve thou my horses; this I give to thee, preserve thou my sheep;" and so on. After that they use the same ceremony to the noxious animals—"This I give to thee, O Fox! spare thou my lambs; this to thee, O hooded Crow! this to thee, O Eagle!" When the ceremony is over they dine on the caudle,—&c., &c."

Something of this kind is retained in Northumberland in the syllabus prepared for the May-feast, which is made of warm milk from the cow, sweet cake and wine; and a kind of divination is practised by fishing with a ladle for a wedding-ring, which is dropped into it for the purpose of prognosticating who shall be first married, a custom likewise practised in the midland counties on Christmas-eve, when a posset is made and brought up in huge posset-pots for the purpose.

One cannot avoid seeing in these ceremonies their most ancient origin, and, consequently, widespread adoption. The throwing over the shoulder offerings to good and evil powers is exactly that of all savage nations, the effect of uniform tradition. The American-Indians, indeed, seldom propitiate the good, but are very careful to appease or prevent the evil Manitou. These notions have, no doubt, everywhere contributed to connect ideas of the presence and power of spiritual and fairy creations, and the extraordinary license of witchcraft with this night and day. We cannot avoid thinking of the wizard rites on the Blocksberg in Germany, made so familiar by Goethe; and we see the reason why all houses were defended by forest-boughs, gathered with peculiar ceremonies, and worn by the young on May-eve in almost every European country.

What, then, were the exact ceremonies of May-day? The Romans celebrated the feast of Flora in this manner. The young went to the woods and brought back a quantity of boughs, with which they adorned their houses. Women ran through the streets, and had the privilege of insulting every one who came in their way. And here may we not see the custom still continued in France, though fallen into disuse here, of the *epousees* (brides) of the month of May? The *epousees* are the little daughters of the common people dressed in their best, and placed on a chair, or bank in the streets and public walks, on the first Sunday in May. Other little girls, the brides' companions, stand near with plates, and tease the passengers for some money for their *epousees*.

Like the Romans, then, our ancestors celebrated May-day as a festival of the young. The youth of both sexes rose shortly after midnight, and went to some neighbouring wood, attended by songs and music, and breaking green branches from the trees, adorned themselves with wreaths and crowns of flowers. They returned home at the rising of the sun, and made their windows and doors gay with garlands. In the villages, they danced round the May-pole, which was hung to the top with wreaths and garlands, and afterwards remained the whole year untouched, except by the seasons—a fading emblem and consecrated offering to the goddess of flowers. At night the villagers lighted up fires, and indulged in revellings after the Roman fashion. In this country they added the pageant of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, with Friar

Tuck, Will Stukely, and others of their merry company; the dragon and the hobby-horse; all of which may be found fully described in Strutt's "Queenhoo Hall."

Spenser and Herrick give very graphic pictures of these popular festivities. Spenser, in his Shepherd's Calendar, says:—

Young folke now flocken in everywhere
To gather May-baskets and smelling breere;
And home they hasten the posts to dight,
And all the kirk pillars ere day-light;
With hawthorne buds and sweet eglantine,
And garlands of roses and sops-in-wine.

Sicker this morrow, no longer agoe,
I saw a shole of shepherds outgoe
With singing and shouting, and jolly there;
Before them rode a lusty taberere,
That to the many a hornpipe played,
Wherefo they dauncen, eche one with his mayd.
To see these folke make such jovisaunce
Made my heart after the pipe to daunce.
Tho' to the greene-wood they speepon him all,
To fetchen home May with their muscalle,
And home they bringen in a royal throne,
Crowned as a king, and his queen atong
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fayre flock of faeries, and a fresh band
Of lovely nymphs. O that I were there
To helpen the ladies their May-bush bear!

The exquisite verses of Herrick—"Corinna's going a-Maying," have been quoted a thousand times; we will content ourselves with a couple of stanzas, expressive of the whole soul of spring:—

Get up, get up for shame: the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the God unshorn:
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air.
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling heib and tree.

Each flower has wept and bowed towards the east
Above an hour ago, yet you not dressed:
Nay, not so much as out of bed
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns. 'Tis ain,
Nay, profanation, to keep in;
When as a thousand virgins on this day
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May!

Such were the festivities of youth and nature to which our monarchs, especially Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and James I., used to go forth and participate in. In the reign of the maiden queen, pageant seemed to arrive at its greatest height, and the May-day festivities were celebrated in their fullest manner; and so they continued, attracting the attention of the royal and the noble as well as of the people, till the close of the reign of James I. Queen Elizabeth went a-maying to Sir Richard Buckley's, at Lewisham, as Henry VIII., her father, had gone in great state to Shooter's Hill.

But in came Puritanism, and down went all old festivities and pageants. In April, 1644, there was an ordinance of the two houses of Parliament, for taking down all and singular May-poles. The people kicked, even in the days of Cromwell and the commonwealth, at this ordinance. At the Restoration, there was an attempt to restore also May-day to its ancient jollity, but all in vain, it never recovered the prostrating stroke of puritanism. Vestiges, it is true, of the varicous customs of this once great day of popular rejoicing, may yet be found in different villages and old-fashioned districts of England, and for the particulars of these I may refer the reader to Hone's *Every-day Book*, and the successive volumes of *Time's Telescope*. In London, the dance of the milkmaid is gone, and that of the sweeps is almost the sole memento of May-day frolicking left. According to correspondents of the works just referred to, in Huntingdonshire, Northamptonshire, Cam-

bridgeshire, and in Cornwall, there may yet be seen May-day garlands, and young men going out to cut their May and sing their night-song, and elect a lord and lady of May: but the general fact is, that as the rites and customs of this festivity were formerly more popular than any, so they are now more completely abandoned. On the other hand, there have been more attempts to revive the celebration of May-day, from its supposed congeniality to the spirit of youth, than that of any other festivity; but all in vain. The times, and the spirit of the times, are changed.

Happy the age, and harmless were the days,
For then true love and unity were found,
When every village did a May-pole raise
And Whitsun-ales and May-games did abound;
And all the lusty yokelers in a rout,
With merry lasses daunced the rod about.
Then Friendship to their banquets bid the guests,
And poor men fared the better for their feasts.

The lords of castles, manors, townes, and towers,
Rejoiced when they beheld the farmers flourish,
And would come down unto the summer bours
To see the country gallants dance the Morrice.
But since the Summer Poltes were overthrown,
And all good sports and merriments decayed,
How times and May are changed, so well is known,
It were but labour lost if more were said.

Peasquin's Palinodia.

That is a great and melancholy truth. The spirit and the necessities of the present times is, "Work, work, work!" With all our progress, we have not progressed into half the ease and gaiety that our ancestors possessed. With all our improvements, we have not improved on their habit of enjoying themselves. With all our triumphs of machinery and of knowledge, we have won no leisure, no happiness, not even our daily bread. We have lost all that our ancestors possessed, and have gained nothing which they had not. That is a poor story to tell; that is a strange result of *progress and civilisation*. Progress! Is it a progress into poverty, toil, and wretchedness that we boast of? Let those boast who win. Civilisation! Is it civilisation to have famine and expulsion from house and home in Ireland—"work! work! work!" and Breinhill and Goataere in England? Oh! there is still something hugely wrong! Whichever way we turn a giant-monster meets us, and startles us out of our dreams of poetry. We call this an enlightened age. In what is it enlightened? With all our light and knowledge can any man tell us, even on this question of May-day, how the people, as one universal people, could turn out for a single day and enjoy themselves? No! the mills want us, the shops want us, the banks and railroads want us. We want our daily bread, and Mammon wants his. He opens all his thousand mouths of gaping smithies, workshops, and offices, to swallow us up. We have won millions, but we have not won leisure for a single day! Where is the man that dare say that we are wiser than our ancestors?

And yet Nature and the Human Heart are the same. The one has all her bounties and delights still to offer, the other has all its glorious capacities to enjoy! Oh! how beautiful and amiable is Nature at this moment! How green is her grass, how tender is her foliage! The cuckoo has returned from far lands, and shouts his gladness once more. The nightingale pours hymns of love and worship from every bough, more beautiful than Pindar, or even David ever wrote. The cowslip and the primrose bathe in dewy meadows, and breathe up incense to the heaven that smiles on them. The whole country is a paradise of youth,

and love, and beauty; and it *should* be the holiday of every man, woman, and child, now to break loose from labour and care, and go forth and enjoy it. This *should* be the festival of May. Without returning to the hobby-horse and the more foolish customs of our ancestors, we should, *at least*, return to Nature. We should make it the holiday of May—if not on one day, at least on another—for every soul to go out and abandon itself to the general joy of the season. To breathe the fresh, pure air; to revel in the feeling of all the delicious greenness, and amid the heaven-suggesting flowers; to let the "work, work, work!" cease for at least one day in the weary, whirling brain: and the heart, opening to the perception of the mighty joy that covers the whole face of the earth, repose for a single day on the sense of God's goodness, and feel that it still can sympathise in the pleasure of its fellow-man. This *should* be the holiday of May—and I would say, let it be so for all that it can. God never meant that all the loveliness of May should be left to the bird upon the bough, and the beast in the field; and that man, the noblest of his creatures, should be imprisoned in the workshop, and have none of it. Shall the otter bask in the sedge, the snake on the bank, the very toad in its hole, and shall not man bask too? Let those who can enjoy the feast of Nature, now go forth and enjoy it—but above all, let them, when they see how glorious May in the country is, and feel how it strengthens and refreshes their hearts, resolve never to rest till the whole working population is enabled to enjoy this too—and that the time *shall* once more come when this may be a holiday for all, and there shall be a dance on the village green, and a dancing heart in every poor man's bosom, at the festival of youth and nature—the poetical MAY-DAY.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF PHONOGRAPHY

BY A CORRESPONDENT.

Most of our readers have probably heard of *Phonography* and *Phonotypy*, the writing and printing reformation, which, under the guidance of its originator, Mr. Isaac Pitman, of Bath, has made, and is making, such rapid progress. We propose to give them a page of information on the subject.

Ever since the time of Timothy Bright, who, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, published the first work on short-hand, there have been various attempts to construct a more brief and philosophical method of writing than that in common use. The one great mistake of all these systems, however, was, that they were based upon the present absurd and cumbrous mode of spelling; and as *briefness* was the principal object, the vowels were usually omitted—thus, with the paucity of the consonant-signs themselves, rendering the *reading* a matter of difficulty and uncertainty in all cases. Mr. Pitman avoided this pitfall of the Roman alphabet, which had proved so fatal to his predecessors. He published in 1837 a system of stenography, the principle of which was that every sound in the language should have its sign, which should be appropriated to it only, and that the combination of these signs should be considered to make up the proper spelling of words, without regard to the practice in the common Roman characters.

The signs proposed by Mr. Pitman were exceed-

ingly simple, consisting almost entirely of straight lines, curves, and dots. Edition after edition appeared of the system, which now became known as *Phonography*. A "Corresponding Society" was formed of persons who volunteered to correct the lessons of learners through the post, and the movement assumed more the aspect of an attempt to reform orthography than of a superior method of stenography. Periodicals were instituted, classes formed, festivals held, and all the recognised machinery of agitation employed. These means of forwarding Phonography have proved so successful, that there are now nearly nine hundred members of the Corresponding Society—all the periodicals in the new character enjoy an extensive sale—and scarcely a literary and scientific institution exists in which phonography has not been more or less studied by the members.

Though phonography is in its very nature exceedingly brief, and though an abbreviated style has been introduced for letter-writing, &c., Mr. Pitman determined to render the system superior to every other as a mere method of stenography. He has accordingly just published a work called "The Reporter," which has fully accomplished his object. By a most extensive and ingenious use of *phraseography* (or the writing of sentences by a junction of the principal consonants which compose its words) he has enabled an adept to follow the most rapid speaker with facility, and by just filling in afterwards, at his leisure, the vowels to all the consonants, to make the manuscript so legible as to be easily read by any phonographer. Thus, reports of speeches may be set up immediately by compositors from phonographic copy, and all the labour of writing out his notes fairly—which now must be submitted to by every reporter—at once swept away.

But a further reform was necessary. The discussion on, and discontent with, our present style of spelling, induced by the great spread of phonography, had well prepared the public mind for a bold attempt to reform it altogether. Mr. Pitman, therefore, determined to undertake a philosophical method of printing, as well as of writing, language. He commenced a series of experiments in casting and using new types, and has now succeeded in perfecting a system of *phonotypy*, which we think is destined to work the destruction of that worst of all ogres to children, the *spelling-book*: an ogre not only cruel, but utterly stupid and unreasoning, and whose death should be hailed with satisfaction by all desirers of social improvement. Phonotypy retains the whole of the present Roman types, except K, Q, and X, but fixes the application of each only to one sound; then with twenty new types to express sounds not indicated by the old Roman types, the alphabet is complete. Its appearance in use is exceedingly pleasing; and, better still, literature printed in it can be read by one totally ignorant of the system almost as easily as if printed in the usual manner; whilst a person entirely commencing to learn reading would certainly be able to read fluently and correctly in a week.

A system of *phonetic long-hand* has also been devised by Mr. Pitman. This consists of the characters commonly used in writing, with others added, so as to enable the writer to spell entirely according to sound. As an alphabet of simple straight lines, curves, and dots, such as phonography, would hardly be applicable to law documents, and other writings where the alteration of a letter might be of the utmost importance; the extension of the phonetic principle in writing and printing would certainly render such a system of

long-hand necessary. It is to phonography and phonotypy, however, that the attention of students in the present day will be chiefly directed.

The community owes a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Pitman, which it will be certain to pay either now or hereafter. Let no one neglect to aid in some way this literary reformation; for its effects in forwarding the cause of social amelioration will, we are certain, be great indeed.

Our Library.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF ENGLAND.

A History for the People.

By JOHN HAMPTON, JUNIOR.

JOHN HAMPTON, JUN., promises to be the Michelet of England. He has done that for the aristocracy which Michelet has done for the Jesuits. He has shown by what steps our aristocracy has reached its present unexampled position: how it has contrived to insinuate itself into and set aside the constitution, and by what means it is to be put back to its own legitimate place in our political system. A more straightforward, unflinching, and extraordinary book we never read. But in point of historic novelty alone it deserves the most serious attention of all readers. There are points of history to which a totally new view is given; and one of the highest importance which has never yet, strange as it may seem, been fairly set forth. In the first place, Magna Charta, which has commonly been attributed to the barons, is here shown, (and that on data furnished by all our best historians), to have been actually won and established by the people. It is shown that the barons compelled the signing of it at Runnymede, but that John immediately abjured his own act; arms were resorted to; civil war commenced; the barons were everywhere beaten; they called in to their aid the son of the king of France; and that on John's death the people, alarmed for the liberty of the realm, rose under Hugh de Burgh, drove out both barons and their French prince, and demanded and obtained a better charter from Henry III. This is a new and most important view of this great event, and one which it appears to us is, on the surest data, completely incontestable.

Again, the bargain entered into by the nobles with Charles II., for his restoration, is not the less singular, nor has been less singularly overlooked by all our historians. It is to Blackstone that we are indebted for the data which our author brings together, and thereby throws into honest daylight the unprecedented fact—that unprecedented and generally unsuspected transaction, by which the aristocracy freed themselves from all taxation, and threw it on the people. We cannot go through the whole narrative, but we select a passage or two which may induce the reader to turn to the work itself. After explaining the nature of the feudal services by which the aristocracy held their lands, the author proceeds:—

When the people nowadays cry out for abolition of tithes, the aristocracy, and their sons and kinsmen, the clergy, tell us that we have bought our estates subject to this burden, and that it is

nothing but proper that we bear it. That the titles are not, nor ever were, a portion of our property. But very different were their feelings and mode of reasoning as to their own natural burden, the feudal services. These services and payments were, in truth, the reservation made by the crown and government of the country. They were the composition of the aristocracy to the necessary taxation of the realm, or, in Blackstone's own words, "were in the nature of a modern land-tax." The aristocracy, therefore, wanted neither more nor less than to get rid of their whole land-tax, and fling the necessary burden of taxation on the people. They had attempted this in James I.'s days, but this scheme with James came to nothing; and it was only when the aristocracy had Charles II. at an advantage, that they hit on the happy idea of freeing themselves entirely from the stipulated burdens on their lands. They succeeded. The dissolute and needy prince was glad to make any terms for the crown of England; the bargain was struck, and, to use Blackstone's own words, "the military tenures, with all their heavy appendages," were destroyed at one blow by the statute 12 Car. II., c. 24, which asserts, "That the court of wards and liveries, and all wardships, liveries, premier seigns, tenures by homage, knights'-services, &c., &c., shall be taken away, save only copyhold and the like."

"Thus did the aristocracy," as Blackstone says, "at one blow," abolish the original compact and conditions by which they acquired possession of all their lands, the half of the soul of England, getting rid at the same time of the heavy rights of purveyance and of subsidies on those lands. By this act they established that extraordinary value of their landed property, which has made them at this day the most astoundingly opulent and powerful aristocracy that ever existed; and has enabled them, by this overwhelming wealth and power, to overthrow the balance of the constitution, and thrust the people out of their rights, and their house of representatives. And by what means? By the traitorous means of giving as an equivalent for their natural burdens, a burden on the people—the Excise! p. 142.

The aristocracy, before this transaction, paid half the yearly taxes—since then this excise has grown to 14,600,000*l.* a year, and the whole amount of popular taxation to fifty millions *£*-year; while the land-tax remains at the annual sum of little more than two millions!

Had the author done nothing more than open up this great fact to the day, he would deserve well of his country; but the vital principle of the book seems to us the strong light in which it places the truth, that it is the people who are the life and ever-springing strength of the nation. By numerous and curious columns, it is very strikingly shown, that from the people, that is, from the middle and working classes, have sprung nearly all our great and celebrated men of all kinds. These observations follow:—

These are all of the class who have to strive. In thoroughly-bred, and titled and lordly aristocracy, the *thriving principle* is destroyed by the artificiality of life and entail of estate; and indolence and effeminacy are the certain results. The true nobles, the philosophers, poets, philosophical statesmen, artists, inventors, and great patriots—the eternal nobles, who are not ennobled by their country, but ennoble it—these are all strivers and workers, and hence it is that they awaken the divinity within them, and grow more and more in power, in spirit, in beneficence, the benefactors of mankind. They who cease to work, and cease to have a motive for it, cease thus to resemble the great Father of all life and honour. Here lies the secret; that in them life is inert, and barren of genius and aspiration. They are the people, the *Terræ Filii*, who are at the same time, the *Cæli Filii*. Like Antæus, they draw fresh strength from every daily touch of their native earth, because the earth is embraced and encompassed by the heavens and the spirit of God. Our aristocracy are like parasitical plants; their roots are not in the earth, but in the heads of the people; but the people drawing at once vigour from the earth beneath and from the heaven above, put out everlasting evidences of growth and fruitfulness, and the oaks of genius dart their roots into the flintiest rocks of poverty, and lift their branches high above the crowd.

Never let the glorious truth be forgotten, that the good and the salvation of the world always come, and always have come, from the *Rust*. Christ came thence; the patriots, prophets, and apostles came thence; the greatest ages and philosophers, the true founders and builders of national wealth and glory, of the power and the happiness of man, have come thence in all ages. pp. 224-5.

To these great truths we set our seal, and rejoice to see them thus growing and spreading. This little volume might, indeed, like Michelet's, have been called "The People."

Poetry for the People.

PASSAGES FROM THE WISDOM OF THE BRAHMIN.

By F. A. RUCKERT,

FROM THE GERMAN BY DR. HEINRICH PICK.

Six words their several claim to me put every day:
I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.

I ought—this is the law by God to my heart given;
The goal on towards which I am by myself driven.

I must—this is the pale, in which the world one side,
And on the other nature, force me to abide.

I can—the measure is of power to me lent,
Of strength, ability, art, knowledge the extent.

I will's the most lustrous jewel with which I'm dress'd,
And freedom's seal my mind hath on itself impress'd.

I dare—this is at once the motto on the seal,
At freedom's open'd gate a bolt whose check I feel.

I may—at last, is that which doth betwixt all float,
Uncertain and unfixed; the moment gives it note.

I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may,
These six their several claim to me put every day.

As long as *Thou* would'st teach, I know what every day
I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.

London.

CRY OF THE SPRING FLOWER-SELLER.

By W. C. BENNETT.

"BUY MY FLOWERS!"

Violets, violets—here, see, I bring;
Primroses, wet from the woods of the spring;
Lilies, the whitest that silver our vallies;
Come out from your courts, from the gloom of your
alleys—

Buy my flowers!

Here's pleasure a selling!—my blossoms come buy—
Cheap enough for the low, choice enough for the high—
Buy my flowers!

Come, make your close rooms and your dark windows
gay,
With thoughts of their dwellings on banks far away;
And the hours of work, long so sluggish for many a day,
Through the thoughts that they bring, shall trip lightly
away—

Buy my flowers!

And into the heart of the city they'll bring
The country, the meadows, the woodlands, and Spring;
Pleasant hours you spent in the green fields long ago,
On stiles that you loved, and in lanes well you know—
Come and buy!

The poorest may buy them, the richest they'll please—
There's ne'er a one sells braggier blossoms than these—
There's ne'er a one sells such sweet flowers as I—
Buy my flowers!

Greenwich.

LYRICS OF LIFE.—BY MARY HOWITT.

No. IV.—JUDGMENT.

Name her not, the guilty one!
 Virtue turns aside for shame
 At the mention of her name:
 Very evilly hath she done!
 Pity is on her mis-spent;
 She was born of guilty kin,
 Her life's course hath guilty been;
 Unto school she never went,
 And whate'er she learned was sin:—
 Let her die!

She was nurtured for her fate:
 Beautiful she was, and vain;
 Like a child of sinful Cain
 She was born a reprobate!
 Lives like hers the world defile;
 Plead not for her, let her die,
 As the child of infamy!
 Ignorant and poor and vile,
 Plague-spot to the public eye.
 Let her die!

THE HEART OF THE OUTCAST.

I am young, alas! so young,
 And the world has been my foe;
 And by hardship, wrong, and woe
 Hath my bleeding heart been stung!
 There was none, O God! to teach me
 What was wrong and what was right!
 I have sinned before thy sight;
 Let my cry of anguish reach thee,
 Piercing through the glooms of night,
 God of love!

Man is cruel, and doth smother
 Tender mercy in his breast,
 Lays fresh burdens on the oppressed;
 Pities not an erring brother.
 Pities not the stormy throes
 Of the soul despair hath riven,
 Nor the brain to madness driven!—
 No one but the sinner knows
 What it means—to be forgiven!
 God of love!

Therefore will I put my trust
 In thy mercy, and I cleave
 To that love which can forgive;
 To that judgment which is just;
 Which can pity all my weakness;
 Which hath seen the life-long strife
 Of passions fiercer than the knife;
 Known the desolating bleakness
 Of my desert path through life,
 God of love!

I must perish in my youth!
 And, had I been better taught,
 And, did virtue as it ought,
 And, had grey-haired wisdom rath,
 I should not have fallen so low!
 'Tis the power of circumstance,
 'Tis the wretch's dire mischance,
 To be born to sin and woe!
 Pity thou my ignorance,
 God of love!

MR. WILDERSPIN—THE FRIEND OF
THE PEOPLE'S CHILDREN.

By MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

It is among the heaviest of the charges hitherto made against society, that it neglects its benefactors. The history of mankind teems with instances of this species of ingratitude. The good, the wise, have again and again toiled, amid difficulty and disadvantage, in behalf of humanity; and having achieved, unassisted and uncheered, their great object, have been suffered to pass away unrecognised and unrewarded. Amid the reform of many mistakes, let us hope that this may be one—that while the ear is yet awake—while the heart is yet warm to which the voice of gratitude is due, and must be sweet, that that voice will be poured forth. Not as heretofore, be the tribute of honour and veneration withheld till it can be laid only upon the grave—let it be borne with vital gratitude to the living man. Ours be the recognition, and his the reward, while it is yet day; nor, therefore, when the night cometh which must shut him from our sight, be the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" denied to his future fame and its memorial. Let us pause and look around us. Let us ask, who have we yet among us to whom is due, in a peculiar manner, the acknowledgments of national gratitude. There are places in which, could this question be asked, thousands of young voices would reply, waking the echoes with the name of Wilderspin. "He taught us to love. He taught us to think. He taught us to learn. But for him we had been ignorant and criminal—through him we are informed and Christian." While the mothers of these young beings, more eloquent in silence than their children in exclamation, would raise the mute prayer of the heart to invoke blessings on the head which had grown gray in the service of their children. Mr. Wilderspin began his labours in 1819, and from that time steadily went on with the development of that beautiful system which Robert Owen first established at New Lanark, and in which the principles of Pestalozzi were carried into practical effect. In that year Mr. Wilderspin established his first school; and, appearing like a Messiah among children, began to call forth happily and simultaneously all the powers of young humanity. A momentary glance at the little automata of past days, who, prisoned in silence and severity in the school-room, sat under the fear of punishment, straining their minds to accomplish or escape the given task, affords a high contrast to the system of Mr. Wilderspin, which is in comparison like a fountain in the sun, letting its beneficial waters leap into light, and spreading sweetness and freedom through a thousand channels. In a letter now before me, Mr. Wilderspin says, speaking of his first school, "I undertook to try the experiment of making two hundred children happy." Here is a subject for a sympathetic artist. Let us fancy we behold the gracious presence coming forth from the clouds of the old system, and, clothed in light, looking love, and hope, and happiness upon the young beings it was his purpose to elevate and save.

The first school was in Vincent-square, and it became a model-school, the master of which was formed under Mr. Wilderspin's own training. In the course of four or five years, as the number of schools increased, public attention was engaged, and a society formed, which held its first meeting

at 'the Freemasons' Hall, the Marquis of Lansdowne in the chair. This society existed only two years,—it sunk in 1826, for want of funds; and from that time forth Mr. Wilderspin has worked single-handed, creating infant-schools, training instructors, and lecturing on infant education, making no appeal to public or private aid, and liberally rewarding the services of his agents and assistants. He made repeated visits to all the provincial towns of England, leaving behind, in most of them, infant-schools. In like manner, he repeatedly visited Ireland, whither he proceeded in 1827, and afterwards to Scotland. Infant-schools almost everywhere followed upon his advent. At this day there are, in Dublin and its neighbourhood, twenty-two; whilst in Belfast, Coleraine, Londonderry, Armagh, in fact, in all the large towns, they have been planted. In Scotland, the first school instituted is now a normal school, having the support of Government, and at which all teachers are trained. In 1838, the Board of Education took up Mr. Wilderspin's plans. The Commissioners sent for him to organise their National School (allowed, on the highest authority, to be the best school of the present day in the three kingdoms), all the teachers of which are trained on Mr. Wilderspin's system. While the great work was thus advancing, and vineyard after vineyard was spreading through the length and breadth of the land, dispensing benefits which, in their infinite ramifications and remote consequences, it is impossible to calculate, the first worker—the beneficent originator—was not thought of. His time, his toil, his means, and those of his children (who became his coadjutors), were freely, fervently, unremittently devoted to the rising generation, with a zeal which made him quite regardless of his own interests. He says, in the letter I have already alluded to—"I thought not of old age or want—even now I have faith that when it is known that I am poor, and have spent all I ever had for the public benefit, the Almighty will raise up friends to write for me, to speak for me, to work for me, and that neither myself nor my five helpless girls will be allowed to sink into our graves in poverty." Shall this faith not have fruition? "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests," shall it be added, that this "man hath not where to lay his head?" Impossible! It is utterly impossible that such should be the end of such a pilgrimage as he has passed; especially when it is known, that even now, when premature age, which his unrelaxing toils have accelerated, and poverty, which his social and unselfish nature took no precaution to ward off, have not stimulated him to step forward to invite aid or induce sympathy. No—he has been sought in his unambitious retirement, in his untiring zeal, by some inquirers after the friends of the people; they have enlisted a few spirits like their own in his cause, and the honour has been permitted me to introduce his name and his claims to the *People's Journal*. I know whom I address. I should wrong them and my own convictions did I add another word. May the stay of Samuel Wilderspin among us be protracted to the utmost limits permitted to mortality; and, free from painful infirmity, may he continue to smile on those who will henceforth strew his path with flowers, and clear it of thorns.*

* [We venture so hope that this appeal will in some quarters be attended with practical consequences, and therefore append in a note that subscriptions will be received at the following banks:—Messrs. Deaconson, Heywood, and Co., London; Leatham, Tew, and Co., Wakefield; A. Heywood, Sons, and Co., Liverpool; Sir B. Heywood, and Co., Manchester.—EDITOR.]

PENNY WISDOM;

IN LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS.

By A MAN OF NO PARTY.

NO. 1.—STILETTO LAW.

• London, April 18th, 1846.

Penny wisdom without pound folly! Why not?—as well as Penny Postage; and, moreover, without the world being thereby proved to have reached its Age of Brass! Cheap truth—sterling, however small in value and humble in form—this is what I mean by a title to a series of epistles, which may possibly embrace the most widely different things, and no-things, of the day.

I begin my correspondence with you, dear friend—be you Capitalist or Operative, Chartist or Repealer, Puseyite or Dissenter—in anything but a lively humour. I was waked this morning by a voice sounding cheerfully on the pavement below my window; one of the cries, methought, which (having no nerves) I love to hear, as signs that Day has come back, and Life is astir, and Industry is catering for comfort. In part I was right; but the cry—what was it?

"ANOTHER SHOT AT THE KING OF THE FRENCH!"

The shout of the man—loud as a trumpet, and hoarse as a raven—has been sounding in my ears all day, as if it had been a knell; reminding me of the voices which were abroad in London streets at the time of the Plague, or of some summons which has swept from the walls of a town beleaguered by savage enemies, calling on the strong and the faithful to rise up and do battle. As an Englishman, as a citizen, I cannot sleep till I, too, have sent a word or two forth, which I pray all good and true men to take up, and ponder over at their labour, at their meals, and by their firesides!

That cry is not one to make light of. It does tell of pestilence abroad on the earth. It does call upon all who love God and their kind to take such weapons as they know how to use, and turn them against the foul Fiend. Most of all are those, my dear friend, who, like you and me, interest ourselves in progress, in truth, in liberty; whose work it is to unlock doors, reclaim waste lands—give the weak strength, and the oppressed justice—most of all are we, who are of and for the People, bound to raise our voices, whether he who has fired "another shot" be an Irish peasant or a Polish boor;—or some wretched, disappointed creature, dragged through the slime of the Paris kennels till he has lost all semblance of human cleanliness!

Let not our pity for the Offender—now, happily, replacing the blood-thirsty vengeance which in old times hunted him down—blind us to the abomination of offences like these. We are doing all in our power for the extirpation of War; shall we hear of Assassination without protest? Say that Tyranny is the monster aimed at; shall we root him on his throne, by encouraging deeds which appeal to the sympathy of the manly and generous in defence of the object so outrageously menaced? Say that Craft is to be unmasked—the web, which we have not time or patience to untie, to be cut—shall we allow Craft so fair an opportunity for complaint—shall we warrant him meekly to go forth in the market-places, and up to the altar, appealing to Heaven against brute force? There is the conve-

nient excuse of Madness, too—with which it is now too much the fashion to explain away every vile and ferocious excess. Let us leave this to those whom it concerns. Better, we boldly say, for ourselves, is a special disgrace in one, however near and dear to us—which may be honestly owned, cheerfully atoned for, and generously pardoned—than a disease, the admitted existence of which amounts to a sword hanging over *our* kindred heads—to a poison in *our* kindred veins: to a fear that the sword may fall some day, when we are defenceless—that the poison may swell, till there is no pure blood left within us. We would fain call things by their true names, would we not? If we are not afraid to show the rottenness of Vice in high places—let us not be ashamed to speak of crime among ourselves as crime; no malady to be dealt upon with electuaries, and pills, and soft pillows; still less *blood-letting*—but an evil to be faced fearlessly, discountenanced sternly, and chastised with as much ignominy as may admit the hope of the criminal's repentance. While we dare harden no one into the hopelessness of despair (a Hell upon earth!) we must avoid as pestilence that maudlin pity which smooths, and glosses over, and sheds tears at every error—till (strange effect of the human need of sympathy!) a wretched appetite is engendered among the wretched for this degrading and piteous notoriety; and the uttermost confusion of clean with foul, straight with crooked, right with wrong, grows an epidemic, eating away the very marrow of our bones, and drinking our heart's blood.

Do I seem passionate, even, about this matter?—unable, with *Ion*, to smile the guilt away as

A devious fancy and a muscle raised
Obedient to its impulse—

Or do you fancy me, in secret, as belonging to the class of those obsequious creatures to whom “a King of France has no legs?”—whose generic worship of Royalty makes them dwell solely on the good humours of an Austrian Francis, or the devotional fervour of a French Charles, or the prison-going and church-building whims of the Godfather to our *Heir-Apparent*, till they can forget a Pellico persecuted into gentle imbecility at Spielberg—a priest chained up as it was in Paris ere the Three Days set in—a people restless, dissatisfied, cast loose of all anchorage, such as may be now seen in Prussia? It is not so. Only, where some exclusively pity murderers, and some the victims of the factory, the cheap school, the jail, I can pity Kings, also, for their human temptations—a pity excluding all belief in “the divinity which hedges them.” And I love too much the misgoverned, the ignorant, the afflicted, to see their cause and its real strength thus perilously mishandled by such insulated acts of violence, without calling on all who love with me, to avoid the responsibility of aiding in the spread of a deadly infection. Were Lucifer himself to be got down from his throne—it must not be by one of Lucifer's schemes, or Lucifer's servants. We are not destroying our old Devil so much as enthroning a new one!

Observe, that in the above, I have merely dealt with the extremest fact of Assassination (to put it in the phrase of the waiting-gentlewomen) “under the most favourable of circumstances”—that is, after the most desperate provocations! I have allowed the man Leconite and his sympathisers to assert that the King of the French is a monster of tyranny—an Archimage of craft. To question the justice of this assertion—to point to peace preserved, and commerce strengthened, as

alternative facts—would be waste of time, and distract our attention from the main point. When we are about abolishing the punishment of Death, we must not have men, whether crowned or uncrowned, shot at in the streets, nor hearken unto the tidings thereof without an abhorrent protest which shall show to the world that we can distinguish between the *Liberator* and the *Murderer*! and that the more which is done for the People, the less will they tolerate the thought of such atrocities.

THE FORTUNES OF MARY LESLIE;

A Domestic Tale.

By MRS. VINCENT NOVELLO.

“Oh, Ned! you would not thus praise my arms if you saw them of a morning, with my sleeves tucked up, and my elbows red as a piony, with scrubbing and brushing up the house; nor talk of my glossy hair if you saw it tucked under a plain linen mob-cap, to keep me cool whilst baking or brewing.”

“Indeed but I should, dearest Mary; and I should also remember your cheerful industry and right disposition, which have made you prefer honest though hard servitude to a life of ease purchased by wickedness. Oh! when I call to mind the comfort and happiness of your early home, I can but wonder at your fortitude, and worship you as a saint.”

This simple colloquy was held over a rustic gate, shaded by all the luxuriant foliage and blossoms with which June abounds; the air perfumed with the smell of new-mown hay, and the countenances of the humble speakers illumined by the softened hues of a fading sunset.

Mary Leslie was the daughter of a substantial yeoman, who had assisted the natural quick intelligence with which Nature had endowed his child by the blessing of a solid education, enforced by excellent moral and religious precepts. Mary was not regularly handsome; yet her laughing eye and brilliant brunette complexion, redolent of health and good-humour, and her youthful form, developed by a pastoral life to perfect symmetry of rounded fulness, rendered her the most attractive lass of the village. It is to be presumed, therefore, that the deprecatory tone she employed in speaking to her lover, Edward Thatcher, was with a view rather to extort his contradiction than expecting his assent.

Her faithful swain, with whom she was conversing (Ned Thatcher, as he was called), had even less to recommend him to the world's notice than his humble mistress—a foundling of the parish, reared by public charity, his very name was given him from the trade to which he had been bound by the overseers.

Circumstances, however, particularly interesting, had first introduced him at Woodburne, the farm of the Leslies. When Mary was twelve years old she had been saved from drowning by Ned Thatcher, then a strong, bold lad, two years older than herself. The gratitude of her parents led them, in return, to bestow many acts of useful kindness upon her preserver; and discovering several noble traits in his nature, supposed by some impossible to exist in one of his grade, they cultivated these emanations of goodness by kindly advice and encouragement, and Ned became a

constant and welcome visitor at their hospitable abode.

This intercourse was most beneficial to the lad; it taught him the value of good qualities, of education, and industrious habits—that these would raise him above the stigma of his birth, and *might* exalt him to affluence: at all events, they would confer respectability, intelligence, and self-respect. His reverence and love, in return, for father, mother, and daughter, amounted to devotion. The farm of Woodburne appeared to him an Eden; the elder Leslies, patriarchs rich in flocks and herds, breathing benevolence and wisdom, and blessed with a daughter lovely as Rachel, and who, like that scriptural maiden, was to be wooed and won by long service and tried fidelity. It did not enter into Ned's imagination that the comparatively rich Mary Leslie might be considered too high a prize for the humble parish-apprentice. No, it was his firm resolve that he would become worthy of her; and this incitement made him conquer the difficulties of writing and arithmetic—a preliminary step indispensable to his advancement, and the *bare* rudiments of which only had been grudgingly doled out to him in his childhood by the village schoolmaster, *himself* neither a great scribe, nor learned in Euclid.

Ned's great delight was reading aloud at the farm, whilst Mary and her mother sewed; and the few, but excellent books they possessed, improved his understanding and enlarged his mind. Voyages made him aware that there are other countries than this little island, and many customs different from ours, which are, nevertheless, not to be despised, or considered unprofitable; whilst history taught him that though in all ages great and good men have struggled and suffered, their fame still lives, their good deeds remain. Moreover, Ned had a sweet voice, and before it roughened into the deep tones of manhood, his singing of psalmody procured him great praises from village judges and critics. He was a prime cricketer, and expert at cudgel-playing and single-stick; above all, his face and person were singularly handsome and manly, and his usefulness and good-nature inexhaustible. Can it be wondered that such a combination won the love of Mary, and the approval of her parents, who rejoiced in the prospect of their child's being united to one so excellent in disposition, so eager to acquire goodness, knowledge, and utility?

Old Walter Leslie was an advocate for early marriages, and had promised Ned that, if he worked steadily at farming (his master, the thatcher, being dead, and the widow giving up the business and his artifices of apprenticeship) until Mary had attained her eighteenth year, he would then make him his son-in-law, and share with his children his home and the produce of the farm.

These blissful prospects were destroyed by the sudden death of the elder Leslie, and the villany of an uncle, who pretended an assignment of the whole property to him for an alleged debt. Mary and her lover knew nothing of law, and were at first so bewildered with grief as to be incapable of attention to pecuniary or legal claims; the intelligence, therefore, that Woodburne was sold, and that Mary must quit her early home, came like a thunderbolt to rouse them both from their stupor; but when Edward would have remonstrated, and would have pleaded the orphan's rights, he was taunted with his own insignificance and presumption, mystified with legal technicalities, and bitterly made to feel his utter inability to procure redress. Vain were all appeals to the neighbouring farmers and gentry: the lord of the manor had

ultimately become the purchaser of Woodburne, and no one cared to offend him by questioning the validity of his title-deed, in behalf of a poor girl, who could neither contribute to their interest nor their pleasure. Many, it is true, pitied—few offered assistance. The squire's son sent Mary a ten-pound note, and an offer to accompany him to Cambridge as his mistress; the young squire's mother chancing to intercept Mary's indignant refusal, re-inclosing the money, hurried her hopeful son back to his college *pursuits*, out of the way of such "an artful hussey," against whom she henceforth never ceased railing.

It must be owned no one believed the rich woman's malicious reports, for they remembered Mary's honest bringing-up and spotless character; but still it had a pernicious effect. The rustic beaux dared approach the unprotected orphan with less respect, as one upon whom scandal had fastened its envenomed tongue, whilst women, who valued not their own reputation, laughed at Mary as a simpleton for returning the money, or declared they would have accepted the son's offer, to be revenged upon his slanderous mother. It must be owned, even, that Mary's notions of right and wrong received a severe shock from those calumnies being attached to her conduct, which she had considered dictated by modesty and female dignity; but was re-assured and consoled by Edward's assertion that had her parents been alive they would have approved her behaviour, and she remembered that though the rich might insult her by such propositions and such comments, vice alone could degrade her.

All this ended, after a time, by poor Mary Leslie's being reduced to take service with an elderly couple, who lived in the prettiest cottage in the village, upon a slender annuity and an acquired character for ultra-sanctity. At first entering upon her new career Mary would often weep, and could not but think her mistress over severe for every trifling fault, and that she used more harsh and abusive language than was consistent with the maxims of the New Testament—a text of which she had ever in her mouth, whatever might be her practice; but Mary concluded it must be her own fault—so pious a woman could not be to blame.

Her master was more kind—would call her his "little Ruth," and his "Benoni;" and, after the severe reprimands of his wife, would console his young handmaiden by quotations from the Canticles, which were not always intelligible to his auditor's comprehension; but she guessed he meant kindly by his fondling manner, and hoped she felt grateful.

At the period this history opens, Mary had become a little more reconciled to her lot; a state of mind to which she was greatly assisted by the unwearied affection of Ned Thatcher, who, when his daily labour was ended, might be seen, with a nosegay in hand, or some trifling love-offering, waiting at Master Simmons's gate till Mary appeared. Long into the summer night would these poor lovers have earnestly talked—consoling themselves for daily toil and privation by speaking of past joys and future hopes; but even this simple recreation was grudgingly awarded them by the saintly master and mistress, who contrived to interrupt the current of their happy talk by vexatious and fidgetty commands, or to close it early by ordering their handmaid to retire, that she might arise with the lark for her daily toil.

At length even this stinted intercourse was stopped. The pious scold fell sick, and instead of allaying her pains by the meekness of Christianity,

she became more exacting than ever: bodily pain made her irritable, and poor Mary, in addition to weary days and sleepless nights, had to endure reproach, peevishness, and abuse. In presence of the doctor, or minister, this woman could hypocritically affect patience and resignation; but, alone with her helpless dependant, she laid aside all restraint, and gave vent to the natural vulgarity and brutality of her disposition. To increase these sufferings, her master became too consoling and tender, would frequently warn her not to listen to young men's courtship, yet, under the guise of evangelical texts, would fain persuade her that vice with a man of his pious practices was not sinful. Indignant with the hoary sinner, she threatened to expose him to his wife and the world. Frightened lest his sanctimonious seeming would no longer screen him, he vowed he wished only to try her virtue, "like gold seven times refined," and begged that all might be forgotten, and harmony re-established between them; but in his heart he never forgave the bitter terms in which she unmasked his hypocrisy. Fear and revenge led him to further crime; and, to prevent her accusing him, he resolved to invalidate her testimony, by destroying her character and charging her with theft. For this purpose he contrived to introduce in her trunk some of their small stock of silver-spoons, together with sundry articles of her mistress's wearing apparel; and Mary was interrupted in the first interview with Ned Thatcher she had enjoyed for many weeks by an abrupt summons from her employers, and an angry demand for the missing property. That "those who hide can find," has become proverbial; it was not, therefore, long before the old sinner demanded a search amongst his victim's wardrobe, where, of course, the stray goods were found.

To load the poor girl with abuse and invective, and to charge her with ingratitude, hard-heartedness, and every bad quality, were the next movements in the plot of this domestic tragedy; and, finally, to commit her to the care of the constable and justice, who, lamenting over the wickedness of the poor, and edified by the upturned eyes and sanctified palaver of her persecutors, could do no less than award her six months hard labour in the county jail.

At first poor Mary was quite stunned; the facts were strong against her. She had herself witnessed the several articles drawn from the bottom of her trunk; yet, unless she had placed them there in her sleep, she could not account for their unwelcome presence in so unusual a situation. True, her box was always unlocked; but could any one be wicked enough to take advantage of this circumstance, and work her utter ruin? All consideration ended in bewilderment for the present, and despair for the future; and but for one cheering gleam which beamed through this dark cloud of her life, she must have been sunk with shame, sorrow, and dismay. She remembered that when her master consigned her to the constable, Ned Thatcher had interposed, vowed she was innocent, that he would go to prison for her—and at length, out of all patience with old Simmons's abuse of his Mary, had struck the pitiful hypocrite, and could not be prevented from giving him a severe and well-merited chastisement. One faithful heart, then, believed her to be wrongly accused, and ought this not to console and rouse her to happier thoughts? The companions, also, of her misery and enforced toil, more acquainted with the bad part of mankind, boldly charged old Simmons with the deed, nor could Mary long for-

bear to think they had penetrated his revengeful plan, which had, alas! but too well succeeded.

About three months passed over, and the bitterness of her feelings was subsiding; what will not time effect? The contact with vicious characters, which had at first shocked her—the coarse speech and wanton jest—became by degrees less odious; and if she did not join in such discourse, she at least listened with less disgust, and caught herself frequently smiling at their caricatures of the seeming good, and consoled by their reasonings upon the necessity and pleasure of outwitting a world who were leagued against them. Such society and such arguments soon harden the most tender conscience, and no good Samaritan enters those abodes to pour the "oil and wine" of holier precepts into their wounded hearts. Better thoughts and feelings, the fruit of her early moral education, would still arise and still linger with our heroine; but these were almost entirely silenced by the sad intelligence, which reached her about this time, that Edward Thatcher, her faithful lover and only friend, having offended the squire by the freedom of his remarks upon the acquisition of Woodburne, and the subsequent misery it had entailed upon Leslie's child, had been convicted of poaching, and, it being war-time, was forced to enlist as a soldier, and sent to join his regiment out of the country. Here, then, was an end to hope, or better aspirations! Of what avail were industry and good conduct?—they had led Mary to a prison, and galled Edward: both were stigmatised with crime and disgrace: innocence had failed to protect or defend them—henceforth, vice and cunning might assist them more effectually.

Such was the dangerous and erroneous state of mind to which Mary was reduced when she terminated the period of her unjust imprisonment, turned out upon the wide world without character, friends, or money. The only shelter which offered was the mean abode of a good-natured but frail woman, one of her late companions in durance.

The first evening of her enlargement proved rainy and gloomy. Chance threw in her way an odd volume containing *The Contrast*, by Miss Edgeworth. Many honest and kindly feelings were renewed by the perusal, succeeded by bitter tears. "Yes, in Fairyland virtue may be rewarded, not in this unjust world," she exclaimed; "better use the beauty one has to surer purpose."

"So, you are come to your senses at last," answered her companion. "That book is like a fairy-tale, but I sometimes read it, when I can afford to be good and happy; it reminds me so of mother's talk when I was young and romantic. But only look at Sarah Gosling!—how fine she is—and coming straight here, I declare! We shall soon have all the news; that girl has such a tongue, and is as vain as a peacock!"

Sarah was, indeed, brimful of news; and having tired all her other acquaintances with the details, was fortunate in finding new listeners.

After many congratulations upon their meeting again, she proceeded to relate how the young squire, Mary's former admirer, had completely won her heart by his handsome face and sweet speeches; so much so, indeed, that she could refuse him nothing; and, in return, he had made her the most solemn promise of marriage, whenever his father died, and had given her heaps of fine clothes and trinkets which she should shortly have many opportunities of showing when she accompanied the squire to London in his coach and four:—concluding by dwelling upon the advantage of having a grand and generous beau in pre-

ference to a country bumpkin, and advising her listeners to choose such admirers with all possible speed;—but on no account to meddle with her beau, as she was horribly jealous, and would not mind, if she were provoked, “*poisoning* a rival,” or, at least, “of tearing out her eyes and hair by the roots.”

The words of this silly, but well-clothed, well-fed, apparently merry and happy woman, made a great impression upon Mary. Be not too severe upon her, daughters of rectitude and affluence!—tremble lest you also should falter, if as severely tried.

The morrow being fine, Mary sauntered forth among the meadows and green lanes, which were blooming with early violets, cuckoo-buds, and the first snowy blossoms of spring—a vague hope might have actuated her, at first setting forth, that she should possibly meet the squire, and that her beauty was superior to Sally Gosling’s; but, having brought with her the volume of the preceding evening, she gradually became so absorbed with the happy family there depicted, that all her tender and good sympathies were engaged by them:—more especially, old Frankland reminded her of her beloved father, and from thence, the recollection of his moral precepts and upright character was speedy and advantageous for his erring daughter, who blushed to have so far neglected such precept and example.

“Oh! my dear parents! pray for your miserable child!” she exclaimed, clasping her hands together fervently, and gazing into the clear blue sky:—the exclamation, uttered in all humility and sincerity of heart, was itself a prayer, and the God, who suffers not a sparrow’s fall unheeded, hearkened to her petition and confirmed her in good resolutions:—the free air of heaven blew on her cheek, in grateful contrast to the late loathsome atmosphere she had so long inhaled,—the many odours of spring breathed of health and liberty, and brought with them the wholesome recollections of home and all its moral and kindly influences:—could she, in such a scene and with such hallowed memories, mingle impure and dishonest thoughts? No!—Nature ever inspires and assists cheerful and holy emotions:—and in such was Mary long wrapt, unheeded of aught but these better sensations, and yielding to the surrounding balmy influences of sky and air, sunshine and green leaves, which were gradually strengthening her weakness, until she was painfully recalled to realities by the sound of voices, and the silly titter of Sarah Gosling, who was approaching, lovingly hanging on the arm of the young squire.

Shrinking from such contact, at such a moment, Mary hastily arose and concealed herself behind some bushes at the entrance of a wood, from whence this fond pair were issuing:—before these bushes they stopped, and after violent protestations of undying love and constancy, Sally tripped away, and her beau (as she termed him) turned as if to proceed back through the wood; but suddenly stopping short, he gazed after the retreating nymph, and laughing scornfully aloud, exclaimed “There goes a pretty simpleton I am heartily tired of!—and the moppet believes I would marry her!—ha, ha, ha!—poor idiot!—neither beauty combined with rank and talent shall catch me, until satiety and poverty necessitate the sacrifice:—fore god! the dear creatures ought to be more grateful, for I divide my love equally amongst all that are young and pretty, and indeed I have no reason to complain;—they doat upon me in return.”

Self-satisfied in this self-satisfied style, the mo-

dern Narcissus retraced his steps,—switching with his cane the tender green buds and germinating wild flowers, all unmindful of their opening beauty.

But the afflicted one, who lay concealed, was not unheededful of the salutary lesson inculcated by his libertine prate, and good resolves sprung up in her heart, matured by good sense and honour:—she determined upon leaving the place of her birth, and to seek employment far off, where the story of her unjust imprisonment might not prejudice her character.

For this purpose she sold every superfluity of her wardrobe, reserving only what was most necessary and of the simplest kind; and with these, and the slight fund thus procured, set out alone one fine morning to seek her fortune.

After many difficulties, she arrived sadly foot-sore and weary in spirit in Birmingham:—not daring to lodge at an inn, she timidly entered a small general shop, intending to inquire for a cheap lodging; and, purchasing some bread, requested permission to sit down and eat it. The mistress of the store was a widow, and had tasted bitterly of sorrow herself; she brought a chair, and in a few minutes invited the traveller to partake of a cup of tea, which was preparing in a little back parlour for herself and only son, a youth about Mary’s age. This unexpected kindness brought tears into the eyes of the poor wanderer, whose mute evidence further interesting the good matron, she bustled about that she might not appear to notice them, and to set forth some eggs and rashers as a supplement to the crusty loaf and nice pats of fresh butter which furnished their simple meal: but benevolence and gratitude presided, and converted the homely viands into a delicious and refined banquet. By degrees, also, questions were asked and answered; until, at length, it ended by a home being offered and service accepted upon the faith of honest looks and good feelings.

Here Mary soon became the widow’s idol; who, unlike the Simmons’s, was no Scripture casuist or quoter; but, unknown to herself, a *practical* follower of Christ, “loving God above all things, and her neighbour as herself.”

It must be owned she was born in an age when the schoolmaster was never abroad, and consequently could neither read nor write; imagine her respect, therefore, for our heroine, who not only sent out the neatest bills when required, but kept accounts, and bills of parcels, and checked them against quarterly bills of wholesale dealers:—moreover, she was the most intelligent and indefatigable of shop-women, and custom increased proportionably.

Thus pleasantly passed away six months of our poor heroine’s life; who, beginning to recover from the humiliation and debasement of outraged feelings, and knowing herself useful and appreciated, was happy in every fresh exertion which could prove her gratitude to such friends:—nevertheless her cheek grew pale and hollow, and at times her spirits suffered from past regrets and future hopelessness.

Mary had never before lived in a town, and felt stifled and oppressed with the close atmosphere of a small double-bedded back room, impregnated with the smoke of ashes of a thousand furnaces. How different had been her early home!—the casements of Woodburne were almost covered with jasmine and woodbine, whose tangled blossoms perfumed the fresh clear country air:—and then arose the image of her beloved parents, and the indignant recollection that their honest lives could not save their innocent child from wrong and disgrace:

—above all, she had lost her true-hearted Edward; and, alas! might never see or hear from him more. Was he wounded? Did he still think of her? or had his trade of blood hardened his heart and made him indifferent to home affections.

[To be continued.]

IRELAND—THE QUESTION OF QUESTIONS.

The revelations which have been made within these few weeks, and still more those which have been made within these few days—the great Gerard case of depopulation, followed by the still greater one of the Marquis of Waterford—have opened before the British public scenes of horror, and consequences of neglect of political duty, the most frightful. They have struck consternation into every thinking mind: it is to be hoped that they have at length reached the CONSCIENCE OF THE NATION! Ireland has long been the paradox of our policy, the enigma of our national feeling, the regret of our well-wishers, the glory of our enemies—our opprobrium before the whole world. But that paradox, that enigma, that regret, that hostile glory, that opprobrium, will from this hour become magnified to a monstrous degree in the eyes of every people of the earth. We can no longer sleep upon it. The time is come when Ireland must be attended to, and converted into a source of honour instead of shame. The time is come when this unhappy island shall no longer place us in the first rank of ridicule, and lay us open to the charge of the foulest hypocrisy. When it shall no longer make us the practical defenders of every injustice on the earth that, as a nation, we are spending our strength, our name, our money, and even our blood, to put down. When it shall no longer make us the guarantee and justifier of American slavery, and of the atrocities of the Autocrat of Russia, of the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia. As it is we are all these, and must be so till we do justice to Ireland. We have spent *three thousand millions, and the blood of more than a million of our fellow-subjects*, to restore the Continent from the anarchy of French domination; and we have here one whole section of our domestic empire in a state of bloody anarchy, which puts the government on the vain attempt at arbitrary coercion. We have spent twenty millions to free the negroes of the West Indies from their slavery, and we have a worse slavery at our own doors. We complain to France of her treatment of Otaheite, and she points to Ireland. We would call on the three Northern despots to spare the blood and the rights of Poland, and they again point to Ireland. We taunt the Americans with the continuance of negro slavery in their free state, and they again point to Irish wrong and wretchedness in *our* free state. We spend annually 95,000*l.* to send Bibles to the heathen; 90,000*l.* our Christian Knowledge Society expends in promoting Christian knowledge; 90,000*l.* our Church Missionary Society expends in diffusing a knowledge of the philosophy of love; 80,800*l.* the very Tract Society expends annually in scattering in nearly every direction its sybilline leaves of duty, warning, and instruction. In short, we expend every year 774,000*l.* for the purposes of Christian truth, sound knowledge, and the relief of wrong and suffering; yet, with a strange inconsistency, we have a whole nation, a kindred nation, lying before us in a state of destitution, and under the

horrors of an exasperating system which has no parallel; and we treat this great spectacle as if it were no evil, and demanded not a single sympathy. Look through the whole world, and the whole history of the world, and there is no case like it. There is no record of any nation, however stupid and debased, which thus preyed upon its own vitals, martyred its own children, desolated its own fairest territories. The three Northern despots dismembered Poland, but we dismember our own empire. They keep down with cannon and police that wretched country, but they keep it down as a country disowning their lordship, and struggling to be free. We keep down Ireland, which is an integral part of our state, which does not seek any separate sovereignty, which calls upon us for help, and is proud to be part and parcel of the greatest and most glorious empire which ever rose in the world. Nay, if in the annals of nations we could have found *one* nation which at any time had treated a fraction of its own body as we have treated Ireland—which we cannot, for our policy towards Ireland stands the grand solecism of history—how far less could we find this conduct in a nation like ours. There never was such a nation as Great Britain. There never was a nation which wielded the same power, achieved the same extent of empire, took the same unconquered stand amongst the great nations of the globe—and which, with all this, set itself at the head of the mighty work of civilisation, liberty, and humanity.

This is the strangest of all strange things! Having stood alone in the stupendous contest against the great continental Conqueror; having stood when all other nations fell; having put him down on the plain of Waterloo; having broken the chains of West Indian slavery, and called on America and all European nations to follow our example; having pushed the extinction of the slave trade to such a pitch that we ran the sharpest hazard of a war with France; having stood forth as the champions of free government, of pure religion, of the diffusion of principles of peace, justice, and knowledge all the world over—foreigners, who from their despotic homes have gazed on our declarations and our deeds with a generous admiration, have visited us, and deepened all their impressions of our magnanimous greatness by a closer inspection: they have passed over to Ireland, and retreated with a horror of amazement! Turn to the details of the travels of Von Raumer, of Prince Puckler Muscan, and of Kohl—they all express but one shuddering wonder over the unparalleled wretchedness of Ireland. They declare that when they saw her shores receding from them they seemed to cast off a terrible nightmare—a deadly oppression of a dream of misery. These are the statements they have sent on the wings of the press to every region of the civilised world; this is the tale they have told to all nations, tongues, and peoples of the great and admired Britain. It was strange enough that, with all our struggles and expenditure for national glory, with all our love of fame, we could suffer this with apathy; but the fact was, that much as we know, and much as we were taunted with by foreigners—neither they nor we knew the worst. It is now coming out, and in shape and quantity most appalling. Every hour adds to the terrific disclosure. One great case of depopulation, which startles the kingdom like a thunder-shock, only opens up more behind! We are told first, that 270 wretched creatures are flung forth, like so many noxious reptiles, from house and home; and the Irish newspapers immediately cry—“Oh! that is nothing,” and they produce a

list of the like outrages on humanity to the amount of 72,000! Seventy-two thousand of such well-authenticated cases perpetrated on our fellow-subjects within the last five years. That is astounding! but that again turns out to be a mere trifle in comparison with the reality. Within the last twenty years, it is then confidently asserted, that not less than *two million and a-half of people* have in Ireland been thus unceremoniously cast forth, houseless and hopeless, to the elements! Here the whole nation is very properly aroused, confounded, and ready to call on government to put a stop to this wholesale barbarity! But the truth is yet to be told—the whole horror has yet to be measured: it is not for *five*, nor for *twenty*, but for a *hundred years* that this exterminating system has been going on. Hear this! In Prior's *Life of Oliver Goldsmith*, a book which anybody may procure, there is a poem by one Lawrence Whyte, a contemporary of Goldsmith's—the history of Deoch au Doruis—quoted, containing these lines descriptive of the then state of things in Ireland—that is, in 1741:—

Thus farmers lived like gentlemen,
Ere land were raised from five to ten;
Again from ten to three times five,
Then very few could hope to thrive;
But tugged against the rapid stream,
Which drove them back from whence they came.
At length 'twas cauted to a pound;
What tenant then could keep his ground?
Not knowing which—to stand or fly—
When rent-rolls mounted zenith-high.
They had their choice, to run away,
Or labour for a great day.
Now, beggared and of all bereft,
Are doomed to starve or live by theft;
Take to the mountains and the roads,
When banished from their old abodes;
So Irish landlords thought it fit—
Who, without ceremony or rout,
For their improvements turned them out.

How many villages they razed!
How many parishes laid waste,
To fatten bullocks, sheep, and cows,
When scarce one parish has two ploughs.
Their flocks do range on every plain,
That once produced all kind of grain,
Depopulating every village
Where we had husbandry and tillage,
Fat bacon, poultry, and good bread,
By which the poor were daily fed.

Instead of living well, and thriving,
There's nothing now but lending, *driving*;
The lands are all monopolised,
The tenants racked and sacrificed:
Whole colonies, to shun the fate
Of being oppressed at such a rate,
By tyrants who still raise their rent,
Sail to the Western Continent,
Rather than live at home like slaves,
They trust themselves to winds and waves.

That was what was going on in Ireland *one hundred and five years ago*; it is what is going on now. The poet might be describing the acts of the Gerrards and Waterfords of to-day; the *Times* and the *Daily News* in communicating to us these dreadful facts, might be only quoting Lawrence Whyte, so literal, so identical are these facts. If the nation, then, has been horrified with one or two acts of this kind, what will it say to a hundred years of the like monstrous deeds? It is plain we must here come to a stand. There is but one clear duty, and that for us all. The veil is dragged away from the face of the foulest mystery which ever disgraced any nation! It cries to God and man for redress, and there is but this for it,—no matter how this state of things came about, it *must end*! No matter who is most to blame, *all now suffer*! The landlord suffers in character, temper, and estate; the tenant suffers to the death; the king-

dom at large suffers through all its frame and fame. England the great, the heroic, the Christian, and the free, can no longer be what she is, if for one hour longer she tolerates this "*Abomination of Desolation*." The whole civilised world calls to her to put an end to it. We need not pause to accuse and recriminate; whoever has been to blame, from this hour the responsibility lies on us—the people and the nation! The Government must be compelled by the universal voice to set seriously to work, seriously to inquire into the real causes of this gigantic evil, and seriously to eradicate them. It is no party question; it is the question for every honest man and every feeling woman. The changes which are required, are required for the good of every Irishman, be he lord or be he cottier.

It is useless to say that it is a most difficult question. The necessity of redress is more imperative than the difficulty. There is nothing which is just that is impossible to England, when she rises up in her heroic mood, and says—It shall be done! She who founded America, can adjust the disturbances of Ireland. She who put down Napoleon, can put down the little despots of Ireland. She who bent to her yoke a hundred millions of the people of India, can bend to the yoke of harmony the eight millions of Ireland. She who has done a thousand glorious deeds of noble-heartedness and generous policy on her own soil; who has established Magna Charta—established the Reformation—given freedom to the citizen, by jury and by press; who has expelled bad kings, and demolished bad customs, as those of persecution and slavery—can, when she wills it, expel from Ireland the Demon of Discord, and restore peace, industry, and happiness. It requires but the Government to set about it as a sacred duty, and in that spirit of sage and benevolent policy which so eminently distinguishes the rulers of this country, when once roused to the godlike mood of a truly magnificent transaction. We know the heavy pressure of a host of serious measures which weigh on the Ministry and Parliament, and lead them to put off the arduous hour of such an enterprise; but the Nation has now a great duty also to perform: its character, its property, its every principle of religion, justice, and humanity are at stake: it must stand forth, and compel the Government to do its will. From end to end of the country there must be the demand for a solemn, impartial, unflinching, and yet temperate inquiry into the actual state of Ireland, and a steady procedure to the enactment of such measures as shall be found thoroughly effectual. The nation, by universal petition, must insist on Ireland being assimilated in all its laws and institutions to those of England, or henceforth the blame will not lie on the noonday assassin, on the heartless landlord, or on the temporising Parliament, but on the people of England themselves. Every man, in every place and station, who neglects to put his hand to a petition for a prompt and thorough reform of the present condition of Ireland, consents to a continuance of the crime, bloodshed, famine, and misery that exist there, and will still exist there. Every journal which does not raise its powerful voice to this end, will grievously neglect the beneficent power which resides in every portion of the press. Without this earnest appeal to the People of England on behalf of the People of Ireland, we should not have discharged the sacred and obvious duty of the *People's Journal*.

WILLIAM HOWITT.



And evermore our way
is strewn with flowers

Our Library.

BOB THIN; OR, THE POOR-HOUSE FUGITIVE.

BY W. J. LINTON.

WE need not tell the readers of the *People's Journal* that one of the best engravers of the day is also a poet; but probably many of them may be unprepared, as we confess we were, to estimate the full extent of the power developed in this (partly) new poem, which its author has quaintly entitled "Bob Thin." The hero is well named. He is a weaver by trade—

An honest lad and most industrious—
Therefore, we dare to say it, illustrious.
One who would ply his busy loom
From dawn to the very "crack of doom;"
Of kindly nature; one who never
Turn'd back on needy brother weaver;

therefore a very fit personage for the poet's purpose; which in the first part, is to show the treatment the poor receive from our poor-law legislators. So when Bob Thin marries, and collects a family of children round him, and turns bad, there is no other resource left—

Lean Bob must come upon his parish.

But wherefore?

Will none lend aid
Until a kindly turn of trade
Shall set Bob on his legs again?
Alas! the poor man pleads in vain.
Christian respectability
Just gives out of its charity

A cold, "Lay by for a rainy day;"
And poor-law meddlers say,
Out-door relief induces fraud,
Except when granted to a lord,
And spoils the incentive to endeavour
In all but the gentleman-receiver.

Poor Bob, therefore, must not only go the parish,
but to his own parish, one hundred and thirty
miles distant from the spot where he has made his
home. The workhouse reached—

Bob, from his wife and children parted,
Droops in his prison, broken-hearted.
He dreameth not of better days.

In a word, he sinks into the pauper.
But one day, the continued

Dropping of despair
Outwore his patience, even there,

and he fled until nightfall, when overladen with
weariness, he sank exhausted. Then

Around
His better'd form kind slumber wound
Her arms:—let no rude stir unbind 'em!

And here, in effect, ends the first part; which is
written throughout in a satirical, and, occasionally,
forcible vein, that suggests little or nothing of the
character and beauty of the part which follows.

Some strange change has passed over the
Sleeper. It was morning when he woke;

A bright, spring-wreathed morn', whose look
Of warm, fresh joyance, with a tone
Of kindness long-time unknown,
To the heart of the worn Pauper spoke.
'Twas like a gentle mother smiling
On a sick infant, and beguiling
Its pain with fond entanglement
Of her carresses, so was bent
Over the lone man's poverty
The fair day, smiling healthfully.

And as the child, whose all subsideth,
In its mother's bosom hideth
All its former restlessness—
So the old-time fretfulness—
Of the grey man's spirit sank
On the genial earth.

The dusty paths of yesterday are now covered
with troops of flowers,

and lastly
Through their blooms the road doth glide;
the naked fields are now spanned

With delicatest tracery,
Throng'd with gamesome choristers;
And the tiniest blade that stirs
At the calling of the breeze

seems instinct with music. The Poorhouse Fugitive
is confounded: Is he awake, or dreaming still?

A group of noble figures pass—he would shrink
back—one, a woman, arrests him. Her

lips with smiles apart,
Seem'd like the hospitable gates
Of the bower-palace of a heart
Full-honey'd as the fragrant bells
Young insects open.

She inquires why he cometh. But he is mute:
he dares not mar

The lingering cadence of her speech
With the poor words within his reach.

She, however, leads him to her companions; who
ask why he is thus worn with grief, and offer to
him their aid for solace. The happy fugitive joins
them, and they all pass on. Suddenly the sun
breaks out, and the heart of man, the true Mem-
non's image, breaks out answering in a lovely
hymn, of which we transcribe one verse.

Thou, whose radiant visage peereth
Through yon gyvy hill's golden hair—
Round thee hung as if to hold thee
Ever throned and smiling there—

Haste! the lowly would behold thee;
Thou, whose fervent beauty weareth
Silvery ether as a veil,
Haste! the innermost stream must fold thee!
Hail! all hail!

We must not pause over the breakfast of the
strangely happy and beautiful wanderers, however
tempted by this

—Delicate butter, scarce discern'd
'Mong primrose-flowers, as if churn'd
By lady fairies.

and the sun-dried fruits,

Full
Of their fresh richness (like some hearts,
Time-wrinkled yet still beautiful,
Whose passion-abrill'd depth imparts
A hived sweetness),—

but follow them in their wanderings through

Long miles
Of hill and dale, and crystal streams
Meeting the daisy-rough with faint smiles,
Such as, scarce waken'd from the dream
Of the white night that did eclipse
Their evening splendour, on brides' lips
Wait the first morning kiss.

And here we find the gem of the poem, the Song
of the Stream; which reveals, if we mistake not,
a lofty poetical power, that might enable its pos-
sessor to accomplish the highest things, should he
devote himself in earnest to the goddess that ad-
mits of no divided homage:—

Now the impetuous streamlet rushes
Over tiny precipices,
With a tone of sweet defiance;
Now from under emerald bushes,
Like a glow-worm's ray, it rushes
Thorough mossed interstices,
The new-wedded waves dividing;
Now are the green bubbles hiding
Underneath the palace-caves
Of the lowly primrose-leaves;
While in closer re-alliance
Speed the blithe waves on the way
Of their merriest roundelay:
Now chanting loudly, now low-breathing
Joy-murmurs; anon entwining
The bald crown of some sturdy stone;
Thence, startled at his ancient frown,
Leaping, with gurgling laughter, down;
One over other tumbling then
Carelessly thwart the rooty stem
Of a grey oak that, father-like,
Leans o'er the easy-temper'd dyke,
Watchful; now are they blandly stroking
The lank hair of the river-maid
Wood-like amid their kisses laid:—
Peep in the stream! she is unlooming
Through her green-sedge veil; you may see
Her lustrous brow and wavy limbs,
And 'neath long eye-lashes the glee
Of her deep looks, and catch a glimpse
Of rippling lips that laugh outright,
Laughing there continually,
In the ever-rocking light
Nursing their hilarity—
Merrily, merrily.
And merrily the streamlet singeth,
As on and onward aye it springeth:
Ever abroad its song it flingeth,
Gloriously.
We leap from the rock's sheer edge,
Boisterously:
With a shout and hearty laughter
Fore and after,
Joyously!
Slide we over the mossy ledge,
Lusciously,
Dreッシング deliciously:
And an eternal roar rolls with us on our way.
Great is the young spring day!
The thrilling laugh of childish glee,
And sobbing and bubbling mirth, are ours
'Mid the wild flowers—
The playful hours racing us through the heath,
Down the hill-side racing us out of breath:
And the eternal voice rolls o'er us sonorously.
An organ thunder—the dim melody
Of many instruments—a rushing throng
Of men and voices—near a charmed song,

Solemn afar, even as the voice of God;—
And heaven is children-trod;—
Over the many hills the same bright tune
Singing to sun and moon;
High company upon the hills we had;
Were not we glad,
Leaping from crag to crag?

Sports follow; the fugitive the while

Bathed in delight, intoxicate
With his new life.

Then follows another song, the outpouring of the grateful heart of humanity; for it is a time when all can alike cry—

And happiness is ours;
And over us the spray
Of Time breaks tunelessly,
Baptizing us with gloe
By God's own hand; and evermore our way
Is strewn with flowers.

Presently the Fugitive meets with one of his dead children. Ah, it is Death that has come upon him, and borne him away,

Rejoicing, to the garden bowers.

Of the illustrations that accompany this poem, we will only say that the humorous ones that accompany the first part are full of fancy, and of a genial sense of enjoyment and rich extravagance; and as to those of the second part, the one we have been permitted to quote will be their best reporter.

BREAKFAST AND BREAKFASTING.

A Paper for the "Breakfast Table."

BREAKFAST! Ah, what a pleasant, social, delightful meal it is! There is nothing dyspeptic about it like dinner; nothing triflingly trivial like tea; nothing suggestive in its nature of nightmare, like that reckless repast supper. It forms such a comfortable excuse for enjoying oneself on rising, as a kind of reward for the self-denial of another delicious dream about the enchanted gardens of Abon—somebody or other, in whose Arabian territories we had passed the night. It may be the prelude to a day of delight, or a day of vexation; but whilst it renders us more capable of appreciating the former, it will also enable us more successfully to struggle through the latter. A family party at breakfast, cosily seated round the table, with everybody in the best temper imaginable, and the bright clear fire sending forth its heat, and compelling the portly polished kettle to pay a vocal tribute to its friendly warmth, forms one of those cheerful pictures of social life which it is ever pleasing to contemplate. Then there's the bachelor's breakfast, which, though on a smaller scale, is a very pleasant thing in its way, too. How carelessly the rogue lounges over the pages of his favourite periodical! and with what a magnificent sense of his own independence he tilts his arm-chair back into an enviable position of angular repose! the flavorful fumes of his coffee or chocolate blending their matin-incense with the enjoyment of some uncuous anecdote, or inspiring a remembrance of eastern odours with the vivid realities detailed in some seductive book of Travels. We must confess to something more than a sneaking kindness for this breakfast-table union of mental and bodily refreshment, and verily believe that a great deal can be said in its favour too, though of course it is only your literary bachelor that can enjoy the treat to its fullest extent. Certainly, to broach such a doctrine in

wedded life would be akin to walking abroad "clad in complete steel," during a thunder-storm; and, besides being held as a very heterodox opinion, would draw down upon the unfortunate holder of the book a series of black looks that would effectually banish all domestic quietude during the day. In fact, the state of celibacy may be fairly presumed to have so many counterbalancing privileges, that—but we had better get back to the breakfast, or somebody may suspect us of a design to uphold the anti-matrimonial principles of Malthus and Mr. Caudle.

Well, then, breakfast, we maintain, is of all those little reunions that bring the separate branches of the family into closer contact, the most refined and agreeable. There seems to be here understood a necessity for that amicable discursive chat which the matin meal claims as peculiarly as its own. The events of the preceding day, with conjectures on the probable occurrences of that to come, naturally form the basis of the conversation; and the observations that follow flow without effort or restraint. The flashes of wit may not be so sparkling, nor the gibe of mirth so exuberant, as at the post-meridian entertainment; but a quieter tone of good humour pervades the whole assembly, and it is perhaps rather questionable if the subdued harmony that is kept up in consequence is not preferable to the noisy facetiousness of a determined dinner-party. He must be a bold and inexperienced wag indeed who would attempt to make puns across the breakfast-cloth; certainly one would as absurdly let off a display of fireworks in broad daylight. It is a somewhat wild hypothesis, however, to suppose the possibility of such premature hilarity; so we may as well dismiss the supposition without saying any more about it.

If in winter, with the pleasant accompaniments of hot toast, singing kettles, and a blazing fire, breakfast is a delightful meal, it becomes doubly so in summer, when the parlour-window of your rural cottage in the suburbs is thrown freely open, and a delicious mingling of odours from the flowers in the parterre beneath, comes streaming across the table. Have a little bouquet, too, tastily composed of the choicest fragrant flowers, dripping with the morning dew upon their leaves, arranged in a vase upon the very table itself. It is a cheap luxury; and, as one of the most refined of our English essayists observes, you and Lord Bacon will then have something in common. Every item, in fact, that tends to make up that grand aggregate of substantial bliss—a breakfast—smacks of the country and its freshening associations. There's the bread, evoking vivid remembrances of a corn-field, with its burnished spears of grain waving to and fro in the gentle breeze beneath the golden light of an autumnal sunset; and there's the butter, recalling pleasant recollections, with the milk, of dappled cows lolling in green pastures by the side of a crystal brook, o'erhung by graceful willows, dipping and dangling their slender stems in the liquid mirror; and there are the water-cresses again, reminding one of early rambles in one's boyhood by the margin of rippling streams that wound through wonderful patches of copse and woodland till they fairly disappeared in the green recesses of a secluded dell, where the impenetrable thicket of tangled gorse and fern forbade any further impertinent intrusion. Not to mention the associations of coffee, which may set us thinking of the Arabian Nights, and the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, and beautiful princesses, all living in a world of enchantment, which only

require the proper spell to unfold its treasures to us; nor the chocolate, which in like manner becomes strangely suggestive of Spain, and the bright eyes of the Andalusian maidens, and the Alhambra, with its wealth of Moorish lore, and the muleteers singing gaily over the mountains, as they wend their way homewards amid the melodious jangling of the pendent bells. Nor to say a syllable about the tea, which resuscitates such quaint pictures of short Chinese, with impossible feet thrust into impracticable shoes, and hats like so many miniature models of St. Clement's church in the Strand, all wandering busily about in an ideal world, which jumbles the Bronze Horse, Timour the Tartar, and Aladdin, strangely together in the background. In sooth, regarded in this light, your plain unpretending slab of mahogany becomes a veritable conjurer's table, wherefrom you can derive at will mystic treasures that "give delight but hurt not," so long as you keep within the prescribed limits of the necromantic circle.

Without thus drawing pretty largely on the resources of imagination, it must be admitted that, to an active and contemplative mind, the appearance, morning after morning, of the same well-known breakfast service, partakes of a monotony which it would be gratifying to see dispelled by some novel introduction. Thus, a cup and saucer of a different pattern, a plate displaying to us some new prominent peculiarity, an original half-quartern loaf, a milk-jug moulded into an extraordinary shape, or an eccentric egg, would all be objects most agreeable to the eye, on the authority of Mr. Lindley Murray, who has propounded the axiom that variety is pleasing. This said variety may, however, be very advantageously procured, by varying the places where the breakfast is obtained. Thus, breakfasting on board a steamer is a remarkably pleasant experiment, and, provided you are in smooth water, singularly provocative of an appetite. When out on a country ramble, too, the breakfast at an inn by the roadside, before you start for the day's exhilarating journey that is to ensue, may be also enumerated in the catalogue of mundane enjoyments. Somehow, whether attributable to the fresh air, or any other cause, you never can enjoy a breakfast so well as at an inn. The crisp sections of bacon, browned to a marvellous degree of temptation, the hitherto unattainable excellence of the coffee, the cake-like seductiveness of the home-baked brown bread, and the superlative flavour of the gigantic ham, which almost dissolves in the mouth as you look at it;—these, and the many other luxuries of a country inn (we of course exclude the bill from the panegyric), make a pedestrian's breakfast unapproachable for the hearty zest with which it is enjoyed. The healthful glee with which you bound along the road afterwards is sufficient evidence of the substantiality of the meal not having impaired the powers of digestion; and, as pausing on the summit of the lofty hill, you gaze around with delight on the expansive prospect that now stretches far far away into the blue distance, you feel, whilst the unseen lark pours forth its morning melody on the bracing air, that a few such days thus begun, would prolong the span of existence as many years. Verily, your country rambling and breakfasting form no unimportant articles in that earnestly-sought compound—the elixir of life!

And now—a homily to our hilarity—a few brief words of comment in conclusion. There are many—we dare not say how many—living, reasoning creatures, like ourselves, that rise every morning

from their humble pallets in this mighty city of wealth and wretchedness, who not only know not how they shall procure a breakfast, but who scarcely anticipate a meal throughout the entire day. If any such it should be thy fortune to encounter, sympathise and relieve. Pause not to don the mantle of stern morality, and rigidly point to the workhouse as a wise precaution adopted by a benevolent legislature to ward off starvation, but relax thy hold upon the breeches-pocket, and drop a coin—a small subtraction from thy day's expenditure—into the trembling hand of the supplicant. It may be their own fault that such is the condition to which Fortune has reduced the wanderer—but it may not; and the latter supposition, though less worldly, is by far the more charitable. Be assured, in providing a breakfast for one who needs it, thou wilt only be acquiring a more healthy appetite for thine own. B.

A FEW REMARKS ON EMIGRATION TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

BY GEORGINA C. MUNRO

We are not of those who would undertake to recommend any one to emigrate: on the contrary, we shrink fearfully from the lesser responsibility of giving advice as to removal merely from one house to another; never permitting ourself to be lured on by the strongest conviction of its advantages, to hazard an opinion in favour of neighbourhood, however pleasing in our own sight, or dwelling, however suitable (as regarded through the same medium); secure of being rewarded ere long for our counsel—if given and taken—by our friends' discovering that the neighbourhood is too noisy or too dull, the situation is too airy, or too completely shutting out the breath of every one of the many winds of heaven; that the house is damp, the chimneys smoke, or the sun stares in at the drawing-room windows the whole time he is above horizon; and if there is any one fault which the tenant always finds more unbearable than every other in a residence, it is the very one which he has to complain of.

Feeling as we do on a matter of comparatively little consequence, we would not incur reproaches on a point likely to be of vital importance to whomsoever might, at our suggestion, forsake the land of his birth for one distant and unknown. And yet, there may be many advantages in emigration to some classes, and there may likewise be much said in its favour, without recommending the step to anybody. It is, and ever must be, a hazardous step, a dangerous leap to gentlemen of moderate capital—or even of large, if it be all thus employed—unless they are very well acquainted with the course they are pursuing. But to the most numerous class, the great body of the people—those who have little wealth to lose, and yet have power and will to labour—emigration offers more certain benefits, and less precarious results; not merely, and, perhaps, not mostly, as regards those countries towards which the full tide of emigration is continually setting.

Passing these by, we will at present confine our observations to the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, which has but recently begun to attract much of public attention to its capabilities for receiving, supporting, and affording employment to the humbler classes of emigrants. During about four years that we resided at the only frequented

seaport of the Eastern Province of that colony, we recollect scarcely an instance of the arrival of any one who came merely with the view of seeking work, and being paid for it; or of labouring as the artisan, and what were once called the peasantry of England, labour in their own land; and, with God's blessing, to place themselves in more comfortable circumstances thereafter.

The *poor* did come, 'tis true, very often, in the hope of bettering their condition; and succeeded, commonly, in proportion to their endeavours. But it was they who had fallen, who were impoverished by misfortune or misconduct, not those accustomed to depend on their labour for their daily bread, and that of their families. And yet it is a country where many, very many of those who suffer penury and want in England, might be secure of earning a comfortable subsistence—if no more; and, unless there were much competition—a far greater number of claimants for employment than that colony could produce a very few years back—their gains would not find such narrow limits. Workmen of every kind are scarce, and wages high: the climate delightful, healthy, and would be in itself sufficient to compensate for the want of many comforts whose absence is so severely felt in England; while the higher rate of temperature seems to require the bringing only one luxury into more frequent use than at home, and that luxury is fruit—of all the productions of the colony the most plentiful and cheap, and quite within reach of every class of inhabitants.

Unhappily, as must still be the case for many years, the Cape, as well as other colonies, can offer no employment in their own line to the manufacturing population in general; and should that inability ever be removed, it must necessarily have the effect of lessening the demand for workmen in England. But of occupations not requiring the aid of machinery, there is scarcely one which might not be carried on with profit; and handicraftsmen of almost every description may be certain of finding good wages and employment. House-carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, waggon-makers, cabinet-makers, shoemakers, &c., these, and such as these, and many others, are the trades with which really good workmen are secure of doing well, if but commonly careful and industrious. But, especially as regards articles which may be imported from Europe ready-made, both expertness and attention are indispensable to success, unless in some remote inland districts, where scarcity and the multiplied expenses of carriage may render purchasers less fastidious.

But the foregoing applies chiefly to artisans who purpose taking up their abode in towns or villages. There is room, and there is also much need, for other classes of settlers, those more deserving the name; who come as assistants to those richer than themselves, or on their own account to build houses, or cultivate land, in the unoccupied spaces between those townships. For this last, but little capital would be required—(as we will, of course, suppose the land a grant):—a few pounds for the purchase of a small stock of cattle and other farming requisites, and his own labour could do almost all the rest. The humble "wattle-and-dab" edifices in which many accustomed to luxury and refinement in Europe have been glad to find shelter for a time, are not beyond the skill of any man of common industry and intelligence in their erection—with the cheap and easily-procured assistance of a Hottentot or two—and may well content him at first in a country where frost is rare, even in the coldest nights of winter; and where, month after

month, and year after year, mild weather and sunshine are the prevailing characteristics of the climate. When, by any means, the settler of this unambitious class can manage to become possessor of a waggon and span of oxen, his sources of profit are incalculably augmented, and with little subsequent outlay, would soon enable him to pay back a portion of the purchase-money, were they obtained partly on credit. The entire inland trade being carried on by means of bullock-waggons, and the conveyance of travellers' luggage, and mostly of travellers themselves, likewise depending on the same, creates a large demand, and maintains good remunerating price for their services. To this last-mentioned class of settlers, a short period of exertion and care might add many, who must at first seek employment from others, until they can acquire the necessary funds to begin operations for themselves.

Then again, whatever be their own calling, parents may pretty surely calculate on their children, if willing, ceasing at an early age to be a burthen, if they do not become an assistance. All such as may wish to enter service may easily obtain it; and though it is not every one who would be willing to engage the isolated individuals sent out by societies, the greatest readiness would always be evinced to employ any member of a respectable family; and none desirous of a place could well fail in procuring one suitable, since very many continue to keep coloured servants, from the difficulty, often impossibility, of procuring white. We will not speak of the terms on which young persons of either sex might be received as adjuncts to establishments, which are generally on a scale of far greater liberality than those of individuals of similar station and income in England; that must naturally depend on their greater or less degree of usefulness. But the wages of white female servants vary usually from eighteen to thirty shillings a month, sometimes more; and towards Cape Town they are generally higher: and we never knew of a family employing one, though as a maid of all-work, that did not likewise keep a coloured servant, male or female, to assist her, so that far less drudgery is apt to fall to the lot of one in even such a situation, than would be likely in this country. As concerns men, we cannot so surely speak, as we do not recollect to have seen a single English male *domestic* private servant during the whole time we were in the colony, excepting those belonging to the governor's and admiral's establishments, and usually brought out by themselves, and also some few in hotels kept by the English people. There has always appeared, hitherto, too much employment of other kinds for our countrymen, for them to accept it in this line; and we sincerely hope that so satisfactory a state of things may long continue. But the wages of coloured men-servants, beginning at comparatively nothing for the lowest grades (of which, owing to the great number of widely different races, there are very many), range for those superior and more trustworthy from thirty shillings to three or four pounds per month, and higher. We may here remark that, as regards *females* (and with respect to them we had alone an opportunity of judging), we have always observed the wages of white servants to be higher than those of coloured.

For such as are unfitted for, or whose ideas are superior to, taking service, corresponding facilities are not wanting for the occupation and advancement of themselves and families. Good character (which in those emigrating is usually taken for granted until the contrary appears,) and industry

being the great requisites. There are numerous unclassifiable modes in which this can be done; and we never met with any one *beneath* the rank of a gentleman—and therefore not limited to a peculiar line and sphere of action—who was unable to find something to suit him, and fitly reward his endeavours; and even those of the manufacturing population whose regular occupation cannot be prosecuted in a colony—if at all men of intelligence, if either of moderate education, or capable of entering on any of those pursuits which require no apprenticeship, nor much preparation beyond the proper use of those limbs, and that common sense, which heaven has granted to most persons—are certain of meeting an opportunity of supporting their families in comfort and respectability. Perhaps about the most conclusive evidence we could offer on the subject is, that during several years that we resided in different parts of the colony, we never but once heard the voice of a beggar, and we do not believe that misfortune had urged him to that resource. He was not poorly clad, but seemed not sober at the time, and had evidently been intoxicated, and had recently had a severe fall, presenting altogether so disagreeable an appearance, that we could not stay to hear his story, but hastened away after giving him money—how the difference of countries is felt in everything regarding the value of £ s. d. l.—many times more than we should here think of bestowing on a far more deserving object. But it was then, we believe, the first time in our life that we were ever called on to give charity, and we felt ashamed of giving so little: alas! since our return to England, our ears have become accustomed to such requests, and a like fear of appearing ungenerous would soon reduce us to a level with the suppliants.

Situations of various kinds may be obtained, and boys placed in shops and mercantile houses, with a facility undreamed of in England, and with a prospect of rising; while needlework in its several branches is paid for at a rate fully proportioned to the high price affixed to every description of personal exertion, and to the difficulty experienced in getting work of that sort promptly executed, owing to the few persons engaged in an occupation, by which the females of respectable families might add considerably to the general fund; or, if unfortunately deprived of the support of husbands or fathers, could maintain themselves with comfort. Lace-making, or any similar manufacture, capable of being carried on in their own dwellings, would likewise be amply remunerated, since trifles of every description, and all kinds of fancy goods, are sold at a price far higher, comparatively, than that charged for other articles of European manufacture. These, as a whole, are of course much more expensive than in the countries which export them; but the difference is felt most by the higher classes, who are compelled to follow the English fashions as closely and quickly as possible, and to purchase every novelty in material or pattern as soon as it can be procured, no matter how exorbitant the price. But plain articles of clothing are far more reasonable; and, we would be understood to say it distinctly, any difference between the prices of such things in that colony and in England, as well as any similar difference in any other respect, are fully, and more than compensated for, by the superior value of time and labour. It is those of fixed incomes who suffer by such contingencies, without any corresponding advantages. This, also, is a great cause of the commercial prosperity by which so many are supported, and which offers those facilities for

employment and advancement which we have already mentioned. Many persons emigrating to the colony, likewise, avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded of bringing out with them small ventures, whose sale defrays in part the expenses of their voyage, or sets them forward in any line in which they purpose to "seek their fortunes."

And many fortunes have been "found," at least made, in the colony, from very small beginnings. We might quote numerous instances, but one or two will content us, as having no beginning at all, that is in the way of capital. In the seaport already alluded to, there was an old merchant, who had been a tradesman in England, not, however, in a line to give him much acquaintance with general commerce—in short, we believe he was a tailor, though he had never followed the calling in his adopted country. In that country, as was his boast, he landed without five shillings in the world, or a friend in the colony; and moreover, far past the summer of his days, for within fourteen years he was an old man, though the possessor of about five thousand pounds. There was also another merchant, whose still increasing wealth was already estimated at four times that amount, and who was, if possible, even poorer when his foot first touched the sands of that bay; yet, by his own exertions and frugality, he had, built up his fortune to such height by the time he was about five and thirty; and that, like the former-mentioned, without in any way incurring the censure of the world in its acquisition, for he was ever known and trusted as a man of the strictest honour and integrity. Again, we could instance a person whose small fortune had melted away in European extravagance, and who, with the education of a gentleman, had no knowledge whatever of business, which on landing he had to learn in the shop of a retail-dealer—all such engaging usually, more or less, in the export trade. However, after a few months of extraordinary application he obtained the situation of managing clerk of a branch of one of the very first mercantile houses in the colony, with a comfortable residence and handsome salary. A boy commencing life in the capacity of servant, but showing indications of talent, though without the slightest advantages of appearance or address, after passing through many grades, gained at three-and-twenty a post of equal trust and emolument.

As regards *settlers*, more properly so called, it may be alleged that the Cape of Good Hope is not essentially an agricultural country. Taken as a whole, it certainly is more adapted and used for grazing. Yet there are parts eminently fertile—the immense districts near the Cape especially; and there is much, very much more than is so occupied in the Eastern province, that would amply repay cultivation and care. But it has been greatly neglected in favour of grazing, which is the means of adding so much to the large exports of hides, horns, and tallow, of which a great deal is procured from the frontier tribes of Kafirs, trading with whom forms, again, the lucrative business of numbers. To these exports may be added corned beef, butter, and candles, supplied by the colony to the Mauritius and St. Helena. Sheep-farming has likewise engrossed much of the public mind and speculation, and in promising to add greatly to individual and colonial prosperity, draws attention from agriculture in precisely the same degree in which it is instead bestowed on the other source of wealth. But this argues nothing against the success of those who are willing to become tillers of the soil, as the prosperous condition of thousands

so employed can testify. But were it even otherwise; were the gigantic valleys, the sheltered plains, and pleasant nooks in the tall hills, which (of course we do not mean the hills,) produce spontaneously the fairest flowers, the most beautiful shrubs, and fragrant plants, were these even as deficient as they are abundant in fertility, there is the sister province of Natal, that Arabia Felix of the colonies, concerning which we have not at present room to speak at large—where vegetation displays the utmost luxuriance, and the earth, as though impatient of her treasures being so long unsought, yields to the cultivator two harvests in the year. Three days, with a favourable wind, is the usual length of passage for a sailing-vessel from Port Natal to Port Elizabeth; and to Port Frances, or the mouth of the Great Fish River, the distance is considerably less, being to all sufficiently near to promise a good market for any supernumerary produce of the newer settlement.

We spoke in the beginning of these remarks of emigration being frequently a hazardous step to gentlemen of moderate or even large fortune; and so unfortunately it has proved to many who are unfitted for personal exertion, and unable to direct the labours of others—who, accustomed hitherto to a life of ease and leisure, have brought to their new home only money, without skill. Personal knowledge, and the accounts of local newspapers, could furnish us with many sad cases of this description, not only in the Cape, but other colonies; but it is pleasanter to remember the hundreds of more fortunate capitalists, who have augmented their fortunes, and to record an instance of what may be achieved by industry and perseverance without. We remember seeing a house near the frontier line of the colony, and in no way peculiarly favoured by situation, or unusual fertility of the surrounding land, which had, however, been converted into a farm of considerable extent and value. The dwelling was comfortable and substantial, and the appearance of the barns, and other farm-buildings round it, betokened prosperity; while the farmer's wife increased her gains by keeping a shop for the convenience of the neighbourhood, and her own undoubted profit. The flourishing aspect of all about them induced an inquiry respecting this worthy couple, and those well informed on the subject were at hand to assure us that they were in truth as prosperous as they appeared, having then twenty persons in their employ; and also to give us some sketch of their past history. They had been originally of the humblest grade possible of settlers—had been sent out by the workhouse, and yet, long before we visited that part of the world, their own unaided industry must have placed them in circumstances of independence and comfort, and to them, indeed, of affluence. Of course this was not effected without the most strenuous exertions; the husband had to work as a labourer with the richer settlers; and we were told, among other things of them, when they had a few shillings to spare, the wife began her system of traffic by walking about five and thirty miles to the then nearest town to purchase a gown-piece of the common print worn by Hottentot women, with which she walked the same distance back to sell it at a trifling profit. This, which was repeated more than once, is what not many would have the power of doing, but it was well rewarded.

We might adduce many other, though less striking cases, and could, did space allow, say much on other points which we have here omitted; but we think we have said sufficient to prove that

the Cape of Good Hope offers numerous advantages to those of the industrious classes who may wish to emigrate, the certainty of a comfortable livelihood, and the prospect of something better. And though, as we before intimated, we would not undertake the responsibility of recommending any one who was happy and comfortable in England to sever the ties which may bind him to this country, we can safely aver that few, if any, who may be so inclined, would incur disappointment by such a step—providing their expectations are not quite so lofty as those of an Irishwoman, who, "for want of a better," was taken for a short while, into the service of our family in Quebec. She had landed in Canada but three months before, and after giving a most pitiful account of the few shillings which she and her husband had possessed to lay in a scanty stock of the coarsest provisions for their voyage, and of their extreme destitution on arrival, added—

"But sure I expected by this time to have had a good house, and three or four servants of my own."

"But since you who were so poor, and expected to grow rich so quickly," she was asked, "where did you think to find any remaining poor enough to serve you?"

"Truth, ma'am!" was the reply, "and I never thought of that before!"

Poetry for the People.

LABOUR'S THANKSGIVING HYMN.

By MARY HOWITT.

That I must work I thank thee, God!
I know that hardship, toil, and pain,
Like rigorous winter in the sod
Which doth mature the hardy grain,
Call forth in man his noblest powers:—
Therefore I hold my head erect,
And, amid life's severest hours,
Stand steadfast in my self-respect.
I thank thee, God, that I must toil!
Yon crimined slave of lineage high,
The game-law lord who owns the soil
Is not so free a man as I!
He wears the fetters of his clan;
Wealth, birth, and rank have hedged him in;
I heed but this, that I am MAN,
And to the great in mind akin!
Thank God, that like the mountain-oak
My lot is with the storms of life;
Strength grows from out the tempest's shock;
And patience in the daily strife.
The horny band, the furrowed brow,
Degrade not howe'er sloth may deem;
'Tis this degrades—to cringe and bow,
And ape the vice we disesteem.
Thank God for toil, for hardship, whence
Come courage, patience, hardihood,
And for that sad experience
Which leaves our bosoms flesh and blood;
Which leaves us tears for others' woe!
Brother in toil, respect thyself;
And let thy steadfast virtues show
That man is nobler far than pelf!
Thank God for toil; nor fear the face
Of wealth nor rank: fear only sin,
That blight which mars all outward grace,
And dims the light of peace within!
Give me thy hand, my brother, give
Thy hand and toil-stained hand to me;
We are no dreamers, we shall live
A brighter, better day to see!

SNATCHES FROM OUR OLD LITERATURE.



A LYTELL GESTE OF ROBYN HODE.

(Concluded from page 157.)

EDWARD I. AND ROBIN HOOD.

Robin's pranks, and defiance of all regularly constituted authority, at last brings down the king himself from London. The stern but chivalrous Edward comes with much indignation, but, no doubt, also with some curiosity and respect, to seek personally the bold outlaw, and the knight before-mentioned, who has found means of successfully aiding Robin Hood in a period of extreme danger. The king arrives at Nottingham, and then goes into the forest to take a review of the state of things there; Alas!—

He failed many of his deer.

What was the king to do? He chased Robin in all directions, but in vain. At last—

Then bespake a proud forester,
That stood by our king's knee,
If ye will see good Robin,
Ye must do after me.

Take five of the best knights
That be in your lead,
And walke down by yon abbey,
And get you monks weed.

(1) Forester.

(2) Habit.

And I will be your leades-man,
And leade you the way,
And ere ye come to Nottingham,
Mine head then dare I lay,

Then ye shall meet with good Robin,
Alive if that he be,
Ere ye come to Nottingham,
With gyen ye shall him see.

Edward relishes the advice, and adopts it. Behold him with his train, appearing like a convent headed by its abbot, moving along into the forest, Edward singing as he goes. The party thus disguised soon meet with Robin Hood and his men. They are stopped, and their possessions inquired into. The mock abbot says, he has but forty pounds, and if he had a hundred he would give it to the foresters. Robin's heart is won at once. He gives the men, as their right, half the forty pounds; the other half, his own share, he returns, saying—

"Sir, have this for your spending,
We shall meet another day."

"Gramercy!" then said the king.
The dinner is now prepared. Robin calls his men by the sound of the horn. As they come suddenly,

and kneel before Robin, with wonder the king exclaims—

"Here is a wondrous seemly sight,
Me thinketh, by Goddès pine,¹
His men are more at his bidding,
Than my men be at mine."

After dinner the foresters shoot with their bows; two wands being set up, with garlands hung upon them, and at such a distance that Edward, no indifferent bowman, said they were fifty paces too distant. "Whoso faileth of the rose garland," said Robin, "shall lose his arrow to the victor, and bear a buffet on the head."

And all that fell in Robin's lot,
He smote them wondrous sore.

What follows, with its highly dramatic conclusion, we give in the poet's own words.

Twice Robin shot about,
And ever he cleaved the wand,
And so did good Gilberte,
With the white hand;

Little Johan and good Scathelock,
For nothing would they spare,
When they failed of the garland,
Robin smote them full sair.

At the last shot that Robin shot,
For all his friends far,
Yet he failed of the garland
Three fingers and mair.

Then bespake good Gilberte,
And thus he gan to say,
"Master," he said, "your takel² is lost,
Stand forth, and take your pay."

"If it be so," said Robin,
"That may no better be,
Sir Abbot, I deliver thee mine arrow,
I pray thee, sir, serve thou me."

"It falleth not of mine order," said our king,
"Robin, by thy leave,
For to smite no good yeoman,
For doubt I should him grieve."

"Smite on boldly," said Robin,
"I give thee largè leave."
Anon our king, with that word,
He folded up his sleeve,

And such a buffet he gave Robin,
To ground he yede³ full near.
"I make mine avow to God," said Robin,
"Thou art a stalwart frere."

"There is pith in thine arm," said Robin,
"I trow thou canst well shoot.
Thus our King and Robin Hood
Together then they met.

Robin beheld our comely king
Wistfully in the face;
So did Sir Richard at the Lee,
And kneeled down in that place.

It is only necessary to add in explanation of this passage, that Edward the First possessed an almost superhuman strength. Soon after this interview, the good people of Nottingham were astonished beyond measure to see hosts of foresters marching toward the town so thickly, that wherever they looked,

-- they saw no thing but mantels of green
That covered all the field.

They began to fly, till the uproarious mirth of Edward, who had put on the forester's dress, reassured them.

For a while Robin stayed in the king's court; but that was no place for him. So he returned to the green woods; there ultimately to die, as well as there in the meantime to live.

A PICTURE-BOOK WITHOUT PICTURES.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Translated from the Danish by MARY HOWITT.

It is wonderful! When my heart feels the most warmly, and my emotions are the noblest, it is as if my hands and my tongue were tied; I cannot describe, I cannot express, my own inward state; and yet I am a painter; my eye tells me so; and every one who has seen my sketches and my tablets acknowledges it.

I am a poor youth; I live over there in one of the narrowest streets, but I have no want of light, because I live up aloft, with a view over all the house-tops. The first day I came into the city it seemed to me so confined and lonesome; instead of the woods and the green breezy heights, I had only the grey chimneys as far as I could see. I did not possess one friend here; not a single face which I knew saluted me.

One evening, very much depressed in mind, I stood at my window; I opened it and looked out. Nay, how glad it made me! I saw a face which I knew; a round, friendly face, that of my dearest friend in heaven; it was the Moon—the dear old Moon, the very same, precisely the same, as when she peeped at me between the willow-trees on the marshes. I kissed my hand to her; she shone right down into my chamber, and promised me, that every night when she was out she would take a peep at me. And she has honestly kept her word—pity only that she can remain for so short a time!

Every night she comes she tells me one thing or another which she has seen either that night or the night before. "Make a sketch," said she, on her first visit, "of what I tell thee, and thus thou shalt make a really beautiful picture-book!"

This I have done; and in this way I might give a new *Thousand and One Nights* in pictures; but that would be too much; those which I have given have not been selected, but are just as I heard them. A great, genial-hearted painter, a poet, or a musician, may make more of them if he will; that which I present is only a slight outline on paper, and mixed up with my own thoughts, because it was not every night that the moon came; there was now and then a cloud between us.

FIRST EVENING.

"Last night," these are the Moon's own words, "I glided through the clear air of India; I mirrored myself in the Ganges. My beams sought to penetrate the thick fence which the old plantains had woven, and which formed itself into an arch as firm as the shell of the tortoise. A Hindoo girl, light as a gazelle, beautiful as Eve, came forth from the thicket. There is scarcely anything so airy, and yet so affluent in the luxuriance of beauty, as the daughter of India. I could see her thoughts

(1) Christ's passion on the cross is here referred to.
(2) Arrow. (3) Bent.

through her delicate skin. The thorny lianas tore her sandals from her feet, but she stopped rapidly forward; the wild beast which came from the river, where it had quenched its thirst, sprang past her, for the girl held in her hand a burning lamp. I could see the fresh blood in her fingers as she curved them into a shade for the flame. She approached the river; placed the lamp on the stream; and the lamp sailed away. The flame flickered as if it would go out; but still it burned, and the girl's dark, flashing eyes followed it with her whole soul beaming from under her long silken eyelashes: she knew that if the lamp burned as long as she could see it, then her beloved was alive; but if it went out, then that he was dead. The lamp burned and fluttered, and her heart burned and fluttered also; she sank on her knee and breathed a prayer: close beside her, in the grass, lay a water-snake, but she thought only of Brama and her beloved. 'He lives!' exclaimed she, rejoicingly, and the mountains repeated her words, 'he lives!'

SECOND EVENING.

"It was last evening," said the Moon, "that I peeped down into a yard inclosed by houses. A hen was there with eleven chickens; a little girl was playing around them; the hen set up a cackling cry, she was frightened, and spread out her wings over her eleven young ones. With that but came the father of the child and scolded her." This evening (it is only a few minutes since), the moon looked down again into that yard. Everything was quite still; presently, however, out came the little girl, and stole very softly to the hen-house, lifted the latch, and crept in to the hen and the chickens. The hen and chickens set up a loud cry, and flew here and there, and the little girl ran after them. Again the father came out, and now he was very angry indeed, and scolded her, and pulled her out of the hen-house by her arm; she hung back her head, and there were large tears in her blue eyes.

"What wast thou doing here?" asked the father. She wept; "I only wanted," said she, "to kiss the hen, and ask her to forgive me for yesterday; but I did not dare to tell thee."

The father kissed the sweet innocent on her forehead; the moonlight fell lovingly upon her eyes and mouth.

THIRD EVENING.

"In a narrow street, just by," said the Moon, "which is so ~~very~~ confined that only just for one minute can my beams fall upon the walls of the houses—and yet at this moment I can look abroad and see the world as it moves—into this narrow street I looked and saw a woman. Sixteen years ago and she was a child; she lived away in the country, and played in the old pastor's garden. The hedges of roses had grown out of bounds for many years; they threw their wild untrimmed branches across the path, and sent up long, green shoots into the apple-trees; there was only a rose here and there, and they were not beautiful as the queen of flowers may be, although the colour and the odour were there. The pastor's little daughter, however, was a much more beautiful rose; she sat upon her little wooden stool under the wild untrimmed hedge, and kissed her doll with the broken face."

"Ten years later I saw her again; I saw her in the splendid dancing-hall; she was the lovely bride of a rich tradesman, and I rejoiced in her good fortune. I visited her in the still evening. Alas! my rose had put forth also wild shoots like the roses in the pastor's garden! Every-day life

has its tragedy—this evening I saw the last act. Sick to death, she lay in that narrow street, upon her bed. The wicked landlord, her only protector, a man rude and cold-hearted, drew back the curtain. 'Get up!' said he, 'thy cheeks are pale and hollow; paint thyself! Get money, or I will turn thee out into the streets! Get up quickly!'

"Death is at my heart!" said she, "oh! let me rest!"

"He compelled her to rise; painted her cheeks, twined roses in her hair, placed her at the window, with a burning light beside her, and went his way. I glanced at her; she sat immovable; her hands fell upon her lap. The window blew open, so that one of the panes of glass was broken; but she moved not; the curtains of the window were blown around her like a flame. She was dead. From that open window the dead preached powerfully; my rose of the pastor's garden!"

FOURTH EVENING.

"I was last evening at a German play," said the Moon; "it was in a little city. The theatre was a stable; that is to say, the stalls were made use of and decorated for boxes, the old wood-work was covered over with figured paper. There hung from the low roof a little iron chandelier, and in order that it might rise the moment the prompter's bell rang (as is the custom in large theatres), it was now covered by a tub turned upside down. The bell rang, and the little iron chandelier made a leap of half an ell, and by that token people knew that the comedy had begun. A young prince and his wife, who were travelling through the town, were to be present at the performance, and therefore it was a very full house, excepting that under the chandelier it was like a little crater. Not a single soul sat there; the chandelier kept dropping its oil—drop! drop! It was so hot in the little theatre that they were obliged to open all the holes in the walls to let in fresh air, and through all these peeped in lads and lasses from the outside, although the police sat by and drove them off with sticks."

"Close by the orchestra, people saw the young princely couple sitting in two old arm-chairs, which otherwise would have been occupied by the burgomaster and his lady; as it was, however, they sat upon wooden benches, like other townsfolk. 'One may see that there are falcons above falcons!' was Madame's silent observation; and after this all became more festive; the chandelier made a leap upwards, the people began counting on their fingers, and I—yes, the Moon—was present during the whole comedy."

FIFTH EVENING.

"Yesterday," said the Moon, "I looked down upon busy Paris. I gazed into the chambers of the Louvre. An old grandmother, wretchedly clad, and who belonged to the lower class, entered the large, empty throne-room, accompanied by one of the under servants of the palace. It had cost her many small sacrifices, and very much eloquence had she used before she could be admitted here. She folded her thin hands, and looked as reverentially around her as if she had been in a church."

"It was here!" she said, "here!" and she approached the throne, which was covered with a cloth of rich velvet trimmed with gold. "There!" said she, "there!" and she bowed her knee and kissed the crimson velvet—I think she wept."

"It was not that velvet," said the attendant, while a smile played round his mouth.

"'But still it was here!' said the woman; 'and it looked in this room just so!'"

"'Just so,' replied he; 'and yet it was not just so either: the windows were beaten out; the doors were torn off their hinges, and there was blood upon the floor! You can say, however, for all that, that your son's son died upon the throne of France!'"

"'Died!' repeated the old woman."

"No more was said; they left the hall; the shades of evening fell deeper, and the moonlight streamed in with twofold brightness on the rich velvet of the throne of France."

"I will tell thee a story. It was in the revolution of July, towards evening, on the most brilliant day of victory, when every house was a fortress, every window a redoubt, the people stormed the Tuilleries. Even women and children fought among the combatants; they thronged in through the chambers and halls of the palace. A poor, half-grown lad, in ragged clothing, fought desperately among the elder warriors; mortally wounded at length by the thrusts of many bayonets, he sank to the ground; this took place in the throne-room. They wrapped the velvet about his wounds; the blood streamed over the royal purple. It was a picture! The magnificent hall; the combat groups; a rent banner on the floor; the tricoloured flag floating above the bayonets; and upon the throne the poor lad, with his pale, glorified countenance, his eyes turned towards heaven; his limbs stiffening in death; his uncovered breast; his miserable garments, and around these the rich folds of the velvet, embroidered with silver lilies!"

"As that boy lay in the cradle, it had been foretold that he should die on the throne of France! His mother's heart had dreamed of a new Napoleon. The moonbeams have kissed the garland of everlasting upon his grave; her beams this night kissed the old grandmother's forehead as she dreamed of this picture—The poor lad upon the throne of France!"

SIXTH EVENING.

"I have been in Upsala," said the Moon. She looked down upon the great castle, with the miserable grass of its trampled fields. She mirrored herself in the river Fyris, whilst the steam-boat drove the terrified fish among the reeds. Clouds careered along the moonlit sky, and cast long shadows over the graves, as they are called, of Odin, Thor, and Freya. Names are carved in the scanty turf upon the heights. Here there is no building-stone in which the visitors can hew their names; no walled fences on which they can paint them; they chip away, therefore, the turf, and the naked earth stands forth in the large letters of their names, which look like a huge net spread over the hill. An immortality which a fresh growth of turf destroys."

A man stood on the hill-top; he was a poet. He emptied a silver-rimmed mead-horn, and whispered a name, which he bade the wind not to reveal; a count's coronet shone above it, and therefore he breathed it low—the moonbeams smiled upon him, for a poet's crown shone above his! The noble name of Eleonora d'Este is united to Tasso's. I know where the rose of beauty grows—A cloud passed before the moon. May no cloud pass between the poet and his rose!"

SEVENTH EVENING.

'Down by the seaside there extends a wood of oaks and beeches, fresh and fragrant, and every branch is visited by hundreds of nightingales. Close beside is the sea, the eternally-moving sea,

and between the sea and the wood runs the broad high-road. One carriage after another rolled past. I followed them not; my eye rested mostly on one spot where was a barrow, or old warrior's grave. Brambles and white thorns grew up from among the stones. There is the poetry of nature. Dost thou believe that this is felt by every one? Listen to what occurred there only last night."

"First of all, two rich countrymen drove past. 'There are some splendid trees there,' said one. 'There are ten loads of firewood in each,' replied the other. 'If the winter is severe, one should get forty rix-dollars in spring for the measure!' and they were gone."

"The road is abominable here," said another traveller. 'It is those cursed trees,' replied his neighbour; 'there is no circulation of air here, excepting from the sea;' and they advanced onward."

"At that moment the diligence came by. All were asleep at the most beautiful point; the driver blew his horn, but he only thought, 'I blow it capitably, and here it sounds well; what will they think of it?' And with that the diligence was gone."

"Next came by two young country-fellows on horseback. The champagne of youth circulated through their blood; a smile was on their lips as they looked towards the moss-grown height, and the dark bushes. 'I went there with Christine Miller,' said one to the other; and they were gone."

"The flowers sent forth their fragrance; every breeze slept; the sea looked like a portion of heaven spread out over a deep valley; a carriage drove along; there were six persons in it, four of whom were asleep; the fifth was thinking of his new summer-coat which was so becoming to him; the sixth leaned forward to the driver, and asked whether there was anything remarkable about that heap of stones; 'No,' said the fellow, 'it's only a heap of stones, but the trees there are remarkable!' 'Tell me about them,' said the other. 'Yes, they are very remarkable; you see, in winter, when the snow covers the ground, and everything, as it were, goes out in a twinkling, then those trees serve me as a landmark by which I can guide myself and not drive into the sea; they are, therefore, you see, very remarkable,'—and by this time the carriage had passed the trees."

"A painter now came up; his eyes flashed; he said not a word, he whistled, and the nightingales sang; one louder than another, 'hold your tongues!' exclaimed he, and noted down with great accuracy the colours and tints of the trees, 'blue, black, dark-brown.' It would be a beautiful painting! He made a sketch, as hints for his intended picture, and all the time he whistled a march of Rossini's."

"The last who came by was a poor girl; she sat down to rest herself upon the old warrior's grave, and put her bundle beside her. Her lovely, pale face inclined itself towards the wood as she sat listening; her eyes flashed as she looked heavenward across the sea; her hands folded themselves, and she murmured the Lord's Prayer. She did not understand the emotions which penetrated her soul; but, nevertheless, in future years, this moment, in which she was surrounded by nature, will return to her much more beautifully, nay, will be fixed more faithfully in her memory, than on the tablets of the painter, though he noted down every shade of colour. She went forward, and the moonbeams lighted her path, until daylight kissed her forehead!"

(To be continued.)

THE FORTUNES OF MARY LESLIE;

A Domestic Tale.

By MRS. VINCENT NOVELLO.

(Continued from page 251.)

At every leisure moment these sad reminiscences would recur, rendering her insensible to the growing passion of the widow's son, who sought by every kindly attention to win her love:—this she mistook for delicate brotherly feeling, until one Sunday evening, the mother taking her hand, and gazing affectionately, in her face, exclaimed, "Why so sad, Mary dear! when you are the source of so much happiness to others? Ever since your arrival, things have prospered marvellously;—my heart is lightened of all cares,—my son never happy but when at home;—you who have brought such sunshine to us, why is your brow clouded, and tears ready to start from your eyes?"

"Your kindness often affects me," answered Mary, truly; "Poor child!" continued her friend, "I fear there is something else presses upon your heart:—but time is all powerful, and to one who has been educated so morally, duties well performed are pleasures, and efface past troubles;—take then upon you the fresh duties of child and wife;—become to me really a daughter, by marriage with my son, who loves you fondly, but fears to plead for himself."

"Alas! my dear friend and second mother," replied our heroine, "never can I repay such exceeding goodness;—you received me, a perfect stranger, and have cherished me as a child—shall I then make so poor a return as to accept your offer, and bring to your worthy son a blighted character and a heart filled with recollections of another?"

Mary had, upon their first acquaintance, disclosed the injustice to which she was a sufferer, but had not named her love for Edward; she now told of their early betrothment,—of his being sent for a soldier, upon the false charge of poaching; and concluded by declaring her resolution of quitting Birmingham and seeking news of him in London, or to the world's end.

In vain the good widow besought her to reconsider this plan, which was fraught with difficulties, almost impossibilities;—pleaded for her son, and urged his good qualities, and that time would efface all previous and early impressions. Mary shook her head,—doubted such would be the result in her own case, but hoped sincerely it might prove so in her young admirer's, who was worthy of a single and first affection.

Finding her thus resolved, the next act of kindness was to render her journey pleasant and successful; and, with this view, the good woman called to mind a certain far-off cousin of hers, who was porter, or messenger, or something very great at the War-office in London:—to him she would address a letter, recommending Mary to his aid and counsel, backed by a little toothsome present from her shop stores (this missive was written by Mary in her neatest handwriting, but dictated in the most flattering terms by her friend), and, thus recommended, our poor heroine, amidst the tears and regrets of both mother and son, departed on the outside of the stage-coach for the great metropolis; again to brave the world's chances, supported alone by right intentions and honest feeling.

Those were not the days of steam; and though she started at four in the morning, it was nearly midnight when, weary, dizzy, and shivering, she reached the great smoky Babel; for it had rained several times in the course of the day, and she had little appetite for the viands placed in her basket by the provident widow; besides, the height and the whirl stupified her, nor were those sensations diminished upon entering the metropolis.

It was Saturday night, and crowds of people were still bargaining for the morrow's dinner, amidst shiny, mucky streets, revealed by the red and murky torch-lights flaring at the several markets.

The guard of the coach, compassionating Mary's plight, recommended her to the care of his old friend Sukey, who was scullion at the inn where they alighted; and this good Maritornes, after drying her clothes by the ample kitchen fire, and persuading her to drink a little mild-drawn porter, which "would do her all the good in life," shared her humble, but clean dormitory, with the stranger: fatigue, aided by the mild yet potent liquid she had imbibed, soon weighed down her eyelids, and caused her to forget, in profound sleep, all past, present, and future pains.

Early the next morning, she awoke refreshed and hopeful; and having breakfasted on the remnants of yesterday, washed down by a share of Susan's tea, set out on her way to the War-office, accompanied by a stunted, precocious urchin, replete with London assurance and mischief, and who thought it fine fun to "oax" the country girl: he therefore gave her the most marvellous descriptions of all the buildings they passed in their way—of their uses, and of the style of living pursued by the inmates:—exaggerated the wealth and importance of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen,—assuring Mary that the king and both Houses of Parliament were mere nobodys to them—(he had probably been rebuked by their worship, and had a reverential awe of again encountering Bridewell fare.) At length they reached the Horse-Guards, but it was Sunday, and the porter had taken advantage of his leisure day to protract his morning's nap.

Mary turned into the Park; she would gladly have entered a church, and begged God's blessing upon her future prospects; but in England, at that early hour (it was past nine, nevertheless), the church-doors were not open; they waited the leisure and convenience of the rich.

"You can step into a public-house, miss," said her conductor, in answer to her demand respecting the church, "and I don't mind if I do take a drop of summat myself this raw mornin'." Oh! what, you don't think it genteel, perhaps?"

Mary shrank from this juvenile ape of older vice, and, fortunately, was soon relieved from his conversation by the appearance of the burly porter, who came to shake off his lingering somnolency by inhaling the breezes from the Park; he proved, also, to be the friend she sought, and, more god-natured than the tribe of Cerberus in general, asked her to sit down, and gave his serious attention to perusing the letter from his humble cousin of Birmingham.

"Why, what a wild-goose chase you're arter, young woman!" he at length exclaimed, upon concluding the epistle, which he carefully folded; "it's next t'impossible you should ever trace the young man. Is he your brother, or your husband?—well it's all one, somehow related, I s'pose? And so my cousin is well to do in the world, is she?—and has sent me a little present, she says in

her letter: good, good—set it down: I can examine that arterwards—let's talk of your brother—no, your husband; well it's all one—some relation. You must come again to-morrow, when the clarks is here, and then I'll see and inquire for you. Won't you rest a little longer?—well, it's all one—good day—don't forget to-morrow.” Thus ran on the loquacious but prosy porter; who never suffered any one (at least an applicant) to edge in a word, but asked questions and answered himself, greatly to the satisfaction of his present auditress, but provocative of endless disputes, corrections, and mistakes, with the poor women who thronged his gate, inquiring the fate of husbands, brothers, and fathers, after each victory.

Little know ye, youngsters of the present peaceful times, the anxieties, privations, and sorrows of that belligerent epoch: may ye never know them—never be roused from sleep, startled from solitary meals, by the sound of cannon, which, though not portending war at the gate, as in less fortunate countries that are the seat of war, yet announce that a bloody battle has been fought—that thousands and tens of thousands are dead, dying, or miserably wounded—and that among those may be objects of your dearest affections, whose loss may involve you and yours in misery and beggary.

At a more official hour on the ensuing morning Mary returned to the temple of War's ministers: an open landau was drawn up under the archway, and her friend, the porter, whispered that its mistress was making inquiries which must delay her for a short period. Whilst waiting, her attention was attracted to the carriage by a beautiful boy; left withinside under the sole guardianship of a large Newfoundland dog; for the footman had quitted his post, attracted by the soldiers on parade. On a sudden the dog bounded from its place, after a friend or foe of its own species; and the child, attempting to prevent its egress, must certainly have fallen over the side on to the pavement, but for our heroine, who, perceiving the danger, rushed forward and received him in her arms. Although the little rogue was unhurt, he set up a dreadful scream, which drew the footman back to his duty, at the very moment his lady appeared on the steps of the Horse-Guards. Instead of thanking the saviour of his neglected trust, he snatched the yelling child from her arms, and rudely pushing her aside, exclaimed—“What the devil are you doing with Master Lionel? I wish there was a constable at hand, I'd give you into charge for kidnapping, that I would.”

“What is this?” said his mistress, advancing; “are you hurt, my dear boy?”

“Naughty Neptune! naughty Neptune!” loudly shrieked out the spoiled heir.

“Do not cry aloud, my love,” said his mother, “we shall have quite a crowd round us; and here is Neptune, so let us get in and drive off as fast as possible.”

With ready obedience the door was closed—the coachman whipped his fat horses, and the saucy footman, shaking his fist at poor astonished Mary, clung to the back of the carriage; which shortly disappeared among the trees of St. James's Park; (for it was an aristocratic equipage, and had the privilege of rolling along the smooth and well-watered alleys of that exclusive domain).

And here I must be permitted to say a few words in extenuation of the lady's conduct towards Mary. It did not proceed from pride or unkindness, but she shrank from all contact with crowds and vulgar people; and finding her darling unharmed,

her first thought was to seek sanctuary in her carriage; afterwards she would inquire into particulars—for something must have been wrong on the part of her servant, who suffered his young master to come in contact with a stranger of the lower orders. She had seen him herself in the arms of the woman—all the prevarications of the footman could not unsay that fact: and when she gathered from the child how the case had been, and made inquiries after his preserver, a pang of regret shot through her heart (not hard, but little exercised in kindness) when told that she had departed for Portsmouth, and that no one knew her precise address. “Some soldier's wife,” thought the lady; “I must get the Colonel to do something for him.” She fully intended to do so; but the fulness of content in her own position made her soon forget so humble a person. How should the rich know the sufferings or wants of the poor, who dread all personal contact, and think they have done their duty by subscribing to fashionable charities, recommended to them by bishops and orthodox clergymen?

Mary was, indeed, on her way to Portsmouth. For a moment she had wondered at the footman's abuse, and at the abrupt departure of child and lady; but having merely obeyed a natural impulse, she was gratified by its success, and lost all thought of the circumstance, when her friend, the porter, informed her that his inquiries had proved fortunate—that Edward Thatcher was now in Haslar Hospital, having been sent in wounded from the last engagement. Amidst smiles and tears, earnestly to thank her new friend, and to declare that she would set out instantly to nurse poor Ned, were Mary's first words.

“Don't thank me,” answered the kindly porter—“why, the chap's wounded, I tell you—well, all's one for that; but as for setting off at a moment's warning on so long a journey, and you not overburthened with cash, I warrant—ah, well, all's one for that—I must see if I can't help you. There's Sam Green a taking his master's wain and horses as far as Godalming—ah, well, all's one for that—it's more than half-way to Portsmouth, and you can easily get on from there, either afoot, or by return post, or what not. Now don't cry, nor thank me—all's one for that.”

Upon a truss of sweet hay, among boxes, bags, gun-cases, and innumerable heterogeneous packages, our happy heroine (for she was going to her lover) arrived in the forenoon at Godalming, and, heartily thanking Sam Green for his safe conduct, continued her journey. The bustling town of Portsmouth was reached at last, and all our heroine's sufferings were amply compensated when pressed to the heart of her lover, whom she found not only true-hearted as ever, but convalescent for many days.

The book lore Ned had acquired at Woodburne, combined with his moral conduct and cheerful alacrity in aiding his comrades, first recommended him to the sergeant and quartermaster, who found him most useful as a scribe; and latterly the officers had spoken highly of the bravery he displayed during the sharp action in which he received his wound: this had, also, procured him the grade of corporal, with promise of further promotion. Eased by all these circumstances, by renewed health, and the presence of the being whom he loved best in the world, Edward easily prevailed upon Mary to unite her fate, indissolubly with his; and on the day he quitted Haslar Hospital, she became his, “for richer, for poorer, in health or sickness, till death should them part.”

Their happiness was great, was complete. But brief was their span of felicity—Edward's regiment was ordered abroad. Mary had resolved never to be separated from her husband—determined to share whatever hardships might be his lot, but never more to endure absence and suspense. All applications, however, were in vain: no more baggage (so females were ungallantly termed) could be allowed; and Mary, in despair, was beginning to ponder over the ways and means of disguising herself as a cabin-boy, and hiding in the hold of the ship, when her prompt succour of the child in the carriage was rewarded by the opportune arrival of himself and mother to bid farewell to the colonel of Edward's regiment, who was husband to the lady. They instantly recognised our heroine, became interested in her adventures, and delighted to procure the permission she sought of accompanying her husband.

We will pass over the horrors of a sea voyage, which, in addition to the sickness and languor it inflicts upon most, was to be endured in the narrow hold of a transport, where throngs of human beings were stowed together, without much regard to cleanliness or salubrity.

No great action, however, took place for several months; harassing skirmishes, with alternate success, between the enemy and our troops occurred, but no definite action. During this period our heroine had full opportunity of observing the various miseries which war entails upon mankind. Reckless destruction attested the army's progress, like the flight of locusts; brutal indifference marked the conduct of some soldiers, while curses and regrets escaped from others that they had been cajoled into a trade of blood and bad passions against men with whom they had neither quarrel nor animosity. At times great privations and sufferings were experienced in the camp, succeeded by intervals of debauch, waste, and riot. Every way War degrades and brutalises humanity.

The cheerful good temper of Mary led her to cultivate a kindly intercourse with the peasants who served the camp with provisions, until by degrees she not only understood them readily, but could converse fluently in the mixed Spanish-French which they employed in their traffic with our troops. At length, by means of these hucksters, who are generally spies on both parties, information was received that the enemy were advancing and preparing for action; and, alas! poor Mary was on the eve of becoming a mother. Confirmation of these warlike rumours gathered strength; all was bustle and preparation—extra caution—extra vigilance, that no means might be neglected for encounter and repulse.

In the midst of this anxious turmoil Mary gave birth to a son, whose innocent and healthy appearance made her forget pain and apprehension, and elevated her thoughts in grateful prayer to heaven. A fortnight elapsed, and she was still feeble, requiring those tender cares so essential in her weak state, when orders were issued for the troops to march in pursuit of the enemy; who, not choosing to risk a battle, had again escaped our vigilance.

Women delicately, perhaps too delicately, nurtured, whose nervous and bodily temperament render them susceptible of every change of atmosphere—may, women only moderately and properly comfortable at such times of danger and weakness, which call for all men's sympathies, can form no idea of the hardships and sufferings their sex undergo, whose lot connects them with a soldier's life on service. Many of those may, perhaps, ex-

claim that females should not expose themselves to such situations; that it warrants in them an undue hardness and indelicacy, incompatible with feeling or refinement. Let them recollect numberless instances which have occurred, *at the seat of war*, where hundreds of mothers and wives, unused to hardships, refined and delicate, have been forced to rise from the bed of sickness and child-birth, and to fly with tender infants from their burning homesteads in the most inclement weather, with famine and desolation at their heels.

Cheered by a thousand endearing words and looks from Edward, poor Mary and her babe were deposited, with all the rough care imaginable of soldiers, on the least crowded baggage-wagon; but the roughness of the roads, and jostling of the vehicle, caused her such infinite pain, that several times she felt tempted to quit the lumbering conveyance, and lie down upon the road to die in peace.

Shortly after our army's arrival at — a sharp action ensued with the French, which terminated with considerable numbers slain on both sides.

This was not the first time since her marriage that Mary had witnessed the effects of a battle—had seen men set forth in all the vigour of youth and health, borne back gashed with frightful wounds, or left to stiffen on the open plain; but Edward had ever been by her side, aiding in her Samaritan-like care of the wounded and dying. This evening he came not back. In vain were all remonstrances from his comrades that she should wait till morning. Mary knew too well that on such occasions a desperate gang, belonging to both armies, would be early prowling over the scene of slaughter, who were more likely to extinguish lingering life than to fan its flickering flame. Fondly kissing her babe, which she left in care of the other women, and furnished with linen, water, and brandy, she clung to the arm of an old soldier, who offered to be her escort, and silently, but with beating heart, set forth to pry among the horrors of a battle-field for her husband—her heart's treasure.

The moon hung full and bright in the heavens, disclosing Nature's loveliest works—mountain, valley, and trees—and, in contrast, man's ghastly performance—gaping wounds, smashed limbs, and violent death. The one earnest purpose of her soul, for which she braved the sight of such horrors, could alone have sustained our heroine through this field of blood. Lured by similarity of uniform, many a time she stooped to inspect some manly form, and turned, shuddering, from the contorted, livid features, such as gun-shot wounds alone produce. The Jews and suttlers, who follow a camp, and hover round such scenes, like obscene birds and beasts of prey, were already at their ghastly trade of pillage; and many a brave fellow (especially the officers, who were most worth the molling), yet hovering between life and death, received the *coup de grace* from the hands of these marauding, unhumanised wretches—another consequence of the curse of war.

The stillness and loveliness of night were often startled by groans, execrations, shrieks for water, or the fervently-muttered prayer and low breathing-forth of beloved names. Many poor creatures on that battle-field received succour from Mary; whose sensibility, highly wrought, urged her to courageous deeds, from which at other times female timidity might have shrunk—although pity and usefulness ministering in sickness and sorrow, are woman's worthiest attributes.

(To be completed in our next.)

The People's Portrait Gallery.



LEIGH HUNT.

FROM A PICTURE BY MARGARET GILLIES.

LEIGH HUNT.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

Some thirty years ago, three youths went forth, one fine summer's day, from the quiet town of Mansfield, to enjoy a long luxurious ramble in Sherwood Forest. Their limbs were full of youth—their hearts of the ardour of life—their heads of dreams of beauty. The future lay before them, full of brilliant, but undefined achievements in the land of poetry and romance. The world lay around them, fair and musical as a new paradise. They traversed long dales, dark with heather—gazed from hill-tops over still and immense landscapes—tracked the margins of the shining waters that hurry over the clear gravel of that ancient ground, and drank in the freshness of the air, the odours of the forest, the distant cry of the curlew, and the music of a whole choir of larks high above their heads. Beneath the hanging boughs of a wood-side they threw themselves down to lurch, and from their pockets came forth, with other good things, a book. It was a new book. A hasty peep into it had led them to believe that it would blend well in the perusal with the spirit of the region of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, and with the more tragical tale of that Scottish queen, the grey and distant towers of one of whose prison-houses could be descended from their resting-place, clad as with the solemn spirit of a sad antiquity. The book was *The Story of Rimini*. The author's name was to them little known; but they were not of a temperament that needed names—their souls were athirst for poetry, and there they found it. The reading of that day was an epoch in their lives. There was a life, a freshness, a buoyant charm of subject and of style, that carried them away from the sombre heaths and wastes around them to the sunshine of Italy—to gay cavalades and sad palaces. Hours went on, the sun declined, the book and the story closed, and up rose the three friends, drunk with beauty, and with the sentiment of a great sorrow, and strode homewards with the proud and happy feeling that England was enriched with a new poet. Two of those three friends have for more than five and twenty years been in their graves; the third survives to write this article.

For thirty years and more from that time the author of *Rimini* has gone on adding to the wealth of English literature, and to the claims on his countrymen for gratitude and affection. The bold politician, when it required moral bravery to be honest; the charming essayist; the poet, seeming to grow with every new effort only more young in fancy and vigorous in style—he has enriched his country's fame, but his country has not enriched him. It is still time to think of it, and it might save many future regrets, if a Government, becoming daily more liberal, were to show that it knows the wishes of the public, and is glad to fulfil them.

We have the authority of Mr. Leigh Hunt himself, in a memoir written six and thirty years ago, for the fact that he was born in 1784, at Southgate. His parents were the Rev. J. Hunt, at that time tutor in the family of the Duke of Chandos, and Mary, daughter of Stephen Shewell, merchant of Philadelphia, whose sister was the lady of Mr. President West. Thus the poet was by his mother's marriage, nearly related to the great American painter; and here, he says, he could enlarge seriously and proudly; but this boasting, it turns out very characteristically, is not of any adventitious

alliance with celebrated names, but of a truer and more happy cause of gratulation:—"If any one circumstance of my life could give me cause for boasting, it would be that of having had such a mother. She was, indeed, a mother in every exalted sense of the word—in piety, in sound teaching, in patient care, in spotless example. Married at an early age, and commencing from that time a life of sorrow, the world afflicted, but it could not change her; no rigid economy could hide the native generosity of her heart, no sophistical skulking injure her fine sense, or her contempt of worldly-mindedness, no unmerited sorrow convert her resignation into bitterness. But let me not hurt the noble simplicity of her character by a declamation, however involuntary. At the time when she died, the recollection of her sufferings and virtues tended to embitter her loss; but knowing what she was, and believing where she is, I now feel her memory as a serene and inspiring influence, that comes over my social moments only to temper cheerfulness, and over my reflecting ones to animate me in the love of truth."

That is a fine filial eulogy; but still finer and more eloquent has been the practical one of the life and writings of the son. Whoever knows anything of these, perceives how the qualities of the mother have lived on, not only in the grateful admiration of the poet, but in his character and works. This is another proud testimony added to the numerous ones revealed in the biographies of illustrious men, of the vital and all-prevailing influence of mothers. What does not the world owe to noble-minded women in this respect? and what do not women owe to the world and themselves in the consciousness of the possession of this authority? To stamp, to mould, to animate to good or evil the generation that succeeds them, is their delegated office. They are admitted to the co-workmanship with God; his actors in the after-age are placed in their hands at the outset of their career, when they are plastic as wax, and pliant as the green wither. It is they who can shape and bend as they please. It is they—as the young beings advance into the world of life, as passions kindle, as eager desires seize them one after another, as they are alive with ardour, and athirst for knowledge and experience of the great scene of existence into which they are thrown—it is they who can guide, warn, inspire with the upward or the downward tendency, and cast through them on the future ages the blessings or the curses of good or evil. They are the gods and prophets of childhood. It is in them that confiding children hear the divinity speak; it is on them that they depend in fullest faith; and the maternal nature, engrafted on the original, grows in them stronger than all other powers of life. The mother in the child lives and acts anew; and numberless generations feel unconsciously the pressure of her hand. Happy are they who make that enduring pressure a beneficent one; and, though themselves unknown to the world, send forth from the heaven of their hearts poets and benefactors to all future time.

At seven, Leigh Hunt was admitted into the Grammar-school of Christ's Hospital, where he remained till he was fifteen, and received a good foundation in the Greek and Latin languages. At the age of sixteen was published a volume of his schoolboy verses. He then spent some time in what he calls "that gloomiest of all 'darkness palpable'"—a lawyer's office; he became theatrical critic in a newly-established paper, the *News*; and his zeal, integrity, and talent, formed a striking

contrast to the dishonest criticism and insufferable dramatic nonsense then in public favour. In 1805, an amiable nobleman, high in office, procured him an humble post under Government; but this was as little calculated for the public spirit of honest advocacy which lived in him as the lawyer's office. He soon threw it up, having engaged with his brother in the establishment of the well-known newspaper, the *Examiner*. The integrity of principle which distinguished this paper was as ill-suited to the views of Government at that dark and despotic period, as such integrity and boldness for constitutional reform were eminently needed by the public interests. He was soon visited with the attentions of the Attorney-General; who, twice prosecuting him for libel, branded him "a malicious and ill-disposed person." It is now matter of astonishment for what causes such epithets and prosecutions were bestowed by Government at that day. On one occasion, in quoting an account of some birth-day or levee, to the fulsome statement of the hireling Court scribe, that the Prince Regent "looked like an Adonis," he added the words "of fifty"—making it stand "the Prince looked like an Adonis of fifty!" This was cause enough for prosecution, and an imprisonment of two years in Horsemonger-lane Gaol. It was here, in 1813, that Lord Byron and Moore dined with him. They found him just as gay, happy, and poetical, as if his prison was a shepherd's cot in Arcadia, and there was no such thing as "an Adonis of fifty" in the world. The "wit in the dungeon," as Lord Byron styled him in some verses of the moment, had his trellised flower-garden without, and his books, busts, pictures, and piano-forte within. Byron has recorded his opinion at that time in his journal of Mr. Hunt, thus:—"Hunt is an extraordinary character, and not exactly of the present age. He reminds me more of the Pym and Hampden times: much talent, great independence of spirit, and an austere, yet not repulsive aspect. If he goes on *qualis ab incepto*, I know few men who will deserve more praise, or obtain it. He has been unshaken, and will continue so. I don't think him deeply versed in life: he is the bigot of virtue (not religion), and enamoured of the beauty of that 'empty name,' as the last breath of Brutus pronounced, and every day proves it."

What a different portrait is this to that of the affected, finicking, artificial cockney, which the critics of that day would fain have made the world accept for Leigh Hunt. Lord Byron was a man of the world as well as a poet; he could see into character as well as anybody when there were no good-natured souls at his elbow to alarm his aristocratic pride. He was right. Mr. Hunt has gone on *qualis ab incepto*; and deserved and done great things. The critic-wolves have long ceased to howl; the world knows and loves the man.

We are not writing a biography, and therefore we shall here in a few sentences drop the biographic strain. In process of time the *Examiner* was made over to other parties, and Mr. Hunt devoted his pen more exclusively to literary subjects. His connection with Byron and Shelley led him to Italy, where the *Liberal*, a journal the joint product of the pens of those three celebrated writers, was started but soon discontinued; and Leigh Hunt, before his return, saw the cordiality of Lord Byron towards him shaken, and witnessed one of the most singular and solemn spectacles of modern times—the burning of the body of his friend Shelley on the sea-shore, where he had been thrown up by the waves.

The friend of Shelley, Keats, Charles Lamb, and others of the first spirits of the age, Mr. Hunt must be allowed, in this respect, to have been one of the happiest of men. It were no mean boon of providence to have been permitted to live in the intimacy of men like these; but, besides this, he had the honour to suffer with those beautiful and immortal spirits, calumny and persecution. They have achieved justice through death—he has lived injustice down. As a politician, there is a great debt of gratitude due to him from the people, for he was their firm champion when reformers certainly did not walk about in silken slippers. He fell on evil days, and he was one of the first and foremost to mend them. In literature he has distinguished himself in various walks; and in all he has manifested the same genial, buoyant, hopeful, and happy spirit. His *Sir Ralph Esher*, a novel of Charles II.'s time, is a work which is full of thought and fine painting of men and nature. His *Indicator*, and his *London Journal*, abound with papers which make us in love at once with the writer and ourselves. There is a charm cast over everyday-life, that makes us congratulate ourselves that we live. All that is beautiful and graceful in nature, and love-inspiring in our fellow-men, is brought out and made part of our daily walk and pleasure. His *Months*, a calendar of nature, bears testimony to his intense love of nature, which breathes equally in every page of his poetry. In these prose works, however, as well as in some of his earlier poetry, we find certain artificialities of phrase, fanciful expressions, and what are often termed conceits, which the critics treated as cockneyisms, and led them to style him the head of the Cockney School. There are certainly many indications, particularly in *The Months*, of his regarding the country rather as a visitor than an inhabitant. His *standpoint*, as the Germans call it, his point of standing, or in our phraseology, his point of view from which he contemplates nature, is the town. He thus produces to a countryman a curious inversion of illustration. For instance, he compares April to a lady watering her flowers at a balcony; and we almost expect him, in praising real flowers, to say that they are nearly equal to artificial ones. But these are but the specks on a sun-disc, all glowing with the most genuine love of nature. In no writer does the love of the beautiful and the good more abound. And, after all, the fanciful epithets in which he endeavours to clothe, as fanciful notions are, as he himself has explained, nothing whatever belonging to London or the Land of Cockayne, but to his having trained his mind long and deeply with the poetry, and, as a matter of course, with the poetic language of our older writers. In a wider acquaintance with nature, the world, and literature, these have vanished from his style; and I know of no more manly, English, and chastely vigorous style than that of his poems in general. In conformity with the strictures of various critics, he has, moreover, re-written his fine poem *Rimini*. It was objected that the story was not very moral, and he has now, in the smaller edition published by Moxon, altered the story so as to palliate this objection as much as possible, and, as he says, to bring it, in fact, nearer to the truth of the case. For my part, I know not what moral the critics would have, if wretchedness and death as the consequence of sin, be not a solemn moral. If the selfish old father, who deceives his daughter into a marriage by presenting to her the proxy as the proposed spouse, is punished by finding his daughter and

this proxy prince, who went out from him with pomp and joy, soon come back to him in a harse, and with all his ambitious projects thus dashed to the ground, is not held as a solemn warning, where shall such be found? However, the poet has shown his earnest desire to set himself right with the public, and the public has now the poem in its two shapes, and can accommodate its delicate self at its pleasure. I regret that the space allowed for this notice does not permit me to point out a number of those delightful passages which abound in his beautiful and graceful poems. The graphic as well as dramatic power of *Rimini*, the landscape and scene-painting of that poem, are only exceeded by the force with which the progress of passion and evil is delineated. The scene in the gardens and the pavilion, where the lovers are reading Lancelot du Lac, are not surpassed by anything of the kind in the language. The sculptured scenes on the walls of this pavilion are all pictures living in every line:—

the sacrifice *

By girls and shepherds brought, with reverend eyes,
Of sylvan drinks and foods, simple and sweet,
And goats with struggling horns and planted feet.

The opening of the poem beginning—

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May
Round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay.—

all life, elasticity, and sunshine—and the melancholy ending—

The days were then at close of Autumn—still,
A little rainy, and towards night-fall chill:
There was a fitful moaning all abroad;
And ever and anon over the road,
The last few leaves came fluttering from the trees, &c.

are passages of exquisite beauty, marking the change from joy to sorrow in one of the loveliest poems in the language. We have in it the genuine spirit of Chaucer, the rich nervous cadences of Dryden, with all the grace and life of modern English. But it is in vain here to attempt to speak of the poetic merits of Leigh Hunt. A host of fine compositions comes crowding on our consciousness. The *Legend of Florence*, a noble tragedy; the *Palfrey Hero and Leander*; the *Feasts of the Poets*, and the *Violets*; numbers of delightful translations from the Italian; a literature in which Leigh Hunt has always revelled, and above all, *Captain Sword and Captain Pen*. We would recommend everybody, just now that the war spirit is rising amongst us, to read that poem, and learn what horrors they are rejoicing over, and what the Christian spirit of this age demands of us. But we must praise the lyrics of the volume:—the pathos of the verses "To T. L. H., six years old, during a sickness," and the playful humor of those "To J. H., four years old," call to us for notice; and then the fine blank verse poems, *Our Cottage*, and *Reflections on a Dead Body*, are equally importunate. If any one does not yet know what Leigh Hunt has done for the people and the age, let him get the pocket edition of his poems, and he will soon find himself growing in love with life, with his fellow-men, and with himself. The philosophy of Leigh Hunt is loving, cheerful, and confiding in the goodness that governs us all. And when we look back to what was the state of things when he began to write, and then look round and see what it is now, we must admit that he has a good foundation for so genial a faith.

THE FORTUNES OF MARY LESLIE;

A Domestic Tale.

By MRS. VINCENT NOVELLO.

(Concluded, from page 266.)

"What are you *sacree-ing* for at that rate, Mounseer?" said Mary's companion, as they approached the spot where a French officer of middle age (and, from his decorations, of high rank) was extended, unable to rise, from a broken leg and the weight of his horse, which had fallen upon him.

"*Ayez pitie de moi, pour l'amour de Dieu!*"* shrieked the sufferer.

"Our own countryman first, Mounseer," was the dogged reply.

"Nay, Gilbert," said Mary, "he is a fellow-creature. If we could remove this dead horse he would endure less agony from his wound: let us try, at least." She stooped to execute her kind intention, when, under the very hoofs of the animal lay her beloved Edward, to all appearance lifeless. The thrilling cry of poor Mary brought her guide to his aid; and together they drew him from the heap of slain, men and beasts, which surrounded him. With tearful kisses the wife bedewed his pale, cold face, whilst she tenderly pillowed his head upon her lap; but, stifling her emotion, soon proceeded to more ordinary, but efficacious means for restoring life.

"Here's a wound would settle any poor fellow!" exclaimed rough Gilbert, unclasping his comrade's stiff stock—"and the arm broken, too. I fear all is over, Mistress, and kind Ned has shared the fate of many a brave lad to-day."

Mary would not be so easily disheartened; she forced a few drops of brandy between those dear cold lips, chafed his temples, and, after a few moments applying her hand to the region of his heart, fancied she felt at intervals a faint pulsation. "He lives—he lives!" burst from her joyful heart.

"Poor thing!—don't you deceive yourself: why, here's a sabre-cut has left a gap a yard long—why, he's one mash of wounds, poor soul!" responded her Job's comforter.

Mary would not give up hope. She continued her applications, and had shortly the satisfaction of perceiving returning warmth and slight shivers, which announce restored animation.

"Poor fellow!" grumbled Gilbert. "I fear it's only a light before death; but howsumdever, if you'll remain here, and continue the brandy and rubbing, I'll seek some of our fellows, who must be in the field by this time." Mary eagerly approved this intention, knowing that early surgical assistance was of the utmost importance to her husband.

Behold her, then, left alone on this plain of blood, among the dead and dying. But Mary's attention was fully engrossed by watching her beloved charge, and noting every symptom of re-animation, when a cold damp hand was laid on her arm. She started at the touch, and turning her affrighted gaze, beheld the ghastly head of the wounded French officer (whom in her pre-occupation she had entirely forgotten), close at her elbow. His bald head and sunken eyes, seen by the pale moonlight, made his haggard countenance resemble that of an animated corpse, and in her present excited state Mary could scarce refrain from screaming.

"Une goutte d'eau, ma chere dame!"† Mary

* Have pity on me, for the love of God!

† A drop of water, my dear lady!

handed him the flask, which he did not relinquish until the last drop was drained. A pang shot across poor Mary's heart, lest she might have given away her husband's salvation; but a moment later all was forgotten in the bliss of seeing Edward open his eyes and recognise her.

"Mary, dear Mary!" he faintly breathed forth, and then again relapsed into insensibility. Tears gushed plentifully from Mary's eyes, but they were tears of joy mingled with apprehension; and, fortunately, the voice of Gilbert made itself heard among the discords of the night.

Notwithstanding her care for Edward, she mentioned the French officer's wish for surgical aid, and his having funds to recompense their care; she was therefore not surprised, though not overjoyed, to find him installed in the surgery, and, at his earnest request to be near her who could speak and understand French, in the adjoining bed to Edward. Mary would have gladly escaped his importunities and constant selfish requisitions, but she considered that he was an elderly man, badly wounded by her husband's hand; and though these wounds were inflicted in what is termed *fair warfare*, Mary understood the Scripture text literally—"thou shalt shed no blood"—and could not reconcile it to her conscience that Edward should have to answer for the man's death.

Though grievously wounded, Edward soon began to mend. His fine constitution supported him through intense pain and suffering; and his faithful, tender wife was ever at hand, ministering to every sickly fancy of fever, or soothing, consoling, and caressing, in calmer moments of respite from agony. Even to her peevish French neighbour, less inured to suffering, she extended her charitable assistance—procured him extra indulgences for his money—smoothed his pillow, made hard by the tossings and tumblings of anguish—and would breathe many cheerful, patient exhortations for his comfort.

By degrees, a sort of friendship grew between this differently-organised and educated trio:—notwithstanding that the musket and bayonet of the English soldier had pierced the French chasseur and his horse, whilst the terrible sabre-cut had been inflicted in return by Gustave (as he named himself), and his charger's kick, in the death agony, had broken Edward's arm.

One evening, when convalescence allowed of conversation, they alluded to this occurrence, and Mary shudderingly snatched her infant from the French invalid, who had just admiringly taken it on his knee.

He perceived the feeling, but smiling, said, "Be not angry, my dear madam; every brave man does his utmost against the enemy of his country; but—great God! What is this? whence comes it?" taking hold, as he spoke, of a small gold cross, such as the peasants wear in France, only this had a broken lily engraved upon its centre, and Mary had hung it round the child's neck instead of a coral.

"That trinket belonged to my poor mother, who died soon after my birth," replied Edward; "she left it with the matron of the workhouse, and it is the only token I have of my parents, who, I fear, must have been very unhappy."

Mary had by this time released the precious relic from the baby's neck, and Gustave, with trembling hands, was seeking to undo a spring at the back, in the centre of the cross, which at last yielded to his pressure, and disclosed some light and dark hair, braided crosswise, and encircled by the names of Gustave and Emily.

"Just heaven! you are, then, my son!—the child of my beloved Emily!" exclaimed Gustave. "Alas! how can I ever atone for all the suffering I have made her and her offspring undergo!"

He pressed the cross to his lips, and repentant tears fell thick and fast from his eyes.

Edward and Mary, incredulous and bewildered by this sudden disclosure, knew not how to act; when Gustave, hastily rising, threw himself at the feet of his son, imploring pardon; accusing himself of perfidy and cruelty.

"To raise and comfort the contrite sinner, was Edward's first movement; and when all parties became a little calmer, he recounted, for his father's satisfaction, the difficulties and struggles he had encountered.

"Had it not been for the early lessons of morality and useful wisdom which Walter Leslie taught me, how should I have been able to suppress my scorn and indignation when forced by the unjust magistrate to become a soldier? a vocation against which I had a particular dislike. All my principles and feelings led me to detest the slavery of military discipline, and the shedding of blood against which I had no quarrel. But when reflection came to my aid, and I found myself condemned to become a mere tool and machine for the will of others, I remembered Leslie's precepts—fortified myself with the resolution never to take life but in self-defence, and consoled myself with the remembrance that, in all conditions of life, man, by simply practising truth and honesty, may work out his salvation in this world and the next.

Instead, therefore, of giving way to the brute instincts which surrounded me, I endeavoured, at every turn, to increase my stock of knowledge, both practical and mental. A journal which I kept for Mary, gave me habits of reflection, comparison, and ready communication of ideas; and it is an occupation I would recommend every poor man, who seeks to elevate his mind and station, at his brief leisure to pursue: for if it even fail to improve his worldly position, it will assuredly procure him many happy hours of calm enjoyment, in company with pleasant ideas, free from remorse or vicious indulgence: reading, also, was a never-failing solace, during the intervals of leisure so common in a soldier's life. My feelings, likewise, are sociable, and I trust kindly; and there were, consequently, a thousand ways in which I could be serviceable to my comrades; this procured me their friendship in return, and the devoted love which engrossed my heart for Mary (tenderly taking her hand and drawing her closer to him), cheered me in the performance of those solitary duties, when melancholy thoughts would intrude unbidden. To the constancy and courage of my wife, I owe the surpassing bliss of sharing tried affection and devotion, which end but with life; and, in addition, this unlooked-for blessing of finding a parent, whom I hope both to love and respect."

"Forbear, my son," said the penitent father; "the confession I have to make will, I fear, lower me in your opinion. Alas! alas! I have but vain regrets to offer, where a more efficient reparation is due. Had my poor Emily but lived!"—After a pause of anguish, the marquis (for such was the title of Edward's father), proceeded to relate, that the mother of Edward was the daughter of an impoverished English gentleman, and had been vilely seduced by him under pretence of a private marriage; that when his family revealed the imposture, and pressed him to marry an heiress to whom he was contracted, Emily had fled from him to seek shelter in England with a female relation, but

grief and fatigue frustrated her purpose; she was taken ill on the road, was carried to the poorhouse, and there gave birth to Edward.

The few lines of tender forgiveness which she addressed from thence to Gustave, informed him of these particulars; his subsequent marriage with the heiress, and the protracted war between France and England, prevented his making inquiries whether she had survived, or to secure her child from the poverty to which, doubtless, he was exposed. "But oh! believe," exclaimed the penitent, as he ended this recital, "my heart has been torn by bitter remorse, and in the midst of my brilliant saloons, encircled by every luxury which wealth could procure, the pale form of my Emily would haunt my troubled vision, and memory recall her thousand endearing caresses, to which I was now a stranger, for my wife loved me not, and was cold and haughty of demeanour: my uncle died, and, in default of male heir, I inherited his title and estate—but my house was childless.

"In the tumult of war alone I found excitement and interest—but mark the punishment which crimes like mine incur. This murderous arm had nearly killed my only child; nay, my very horse partook of the fiend-like impulse, and aided my barbarous attempt to slay thee. My son would unknowingly have killed a father. Merciful heaven!"

He wept, unable to proceed; and in this pious sorrow, he was joined by his hearers, Edward and Mary.

Shortly after, an exchange of prisoners was proposed, and the Marquis took advantage of this opportunity to return to France.

A few weeks had considerably diminished the compunctious spirit which the Marquis evinced during the recapitulation of his former crimes. Unaccustomed to censure himself severely, his self-love was ill at ease, and sought a ready salvo in good intentions. The prospect of returning among his gay and noble associates, accompanied by a son and daughter-in-law—both handsome and well-mannered, it is true—but possessing none of the fashionable tact or appearance which alone passed current in such circles, made him tremble.

On the eve of his departure, therefore, he unblushingly proposed to adopt his grandson, and carry him with him to France, promising to give him such an education as would fit him for the wealth and title he should inherit at his death.

"Do not imagine by this proposal that I love you, my son, the less, or shrink from the atonement I have vowed to the memory of my injured Emily. No!—but I have considered that, with the education and habits Mary and you possess, your happiness would not be increased by living in a rank to which you are unaccustomed, and where you would be hourly mortified with remarks upon your deficiencies. I mean, therefore, to put you in possession of a small estate which your mother inherited from the relation to whom she was journeying when death overtook her; to this I will add five hundred pounds yearly, which, with your moderate ideas, will, I doubt not, be affluence and abundance."

"You judged rightly," answered Edward, "that neither Mary nor myself desire rank or splendour, which it is evident do not confer happiness. For the same reason I cannot be separated from my child. Were I to accept," he added, with a glowing countenance, "the offered stipend from your purse, whilst my mother's name remained sullied and scorned, her agonies of grief and despair would seem to my fancy coined into a

thousand serpent-stings to goad her recreant son; whilst, on the contrary, the possession of her modest heritage will have a double charm to my heart—the blessing coming from such a sacred source, and procuring competence and comfort for my dear Mary" (looking fondly at his wife) "a daughter of whom she would have been most proud and most grateful, as the saviour of her neglected son." Mary pressed her husband's hand, and gazed tenderly in his eyes: this was approbation and reward delightful to his manly heart.

The abashed Marquis keenly felt the truth and reproach conveyed in his son's words, and cowered before the generous plebeian whom he had affected to consider an inferior; but all-powerful habit—the dread of ridicule from fools and libertines—had more weight: he had not courage publicly to avow his former treachery to a trusting woman, or acknowledge her son, who might expose him to ridicule in crowded saloons by some failure in fashionable etiquette, or the utterance of liberal and unconventional opinions. Fortunately for our young couple, these motives prevailed. The descendant of a hundred quarterings hushed his inconvenient remorse, and restrained the better feelings which had transiently arisen: he returned to his solitary grandeur uncheered by ties of consanguinity or social affections, having first given to Edward the lawyer's letter which proved Emily's right of inheritance, and instructed him how to proceed in the business.

The plea of his wounds obtained for Edward permission of return to England, where he easily gained possession of his mother's property, consisting of a pretty freehold-farm in Somersetshire. Shortly after, he relinquished a military life, a profession he had ever morally held in aversion, and retired to the more congenial occupation of cultivating his fields and his mind. In both of these pursuits he was greatly assisted by Mary, who delighted to revive Woodburne and its associations in their new abode. One of their constant endeavours, also, was to cultivate kindly feelings towards all men—more especially for their poorer brethren, who so much need instruction and advice; teaching them, by precept and practice, the doctrine of Christ—"to love God above all things, and your neighbour as yourself."

A twelvemonth after their occupation of Rosefield, Mary presented her husband with a second son; and on the day of its christening, they received the following characteristic letter from their noble, *ennuye* (bored) Marquis-father, which, as it presents a contrast to their happy social position, may serve for moral to our humble tale of the fortunes of Mary Leslie.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN—

"I think continually of you—of your frank and amiable natures. Alas! the absence of your tender cares has but too long retarded my perfect recovery.

"Alone, in my vast palace, I sigh at the unhappy fate which hinders me from proclaiming you my heirs—the worthy scions of my sweet Emily. But what would you have? Society has its rigorous observances, its sacred rights; and I am at once the victim of my guilty perfidy and of my social position. Pity, then, your unfortunate father, who is forced to sacrifice his own happiness to the decorum which exalted rank exacts.

"Alas, alas! I die with desire to have you with me again—to press you to this desolate heart, which in vain seeks to expand among the trivial egotisms and the cold calculations of selfish inheritors by which it is surrounded.

"May God preserve you from so frightful a fate! but, in having had the moral courage to prefer affection to interest, you have assured yourselves perfect happiness. That the good God may long continue it to you, is the ardent prayer of my agonised soul."

"GUSTAVE JULES PROSPERE DE LUNEVILLE,
"Marquis of Meranval."

"P.S.—Have your generous hearts never repented before my ardent prayer for the possession of my grandson, that I may bring him up a worthy heir to my exalted rank? I languish to have near me a being whom I can love."

THE FATAL HOUSE.

By JOSEPH GOSTICK.

ON the east side of Hull, and extending to the mouth of the Humber, there lies, as old Chaucer tells us,

A marshy country called Holderness.

It was once my fortune to travel over some part of that district, and to stay for a few days in one of its villages, where I heard a story which carries some moral at the end of it.

The village of which I speak lies about three miles from the bank of the Humber, in a damp, low situation. At the time of my visit, the ague and other fevers were prevalent in the neighbourhood; and I remember well the pallid, ghastly faces of people, young and old, whom I sometimes encountered in my walks. The land is fertile, and, at the present day, there is some improvement in the general health of the people, which may be attributed to improvements in draining; but a lover of romantic and beautiful scenery would require the promise of very abundant crops to tempt him to dwell in a part of the country where the principal features are marshes and ditches. The farmers solace themselves on these flats with abundance of good cheer, and their wives are notable in the preparation of a great variety of ten-table dainties, such as "water-cakes," "short-cakes," "cheese-cakes," and "collop-cakes."

But it is to one particular house, the "Old Grange," that my story leads me. This house was on the east side of the village and near the church. In the front it looked over the flat marsh toward the Humber; on the west lay the churchyard, between which and the garden there was a moat; in the garden, along the bank of the moat, there grew a row of fine elms overshadowing a grassy path.

I was staying at the house of a farmer, where I had the happiness of being entertained every evening with the chat of an old maiden lady, who had a strong propensity toward the marvellous, and told me several stories of apparitions about the Old Grange. As I did not wish to discourage this good lady in the expression of her faith, I limited my judgment upon all her stories to the simple observation, that "there are some narratives which are not easily explained." However, with regard to the Old Grange, I secretly believed that the supernatural part of the story might be cleared away by a little investigation, and, therefore, I asked for authorities and witnesses, which were proved, at last, to be all confined to one person, an old shepherd named Richard. It was arranged that this old man should be called in one evening, and that I should hear the tale

from his mouth. This was done, and I give the story, as nearly as possible, in Richard's words.

"You lived near the Grange, Richard, at the time when these strange appearances were seen?"

"Aye; I served there from the time that I was a lad; but I never saw anything."

"But you knew that others had seen strange things?"

"Oh, aye; it had been the talk of the neighbourhood before my time."

"Well, just tell us what you know of the story."

"That I will do, sir.—When I was a lad, there lived at the Grange a Mr. William Streeton, a tall, good-looking young man, rather wild in his ways, and a desperate rider. After a time, he mended a little, and kept better hours, except when he was at the Lodge, where he went a-courting. You know, Mrs. P., that he married Mary Butler from the Lodge; and was there a finer-looking young woman in all the country?"

"There could not be!" my hostess replied.

"Well, it was in the autumn after the marriage that Mrs. Streeton had her first fright—I should say that the servant-lass had seen something before. I remember it was a dull, damp evening, when Mrs. Streeton, who had been up at the Lodge, came in by the back-way. She looked pale and terrified, and sat down in the kitchen. When she had gained her breath, she told us what she had seen—a figure in white carrying a lamp, or some kind of light, along the path under the elm-trees. The servant-lass said that she had seen the same thing a few nights before. Well—what to make of it I do not know—but, soon afterwards, Mr. and Mrs. Streeton and their servant were all ill of the typhus fever, and Mrs. Streeton died. Mr. Streeton left the farm in the spring, and the Grange was without a tenant for that year."

"Well—next there came Mr. Robinson, a man with a large family: the three grown-up daughters I remember well—the others were only children. Jane, the eldest, came in one evening frightened, exactly as Mrs. Streeton had been, and told the same tale. Mary, the youngest of the three, went away to live with a relation in Hull. In the spring we had the typhus fever in the village again. All the family at the Grange were seized with it, and the two grown-up daughters, Jane and Elizabeth, died."

"That is my story."

In the morning I went to look at the Old Grange, and found my suspicions confirmed. It was in a most unwholesome situation. At the end of the garden, beside the row of elms, lay a stagnant moat, which extended also on the two sides of the garden. I found no sufficient drainage; but the putrid moat-water oozed through the soil and saturated the walls and floor of the old house, so that the kitchen was always damp with it. I could easily understand from what unseen agency the fatality attending this house had arisen. It was the malaria of the moat which had lighted up the fire of the *ignis-fatuus* under the elms, and which had poisoned the dwellers in the Grange.

This is a simple fact; but it carries a moral for the people. There are other evils beside the want of a wholesome drainage which we have too long attributed to fate, or supernatural causes; but which, in reality, have arisen from our ignorance of our own nature and the nature of things surrounding us. The sphere of man's agency is now enlarging, as his knowledge is extending, and a great truth is dawning on the world—that of many evils which have been falsely ascribed to Divine Providence, man in ignorance has been the creator, and enlightened man must remove them from the earth.

Poetry for the People.**VOICES FROM THE CROWD.**

By CHARLES MASKAY.

DAILY WORK.

Who lags for dread of daily work,
And his appointed task would shirk,
Commits a folly and a crime:
A soulless slave—
A paltry knave—
A clog upon the wheels of Time.
With work to do, and store of health,
The man's unworthy to be free,
Who will not give,
That he may live,
His daily toil for daily fee.

No! Let us work! We only ask
Reward proportioned to our task:—
We have no quarrel with the great;
No feud with rank—
With mill, or bank—
No envy of a lord's estate.
If we can earn sufficient store—
To satisfy our daily need;
And can retain,
For age and pain,
A fraction, we are rich indeed.

No dread of toil have we or ours:
We know our worth, and weigh our powers;
The more we work, the more we win:
Success to Trade!
Success to Spade!
And to the Corn that's coming in!
And joy to him, who o'er his task
Remembers toil is Nature's plan;
Who, working, thinks—
And never sinks
His independence as a man.

Who only asks for humblest wealth,
Enough for competence and health:
And leisure, when his work is done,
To read his book,
By chimney nook,
Or stroll at setting of the sun.
Who toils as every man should toil
For fair reward, erect and free:
These are the men—
The best of men—
These are the men we mean to be!

SERVICES.—4. PURPOSE.

Make thyself ready;
Give thy life aim:
Hold thy course steady,
Upward, like flame;
God doth the game!

Ever be willing;
Cling fast to faith;
Learn no heart-chilling;
Trust even to Death—
That word which God saith!

Purposely scatter
Good seed through the world;
Be faithful; what matter
Though Heaven be down-hurl'd?
God's banner unfurl'd.

W. J. LINTON.

THE HOLY LAND.**TO MARY.***(In imitation of the well-known German "Fatherland.")*

By GODDWYN BARMBY.

Where is the True, the Holy Land?
Is it on mounts of Palestine?
Is it where Mecca's minarets shine?
Is it where Ganges flows divine?
Not there, not there, that sacred strand;
Not there the True, the Holy Land!

Where, then, the True, the Holy Land?
Is it where Delphian laurels glow?
Is it where Rome's fair myrtles blow?
Is it where Erin's shamrocks grow?
Not there alone, on any strand—
Not there alone the Holy Land!

Where, then, the True, the Holy Land?
Where love is law—and freedom, right;
Where truth is day—and error, night;
Where man is brave—and woman bright;
'Tis there, 'tis there, that sacred strand—
'Tis there the True, the Holy Land!

That is the True, the Holy Land,
Where Mary doth the better part—
Where Mary resteth in Christ's heart—
Where, Mary, thou with Jesus art;
Oh, there! oh, there! on any strand—
Oh! there the True, the Holy Land!

Oh! there the True, the Holy Land,
Where man and woman, hand in hand—
As God the work divine hath planned—
Walk forth a free, a glorious band!
Oh, there! oh! there the sacred strand!
Oh! there the True, the Holy Land!

Yes! there the True, the Holy Land,
Where sovereign reigns fraternity—
Where good is God, and love is free—
Where sisters, brothers, all shall be:
There is the land, where'er the strand,
Which is the True, the Holy Land!

*Vine's Villa.***WHAT IS DOING FOR THE PEOPLE
IN SHEFFIELD?**

By JOHN FOWLER.

THE doings for the people in Sheffield are, as in most other places, of a mixed character. The bad doings are, however, chiefly prompted by "old world" jealousies and animosities; but the good doings are emphatically of the present time. There is not yet in this town so much of a generally expressed wish for the improvement of the people, as there are evidences of a growing conviction, in the minds of all classes, that the welfare of the many is absolutely necessary to the welfare of the few. The parrot-like use of that much abused word "Charity" is going out of fashion, and there is an increasing practical acknowledgment of the brotherhood of man.

The vicissitudes of trade greatly influence the rate of the progress of humanity here. Adversity and prosperity, in extremes, are both unfavourable for the development of systems calculated for permanent usefulness, and also for the cultivation of feelings likely to promote mutual good-will in the community. But still the direction of thought and action is onward. The aspirations of the

people are higher; their advancement is more certain.

With the close of 1836 came stagnation of trade, followed by the destitution and misery of a great portion of the people. Men, women, and children, hungry and ragged, were seen daily in the streets and lanes. The workhouses overflowed, but the empty cottages were numerous. The physical distress consequent on this state of things was truly heart-rending to witness, and in many instances must have been almost beyond human nature to bear; but the moral degradation of the sufferers was even more lamentable to reflect upon. The self-sustained and noble struggles to ward off extreme poverty were not few, and the patient endurance of hardships was general. The people of Sheffield will not be injured by comparison with the inhabitants of any other manufacturing town, for independence of spirit and rectitude of conduct. But a healthy state of morals cannot exist where labour is valueless and food is scant. The doctrine lately taught by the premier in parliament, that scarcity of food and unprofitable labour produce immorality and crime, was learned by painful experience in the manufacturing districts during the late bad trade. In Sheffield it is now understood, without argumentation, that, in justice and policy, the work which a man honestly and perseveringly does should procure not only the necessities but also the comforts of life for himself and family. Certainly, there are individuals who do not act on this generally admitted principle, but the public mind is strongly and unmistakably in its favour. The last year has been, here, one of comparative prosperity; and the merchants, manufacturers, and artisans, have been mutually benefitted. Since the commencement of 1846, however, the commercial horizon has been somewhat clouded, and many are apprehensive that before long we shall have gloomy times for both masters and men. Interest is the bond of union; and it is clearly the interest of all to avert, if possible, evils similar to those which, only a few years ago, were so destructive to the health, morality, and happiness of numbers in this and other manufacturing towns. In Sheffield, active exertions and great sacrifices would be made to save any portion of the people from the extremity of want; for it is known that the debasement, physically or morally, of individuals, is a positive injury to the entire community.

The remuneration for skilled labour is perhaps more unequal in Sheffield than in any other town. The best hands, at a few of the best houses, are exceedingly well paid; but many very excellent workmen, in various branches of the staple trades, are still unable to obtain good wages. Great part of the work is done by the "piece;" that is, the men are paid for the quantity of labour performed, and not for the time occupied in doing it. The settlement of prices has often been tedious and hurtful to trade. An advance has seldom been yielded by the masters, nor a fall suffered by the men, without considerable controversy and contest. Trades' unions are of long standing, and "strikes" have been frequent. Violence to persons and to property has often resulted from disputed questions of wages. A list might be given of serious damages caused by the explosion of combustibles ("infernal machines") within the last year or two. These explosions are even now of most alarming frequency, and they invariably happen on the premises of those who are known to have disagreement, of some kind, with the unions.

It is only fair to say, however, that the leading men of the trades' unions—many of them intelligent, industrious, and of good moral character—most emphatically disclaim all knowledge of, or sympathy with, the perpetrators of these atrocities. In fact, the utmost vigilance has been unable to connect, in the slightest degree, the offenders with the managers of the unions. But though these bad doings are of recent occurrence, they partake of the spirit of the past rather than of the present, and, in my opinion, seem to be the effect of individual malevolence more than the embodiment of the deliberations of numbers. Both masters and men are beginning to understand and wish that reason should regulate their agreements. The table-knife manufacturers, and the table-knife forgers, made a compact on the 24th of February last to have their prices fixed by a committee of six masters and six workmen; and in cases of dispute the decision of an umpire to be binding on both parties. Messrs. William Broadhurst, Isaac Schofield, George Wilson, Joseph Fenton, Michael Hunter, Jun., and Henry Wells, were appointed to act for the masters; and Messrs. George Powell, William Batley, John Buxton, John Blackhurst, Matthew Gillam, and Henry Bateman, for the workmen; umpire, William Butcher, Esq., Master Cutler.*

It may here be well to observe, that trades' unions in Sheffield ought not to be regarded merely as societies for maintaining or advancing wages. In bad trade, their contributions are in some measure applied to the support of their members not in full employment, and numbers have been thus kept from the receipt of parish relief.

The sanitary condition of Sheffield requires great improvement. The authorities are not unmindful of the importance of the subject, and considerable sums of money are now being expended in deepening the principal sewers, in paving streets before neglected, and in widening the thoroughfares.

Though, from the nature of its trade, the town is generally enveloped in smoke, and, in wet weather, the streets are abundantly covered with mud and dirt, there is much individual cleanliness. The women of Sheffield take great pride in their homes, and some of the houses of the poor are patterns of purity and neatness. True, there is also much of untidiness to be seen—as there is in all large towns, and in some small ones, too,—but there is more care for the appearance and comfort of the workmen's houses, in-doors, than can be found in perhaps any other manufacturing place. This partly arises from the fact that nearly every family occupies an entire dwelling. Cellars for permanent residence—such as are so common in Liverpool, Manchester, and some other towns,—are unknown here. A Sheffield woman's house is in her own charge, and she whitewashes and thoroughly cleanses it from "top to bottom" in spring and autumn; she scours it frequently, and every Saturday sees it arranged with scrupulous attention. Ebenezer Elliott has some beautiful lines on Saturday in Sheffield, beginning—

To-morrow will be Sunday, Ann,—
Get up, my child, with me;
Thy father rose at four o'clock
To toil for me and thee.

* The Master Cutler is head of the corporation of cutlers, and is considered one of the chief authorities of the town. Before the incorporation of the borough, he was returning officer for the parliamentary elections. He is elected annually. He is not always a cutler by trade, but must belong, by purchase or otherwise, to the Cutlers' Company.

The fine folks use the plate he makes,
And praise it when they dine;
For John has taste—so we'll be neat,
Altho' we can't be fine.

Then let us shake the carpet well,
And wash and scour the floor,
And hang the weather-glass he made
Beside the cupboard door.

A considerable number of the skilled workmen are here able to appear and live as gentlemen. Some of those who obtain high wages are of dissipated habits, and, consequently, in poverty; but others, with prudence and care, can command and enjoy many luxuries. The nicely-furnished parlour and the well-selected library belong to some whose daily avocation is at the forge or grinding-wheel. Labour is in them dignified and ennobled.

Except Birmingham, there is no town where gardens for mechanics are more numerous than around Sheffield. The enjoyment of out-door exercises is general. The glorious hills and valleys of the district are much frequented. The varied and picturesque scenery—now so far-famed through the vivid descriptions of Ebenezer Elliott—is regarded with just pride and gratification. A spacious public park is in course of formation on the south-east side of the town. It was commenced by the late Duke of Norfolk, and the work is carried on by the present duke, under the superintendence of his agent and adviser in Sheffield, Michael Ellison, Esq., who is ever ready to promote the welfare of the people.

Benefit or friendly societies, and secret orders, abound in Sheffield. In 1843, it was estimated that the various clubs numbered 11,000 members, with an accumulated stock of at least 77,000*l*. The savings' bank is also much used by the better paid and more provident portion of the labouring population. Indeed, this town exhibits great individual desire for self-support, and for worldly advancement. There are few large capitalists, and scarcely any "old families," unconnected with trade; but what is far better to contemplate, the principal tradesmen have sprung directly from the working classes. A few "snobs" affect a genteel dislike to mix with society which owes its rise from the shops; but there is little attempt made to deny their fathers and grandfathers by the present race of merchants and manufacturers. Large capitals are not necessary for the commencement of most businesses in Sheffield; and this, while it often induces extreme, and sometimes ruinous, competition, enables many industrious and persevering men to assume and maintain positions which it would otherwise be impossible to achieve.

Politics, in the usual meaning of the word, are here at a very low ebb. The Tories, never strong in this town, are now unheard of; the Whigs are without leaders and are squandered; the Radicals are, for the time, laid by; and the Chartists, lately so numerous, so noisy, and so violent—and often so hardly and unjustly dealt with—have ceased to agitate for the "five points," and have turned their attention to the land, with a view to obtain possession of farms by means of co-operation. There is, however, a general, almost universal, determination to abolish the food monopoly, and to establish free trade. Let the food question be settled, and there will be no want of political speaking and writing in Sheffield. The people wait the result of the present struggle in Parliament. Should the corn-laws be repealed, they will greatly rejoice; should they be retained, they will resolutely strive for their destruction. In either case, politics are likely to revive.

The press—that mighty agent for the progress of humanity—does not yet speak here in great power. Three newspapers have long been established, and a fourth is just started. All of these are conducted with ability and spirit, and are decidedly above the average merit of provincial papers, but not one of them appears to have any "special mission." The *Mercury* is on the conservative side; and the *Times* (the new paper), has not yet declared for any party, or, except in general terms, for any principle. The *Independent* (professedly a liberal whig), is conducted with untiring industry and infinite tact, and its reports of local meetings, and notes of local news, are of deserved esteem. The leading articles, however, are not eagerly sought after, because they generally treat on matters which have received previous and elaborate notice in the London journals. In controversy, the editor argues with great skill and success. He is a most formidable antagonist. The best proof of his talent and perseverance is in the rapid and continued increase of circulation since the paper came into his care. The *Iris*, of which James Montgomery was so long proprietor and editor, is still for the people. The literary reviews are sometimes of a very superior character, and the general tone of the paper is calculated to elevate the minds of its readers. Ease, and not unfrequently, elegance of construction, together with great aptitude of quotation and illustration from popular writers, are shown in its essays on politics. But both the *Independent* and the *Iris* would be better—more useful—if more zeal and earnestness were infused into their appeals for the redress of public grievances, and into their demands for popular rights. They should protect the poor against the rich, the weak against the strong. But many acts of local tyranny pass by without notice; and the decisions of magistrates, not invariably wise and just, are never questioned. The press—honest, fearless, and independent—is the best guardian of the interests of the people; and the whole of the papers in Sheffield have it in their power to help the people to a greater extent than they yet have done.

The educational institutions of Sheffield, though not equal to the necessities of the town, are producing great good. Sunday-schools are attached to every place of worship. Private day and evening schools are numerous. The Wesleyans have a College; and the Church has a Collegiate School and a Church of England Instruction Society. There is a school on the Lancasterian system, and a National School. The Mechanics' and Apprentices' Library, established in 1823, contains many valuable works, and is very extensively used. Novels and plays are prohibited by rule; but the justice and policy of the rule are sometimes discussed with great zeal and eloquence at the annual meetings. On one memorable occasion, the debate was adjourned, and the numerous excellent speeches then delivered attracted much attention, and showed how profitable the library had been to its members. The Mechanics' Institution, founded in 1832, has evening classes for youths and adults, and occasional lectures are given to the members and their friends. There is also connected with it, a library of about 3000 volumes, amongst which are the best works of the greatest authors in the language, including dramatists and novelists. From the classes of this institution have already sprung many men of sterling worth and great ability. Continued observation has shown that the pupils generally advance in station and in public estimation. Several artists of reputation, now resi-

dent in London, received their first lessons in the drawing class. The Institution has been the means of introducing many eminent men to the people of Sheffield. A suitable hall for the meetings of the members is much needed; and exertions are now being made to raise money for the erection of a new building. A Polytechnic Exhibition is at this time open in aid of the building fund, supported by men of all sects and parties. The financial affairs are in a better state than they have been for some time, and the general prospects of the Institution are cheering. The officers are all elected by the members in public meeting. The People's College is one of the last schemes for popularising education in Sheffield. It originated with the Rev. R. S. Bayley, F.S.A.; and is now under his care and superintendence. The morning and evening classes are sometimes extremely well attended, and amongst the students are young men of great intelligence and promise. The students are annually examined in public.*

This, then, is a general statement of some of the doings for the people in Sheffield. Most interesting and pleasing chapters might be written on individual exertions for the public good. Ignorance, immorality, poverty, and crime, are still too prevalent here; but there are well-grounded reasons to hope for speedy and permanent improvement. The people trust in the future, and every day gives new and stronger proofs that better times are coming.

Sheffield, April 29, 1846.

THE SLAVES OF THE LAMP.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

A party are sitting over their wine and dessert. One peach, and one only, remains upon the table. It is very rich, very ripe, very luscious, very tempting. Everybody has eyed it—nobody has taken it. Everybody has offered it to his neighbour, and everybody's neighbour has politely declined it. There appears to be something greedy in seizing on the last morsel upon the table. Everybody, then, envies the peach, yet leaves it unappropriated upon the plate. Everybody appears careless of that about which everybody is interested. Everybody is greedy, but no one will own to it. The peach is the cause of all the white lies, the petty envy, the paltry covetousness, which even that respectable party—for they were all respectable, and not one of them cared a pin's head about a peach in the abstract—could not help giving up a little corner of their breasts to as a passing place of shelter.

Suddenly the lamp went out; and, as the room was left in darkness, six hands, simultaneously stretched out, encountered each other in the dish: the whole party, with one united mind, had made one united effort to appropriate the peach.

When the lamp was re-lighted, they were ashamed to look each other in the face. They felt how paltry they were; with what petty cowardice—with what shabby cunning—with what sneaking selfishness they had acted. 'Twas only burning oil which had kept them decent. They were slaves of the lamp.

* Since the above was written, I have seen, in page 269, the remarks of Dr. Smiles on the Sheffield People's College. I have not in this paper attempted to enter into details respecting either individuals or societies. The educational institutions of Sheffield would furnish excellent matter for a separate chapter.

And are we not all, more or less, slaves of the lamp?

Our neighbours' advantages are our peaches. Society and society's laws burn the restraining light; and mankind in general are the envious malcontents, who disclaim the fruit while they long for it—whose tongues refuse the morsel, while their teeth water for its ripeness.

So many different men—so many different peaches. Crime is the ruffian's forbidden fruit—punishment the lamp which scares him from it. But, albeit we hope we are no ruffians, we have all of us our peaches. The sparkle of a diamond, or the texture of a dress, may it not be a peach, which, were the lamp of conventional usage out, a lady might not scruple to avow she coveted? For mark, we do not speak of those who would actually snatch their fruit, were laws extinct, or opportunity convenient, but of those who are eluded by the conventional virtue—or, perhaps, the decent hypocrisy—of society, from avowing their longings—from speaking plain truths in plain words—from saying that they should like to have the peach.

Jack and Gill are rival citizens, of credit and renown. But Jack is either more lucky or wise than Gill. He is made Lord Mayor, and rides in his gilded coach, with the same species of enlightened pleasure with which, thirty years before, he devoured gilded gingerbread. Well, is Gill envious? Not he. He has no inclination for the peach. Not he. He rather dislikes peaches on principle. When he says so, the open eyes of society gleam lamp-wise on him. He curses Jack in his secret heart. Why? Because there is no window in his breast, and the outside light illumines not the inner man.

Mrs. Thomas Trot is a young wife, and she has got a young baby. You call, and the baby is produced from its cradle, like a jewel from its locket. It screams and kicks, like an obstreperous baby, as it is. You do not want to be troubled with it. We will be charitable, we will suppose that you have a headache. You would like to rap out—"Confound the squalling brat!" but you don't; you murmur, in fondling accents,—"The delicious baby!" Again you have declined the peach. At length Mrs. Thomas Trot walks off, baby and all. Then do you indulge yourself. "Stupid goose—to think all her goslings swans." Coward! your hand is in the dish, but not until the light, in the person of Mrs. Thomas Trot, has left the room.

Alas! we are a terrible world of hypocrites. The peach is before us, and the light above us, and we render to virtue the homage we feel not. We are spies upon each other. We bind ourselves mutually over to be of good behaviour. We are afraid of each other—we keep up a mutual surveillance. Good and bad results spring from it. It keeps us out of mischief, but it creates fictitious mischief. There are times when it would be manly to take the peach out of the plate. There is a false as well as a true shame. The light deludes as well as warns. It may be a Jack-o'-Lantern as well as a Pharos. The lady in the play can do nothing without inquiring, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" There are plenty of Mrs. Grundys in the world, and plenty of people who steer their course precisely by the Grundy compass. Yet the Grundy needle may not always point due north.

Such cases are, however, perhaps after all, the exceptions. Society keeps society in order. Society makes society polite. Society preserves a decent forbearance in the disposal of the peaches.

"Everybody," said Talleyrand, "is cleverer than anybody." Everybody is probably more mischievous than anybody—or at least, conflicting vices, neutralising each other, extinguish and keep down individual irregularities. Everybody wishes for the peach as well as anybody; but anybody is prevented from rudely appropriating it, by the very knowledge of the hypocrisy of everybody. We are so many check-strings, tugging each other different ways, but prevented by that very multiplicity of pulling, from being hauled as a body in the wrong direction.

We are prevented, in fine, from being thieves in thought, by being policemen in thought. We are a social self-supporting constabulary body. Decorum is the system to be enforced. The world's peaches must be seen without being appropriated. If they are to be envied, it must be in secret. If expression is to be given to the envy, it must be when the light is out. We are the "Slaves of the Lamp."

THE NEW CINDERELLA.

By MRS. WENTWORTH.

It is not necessary that Truth should put on a grave face in order to be impressive. We may often find earnestness in fun, and learn a solemn lesson from wit—especially now, when all our greatest wits and humourists have deroted their bright weapons to the cause of good, and ceased to lower themselves by fighting under the standard of licentiousness. Every one sees *Punch*; and, therefore, every one has seen "The Irish Cinderella and her two haughty sisters, Britannia and Caledonia." Let us dwell a little while on the picture, at once so exquisitely humorous and so deeply affecting. It well deserves study, and will afford us many a useful suggestion.

There sits the sister in the ashes. The hearth is cold, the household gods are overturned, the board is bare; but in her degradation there is a long-suffering most pathetic, and in her features and form are evidences of a nature meant for kindlier uses. A bright eye is hidden behind the sunken lid; a merry smile might play round the now melancholy lips; the elastic figure is fitted for activity and bounding life,—but is bowed down among the ashes.

With equal genius and humour are the characteristics of the worst forms of aristocratic prejudices and passions caught and portrayed in the two haughty sisters. There walks Britannia—strong, purse-proud, self-willed, secure in conscious power, and coldly dictatorial—the helmet and shield with inimitable skill converted into the attributes of a capricious dame. On her arm leans Caledonia—sour and spite, proud of high family, rigidly sanctimonious, and strictly orthodox—yet bearing, with proper stately inconsistency, the plume of Highland chivalry, and the memory of "Prince Charlie."

Among these three sisters, thus admirably drawn, we may imagine some such discourse as the following:—

"I perish," says a touching voice from the hearth—"I die of cold and hunger. The little plots of potato ground promised abundance, but the produce has blackened and rotted before our faces. The children wail for food. The eyes of our people are glassy with famine. The bones start through the livid skin. They send us food, but it is stored up and guarded by soldiers. They

give us work, but it is not enough; and the poor wages will not buy the high-priced food. Our strength fails. The ditches and the fever-hospitals are all they will leave to us, and we shall find rest in the grave."

But the haughty sisters reply—"We doubt the extent of the potato disease. It is exaggeration, and a scheme to wrest from us our darling monopoly."

"We cannot endure much longer," continues the perishing sister. "Already have some of our people, driven by the agonies of hunger, ransacked mills and seized cargoes of food; and the soldiers and police pitied the gaunt, famine-stricken wretches—treated them forbearingly, and spared to do them injury; and the rich then came forward, and gave money and help. We must begin to do violence—we have no other hope."

"Ruin! anarchy!" shout the sisters in dismay; but a bland voice is heard, which says—"Calm yourselves, ladies; the offenders shall be punished."

"Famine is not misery enough for us," says the sad voice again. "Our landlords eject us from our own poor homes, and raze them to the ground. Thus have they done these hundred years; and thus have we, by millions, been turned out to perish. Even now they go on—now, when famine stalks through the land. See the notice put up:—*'The tenantry on the Earl of Glengall's estate, resident in the manor of Caher, are requested to pay on the 12th of May all rent, and arrears of rent; otherwise, the most summary steps will be taken to recover the same.'*"

"It is perfectly legal and constitutional," reply the sisters. "The land is their own."

A sound was heard in the air, that seemed to shape itself into words, and the words were—"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;" but they did not hear it. The desolate sister, however, seemed to have gathered strength from it; for she spoke again in strong and Scriptural simplicity, and she used the language of the Poet of *Orion*:—

"The landlords had the land, and there was cattle upon it; and when the landlords did not want the cattle there, or wished to have beasts of a different species in their place, they drove the cattle off their lands, saying—'Go, beasts, and find other fields!' The landlords did this commonly, and after the fashion of their own hearts. They had a right to do it. The law gave them that right. So the poor animals were driven off. And some went to other fields, and lived there, if they could; and some died soon after in ditches, in the poor-house, by the road-side, and in various miserable ways; and some went to America; and some went over sea to England, and other foreign countries, and did the hardest and most odious labours there for the lowest wages; and some were killed in battle in distant lands; and some remained in secret ways and dark places near the ruins of their homes, and swore deadly oaths of vengeance, and kept their oaths."

"Murder! Rebellion!" shrieked the sisters. "Let us pass our Coercion Bill."

Suffer it not, people of England! Respond to the call that has been already uttered in earnest tones, by one of your best friends, in this journal. It must have found an echo in many a heart. Let the press do its duty; let the nation do its duty, nor suffer itself, by present apathy, to be identified with the errors of its past legislature. Let Universal Petition claim justice for Ireland; and never rest till she has equal laws, equal privileges, and equal prosperity, with the other portions of this great empire.

Our Library.

PEN AND INK SKETCHES OF POETS, PREACHERS, AND POLITICIANS.*

Let people say what they please about the littleness of "personal talk," there are very few, even of those who abuse it, philosophical or purely intellectual enough not to find a wonderful fascination in it. What is more pleasant than a friendly neighbour who lives in the world when we, perhaps, live out of it, and who comes to us now and then brimfull of the sayings and doings of all the clever and famous people about whom the world has talked, or is now talking, and who, by his lively chit-chat introduces us into their society, as it were, gives us off-hand sketches of their persons, tells us what their homes are like, and what is their manner and style of conversation? An acquaintance like this is a right welcome guest at any time, and let the reader, in lack of such a one, after his day's work is done, take up this volume of *Pen and Ink Sketches*, (whether it be the work of Lord William Lennox, as some people would make us believe—but which we very shrewdly doubt,—or of John Smith, or William Jones, or any other such undignified individual), and he will find himself in very good though somewhat heterogeneous society, with a pleasant companion at his elbow, in the person of the unknown writer, who will gossip, either from his own experience or somebody else's, which he will cleverly work up till it looks like his own, about every body round him.

Let him at this moment describe to us a drive in Ireland, and then we will hear what he has to say about people:—

It is a dark, dull, damp, drizzling day,—and let me tell you, reader, that such an alliterative string of epithets, when applied as an illustration to a period of twenty-four hours in Ireland, is anything but a joke. On such a moist occasion, with the lady-companion I have before referred to, I mounted the outside of one of her Majesty's mails,—(the inside was filled with a party of gentlemen, who were playing cards on the crowns of their hats, and drinking whiskey from pint-bottles)—and was soon proceeding at no very rapid pace (for travelling in Ireland is none of the fastest), from Dublin towards the south. On the box in front is a stout gentleman, who is continually going to sleep and being awakened by the coachman, as his body describes a very dangerous angle over the side of the coach; the whites of his eyes are very red, and their lids are edged round with something like narrow red tape. Whenever the coach stops, the keepers of little shebeen houses rush out, as if by instinct, with a bottle in one hand and a small glass, called "a nip," in the other—and the tipsy gentleman takes a "nip" of whiskey continually. Nor are the other passengers behindhand in their attentions to the "crathur," and even the coachman and guard incline somewhat to the amiable weakness. Onward we go, along straight and dreary-looking roads—rain pouring down remorselessly from above, and mud dashed up by the wheels in an inverted shower from below—now skirting a wide expanse of melancholy-looking bog, which stretches miles and miles away, until it is lost in the misty distance, and anon plunging into some rocky gorge—the home of Whiteboys and illicit distillers. An ivied structure, like a monstrous chimney, is seen rising in an unbroken column from the ground; and as the coach goes by one of these mysterious-looking Round Towers, we wonder what they were built for, and who inhabited them, and why they are all so much alike. Then we are recalled from the past to the present by cabins built of mud on the road-side—cabins so small, that they resemble bee-hives, and it seems perfectly wonderful how they can possibly contain so many living creatures—people did pigs—as crawl out of them to peer up at us as we go by.

All this time the rain is coming down, as it only can fall in Ireland; but at length there is a faint prospect of its clearing off, and lo! suddenly a patch of sunlight brightens a portion of yonder dark hill-side. Brighter and more distinct grow distant objects, and a few miles a-head of us rise the stately marble battlements of Ormond Castle, whilst a sparkling river winds along at its base. Gradually the mist clears away—a rainbow flings its glorious arch over "temple, tower, and town," and the latter each moment becomes more distinct. An extra whipping of the jaded steeds—an extra flourish of the guard's bugle—a

sudden exchange of the heavy, slushy road, for the rough, rattling causeway, and we are in far-famed Kilkenny.

In Kilkenny he meets with Father Mathew, who was there administering the pledge. But, instead of presenting our readers with a sketch of the Apostle of Temperance, we will introduce them for a moment to two men celebrated in another way. First, Leigh Richmond:—

As I was one evening proceeding towards a church in the city of B—, for the purpose of hearing the Rev. Leigh Richmond preach an anniversary sermon, a gentleman accosted me, and inquired the way to the Temple Church. I told him I was going thither, and would be pleased to show him. He was upwards of fifty years of age, with a remarkably pleasant countenance, and wore spectacles. He was lame, owing to a contraction of the knee-joint; and so he took my arm, which, with a boyish freedom, he offered him.

"And pray," said he, "are you going to hear Leigh Richmond?" I replied that I was, and anticipated great delight in doing so, as I had perused his *Dairymen's Daughter*, and his history of *Little Jane, the young Cottager*, with great delight.

The old gentleman smiled placidly, leaned a little heavier on my arm, and talked to me about heaven until my eyes ran over with tears. There was such a winning sweetness in his tones, and he spoke so affectionately, that I could not help but love him, stranger though he was.

When we arrived at the church door, crowds were pouring in. "I must go to the vestry," remarked my new acquaintance; "I dare say you will see me again," and we parted.

The service had been read by the regular clergyman of the place, and the psalm before the sermon was being sung, when the preacher of the evening slowly, and with some apparent difficulty, ascended the pulpit stairs. He bowed his greyish head for a moment on the cushion, and then looked round on the congregation. It was the gentleman with whom I had walked to church—the author of that touchingly beautiful narrative, *The Dairymen's Daughter*—Leigh Richmond stood before me.

Here is Dr. Pusey. The writer is in the public theatre of the University of Oxford.

"As I left the theatre," says he, "my attention was directed to a gentleman who, in company with several others, was standing in conversation near the gateway."

"There," said my friend, "is the celebrated Dr. Pusey." And can that be Pusey, of whom I have heard so much? I said mentally; and I was about to take a closer survey of him, when I was hurried off by my companion, who said "You will see him again, for he lectures in one of the chapels. Let us go over to the Bodleian."

After visiting the great hall of Christ Church College, I proceeded to the chapel where Dr. Pusey was to officiate. It was crowded to excess in consequence of the interest attached to the preacher, who was the acknowledged leader of the new movement. The liturgy having been read, Dr. Pusey walked down the aisle towards the pulpit, and as he passed close by the pew where I was stationed, I had an excellent opportunity of observing him.

His personal appearance was anything but that of one who was universally acknowledged to be the leader of a powerful and increasing party in the church—a party which at one time threw it into a moral convulsion, and the effects of which are still felt. He was small in stature, and attenuated in frame and feature. His profile was more striking than his front face, the nose being very large and prominent. As he passed the aisle very slowly, with his eyes fixed on the pavement, his lips compressed, and his thin, hollow cheeks displaying hollows, and his brow lines which thought had permanently planted there, he presented the appearance of an ascetic—of a monk suddenly transformed into a clergyman of the Church of England, for in his person he displayed all the austere sanctity of the one, while his canonicals sufficiently indicated his position as the other.

His style of preaching was cold, tame, and spiritless. One of the solemn-looking, stony, monumental men who reclined in their niches, with hands palm to palm, reverently placed on their breasts, might have risen from his cold couch, gone into the pulpit, delivered such another sermon, and made, leaving the supernaturalness of the matter entirely out of the question, just about as great a sensation. His tones were feeble and harsh, and if his cold, dull, greyish eye did at times lighten up, the effect was but as that produced by the luminous mists which are seen in dark morasses, flickering but not illuminating. Of the graces of oratory there was literally none—no action, no modulation of tone, no harmonious combination of sound with sentiment. The sermon was coldly monotonous, and when to my inexpressible relief it terminated, I could not help muttering to myself, "And can this be the head of the Puseyite School?"

Passing over the writer's clever sketch of Wordsworth at home, which is now going the round of the papers, we will give you one less generally quoted, but equally good in its way.

Quitting Coleridge (says our author), let the reader attend my

* Bogue, London.

steps to the domicile of another strong thinker—a dreamer, too, in his own way—a political opponent, yet warm literary friend, of that poet and dreamer of dreams, whom we leave in his lofty village, overlooking London and its smoky pall. But I must ask the reader to give me mental glance at the pretty, smooth-faced, beauty-conscious, loganous-eyed neat dandy who admits us into that respectable lodging-house at the West End of London. It is the hour of five in the afternoon, yet the object of my visit sits over a breakfast consisting simply of tea and water-cresses and bread and butter. As we passed through the hall we noticed a boy waiting there for "copy"—not a juvenile "devil" exactly, but one from some house in Paternoster-row, or probably the *Examiner* office.

In his parlour, which was well furnished (a back-room and very still, the street being little of a thoroughfare), sat a middle-aged man, slumped, and in a dishabille indicating recent uprising (he had probably not retired until it was day-break). He had rather hard but strongly-marked features, which only became expressive after much drawing out of his feelings by intercourse. He received me with what appeared shyness, or reluctance to be disturbed, but which I afterwards found to be his habit at first meeting. His tones were quite as low as those of Coleridge; when not excited they were almost plaintive or querulous, but his placidity breathed more of unconscious pensiveness than that of his brother thinker, whose complaisant meekness always rather savoured of *acting*, at least of a conscious attention to age or martyr-like bearing, until his aroused enthusiasm broke through all, elevated his tones and even voice, and the man was forgotten in the inspired declaimer.

The soft-looking maiden who announced me having withdrawn, he proffered me a cup of his strong tea, seemingly without laetel adulteration, to employ me while he made up his packet for the boy who was in waiting to convey it to the printing-office. I had brought him some letters from Edinburgh—(an object at that time to those who maintained a large correspondence, for there was no penny-postage in those days)—and among them a parcel of missives from Mr. Jeffrey, at my mention of whose name his features seemed at once lit up, as a dark lake is irradiated by the flash of a sunbeam. Some thought dashed from behind his rather troubled and fretful-looking phiz, which I do not agree with some persons in calling handsome, and his languor and constraint of manner, that had almost damped me into dislike, gradually wore off, and ease, cordiality, warmth, and, at last, outbreaks of uttered feeling in unstudied eloquence, as we conversed, created, in a moment, a new being before my eyes; and then, and not till then, I could harmonise the two *faces* which had clashed strangely—the vivacious, high-spirited, rampant, author, pug-nacious as those who monthly and quarterly baited him; and the low-spoken, low-spoken almost whining reduce, sitting over his solitary tea at mid-day, whom I had half disliked while I pitied. I could now imagine in the energetic speaker before me, the ill-used, insulted, bullied, highly-gifted, but rather perversely given to startling paradox and literary dandyism—WILLIAM HASLITT.

Haslitt, in his writings, had characterised Jeffrey as the "Prince of editors and king of men," and this laudation—some-what extravagant, certainly—had exposed him to much ridicule from his political opponents. Nevertheless, in this instance, genius was true to genius; for what he said of Jeffrey, in the course of our brief conversation, came evidently from the depths of his sensitive heart.

From talking about Jeffrey and the *Edinburgh Review*, the conversation turned upon the other great critical organ—the *Quarterly*. Evidently a laugh, and very evidently forcing it, too, for his lip quivered, and his fingers clenched involuntarily, Haslitt remarked—"My book." He referred to the *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*, "said well"—the first edition had gone off in six weeks—till that review came out. I had just prepared a second edition, which was called for, but then the *Quarterly* told the public that I was a fool and a dunce; and the public, supposing Clifford to know best, confessed it had been a great asset to have been pleased when it ought not, and the sale completely stopped." The chord had been touched that awakened the wounded spirit of Haslitt, and he declaimed with almost fierce eloquence, heartfelt and even affecting, on the heinousness of this barbaric abuse of the critical chair—this personal assassination under the cloak of literary truth on the judgment-seat. The inhuman libels on Shelley—one of which libels was fulminated by Southey, under a review of Leigh Hunt's *Poets*; the wretched, disgusting, wilfully false judgment on poor Keats; all came in for his just and furious denunciation; and I sympathised, soul and speech, with him, his troubles, and his wrongs.

When this storm had blown over, and he advanced to gentler topics—the natural beauty in scenery—I found him full of feeling for the charms of nature, though a "Croker," as his enemies delighted to call him. He expressed his pleasant recollections of some travelling adventures he met with long before, when exercising his original calling of a portrait painter. Painting was long the chief field of his ambition. He used to spend weeks in a lone house in Salisbury Plain, and overflowed with re-awakened romantic feeling of his solitary evenings there with a few favourite authors. I well recollect his remarking on the solemn, undefined impression of romantic pleasure he felt in watching there and there, like stars on the earth, a cottage-light glow at night upon the bare walls of black, formed by the mountains in the background; and the sensations occasioned by

his quitting some village on the borders of the vast plain, as their lights grew far, and the sounds of the rustling autumnal leaf were heard instead of those from the occupations of rural life, whilst he faced the wild country and the boundless gloom, to reach some other "gathering place of man." I liked him better as the poet than the politician, which latter chased away in a few minutes the poet-painter—better as the literary enthusiast, the night-wanderer, the musing philosopher, and the companion of the immortal dead in the cottage of the world, among the sterile shepherd haunts and brown solitudes of Salisbury Plain, than as the bitter denouncer of parties opposed to him in political opinions.

It was far into the night when I left Haslitt, left him to commence his work, which it was his wont to pursue through the silent hours. After that period I never saw him again; but often, when I read some bitter attack on the secluded, suffering man, did my mind wander back to him as he sat over his solitary tea.

One more sketch, and we must take our leave of this pleasant writer, whose volume we cordially recommend to all our readers, assuring them that we have by no means exhausted the rich material which it contains.

And now for Faraday. * * * An American gentleman, some years since, visited England on a tour of pleasure, and being especially anxious to see Faraday, whose brilliant lectures at the Royal Institution had made his name known wherever science had diffused a single ray of its light, procured a letter of introduction to the distinguished *seer*, who happened to be, like himself, a member of the Swedenborgian Society. Arrived in London, he had occasion, before he delivered his letter, to meet on some business or other the deacons, elders, managers, or whatever they may be styled, of the Swedenborgian church there. These officers were two of them grave-looking personages, as would become their position; but the third was youthful-looking, volatile and lively, to a degree which is by no means common in the grave managers of a religious community. The nature of the business did not render it necessary that the stranger should be made acquainted with the names of the gentlemen alluded to, and he did not know until the evening of the day that he had been in company with Faraday. Of course when he became cognisant of the fact, he imagined that one of the grave-looking gentlemen must have been the celebrated philosopher. The next day he proceeded to Mr. Faraday's house with his letter, and to his utter astonishment discovered that the young-looking lively gentleman was the great man.

Some such erroneous impression was obliterated from my mind when I saw Mr. Faraday in the chemical chair. He had a pleasant countenance, lighted up by a pair of the most lively, restless black eyes, I ever saw in the head of man, or woman either. His hair, too, was jet black, curly, and parted in the very centre of the forehead, not giving him, as hair disposed in that manner sometimes does, a sleek, sheepish appearance, but a smart, jaunty, natty air. In person he was slender, and of about the average height. It is a common mode of expression to say that a man who is restless "is upon wires"; in Faraday's case the allusion would be quite appropriate, for he was never still half a minute together, and there was such a continual lively smile (not a smirk), on his lips, that it really was pleasant to look at him. He had the familiar nod and the cheerful recognition for every one, and seemed to feel a real anxiety to make every one about him comfortable; and with all his splendid attainments, there was so much humility apparent, that his genius blazed ten times the brighter for his seeming unconsciousness of it.

His style of lecturing is very brilliant; and I have heard those who had listened to that most poetical and fascinating of scientific lecturers, the late Sir Humphrey Davy, say that in point of felicitous illustration, Faraday is scarcely to be considered his inferior. His voice is musical and well modulated, and I can scarcely imagine a higher mental treat than that offered by hearing Faraday lecture at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. There, behind the great lecturing table, with his coat-sleeves turned back at the wrists—his eyes flashing with enthusiasm, as he discourses on his favourite topic, to perhaps as brilliant an audience, whether personally or mentally considered, as any in the world, he stands, one of the wonders of his own wonderful age, discoursing eloquently on the marvels, which his own mind and hand have in part revealed.

Thereof the observed of all observers, stands the *quondam* bookbinder's boy, who was one day surprised whilst busy studying the article *Electricity*, in a Cyclopædia he was employed to bind. He first "sounded his dim and perilous way" over the ocean of knowledge with few and unimportant aids. Of an old bottle he first made his electrical machine; and with such like humble aids he went on, until his genius attracted notice. Since then his career has been a brilliant one. His recent discoveries with respect to the influence of magnetism on light have conferred additional lustre on his name. I had the pleasure of hearing his recent lecture on that interesting topic, but was much struck with the change in his personal appearance since I first saw him. His face was paler, and his bright eyes were protected; his jet black hair, too, worn parted as a youth, had lost its cable hue and was iron grey. But the same pleasant smile remained, and his voice was as delightful as ever.

The Picture Exhibitions.

No. I.



THE TIFF. BY J. JENKINS.

FROM THE NEW WATER-COLOUR GALLERY.

THE PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

BY THORNTON HUNT.

SOME half-dozen Exhibitions are now open to the public: how many of the working classes will visit them? There are these collections:—that of the Royal Academy, in Trafalgar-square; of the Society of Painters in Water-colours, in Pall-mall East; the New Society of Painters in Water-colours, in Pall-mall; British Artists, in Suffolk-street; Mr. Haydon's, at Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly; and Mr. French Angas's gallery of coloured drawings to illustrate New Zealand and Australia. Some of these galleries are crowded daily; but how large a portion of the crowd is drawn from the working class? Probably not a single visitor. The high price of admission is a practical exclusion. Really, it is time to make a change in such regulations, and a change is by no means impracticable. There is no doubt that it might be effected without any detriment whatever to the private interests involved, and with immense benefit to the classes now excluded.

As to the conduct of the working class, it has been fully tried at the British Museum, and at the National Gallery. Surely, if the pictures of Titian or Raphael can be trusted to the presence of the working man, there can be no fear of trusting the pictures of Mr. Warren, or Sir Martin Shee: for, to set aside all invidious distinctions, we have at least those two Presidents still with us, to repair any hiatus that accident might cause in the circle of their works; but Titian and Raphael will paint no more—nay, their equals have never yet appeared, and, perhaps, never may.

The National Gallery, with its Old Masters, is a great thing secured to the real "People," and it will be more and more appreciated by them as their general cultivation, and their familiarity with art in particular, shall advance; but it is not, in all respects, the best school for a beginning. The best accidence to the study of art for the beginner, is either the very highest class, or the least elevated. In all arts—taking poetry and music into that general term—the very highest works appeal to the broadest and most primitive feelings of human nature, and are independent of technical knowledge in the spectator. Raphael's pictures are of that kind; but the National Gallery is poor in Raphaels, and it is not rich in the simplest specimens of high art. The other best beginning lies in the representation of such things as the spectator is familiar with—the animals of Landseer, the rustics of W. Hunt, or the homely scenes of Webster. Such pictures are to be found in the modern exhibitions; and although the Royal Academy may be deemed to owe some duties to the People that have provided it with a lodging, the other galleries are strictly private property, so that freer admission cannot be demanded of them.

Nevertheless, the desired change may some day reach even them. The Dublin Royal Academy, we believe, made an experiment last year, of low-priced admission, with complete success. If we remember rightly, the charge was one penny, and the profits were not less than they had been, or were even higher. Fears might be entertained in London that so low a charge for admission might have two ill effects; might keep away present visitors, through prejudices against contact with a "mixed company;" and might directly subtract from the revenue, by the admission of numbers at one penny who now pay a shilling. Both evils, we believe, could be obviated. Let the prejudices

of those who dread so "mixed" a company, and who now are in possession, be indulged, by all means. For that purpose, the example of the Free-trade Bazaar in Covent-Garden Theatre furnishes a very instructive lesson. The charges for admission to that display ranged from ten shillings down to one shilling, and there was a great crowd of "aristocratic" and wealthy visitors at the highest price. We should like to see the associations that exhibit pictures follow that example. Let them set off against the gold-piece charged in the first week of their season, the copper of the last. We venture to predict that their revenue would gain. Probably, indeed, some who now pay the shilling, would wait for the penny-time; but how many more of the family would go? And would not some, who now go only once, go many times? If too great a pressure of visitors at the low charge be dreaded, that difficulty could easily be met. The visitors might be admitted by tickets dated for a particular day, and perhaps saleable only a day, or some days, before the date they bear—not on the day. Catalogues would be wanted. Men might be suffered to stand outside, and to deal in second-hand catalogues. To check another source of cost and trouble to the managers, a penny might be charged for the care of each stick or umbrella. In such manner it would be quite practicable to regulate the admission of the humbler classes at the charge of a penny, even to the best of our modern exhibitions. The experiment is well worth trying.

For the advantage of a ready and frequent admission to works of art is more than a matter of luxury to the working man; though, even as a relaxation for his weary spirit, it might merit to be considered by those who have it in their power to bestow. To the man possessing a congenial taste, the sight of a painting is more than a passing pleasure. The work, if a fine one, makes a permanent impression on the mind, and is recalled throughout the lapse of many years with delight. Is it not a great thing to supply your fellow-creature, especially one whom pleasure visits so scantily, with such pleasurable and enduring materials for thought?

But far more is done by art. It is a great engine of real education. It is a mistake to suppose that the human faculties merely need training, in order to achieve the vast progress which they must make from what they are in a man of clownish condition, to what they are in the highly cultivated intellect. They need also stimulating. Now, all works of human ingenuity, that produce obvious and tangible beauty by means of skill, powerfully excite admiration and gratification in the beholder; both feelings which tend to stimulate the faculties in a high degree. Great paintings show to man what man can do, and awaken the mind, which, though rude, is capable of elevating thoughts.

They have yet more distinct and specific effects. In the picture—we are speaking throughout of pictures good in their kind, though without demanding any very nice standard,—the spectator sees illustrated in results some of the most useful faculties of the human mind. One is the faculty of observation—the great source of such wisdom as consists in experience. In the painting he sees, permanently recorded, observation the most searching, minute, accurate, comprehensive, and significant. But the effect of such a reflection on the mind of the beholder cannot but be most salutary: the mere desire to test the truth of recorded observation makes him, too, observe, and thus he acquires practice in two most desirable processes of the mind, both essential to education—the habit

of scanning the characteristic traits of the objects around him, which multiplies and strengthens those traits as presented to his senses—multiplies and strengthens his ideas; and the habit of comparing and applying. To the man whose mind is active in such processes, the very number of existences around him is multiplied; for unless such a quality in him be active, how many things must exist in vain! Moreover, a habit of scanning the characteristic traits of objects, is really the habit of scanning their nature and capacities—knowing how to make them serviceable. It is by no means meant that to see the picture of a plough will directly make a clown understand the uses of a plough; but unquestionably a lively sense of the several parts of a plough will make him able to apply that implement with far more intelligence and skill.

Painting most tangibly and impressively illustrates the faculty of *imagination*; a faculty that enters largely into real education. It is the one that makes the mind ready to receive ideas of which it is yet ignorant, and enables it to carry out to their full consequences imperfect ideas.

To say that painting moves the feelings is needless. It goes the whole round of human emotion, and sets forth its visible signs. It teaches that which is striking, grand, or beautiful in those signs. It arrests for more deliberate contemplation the passing traits of nature; enables us to ponder on those traits that otherwise elude our sight. It teaches us how beautiful they are. For many such we only have opportunity to observe in real life under circumstances that unfit us for deliberate or even for hasty reflection. For instance, if we are with others who are in grief, our sympathy prevents us from critically scanning the traits of grief upon the countenance; or its most pregnant expressions, sharp and fitful, are gone before we can deliberate. The great painter seizes those passing traits, and holds them for our view; he presents to our equal mind those scenes amid which, in real life, the mind is not equal. In this manner is brought round to us, at every turn, new proof how all the phenomena of nature are beautiful. Not only so: we discover further meanings in the beauty; the new beauties that are brought out under emotion—engaging gaiety, tearful tenderness, or a hundred others—are recognised as one means by which the beautiful exercises a powerful and salutary influence over the soul; softening it to kindness, to pity, to a general love of goodness in all its aspects. It is the same with traits of noble bearing—of dignity, magnanimity, and devotion; but we need not multiply illustrations. By such observations we, whether with conscious criticism or unconsciously, go through this course of study: we recognise many traits familiar to us as forming part of beauty, we learn the meaning which lies in particular beauties; and we learn some of the reasons why those things are beautiful to us. But to contemplate and to sympathise with the exalted and beautiful in emotion is to acquire feelings exalted and good—to be elevated and refined.

This change does not come upon the rude man "like a clap of thunder," or like a spell of magic, the moment he crosses the threshold of a gallery; but from that moment he is brought within such influences.

We shall glance more closely, in subsequent papers, at some of the most striking pictures in the collections now open; endeavouring to make out what we conceive to be their significance—not the mere meaning of the story, but the moral or æsthetic

value of the whole picture for the beholder; and we hope to be able to furnish the reader with wood engravings of a few, which will, at least, illustrate the text, and make him the more desirous of seeing the pictures. For observe, although we contend for cheap admission to the galleries, we still hold that the working man who can muster the shilling, and the coat of regulation "respectability," to enter a gallery of art, cannot better bestow his money.

Meanwhile one design has fallen into our hands, trifling in subject, but worthy of a place among the picked specimens of the several collections. Its story is clear enough. A couple of young, very young, lovers, have had "A Tiff;" but they are already tired of the few moments' estrangement. The girl pouts, but her restless fan reminds her lover that she is there to be reconciled. And the gay, careless, good-humoured confidence of the lad, playfully making advances with his glove, is excellent. Every one knows the turn that the affair will take. How pretty it is! How gay, how graceful. A little theatrical, perhaps, in arrangement; but still one sees the "theatrical," at times, even in real life; and the scene is real, both in the people and the feeling. It is a happy specimen of what we mean by beginning the study of art with what is most intelligible; for, except the obsolete costume, the scene must recur to the memory of most folks, as falling within their observation; the spirit of it, at least, must be quite familiar to them. Yet how pretty it is—how graceful, how gay, how full of life and hope! even the little discord resolving into harmony, and "turning all to favour and to prettiness."

LETTERS ON LABOUR TO THE WORKING MEN OF ENGLAND.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

LETTER THIRD. ON THE APPLICATION OF THE POWERS OF LABOUR.

MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN,

Because, almost from the foundation of the world, the application of the powers of labour has been for the benefit of the few, rather than of the many—because the multitude have, in all ages and all countries, generally laboured for a mere existence, and too often not for that—while the few have reaped ease, luxury, and palaces, from the fruits of the general labour—it has come to be set down as a matter of course. They who enjoy the advantage, very comfortably dictate to those who reap the disadvantage, that it is the course of nature, and the ordering of Providence, and beg of them not to be so impious as to murmur. Still, wonderful as has been the impatient acquiescence of the mass with this unequal arrangement, and great as has been the credulity of the uneducated many through long dark ages, yet human nature can neither believe nor bear beyond a certain point. Homer, two thousand years ago, had a maxim that—"Hunger is impudent, and will be fed;" and we have a good old saying, I daresay as old as Homer himself—"tread on a worm, and it will turn." In truth, there have been murmurs, and turnings of the trodden worm, in all ages, against this arrangement, when it has been driven a little too far. The Israelites in Egypt murmured,

when Pharaoh was so exacting as to order them to make bricks without straw; the Helots were very troublesome to the Spartans, with their riots and insurrections; the slaves broke out under the Romans, and made regular war on their masters. These were instances of popular restiveness, when the goad and the task-work were a little too sharply applied. In those old times they were generally slaves who were put into the position of doing all the work, and getting little for it; the people, as both ancient and modern historians testify, were generally comfortably off, either possessing portions of land themselves, or holding it on very easy terms. Gibbon tells us, in the first volume and second chapter of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, that the people amongst the Romans, and in most of the Roman provinces, were well and comfortably off; that their very slaves were well treated, and indulged in a hope of manumission; and the condition of the common people may be judged of by the fact, that the slaves did nearly all the manual labour, and that they equalled the people themselves in number.

The truth of the matter is, that the labour of the many for the few, instead of for themselves, is owing to no order of nature, or ordering of Providence; it is the simple and natural result of CAPITAL and EDUCATION. In whatever hands these powerful agents come to lie, there will be the mastership. These, at all times, have been in the hands of the few; and, therefore, the few have had very much their own way in the world. The multitude in all ages, but especially in the ages of paganism, were totally uneducated. In Greece, the most learned and intellectual of states, the number of the educated was always very small. In Rome this class was a still smaller one. The vast population of the ancient world was left in the depths of ignorance, and, therefore, of social weakness. They could not resist the combined efforts of knowledge and wealth in the hands of the few. If, in some general rising—could such a thing as a general rising be imagined, amongst a people without trained and enlightened minds—they had succeeded in putting down, or even of destroying, the few who were educated and wealthy, they would still have been unable to govern themselves. Anarchy and domestic carnage would have been the immediate consequence of thousands of men admitted to full freedom of action, with minds undisciplined to moderation and self-restraint. So far, indeed, the result of general subjection to unequal labour may be said to be in the order of nature, because it is the nature of things that ignorance is incapable of self-government. A mind without knowledge is like a blind giant—the more vigorously it attempts to act, the sooner it knocks itself on the head against surrounding circumstances. This has been in all ages verified. Whenever the labouring people, driven to desperation by oppression, have risen to vindicate their freedom and their rights, they have speedily and invariably been put down again, and that not before the excesses they had committed had made it desirable that they should be put down. The first impulses of an uneducated mass are revenge and brutal gratification. They know their own injuries, but they do not know the nature and limits of their own rights. They spring over the horse in attempting to mount him. They have not learned to respect the rights of others, and therefore they cannot achieve their own. There is, in a word, no issue from the prison-house of ignorance and its concomitant, ill-requited labour, except through the broad and beautiful portal of education.

Through that, and that alone, the people can rise to the exercise of honourable labour, and the enjoyment of its just reward.

But there is no bar in the ordinances of Providence, or the laws of nature, to the achievement of this condition. God and Nature have both testified this great truth. Nature has made no fixed distinctions in men. They are all of one flesh, one blood, one endowment of immortal mind. It is not because this man has different limbs, or different faculties, that he commands and reaps the lion's share of the labour of hundreds, but it is because he has education and capital, and others have them not. God, in the only two instances in which he has professedly stepped forth from the mysterious secrecy of his system of world-government to give laws and institutions to mankind, has proclaimed his will that all his mortal children should enjoy as much as possible an equal share of the good things of earth. When, by the Mosaic dispensation, he established the Israelites in Judea, he favoured no system of aristocracy and democracy like ours. He founded no system of enormous estates to a few, and nothing to the multitude. He gave to every head of a family a portion of the common country, and provided by an express law against the permanent accumulation of overgrown domains. People might sell, rich men might buy; but, spite of this buying and selling, every sixtieth year the whole national soil reverted to the families of its original possessors.

When Christ came, this universal justice of a Universal Parent was made still more strikingly manifest. The religion of Christ was meant to apply not like the Hebraic, to a certain period but to all future ages. It looked forward to the times when "many should run to and fro in the earth, and knowledge should be increased." It looked forward to the time when the very multitude, educated and disciplined by the spirit of sound principles and righteous restraints, should gradually rise into all the dignity, beauty, and blessing of perfect humanity. It, therefore, proclaimed new, startling, and most resplendent truths. It declared that God had made of one blood all the nations of the earth; that he was no respecter of persons; that heathenism, with its darkness and oppressions, was to pass away; that the heathens lorded it over one another, but that amongst Christ's disciples it should not be so; that he who would be highest amongst them must make himself the servant of all, or, in other words, must make himself as useful as possible to his fellow-men; the general distinction of Christian men should be, that they should love one another. Christ declared that he was come to preach to the poor; that the poor were they who should inherit the earth. He demonstrated the dangerous and unnatural condition of enormous riches, by declaring that it was as difficult for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, as for a cable to pass through the eye of a needle. He denounced, in terrible language, those who laid heavy burdens, and grievous to be born, on the shoulders of others, and would not so much as touch them with their little fingers.

All this pointed to a new, an amazing, and a glorious change in the old condition of things; but it was a change which, like nature itself, was to be slow in its development, as it was, like nature, to be victoriously stable in its progression. Ages were its field of operation, and in that field it has to this hour never ceased its working. But, distant as was necessarily to be its ultimate triumph, the influence of these sublime doctrines was imme-

diately felt. Christianity spread through the world like electric fire through the clouds. Old laws and old selfishness were broken down. Men lived, loved, and suffered together, in a totally new spirit. Never were truer words spoken than those which accused the Apostles at Thessalonica, that they were the men who had turned the world upside down. At every period when the principles of Christianity have seemed to acquire a fresh impetus, and to take a new spring, the people have perceived that it was intended to make them personally, as well as spiritually, free. In the third century, Christianity being preached to the oppressed peasantry of Gaul, by Julianus and Amanus, they rose against the cruel exactions of the nobles, and carried fire and sword, for a time, through the country on every side. It was the same, again, in England, after the preaching of Wickliffe. The riots of Wat Tyler, Jack Cade, and Ket, were all connected with the ferment of the principles of the Reformation in the public mind. The insurrection of Tyler was immediately preceded by the preaching of John Ball, who drew from the newly-translated Bible the welcome notions that all mankind were equal, and had equal right to all the goods of nature.* The old popular rhyme of

When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

was in the mouths of the people everywhere. It was the same, again, on the preaching of Martin Luther, in Germany. The people there, in a dreadful state of oppression, caught eagerly at the doctrines of freedom and justice proclaimed by the Bible, and broke out into open war against their rulers. In all these cases the constituted authorities soon succeeded in putting down the excited insurgents, but not before they had committed great excesses. Those committed in England, however, were nothing to the outrages perpetrated in the Peasants' War in Germany. Then the country was ravaged, the castles of the aristocracy attacked, the convents burnt, all manner of crimes and cruelties enacted, and the misguided people reduced finally to a far worse state by their own wickedness than they were in before.

In all these cases, the great lesson was taught, again and again, that without education, moral as well as literary, that is, without the popular mind being at once enlightened and disciplined, the people possess natural and revealed rights in vain. Christianity, which proclaims their rights, proclaims itself also a system of universal justice, and refuses to be advocated by injustice. That which is mischievous in the oppressor, is just as mischievous in the oppressed. Violence and vengeance are not the destined emancipators of mankind. The stone which is cut out of the mountain without hands rolls on slowly, steadily, but surely; and as knowledge grows in the popular mind, it grows, and will grow, till it fills the whole world. The last and the greatest of those national lessons was that which occurred in our time—the French Revolution.

Never was a people reduced to a more wretched condition than that of France before the Revolution. The mad wars and licentiousness of Louis XIV.; the absurd pretensions of the nobles, and the collection of property into a few hands, had steeped the whole body of the people in misery. Then came the most astonishing set of men of letters, who, while they disclaimed the divine authority of Christianity, had deeply imbued their minds with its freedom-breathing spirit; and their words fell on the excited spirits of the people like

fire, and roused them to a pitch of indignation sublimely terrible. Before the frenzied might of this fearful paroxysm, down went throne and constitution. But the people were almost wholly uneducated, and the result was the same in kind, though awfully surpassing in degree, all popular struggles before. The anarchy, carnage, and horror, were such as struck consternation throughout the whole civilised world. The people were again put down. An imperial despotism took that place which had been meant for liberty; and to that succeeded, as the fruit of past struggles, a limited monarchy.

But all was not lost that seemed lost. In the midst of the horrors and the disappointments, great discoveries were made, and principles and opinions took root that grew, and will grow. Perhaps the greatest of all the discoveries then made was, that had the political revolution succeeded, it could only have been the prelude to another revolution for the general benefit—a social revolution. Political evils, even when for awhile they seemed to be crushed, left standing only the more conspicuously social evils that must be removed before each and all could be free and happy. Labour and its legitimate fruits were seen to be sundered by conventional usages, and must be reunited. From that hour began the great inquiries after the true application of the powers of labour, which only every day become the more earnest and searching. If Burke, the great antagonist of the French Revolution, could see the evil of the position of labour as plainly as those which he denounced, it was surely no dubious matter. Yet what was Burke's avowed opinion on the social question? "The whole business of the poor is to administer to the idleness and luxury of the rich; and that of the rich, in return, is to find the best means of confirming the slavery, and increasing the burdens of the poor. In a state of nature, it is an invariable law, that a man's acquisitions are in proportion to his labours. In a state of artificial society, it is a law as constant as invincible, that those who labour most, enjoy the fewest things, and those who labour not at all, have the greatest number of enjoyments."

While such ideas bowed to the force of conviction both the friends and foes of political revolution, it was quite clear that a social reform was a pressing requirement. The idea of the necessity of the Association of Labour for the enfranchisement of labour itself from bondage took root. Many theories were framed—many societies formed; which, possessing their full share of the extravagancies attaching to new schemes, and encountering their full share of opposition, ridicule, and misrepresentation, have yet left the idea not merely not destroyed, but still flourishing with a daily augmenting strength. Many great, generous, and distinguished minds have devoted themselves to the perfection of these theories, and the more complete organisation of these societies. Some of the most sincere and devoted men of the age have sacrificed themselves to these plans for the amelioration of the condition of the mass of their fellow-men. Some have expended large fortunes; some the energies of large minds and of whole lives; some have sunk in the disappointment of their dearest hopes of benevolent success; and others have been shot down by the envenomed arrows of calumny. This cause, the cause of the million, like all great causes, has had its enthusiasts, its fanatics, its corrupters and engrafers of false principles and practices upon it; but it has also had its holy martyrs, the blood of whose broken

hearts cannot have fallen to the ground in vain. The projects which have been put forth, the energies which have been expended, cannot and have not been wholly abortive. Experience has done its work, and gained its first harvest. That which has perished was but the wild early shoots and first flaggy leaves—the solid corn remains. The errors of the past are the truest guide-posts of the future. To a certain extent, the principle of the co-operation of labour has established itself as a means of popular salvation from the limbo of fruitless drudgery; and never, at any period, was the need of such a means more manifest than at this. This need will grow—that is inevitable, because population grows, and capital grows; but the gulph between them 'only daily becomes wider. "With our present system of individual mammonism, and government by *laissez faire*," says Thomas Carlyle, "this nation cannot live. And if in the priceless interim, some new life and healing be not found, there is no second respite to be counted on. The shadow on the dial advances henceforth without pausing. What Government can do? This that they call 'Organisation of Labour' is, if well understood, the problem of the whole future, for all who would in future govern man." In another place he says—"And now the world will have a little pause, and take up the other side of the problem, and in right earnest strive for some solution of that."

The persuasion that the people will *themselves* take up this great problem, and *trace out their own way* to a proper elevation, to independence, and social comfort, is that which now shows itself every day more keenly alive in the public mind. To wait for governments is to wait for the flowing past of an unceasing river. The fable of the lark and her young ones contains the true solution of every popular question of moment. So long as the old lark, who had told her young ones in the standing corn to note all that they heard said in her absence by the farmer when he came to look at his crop, heard only from them that the farmer had ordered his servants to cut it down, she was at ease; but the instant she heard that he had declared that he would do it himself on the morrow, she said—"Let us be gone, my children, at once; for now he says he will do it himself, it will be done." Before we proceed, then, to what we deem the precise requirement and work of the present hour, we must take a rapid retrospect of that which is done already. But this will demand another letter.

Till then, I am,

My countrymen, your fellow-worker,
WILLIAM HOWITT.

A PICTURE-BOOK WITHOUT PICTURES.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Translated from the Danish by MARY HOWITT.

(Continued from page 283.)

EIGHTH EVENING.

There were thick clouds over the sky; the Moon was not visible; I stood in twofold solitude in my little room, and looked out into the night, which should have been illumined by her beams. My thoughts fled far away, up to the great friend who told me stories so beautifully every evening, and showed me pictures. Yes, what has not she seen! She looked down upon the waters of the deluge,

and smiled on the ark as she now smiles upon me, and brought consolation to a new world which should again bloom forth. When the children of Israel stood weeping by the rivers of Babylon, she looked mournfully down upon the willows where their harps hung. When Romeo ascended to the balcony, and the kiss of love went like a cherub's thought from earth, the round Moon stood in the transparent atmosphere, half concealed amid the dark cypresses. She saw the hero on St. Helena, when from his solitary rock he looked out over the ocean of the world, whilst deep thoughts were at work in his breast. Yes, what could not the Moon relate! The life of the world is a history for her. This evening I see thee not, old friend! I can paint no picture in remembrance of thy visit!—and as I dreamingly looked up into the clouds, light shone forth; it was a moonbeam, but it is gone again; dark clouds float past; but that ray was a salutation, a friendly evening salutation from the Moon.

NINTH EVENING.

Again the air is clear; I had again material for a sketch; listen to that which I learned from the Moon.

"The birds of the polar region flew onward, and the whale swam towards the eastern coast of Greenland. Rocks, covered with ice and clouds shut in a valley in which the bramble and wort-berry were in full bloom. The fragrant lichen diffused its odour; the Moon shone faintly; its crescent was pale as the leaf of the water-lily, which, torn from its stalk, has floated for weeks upon the water. The northern-lights burned brightly; their circle was broad, and rays went upwards from them like whirling pillars of fire, ascending through the whole sphere of the heavens, in colours of green and crimson. The inhabitants of the valley assembled for dance and mirth, but they looked not with admiring eyes at the magnificent spectacle which was familiar to them. 'Let the dead play at ball with the heads of the walrus!' thought they, according to their belief, and occupied themselves only with the dance and the song. In the middle of the circle, wrapped in fur, stood a Greenlander with his hand-drum, and accompanied himself as he sung of seal-hunting, and the people answered in chorus with an 'Eia! eia! a!' and skipped round and round in their white furs like so many bears dancing. With this, trial and judgment began. They who were adversaries came forward; the plaintiff improvised in a bold and sarcastic manner the crime of his opponent, and all the while the dance went on to the sound of the drum; the defendant replied in the same manner; but the assembly laughed and passed sentence upon him in the meantime. A loud noise was now heard from the mountains; the icy cliffs were cleft asunder, and the huge tumbling masses were dashed to atoms in their fall. That was a beautiful Greenland summer-night.

"At the distance of a hundred paces, there lay a sick man within an open tent of skins; there was life still in his veins, but for all that he must die, because he himself believed it, and the people all around him believed it too. His wife, therefore, had sewn his cloak of skin tightly around him, that she might not be obliged to touch the dead, and she asked him—"Wilt thou be buried upon the mountains in the eternal snow? I will decorate the place with thy boat and thy arrows. The spirits of the mist shall dance away over it! Or wouldst thou rather be sunk in the sea?" 'In the sea!' whispered he, and nodded with a melan-

choly smile. 'There thou wilt have a beautiful summer-tent,' said the wife; 'there will gambol about thee thousands of seals; there will the walrus sleep at thy feet, and the hunting will be certain and merry!' The children, amid loud howlings, tore down the outstretched skin from the window, that the dying man might be borne out to the sea—the swelling sea, which gave him food during his lifetime, and now rest in death.

"His funeral monument is the floating mountain of ice, which increases night and day. The seals slumber upon the icy blocks, and the birds of the tempest whirl about it."

TENTH EVENING.

"I knew an old maid," said the Moon; "she wore every winter yellow satin trimmed with fur. It was always new; it was always her unvarying fashion: she wore every summer the same straw bonnet, and, I fancy, the very same blue-grey gown. She never went anywhere but to one old female friend of hers who lived on the other side the street;—during the last year, however, she did not even go there—because her old friend was dead. All solitarily sate my old maid working at her window, in which, through the whole summer, there stood beautiful flowers, and in the winter lovely cresses, grown on a little hillock of felt. During the last month, however, she no longer sate at her window; but I knew that she was still alive, because I had not seen her set out on that long journey of which she and her friend had so often talked. 'Yes,' she had said, 'when I shall die, I shall have to take a longer journey than I ever took through my whole life; the family burial-place lies above twenty miles from here; thither must I be borne, and there shall I sleep with the rest of my kin.'

"Last night a carriage drew up at her door; they carried out a coffin, and by that I knew that she was dead; they laid straw around the coffin and drove away. There slept the quiet old maid, who for the last year had never been out of her house; and the carriage rattled along the streets and out of the city, as if it had been on a journey of pleasure. Upon the high road it went on yet faster; the fellow who drove looked over his shoulder several times; I fancy that he was afraid of seeing her sitting in her yellow satin upon the coffin behind him; he therefore urged on the horses thoughtlessly, holding them in so tightly that they foamed at the mouth: they were young and full of mettle; a hare ran across the road, and off they set at full speed. The quiet old maid, who from one year's end to another had moved only slowly in a narrow circle, now that she was dead drove over stock and stone along the open high-road. The coffin, which was wrapped in matting, was shook off, and now lay upon the road, whilst horses, driver, and carriage, sped onward in a wild career.

"The lark which flew upward singing from the meadow, warbled its morning song above the coffin; it then descended and alighted upon it, pecked at the matting with its beak, as if it were rendering to pieces some strange insect.

"The lark rose upward again, singing in the clear ether, and I withdrew behind the rosy clouds of morning.

ELEVENTH EVENING.

"I will give thee a picture of Pompeii," said the Moon. "I have been in the suburbs, the Street of Tombs as it is called, where once the rejoicing youths, with roses around their brows, danced with the lovely sisters of Lais. Now the

silence of death reigns here; German soldiers in the pay of Naples keep guard here, and play at cards and dice. A crowd of foreigners, from the other side of the mountains, wandered into the city, accompanied by the guard. They wished to see this city, arisen from the grave, by the full clear light of the Moon; and I showed to them the tracks of the chariot-wheels in the streets paved with broad slabs of lava; I showed to them the names upon the doors and the signs which still remain suspended from the shop-fronts; they looked into the basin of the fountains ornamented with shells and conches; but no stream of water leapt upwards; no song resounded from the richly-painted chambers, where dogs of bronze guarded the doors. It was the city of the dead; Vesuvius alone still thundered his eternal hymn.

"We went to the temple of Venus, which is built of dazzling white marble, with broad steps ascending to its high altar, and a verdant weeping-willow growing between its columns. The air was exquisitely transparent and blue; and in the background towered Vesuvius, black as night: fires ascended from the crater of the mountain like the stem of the pine-tree; the illumined cloud of smoke hung suspended in the stillness of night, like the pine-tree's crown, but red as blood. Among the strangers there, was a singer, a true and noble being, to whom I had seen homage paid in the greatest cities of Europe. When the party arrived at the amphitheatre, they all seated themselves upon the marble steps, and again, as in former centuries human beings occupied a portion of that space. The scene was now the same as in those former times; the walls of the theatre, and the two arches in the background, through which might be seen the same decoration as then—Nature itself—the mountains between Sorrento and Amalfi. The singer, for fun, threw herself back into those ancient times, and sung; the scene inspired her; she reminded the listener of the wild horse of Arabia, when it snorts and careers away, with its mane lifted by the wind; there was the same ease, the same security; she brought to mind the agonised mother at the cross of Golgotha; there was the same heartfelt, deep sorrow. Once more resounded around her, as had resounded thousands of years before, the plaudits and exclamations of delight. 'Happy! heavenly gifted one!' exclaimed they all. Three minutes after and the scene was changed; every one had departed; no tone was heard any longer; the whole party was gone; but the ruins still stood unchanged, as they will stand for centuries, and no one knows of the applause of the moment—of the beautiful singer—of her tones and her smile. All is passed and forgotten; even to me is this hour a perished memory."

TWELFTH EVENING.

"I peeped in at a critic's window," said the Moon, "in a city of Germany. The room was filled with excellent furniture, books, and a chaos of papers; several young men were sitting there; the critic himself stood at his desk; two small books, both by young authors, were about to be reviewed. 'One of these,' said he, 'has been sent to me; I have not read it though—but it is beautifully got up; what say you of its contents?'

"O," said one of the young men, who was himself a poet, "there is a deal that is good in it; very little to expunge; but Lord God! he is a young man, and the verses might be better! There is a healthy tone in the thoughts—but they are, after all, such thoughts as every body has!—

but as to that, where does one find any thing new? You may very well praise him, but I never believe that he will turn out any thing of a poet. He has read a deal, however; is an extraordinary orientalist, and has sound judgment. He it was who wrote that beautiful critique of my *Fancies of Domestic Life*. One ought to be gentle towards a young man."

"But he is a thorough ass!" said another gentleman in the room; "nothing is worse in poetry than mediocrity, and he does not get above that!"

"Poor fellow," said a third, "and his aunt makes herself so happy about him. She it was, Mr. Critic, who obtained so many subscribers names to your last translation."

"The good woman! yes, I have given a short notice of the book. Unmistakable talent! a welcome gift! a flower out of the garden of poesy; beautifully got out, and so on. But the other book—he shall catch it! I had to buy it,—I hear it is praised; he has genius, don't you think?"

"That is the general opinion," said the poet, "but there is something wild about it."

"It will do him good to find fault and cut him up a little, else he will be getting too good an opinion of himself!"

"But that is unreasonable," interrupted a fourth; "don't let us dwell too much on trifling faults, but rejoice in the good—and there is much here—though he thrusts in good and bad altogether."

"Unmistakable talent!" wrote down the critic; "the usual examples of carelessness. That he also can write unlucky verse, may be seen at page five and twenty, where two hiatuses occur: the study of the ancients to be recommended, and so on."

"I went away," said the Moon, "and peeped through the window into the aunt's house, where sate our honoured poet, the tame one, the worshipped of all the guests, and was happy."

"I sought out the other poet, the wild one, who also was in a great party of one of his patrons, where they talked about the other poet's book. 'I shall also read yours!' said Meenas, 'but honestly speaking, you know I never say to you what I do not mean, I do not expect great things from it. You are too wild for me! too fantastic—but I acknowledge that as a man you are highly respectable!'"

"A young girl who sat in a corner read in a book:—

To the dust goes the poet's glory,
And common-place to fame!—
That is the trite old story,
And 'twill ever be the same:

THIRTEENTH EVENING

The Moon told me as follows:—"There lie two peasants' cottages by the road through the wood. The doors are low, and the windows are irregular, but all around them grow buckthorn and barberries; the roof is mossy and grown over with yellow-flowered stone-crop and houseleek; nothing but cabbages and potatoes grow in the little garden, but there grows in the hedge an elder-tree, and under this sate a little girl; and there she sate with her brown eyes rivetted upon an old oak tree between the houses. This tree has a tall and decayed hole, the top of it is sawn off, and there the stork has built his nest; there he stood and clattered with his beak. A little boy came out of the cottage and placed himself by the little girl's side; they were brother and sister.

"What are you looking at?" cried he,

"I am looking at the storks," she replied; "the neighbour told me that this evening the stork will bring us a little brother or sister; and so now I will stand and watch when they come."

"The storks do not bring any thing," said the boy. "The neighbour's wife told me the same thing; but she laughed while she said it, and so I asked her if she durst say 'as sure as heaven,' to it; but she dared not, and therefore I know that the story about the storks is only what they tell us children."

"Oh, really!" said the little girl.

"And I'll tell thee what," said the boy, "it is our Lord himself that brings little babies; he has them under his coat; but nobody can see our Lord now, and therefore we do not see him when he comes."

"At that same moment the twigs of the elder-tree were moved; the children folded their hands, and looked one at the other, for they thought that it was our Lord passing along with the little ones. They stood side by side, and took hold of each other's hand."

"The house-door opened, and out came the neighbour."

"Come in now," said she, "and see what the stork has brought; he has brought a little brother!"

"The children nodded their heads; they knew very well that the little brother was come."

FOURTEENTH EVENING.

"I passed over Lyneborg Heath," said the Moon, "a solitary house stood by the road-side; some leafless trees grew beside it, and among these sat a nightingale which had lost its way. In the severity of the night it must perish; that was its song of death which I heard. With the early twilight there came along the road a company of emigrant peasants, who were on their way to Bremen or Hamburg, to take ship for America, where happiness—the so much dreamed of happiness—they expected should spring up for them. The women carried their youngest children upon their backs, the older ones sprang along by their side; a poor miserable horse dragged a car, on which were a few articles of household furniture. The cold wind blew; the little girl clung closer to her mother, who looked up to my round waning face and thought upon her bitter want."

"Her thoughts were those of the whole company, and therefore the red glimmering of daylight was like the evange of the sun of prosperity which should again rise. They heard the song of the dying nightingale; it was to them no false prophet, but a foreteller of happiness. The wind whistled, but they understood not the song; 'Sail securely across the sea! Thou hast paid for the long voyage with all that thou art possessed of; poor and helpless shalt thou set foot on thy land of Canaan. Thou mayst sell thyself, thy wife, and thy child, yet you shall none of you suffer long. Behind the broad fragrant leaf sits the goddess of death; her kiss of welcome breathes consuming fever into thy blood, far away, far away, over the swelling waters!'"

"The emigrant company listened joyfully to the song of the nightingale, which they thought announced to them happiness. Day beamed from behind light clouds, and the peasant people went over the heath to the church; the darkly-apparelled women, with their milk-white linen around their heads, looked like figures which had stepped forth from the old church paintings; all around them

was nothing but the vast and death-like landscape, the withered brown heath—dark, leafless plains, in the midst of white sand-banks. The women carried their hymn-books in their hands, and advanced towards the church. Oh, pray! pray for them who wander onward to their graves on the other side of the heaving water!"

Poetry for the People.

A WORD FOR POETS.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

(Procured by a Friend.)

"A poet? Soh! what do you here?
What right have you on this rich earth?
What claim to live exempt from toil?
Is't wealthy lineage?—noble birth?"

"The limbs you wear are strong as mine.
Your hand—pah! 'tis a baby's palm:
By what stout weekly labour, pray,
D'you earn your leisure Sunday's calm?"

"Where lies your mattock?—where your spade?
Your shuttle?—loom?—your axe?—your plane?
Strip, strip! and, for your father's sake,
Show us you were not born in vain.

"The very infants at my mill,
Through half the night, through all the day,
Run to and fro, and piece the threads,
And know not what it is to play.

"Crippled, or sick, or weak,—they work.
But you!—You doze out life and time;
Wasting the nights in useless dream—
The days in yet more useless rhyme!"

Alas! the poet did not speak.
Apart, and half abashed he stood,
That he and his should be disdained,
And all be thus misunderstood.

"What use?" at last he sighed, "what use
To teach the blind the way to sight?
The deaf to hear? The dumb to speak?
The poor man to assert his right?"

"Is all this—nothing? God above!
Do I not draw from out thy skies
The music of their many spheres,
And show wherein their beauty lies?"

"What use? Why, were it not for me,
And such as me, blind man would tread
The violet in his ignorant scorn,
And dust be on the rose's head.

"But *We* train up the youthful heart
To injure nought, and nought abuse;
And guide the willing mind from birth
Till death; and do ye ask—'what use?'"

"My Brothers! to whose country hearths
Of-times the Muses venture down,
And thou, sage Sister, who hast left
The prim cap for the laurel crown,—

"Come,—tell them all ye dream and do—
For noble acts by each are done—
And bid them count the men whose deeds
(In all that trade or science breeds)
Surpass ye, underneath the sun!"

LYRIC

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED OPERA, ENTITLED

LIFE ACCORDING TO LAW.*

BY EBENEZER ELLIOT.

Sabbath holy!
To the lowly
Still art thou a welcome day.
When thou comest, earth and ocean,
Shade and brightness, rest and motion,
Help the poor man's heart to pray.

Sun-wak'd forest,
Bird, that soarest
O'er the mute empyreal moor,
Throstle's song, that stream-like flowest,
Wind, that over dew-drop goest,
Welcome now the woe-worn poor.

Little river,
Young for ever!
Cloud, gold-bright with thankful glee,
Happy woodbine, gladly weeping,
Gnat, within the wild rose keeping,
O that they were bless'd as ye!

Sabbath holy!
For the lowly
Paint with flowers thy glittering sod;
For afflictions sons and daughters,
Bid thy mountains, woods, and waters,
Pray to God, the poor man's God!

From the fever,
(Idle never
Where on Hope Want bars the door,
From the gloom of airless alleys,
Lead thou to green hills and valleys
Weary Lord-land's trampled poor.

Pale young mother,
Gasping brother,
Sister toiling in despair,
Grief-bow'd sire, that life-long diest,
White-lipp'd child, that sleeping sighest,
Come and drink the light and air.

Tyrants curse ye,
While they nurse ye,
Life for deadliest wrongs to pay;
Yet, oh, Sabbath! bring gladness
Unto hearts of weary sadies,
Still art thou "The Poor Man's Day."

A PASSAGE OF DOMESTIC HISTORY IN VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

BY MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

"This is a wild night, Macgregor," said Elliot, as he closed the door of a hut in Van Dieman's Land against the blast that seemed to clamour for admittance, and threaten to bury the humble edifice beneath uprooted trees. "How unlike joyous June in England, or in your own more reluctant clime, Macgregor."

The rain was falling in a flood, but the hut was weather-proof, and Macgregor dragged a huge branch of she-oak along the floor, and threw it on the already blazing logs, so as to secure a good fire for the night. Then seating himself on an old sea-chest beside the hearth, he lit his pipe, and

* This MS. work by the Corn-Law Rhymer we shall shortly have the pleasure of reviewing

sat smoking with an air of sturdy contentment, suited to his swart, but fine face, and athletic frame. Elliot, profiting by the example of his silent philosophy, established himself on the opposite side on a camp stool, and also sought to soothe himself with the weed said to afford all the consolations that the Turks find in opium, without any of the deleterious effects of that drug. Cordial companionship can make comfort anywhere. St. Pierre says, that there is no gem like the fire that burns in the poor man's cottage; but it is the meeting of kind hearts and friendly converse round it, that makes its warmth and cheer a luxury.

"I hope," resumed Elliot, filling his pipe from the tobacco-box on his knee, "that Marion and my brother are not on their way hither to-night."

"No," said Macgregor; "for it's ill travelling among falling timber."

"Faith, is it!" rejoined his companion. "Such a wind as this would uproot the old oaks of England, let alone the pigmy pines and gawky gum-trees of Van Dieman's Land. How the bark will hang in ribbons from the trees. 'Twould be a fine time for a tanner, could he find his way hither."

"An' back again!" said Macgregor, drily, turning down his kangaroo-skin trowsers over his ankles, as the bright blaze of the fire dried his heavy boots.

"Do you hear how Howland snores?" resumed Elliot, alluding to a convict servant who lay asleep in the adjoining apartment of the hut, a recent addition to the original building, and called a lean-to. "Do you know he tells me he can never go out with the flocks any more, for fear of meeting the ghost of Peter Armstrong!"

"He ma' be right," said Macgregor, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, previous to replenishing its bowl.

"Tush!" rejoined Elliot—"the fellow's a fool. I wish the natives had knocked him o' the head, in place of poor Peter—the better man of the two by fifty degrees."

"Every man, wise in his own conceit, calls his brother a fool," said Macgregor. "But there is naire in Heaven and on earth than is dreamed of in your philosophy, Master Elliot. There ma' be revelations to a loon like Howland, that book-learning may never attain to."

Elliot burst into a laugh, as he exclaimed—"I forgot that you were from the land of witches and warlocks; but you might leave such gentry at home, and not populate all places with sprites."

"Is it because ye canna see them, ye doubt their existence?" asked Macgregor, with a slight sneer on his lip, and letting the hand that held his pipe drop on his knee. "Do ye consider that as disproving their existence? This water," he continued,—and as he spoke he dipped his hand into a tub of water on the floor near him, and raised some of it in its palm—"this water, to our gross vision is pure, simple water, but it is fu' o' animals, or animalcules, whilk is the right word. Noo, if you will na' tak' the word of the philosopher, ye shall doubt the existence o' these animalcules, but, naithless, they exist. All nature that we can examine is marked by gradations, link after link; an' think ye there are none between us an' the world aboon us, an' us an' the world below us? Sir, I will ask you a question or twa," continued Macgregor, now fully warmed with his subject. "Do ye not believe in angels? Do ye not believe in devils? Is it because ye ha' seen them?"

"I believe in them," said Elliot, "on the authority of Holy Writ. But much there stated I hold to be common facts figuratively expressed. For

instance, the devils of Gadara was madness—sensual madness—typified in the swine that ran into the sea; when they were gone the man was cured."

"Ha' a care, mon!" exclaimed Macgregor, resuming his pipe, with less enthusiasm, but more solemnity. "Ye know not what ye do. If ye ance tak' the road of interpretation by the weak light of your own imagination, it is mair likely to lead ye to the wilderness than to the world to come."

A loud knocking at the door interrupted the conversation. Elliot demanded—"Who is there?"

"It is I, George," replied the voice of his brother. "For Heaven's sake open the door quickly."

The injunction was speedily obeyed, while Macgregor procured a light by thrusting a pine branch into the fire, and stood ready, when the door opened, to receive or assist the traveller. The latter did not even enter the hut, but exclaimed—"Come with me, all of you. The waggon is bogged in the wood hard by, and poor Marion must be half dead." He strode away, followed by George Elliot, to whom Macgregor gave the torch, and then stepped back into the hut to arouse Howland, provided himself with a fresh torch, and pursued the brothers. Fortunately, the rain had ceased, and the wind abated, so that the lights were not extinguished. The gleaming of the pale moon, and the pine, that Elliot carried, together with the sound of voices, guided Macgregor to the wood. On coming up he perceived a waggon, (to which was yoked four bullocks), almost overturned in the midst of a spot of deep mire. The vehicle was heavily laden, and covered with a tarpauling, thus its black, shining surface, presented the appearance of a huge hearse, and the patient and exhausted cattle stood in melancholy and congenial stillness. The dark foliage of the trees, with their broken branches glittering from the recent rain—the low sobs of the subsiding storm, which seemed going over the hills sorrowing for the ravage it had committed in its rage—and the hoarse voices of the men, at times raised in imprecation, as they laboured to extricate the machine—were all in keeping with each other. Amid all this, from the shelter of manifold wrappings, appeared a beautiful face—a face full of that best beauty, cheerful patience and dignified endurance. Marion Elliot, the wife of Luke Elliot, was seated as securely and as comfortably as circumstances would admit, in front of the waggon, and looked forth with a smile, that much fatigue and some fear could not rob of its sweetness. With great exertion, from the broken and marshy state of the ground, her husband had gained his brother's hut, but the assistance he had brought thence soon enabled him to see his way out of his present difficulty. Marion was lifted from the vehicle by Macgregor, who was her kinsman, and he carried her in his arms to the hut, followed by Luke Elliot, her husband. They were soon installed in the places recently occupied by Macgregor and his companions, and Howland was desired to place before the travellers such fare as the hut afforded. Marion had had a weary day, but she thought not of herself: as Macgregor was about to return to the wood, she begged him to send her from the waggon a box that she described, and very soon he kindly returned with it. In this box her provident tenderness had stored every available necessary, and some few comforts. Luke soon had his feet in dry shoes, had changed his linen and his coat; and a white table-cloth, a luxury hitherto unknown in the hut, was spread upon the rude table. Howland had all the skill and ac-

tivity so soon acquired under circumstances of necessity. The wood-fire was improved, and spread a bright warm welcome through the place; the iron pot that hung over it contained that Van Dieman's Land luxury—a kangaroo-steamer, which sent forth a savoury odour, as did the mutton cutlets broiling on another part of the red embers. Tea, the common adjunct to all meals in the bush (the name given to the wild country), was soon prepared, nor was the more ready stimulant of ardent spirits absent from the feast. Thus, in little more than an hour, had the bullock-cart been drawn up to the hut, and unloaded, the bullocks admitted to the stock-yard; and the family, in spite of fatigue and rough accommodation, seated in cheerful enjoyment round the rude board.

"So," exclaimed George Elliot, when appeased hunger left him leisure for conversation—"you must needs stay in Hobart Town till the winter had thoroughly set in; and then, instead of staying it out, with headstrong fool-hardiness make, in the very midst of it, your journey hither!"

"Badly managed, I grant ye," said Luke; "but, under circumstances, I could not help it. Thank Heaven we are here, with our bits of goods, for at times I had my doubts whether we should be so fortunate."

"Ye say weel, mon," said Macgregor. "An' ye did no' travel the waur for having Marion aside ye!"—and he looked with pride and pleasure at his kinswoman.

"In truth, no," said Luke. "I grumbled and growled like the storm, and I cursed and swore like the men, and then I got sulky and savage, like the bullocks; but Marion had throughout a sweet smile, and a soft word 'to turn away wrath' and allay impatience."

Marion's dark eye answered with the smile of her fine spirit: it rested first on her husband, and then glanced from his brother to her kinsman. She felt in the depths of her soul her power—the best power on earth—the power of dispensing happiness. Her strong sense and energy gained her universal respect; her deep tenderness and active benevolence, universal affection: her influence, like that of nature, was unceasingly present, but never obtrusively perceptible; felt in its results, scarcely seen in its process. The best accommodation the place afforded was yielded to Mr. and Mrs. Elliot. George and Macgregor threw themselves on rugs before the fire; and never, perhaps, had sleep fallen on lids with more welcome sweetness than on those that night sealed in slumber in Elliot's hut. The next morning rose in all the beauty of an English spring. The skies were as blue as if a cloud had never crossed their surface. The violet-winged parrots, the blue wren, and the diamond-bird, flitted to and fro, reflecting the light; the fragrant shrubs, with which the wilds of the colony abound, breathed balm upon the air; the dark myrtle and silver wattle quivered to the light breeze; and afar the swollen waters of the Shannon glowed in the flood of an unclouded sun. Such are the days that continually break the course of a Tasmanian winter, and, like a sweet spirit, make us forget the clouds and storms that have been.

It were tedious to enter into the details by which a settler gradually attains the comfort of established association. The progress of the colonist is proportioned to the progress of society, and it is at once admirable and delightful to perceive the facility with which a wilderness grows into a town-ship, and civilisation displaces barbarity. A few years, and Elliot's grant exhibited a neat dwell-

ing-house, built in the cottage style, with a verandah round it: contiguous to this were a hut for the men-servants, a wash-house, a fowl-house; yet more remote shepherds' and stock-keepers' huts, and a commodious stock-yard. Of the land, thirty acres had been thrown into cultivation, and between seventy and eighty devoted to various fields and a garden, which were all fenced. The undulating nature of the land (a feature peculiar to the whole island), presented many slopes, which were soon white with fleecy flocks; while the lowing kine browsed in the valleys and along the bright brooks, stood in the splashy pool, or lay ruminating beneath the few trees, which sometimes singly, sometimes in small picturesque groups, gave the levels the appearance of a park. To this estate Marion gave the name of "Hope's Hive," and with much truth, as well as gay good humour, Luke called her its queen. The birth of two fine boys increased their happiness and awakened new views. The road to Jericho and Elizabeth Town passed the estate, the line of road formed by the Van Dieman's Land Company, leading to Cape Grim through it. In the river, very near the house, there was a fall. These circumstances Elliot looked on with new interest; visions of an inn and of a mill rose on his imagination. He had on his land abundance of timber, fit for the saw and the splitting-knife, and lime and sandstone were not remote; thus (counting on the allotment of life that all are so prone to believe destined to themselves, though they see it hourly denied to their neighbours), he looked forward to patriarchal happiness and honours, when his children's children should make the valleys round them vocal with their voices. Marion, less speculative about the future, strove practically to improve the present. Her chief attention, after the first calls of necessity had been met, was devoted to the moral amelioration of the people. What were the people to whom she thus directed her benevolent intelligence? People set apart by the large majority of the world for contempt, by her for compassion. She did not recoil with sick delicacy from the degraded convict, whom the vicious disorganisations of society had visited with the contagion of its moral diseases. She went among her prisoner-servants, as the Sisters of Charity in France go among the physically sick, with a holy zeal to amend them, and with a holy fearlessness of injury to herself. She met, at first, much opposition from her husband, his brother, and Macgregor. Of woman's power and woman's privilege to put her hand to the moral regeneration of the world, they allowed little, and understood less; but she felt that if that soil is ever to be properly cultivated, woman as well as man must hold the plough. Marion had too much sense to argue with rugged prejudices—she appealed persuasively to kindred sympathies.

"Let me," she cried, "speak to these people—let me try what kindness, what gentleness will effect. Let me organise arrangements that will prove to them that we care for them—we feel for them. Give them some credit to set them up again in self-esteem and reputation. O, Luke, there is not one of the flock of humanity that might not, that ought not, to be penned in the fold of happiness, but there never was but one Shepherd in the world. He did not overlook the little one, nor insult the sinner. When has man done likewise?" The pure fervent light of Christian love glowed in her Madonna-face, heightening her beauty, and giving power to her pleadings—what heart could resist the spell? Among the servants

assigned by the Government to the proprietor of Hope's Hive, was Alice Brien, an Irish girl. She had been transported for some trifling theft, and her punishment had introduced her to further debasement. Soon after her arrival it became apparent she was likely to become a mother. The girl had little to recommend her; she was wholly uncultivated, but her misery was her recommendation to Marion. She took the forlorn creature under her particular care: when the hour of her trial came, she was beside her with the ministering tenderness of a sister, was the first to take the new-born, and bless him, and breathe a prayer over him. Marion resolved on this event to give a general lesson. About a month after the birth, a neighbouring clergyman was invited to Hope's Hive, to officiate at the christening. The people were assembled in their best dresses, and preparations were made for a happy holiday. The ceremony was performed in the open air, Marion standing, with her little sons on either side of her, to answer as one of the sponsors. When the rite had been performed, she took the child, who was christened Patrick, and advancing so as to address the assembled people, she held up her little charge. "This child," she said, "belongs to us all—let all endeavour to make it a good and happy creature; Luke and George," she continued, addressing her little sons, and bending to let them each print a kiss on the baby's cheek, "love this child as you love each other. Alice," she added, rising with her beaming face, and holding out the child to its mother, "teach it to love us all."

"Madam!" exclaimed the girl, sinking on her knees, as she received the infant, "it shall love you beyond all else on earth, or a mother's curse be on him."

"Talk not of cursing, Alice," said Marion. "Banish from your heart, from your lips, all such unholy words and thoughts. Assist to banish them from the minds and language of others. Be not rude, be not violent; love one another, help one another. Let that child speak to the heart of each of us. Who is there here that was not once what it is now? Who would not save that child from what most, perhaps all, of us have become? We may do so; other than we make it, that child cannot be. Let us try to make it good; and oh! be assured in doing so we shall grow better. Now go to dinner. In the evening I will rejoin you. Go, God bless you all!" She turned hastily away to hide the tears that rushed to her eyes: her husband drew her arm within his and led her to an adjoining wood, where, when in the sanctuary of privacy, she threw herself on his bosom and wept.

Years had passed away, and there was peace and prosperity at Hope's Hive. Its wool was transmitted to England, its wheat to New South Wales, and Luke Elliot became more and more sanguine about the inn and the mill. Patrick grew up a gentle, generous creature, beloved by all, and loving every one, but chiefly the gentle Lucy Elliot, who was born about two years after his memorable christening. Her seventeenth birthday had arrived, and there was to be a general meeting at her uncle George Elliot's, to celebrate the fourteenth anniversary of his happy marriage. When all were ready to depart from Hope's Hive Patrick was nowhere to be found. At last it was concluded that he had gone on before the party, therefore the cavalcade set forth without further delay; Lucy on horseback, with her brothers on either side of her. As they passed the forest at some distance from the farm, she imagined she perceived the figure of a man among the trees, and

that that figure was Patrick; but she blushed at her own fancy, and forbore to mention it. Her apprehension had not been less true than it was quick. It was indeed Patrick whom she had seen hid there in anguish, and gazing on her with strained and tearless eyes. His mother had discovered the secret of his love for Lucy. In the wild energy of her nature, she had denounced it as a crime of black ingratitude, and told him the blighting story of his birth. He rushed from her to the wood—where it was the thickest—where he could not see the light of heaven. But instinctively, on the approach of Lucy, he had gained the verge of the forest, to look on her for the last time—to bless her ere he buried himself for ever in the wilderness.

The party returned to Hope's Hive in the evening. Patrick had not been seen, had not been heard of. Lucy's cheek was pale, and her eye anxious. A mother's terror crept over the heart of Alice Brien; she perceived what she had done, and she went away to the barns and outhouses, and into the meadows, hoping to find her boy, and to be able to reason with him. Her search was vain—she grew wild—rushing back into the house she proclaimed what she had done—what she feared were its consequences—and that her Patrick slept in the deep bosom of the Shannon! "Never!" exclaimed Lucy, as her father, brothers, and Macgregor rushed out to remount their horses, and scour the country: "Patrick, who would not give pain to the meanest living thing, could not inflict such torture upon us." Marion could appreciate the fortitude with which Lucy had sustained herself, and drawing the gentle girl to her bosom, she kissed her tenderly. "Mother," she whispered, "I thought I saw him as we went away this morning, at the entrance of the forest." Marion understood her. Drawing her daughter's arm through hers, they went forth. As they passed along they heard the hills and valleys ringing with the name of Patrick; but there was no answer save the echo. When they reached the spot she had described, she called "Patrick." Her mother felt her tremble—again she uttered the name. The boughs of a large gum tree, near which they stood, rustled, they looked up and beheld Patrick drop from its branches. He could not speak—he staggered and fell. Marion flew to him, even before her daughter. "Patrick! why have you done this?" said that mother, who might have been called the mother of humanity, for her large and genial heart embraced universal being, and had not one conventional feeling. "Was it well done to forget that I am your mother?" The boy kissed her hands, and she felt his tears rain upon them. "I could not go," he said, rising on one knee, "without seeing you. It was impossible. I climbed into the highest branches of that tree because it overlooks Hope's Hive. I know I ought to ask"—"Hush, Patrick," interrupted Marion, "you have nothing to ask but Luke Elliot's blessing and mine, and we will give you the best blessing we have got—our only daughter. You are worthy of her, and when all men are like you, broad lands and proud names will be of no account." One brief moment Patrick lifted his hands and eyes to the starry heavens, the next he clasped the weeping Lucy to his bosom. There were no words exchanged, only the silent throbs of their overflowing hearts answering in deep pulsation to each other.

The next year a modest mansion was seen to rise in one of the pleasantest valleys along the Shannon. It was the home of Patrick and Lucy Elliot.

THE ITALIAN MARTYRS.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

(Continued, from page 121.)

II.—JACOPO RUFFINI, (1833)

The man of whom I am about to speak had not a life of renown. Doubtless he would have had, if he had lived longer, but without seeking it. He was a young man endowed with great faculties, but born for the joys, the sorrows, the duties of private life; feeling an earnest need of love, and none of celebrity. And if I choose him from among the many who suffered in 1833 for the Italian national cause, it is not only because he was my friend, but because he proves, better than any other, the condition of a country in which the tenderest, the most loving souls find themselves dragged by a sentiment of duty into the struggle, the revolt against that which is.

He was my friend—my first and best. From our first years at the university, to the year 1831, when a prison, and then exile, separated me from him, we lived as brothers; our two families forming but one; our two souls interpenetrating each other freely. He was studying medicine, I law; but botanical rambles at first, then the common ground of literature, and, above all, the sympathetic instincts of the heart, drew us together little by little, until an intimacy succeeded, the like of which I have never found, and never shall find again. I do not believe I have ever known a soul more completely, more profoundly; and I affirm, with grief and consolation, that I have never found a blemish in it. His image ever comes to my mind when I see one of those lilies of the valley, which we so much admired together, with their corolla perfectly white, and without calyx, with their delicate sweet perfume. Like them he was pure and modest. Even the slight bending of his neck toward his shoulder is recalled to my mind by the curvature of the lily's trembling stalk.

Through the loss of his elder brothers, through the frequent and dangerous illnesses of his mother, whom he adored, and who well deserved it, and through domestic complications of every kind, he knew life only as sorrow. Endowed with an exquisite, and almost feverish sensibility, he had early contracted an habitual melancholy, tending to fits of sadness amounting almost to frenzy. And yet there was in him no trace of that misanthropical tendency so natural to remarkable natures in enslaved countries. He had little joy in men, but he loved them; he had but little esteem for his contemporaries, but he revered Man—man as he shall be, such as he *can* and *ought* to be. Strong religious tendencies combated in him the despair with which everything seemed to contribute to inoculate him. That holy *idea* of progress, which substitutes Providence for the Fatality of the ancients and the *Chance* of the middle ages, had been revealed to him, first, by the intuitions of his heart, and afterwards by a deep study of history. He worshipped the Ideal, as the end of life—God as its source; genius as God's interpreter, almost always misunderstood. He was sad, because he was in advance of others, and because he felt that, like Moses, he should never reach alive the *promised land*. But he was habitually calm, because he knew that the end of our terrestrial existence is not *happiness*, but the accomplishment of a *duty*

—the exercise of a *mission*—even when it presents no hope of any immediate result. His smile was the smile of a victim; but it was a smile. His love for mankind was, like the ideal love of Schiller, a love without individual hope; but it *was* love. His own sufferings in no wise influenced his actions.

In 1827 and 1828 his attention was forcibly attracted by the literary question. It was the time of the great quarrel between those who were called the *romantic* and the *classic*; and whom they should rather have called the supporters of *liberty* and *authority*. The one party maintained that, the human mind being progressive, every epoch ought to find a different literary manifestation of it; and that we should seek the precepts and inspirations of art in the entrails of the living and actual nation. The others pretended that we had in art long ago reached the Pillars of Hercules; that the Greeks and Romans had furnished models which we should be content to copy, and that all innovation, whether in form or spirit, was impotent and dangerous. The unity of the human mind, which renders us unable to conquer a principle, without seeking to apply it to every mode of our action, and the situation of Italy, naturally drew those who studied the question on to political ground; and governments, by their fears, precipitated them upon it. The young men who made their first campaigns in favour of romanticism became suspected; journals, purely literary, were suppressed, solely because they maintained independence in art. To this brutal negation given by force, we replied by transporting the question to the national ground, and by preparing to try, hand to hand, the principle of blind and immovable authority. Jacopo Ruffini was one of the first to climb to the source. In 1829, a year before the French insurrection, he had given his name to the men who followed, between exile and the scaffold, the holy route which leads to the national organisation of Italy.

In 1830, when the movement in France awakened the alarms of the Italian Governments, that of Piedmont was the first which proceeded to arrests. I was then thrown into the fortress of Savona, and I never more saw my friend. When, some months after, I quitted Italy, he was, on some vague suspicion, sent away to Taggia, a little provincial town of the Riviera of Genoa.

These petty persecutions served only to strengthen in his soul the idea of devoting himself entirely to the national cause. Among some letters written from the place of his banishment to his mother—letters full of a child-like love, mingled with the sad presentiments of age—I find a fragment of an eloquent and impassioned address to the Piedmontese king, to engage him to put himself at the head of the Italian crusade. It was then the first year (1831) of the reign of Charles Albert, who, as prince, had conspired like us, and who, as king, forgot his promises, his friendships, and his duties.

At the commencement of 1832, all hope in the king having been destroyed, Jacopo Ruffini gave his name and his activity to *Young Italy*; a national association, newly founded, with the object of attaining its end by national means. He soon became one of the directors of the labours of the association at Genoa, his natal town.

These labours prospered. After having spread among the middle classes and the nobility, the national association penetrated into the army.

In 1833, the association prepared to commence the struggle at Genoa and in Piedmont. It was

prevented. For a long time the Government had instinctively felt itself surrounded by dangers, but knew not where to strike. There was so much boldness, and at the same time so much prudence, in the movements of the conspirators, that the police were seized with a sort of stupor, foreseeing events, and determined rather to provoke than to wait them. A circumstance, apparently insignificant, furnished them with an occasion for action. In a quarrel in the open street between two artillery-men, the one belonging to the Association, the other having received overtures, some words were thrown out by the latter implying the knowledge of a secret which might become dangerous to his adversary. This was a ray of light. The Government profited by it with all the resources of despotism. The two artillery-men were arrested; and a strict investigation was ordered. In the knapsacks of some sergeants were found fragments of political writings: these were arrested; their friends were arrested; the young civilians who had been seen in contact with them were arrested: it was a time of *suspicion*—terror was the order of the day. Orders were immediately dispatched to Turin, to Alexandria, to Chambéry. Everywhere they rushed on the men they suspected of adhering to the national party, whatever their age, to whatever rank they might belong. Everywhere the most rigorous investigations were instituted. They made them five or six at a time, the day after the arrest of some one of the directors, to make believe that they were the result of revelations. And yet further to increase the terror, they spread vague reports of discoveries of depôts of arms, of ammunition, of concealed papers. The people began to be exasperated: they threw them calumnies to feed upon. They dared placard the street-corners, stating that they had discovered subterranean passages, intended by the conspirators to blow up the barracks in different parts of the town, and with them all the unfortunate inhabitants of the neighbourhood. The accusation was absurd, and the work commenced in almost every corps in the army sufficed to give the lie to it; but it left the public some days uncertain. This was sufficient time for the Government: it was well-prepared to make use of it.

The Government knew very well that many men who were imprisoned could not be implicated in the enterprise; but by the multitude of arrests it hoped the subalterns would believe the thing to be altogether discovered; and that some, at least, would be enfeebled. In this it was successful, but by the aid of atrocious means. The news of the successive arrests were spread in the prisons: then, after some hours waiting, they redoubled their rigour against the prisoners, as if new proofs had risen all at once against them. The instructing officers—for the whole affair from the first, notwithstanding the protests of the bar, devolved upon military commissions—repeated that the Government knew all—that only one hope remained to the accused, repentance and a frank avowal: the gaolers shook their heads with an air of commiseration. The trials had yet scarcely commenced, when already condemnations of death were announced. At Genoa, they pushed the cruelty of their craft so far as to employ men to cry all night under the windows of the tower to the prisoners, *You will be all hanged*. At Alexandria, they compelled to pass before the cell of the prisoner Giovanni Re, the prisoner Pianavia, from the next cell; and a discharge of musketry, some few minutes afterwards, was intended to persuade him

that a capital sentence had been executed upon his companion. By such means demoralisation found its way into the hearts of the inculpated. Men, soldiers especially, who would have bravely affronted death on the battle-field, but who wanted passive courage, were enfeebled, and bought their pardon by denouncing that which they believed to be already known. And their denunciations, even when contradictory, and overthrown by formal denials on the part of others of the accused, decided sentences of death. Blood flowed in all the towns I have named above. The executions, confined sometimes to galley-slaves, on account of the refusal of the troops, took place at break of day, almost in the dark, like assassinations. In some places, in Alexandria especially, they were accompanied by refinements in cruelty equal only to the devotion of the martyrs; and whilst they compelled Vochieri, on his way to the scaffold, to stop under the window of his house, before the eyes of his wife, then pregnant, and who in consequence went mad, we saw the sergeant Miglio sanctify his last hour by bequeathing the little he possessed to the family of his companion on the scaffold, the fencing-master Gavotti, yet poorer than himself.

Ruffini had felt from the commencement of the reaction that his fate was decided: he waited it firmly. They warned him of his immediate arrest, they advised him to fly. He replied—that those whose example had led others into danger ought to be the first to die. Arrested, questioned, pressed, he contented himself with smiling. One day, he was called before the Auditor of War, Kati Opizzoni. "You are a brave young man," said the latter to him: "you have worked for good, and you bear to-day the appearance of a man of conviction. But see; you have believed yourself leagued with a band of heroes, and it is only a troop of cowards, who have betrayed you. You think to bury with you the secret of a holy cause, and you are sacrificing your youth, your family, your aged mother, in order not to confess that which your intimate friends have declared against you. Look, however!" And he passed a document before his eyes. It was a complete denunciation signed with the name of a friend possessing all his confidence.

The signature was forged. But for a man with a nervous sensibility like that of Ruffini, it was not the moment for a cool and clever verification. There was a resemblance. He believed it.

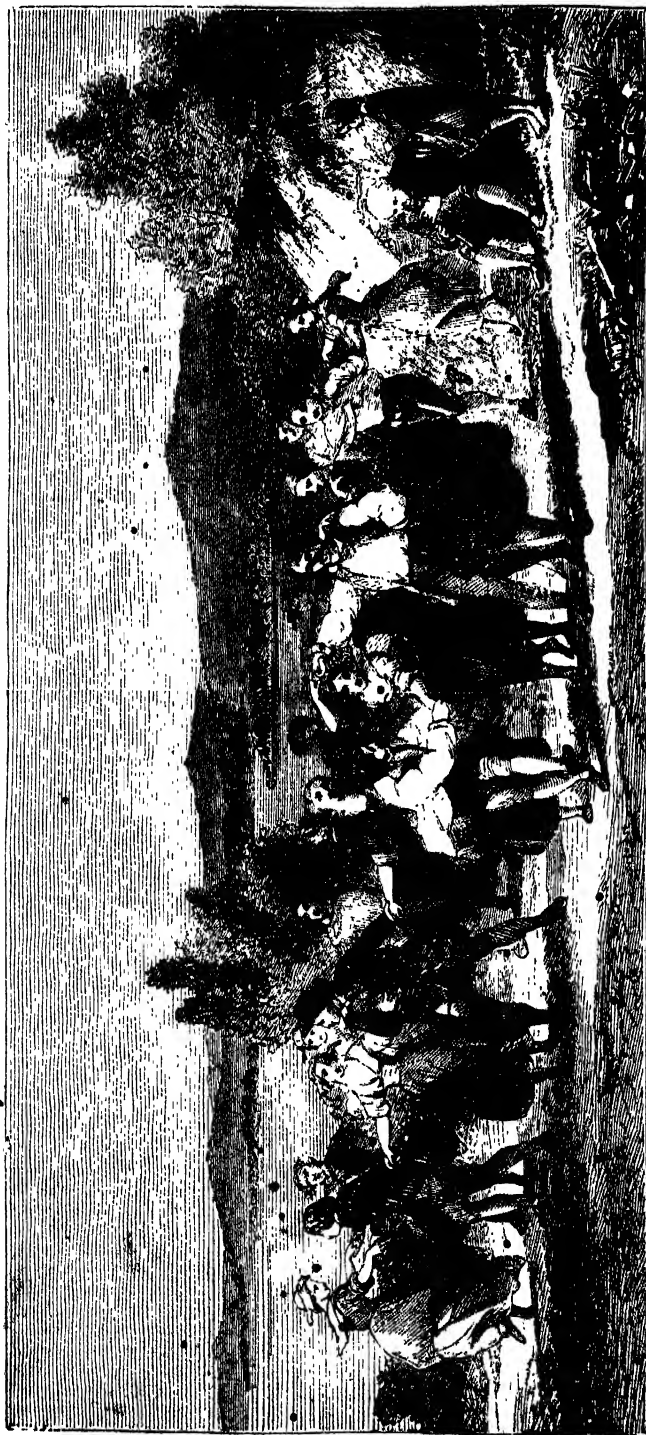
"Send me back to my prison," said he: "I am too much agitated at this moment. To-morrow morning you shall have my answer."

Returned to his prison, he tore a nail from the door, and opened a vein in his neck. In the morning they found his corpse, and on the wall of his prison these words written with his blood—"This is my answer: I leave my vengeance to my brothers."

I am the adversary of suicide, as of death-punishment. I believe that life is from God, and that it is not permitted to any one to desert his post, in the same way that it is not permitted to any one to hinder a man from returning, who by some action or other has momentarily abandoned it. But here suicide appears to me to elevate itself even to the height of a sacrifice. It is the speech of a man who says—"When your eye is about to sin, tear out your eye; when, owing to the wickedness of men, you feel yourself threatened to do evil, cast away your life; and rather than sin against others, charge your soul with a sin against yourself. God is great. He will shelter you, feeble being, under the vast wing of his pardon."

The Picture Exhibitions.

No. 2.



"THREAD THE NEEDLE." BY JOHN ABSOLON.

FROM THE NEW WATER COLOUR GALLERY.

THE PICTURE EXHIBITIONS

By THORNTON HUNT.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

MR. G. FIFE ANGAS'S AUSTRALIAN AND NEW ZEALAND GALLERY.

It would be a useful test for artists if the working classes were admitted freely to our Picture galleries; for, although in many respects less cultivated in taste than the present order of *dilettanti*, they are also less vitiated. They are kept to a simpler rule of life, and the essentials of existence are more constantly before their eyes. Perhaps, also, among some portion of them the emotions are kept under less of that artificial restraint that not only makes English manners very strange and unnatural in the sight of foreigners, but has a seriously tramping effect on English art. With very few exceptions, the figures in English pictures look as if they were not really engaged in the scene to be represented, but as if, drawn from each model under some "separate system," the portraits of those solitary persons were afterwards put together. However appropriate the expression in the face of most figures, it has also something of an abstracted look, like the countenance of a person unconscious of what is passing immediately around him. In fact, our English artists suffer in several ways from the national constraint of manners: they are debarred from the sight of passion in its outward manifestations, except on such rare occurrences of mortal crisis as they themselves share, when they are incapacitated for observation; they also undergo the same restraint of manner, and therefore of feeling; and they are debarred from the criticisms of those who feel the incidents of humanity with a freer poignancy. Anything, therefore, which could tend to enlarge the circle of their spectators and critics would serve their best interests. Some celebrated painter, (we forget who,) used to show all he did to an old woman, whose strictures he made a point of satisfying. A powerful writer of the present day, a master of style for force and clearness, used to read everything that he wrote to a young daughter, until that unsophisticated critic was taken from him; and everything that she did not distinctly understand was made right. Indeed your formal professed critics are not the only best: they may set forth principles, and explain the *reasons* of success or failure; the truest and most lively test of *results* is furnished by a mind, well trained and well balanced in itself, but not imbued with technicalities; which always have a tendency to distract attention from the end to the means.

The artists, therefore, might gain, even for their art, by a freer admission of the "humbler" classes. The working man would gain infinitely. His ideas would be multiplied: many that he already possesses would be rendered more distinct and forcible. Let him, for instance, enter the junior of those galleries which we enumerated last week—that of Mr. George Fife Angas, in Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Here many things that he has read about New Zealand and Australia will be exhibited to him in paintings so vivid and exact, that to behold them is like looking at the real things. This collection conveys positive information, of a kind which books cannot supply; such, for example, as the visible traits of the striking

distinctions between different races, which we lump together under the name "savages;" a distinction that no elaboration of words can make so distinct as Mr. Angas's highly characteristic portraits. The likenesses of the cruel chiefs Rangihaeata and Rauparaha, who murdered a party of English at Waitrau, contrasted with that of the intelligent and chivalrous Heki, are a curious and useful commentary on the newspapers of the day; we understand the passing history of New Zealand all the better for having seen those effigies. No description can make so plain to us as Mr. Angas's views do the aspect of Adelaide, in South Australia, one of the youngest cities in the empire—so English and yet so foreign! or the fantastic look of the kangaroos skipping on their hind-legs across the plain, before dogs and hunters. Nor is the illustration afforded by this gallery confined to Australia and New Zealand. sea views and mountain views are displayed to the dweller in the valley of the Thames,—the Londoner who calls a slight fall in the plain, like that near Berkeley Square, a "hill." The broad distinction, too, between savage man and civilised man is made plain. These illustrations have a wide and important bearing.

If we pass to collections professing to contain mere "works of art," the spectator does not the less positively add to his knowledge. Go to another junior gallery, that of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours, and you find it abounding in illustrations of history, geography, topography, and many another "graphy" or "ology." You have read of Venice—its strange standing on the waters, and magnificent beauty: you see it in the paintings of Mr. Charles Vacher: you are here entering the Grand Canal, so famous in history; and in another picture you see the Ducal Palace, scene of so many triumphs and so many tragedies; beyond it the two pillars between which criminals were executed, and that piazzetta of St. Mark, whose quay witnessed so many events memorable in the history of the maritime republic. You have read of Rubens the Magnificent: see the illustrious artist at work in "painting the *Chapeau de Paille* (straw hat)"—a portrait of his English wife, which passes by that title. Grant that the portrait of the artist himself fails to strike one as a good likeness: still, from this picture, you have a more definite and a more correct idea of the sort of thing that his room was—his costume, his friends, his wife, he himself—than you could derive from mere written description, or the working of your own fancy. You have read of "Richard the Second," and his "appeal to the mob after the attack of Wat Tyler;" see the tumult here, in Mr. Weigall's picture, numbered 302. More illustrations of history are furnished by Mr. Wehnert, Mr. Edward Corbould, and others.

Turn from history, to walk into the open air, and the scenes of nature. Look at many pleasant pictures in this same gallery, especially those of Mr. Duncan—one of nature's most modest and faithful pupils. See his "Pastoral scene—Sunset" (38); where you wander under a canopy of leaves amid aged tree trunks; dodging the rays of the setting sun, which now peeps beneath the leafy roof, and glows upon the hides of the cows: or, go forth now into the open seashore at Swansea, with his "Muscle Gatherers" (248); is not this peace and beauty? is not every tint pretty, every form picturesque? Why then, having seen how well it all looks, go and look at nature: she is as clever as Duncan—her pictures are as beautiful, if you will but fix your eye, settle your regard, and frame the view,

as it were, in your set purpose. Try how many Duncans you can paint for yourself in a Sunday stroll, with the very fields for your palette. You will learn to know her better then.

Some illustrations come home more powerfully to the beholder, for they concern human nature itself. Take, for example, Mr. Jenkins's two pictures—"Le Retour au Village" (The Return to the Village), 141, and "Le Recit d'une Grande Bataille" (The Recital of a Great Battle), 252. In the former a French soldier is returning from the wars, with hesitating steps and slow. He is tattered, and therefore poor; he is weary, and does not know what changes may have occurred in the home for which he longs: human courage falters at the threshold of unknown trials. In the other picture he is in possession of his home. His aged father, his wife, and children, listen absorbed, "and," as Virgil says, "hold their countenances intent.*" All look grave; and the wife's eyes are red. The emotions are those of human nature wherever it is found. They are here presented in a graceful and dignified aspect; not theatrical, nor affected, but with that grace and dignity that belong to true feeling. But the English spectator will see differences. There is different costume; the men's beards are "outlandish." He sees, then, that these differences are unessential; that beneath that outlandish garb there is the same heart; and that, in whatsoever garb, courage, and love, and the worship of high qualities, assume the same graceful and dignified mien.

Mr. Absolon's sketches are another lesson in the same spirit. His buxom girls are no more than what they seem—genial beings, with bodies attuned to enjoyment, and hearts to kindness. But how beautiful is the simplest of them—how engaging! We are apt to regard rude nature as being the simplest. It is quite otherwise. Rudeness thrusts upon the simple essence of human nature many uncouthnesses which do not belong to it. Such are removed by refinement. Natural taste and goodness of heart may do much in that way. Easy circumstances—the absence of causes for doubt, fear, or reserve—also much. An Italian peasant-girl, in some of the happier spots, is as simple a creature as can be, as engaging, and as much a "lady," as any woman in the world. Why? Because she has good faith, easy trust in those about her, and kind good-will towards them—the traits of real good breeding and courtesy. Where household difficulties, the supercilious treatment of other classes, and many influences that cause discontent, distrust, and angry selfishness, do not check the natural growth of the disposition, you may find the same natural good-breeding in England: it is commonest among women; but, strangely enough, it is in the factory-districts that you see it oftenest among men; where the cheaper literature of the day has told upon happy dispositions. Mr. Absolon's people are nothing but what the most rustic might be; they are rustics in their purest and best aspect—models for their class—lessons in bearing, and in the feelings of which outward bearing is the index. Nothing can be more natural or unconstrained than his group playing at "Thread the Needle" (173), of which we are fortunate enough to have a copy in our present number: human beings need be no more than they are in this picture to be very admirable and lovable;

let them look as they do here, and they must be as good. let them wish to be, and they have already made a great step towards it: but can they see this picture and not have such a wish?

THE PROGRESS OF MAY.

A Calendar of the Month kept in Surrey.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

MAY 1st.—Glorious weather! The real May of the poets. Warm, bright, and the landscape growing visibly richer every hour. Plum-bloom falling in showers; pear-trees white with blossom; chestnuts and sycamores making green patches in the woods and ledges. The larches gay with their delicate and delicious Spring green. Wild cherries in flower; rockets, purple and white, in full bloom in the garden; and the grape hyacinth, with its beautiful blue. Tulips and anemones of many rich hues abundant. The wall-flowers in the cottage-gardens—and nowhere are they more plentifully grown than here—rich masses of gold, from the deep ruddy to the pale. Delicious is their spicy odour. The primroses still continue their welcome bloom on the commons, which hereabout, scattered with oaks, and rich with thickets, in which hundreds of nightingales are singing, are like old tracts of fairy forest. The cuckoo is heard on all hands. The grasses grow deep. The pools and streams are quite white with the water ranunculus. The foxglove leaves are springing firm and green in the woods and on banks. Numbers of insects are flitting about, and visiting the flowers, or humming over the warm ground. The red, black-spotted butterfly, is out alighting and basking in the warm dust of the highway, or the footpath before you, elevating and depressing its wings, as if drinking in at every pore the sunshine as the spirit of life. The boys have caught already one of the most resplendent species of moth. The ichneumon flies are out, busy and alert as if they had fire in their veins. The gossamer, to my surprise, is seen here at this season, covering the grass with its films, and its cottony flakes of conglomeration threads flying in the air as in autumn. In the gardens the common currant is beautiful with its pendant racemes, and the red-flowering currant, which comes out in March, still continues its long-lived flowers.

MAY 4th.—Glorious weather still! Went to Hampton Court, walking over the meadows from Esher by Moulsey, with my daughter. We were struck with the wonderful progress of vegetation. The wild cherries in the woods were masses of snow. The woods were richly variegated with the trees in different degrees of leafiness. The hedges luxuriantly green, and throwing out the delicate odour peculiar to the hawthorn in Spring. Everything was beautiful; and the beauty of the very ditches, with their calthas, or king-cups, of richest green, and golden blossoms, their cardamines—pink and white ones, each very lovely flower—made us say how impossible it is in winter to keep alive the memory of the delightfulness of the country in spring and summer. The earth in its fresh greenness, the cheerful sunshine, the air full of delicate odours, make every field a paradise, and bring back our youthful feelings. The cowslips are sprinkled in millions over the meadows, but not yet in full blow; and the orchis (*Orchis morio*) already displayed its sweet purple. So

* The Virgilian reader may object that the adjective is here shifted from the listener to his countenance; but to express the same meaning that is the right position of the adjective in English.

beautiful was everything, that it was enough to make one sing, as the Spanish poet sings, of

THE NIGHTINGALE.

The rose looks out in the valley,
And thither will I go—
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The maiden is on the river-side
Culling the lemons pale;
Thither—yes! thither will I go—
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The fairest fruit her hand hath culled,
'Tis for her lover all:
Thither—yes! thither will I go—
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

In her hat of straw, for her gentle swain,
She has placed the lemons pale.
Thither—yes! thither will I go—
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

Our rosy vale, however, was the vale of the Thames. There ran the noble river, with its bankful, clear careering stream; with its willowy islands, and its swans gliding slowly along near the brink, or basking on the islands, where, sate an old mother-swan on its high-piled nest of rushes. What is finer than the banks of the Thames?—The lordly trees overhanging them, in parks, gentlemen's grounds, and gardens; and the rich colour of green meadows seen on all sides. Fishermen were at their punts, and skiffs, with gay people, rowing to and fro, all speaking of the wealth and enjoyment of a great people, and of the vicinity of the great metropolis of England.

We walked in the Palace gardens. Saw the *nemophila insignis* in flower; a low purple iris; the star of Bethlehem (*ornithogalum umbellatum*), with its pure white flowers, blooming about the feet of the tall limes in the avenues, where it had been planted with great taste. The abundance of wall-flowers gave great richness to the borders, and breathed forth their spiciness through the whole scene. On several of the flower-beds, long borders, of about a yard wide, of mixed cowslips, red and yellow, and oxlips, yellow and purple, presented a piece of the richest mosaic. It exceeded in beautiful effect anything I could have imagined from those simple English flowers. It is worth while for all who have gardens of any extent to have such borders; it shows, moreover, how fine, tall, and bold, these flowers become by cultivation. It is true that they are all *spring* flowers, and when their blow was over would leave a blank place; but they might be planted in rows, leaving a few inches' space between each row, so that when they were over, annuals planted between the rows would soon fill up the space with their beauty.

As we returned the nightingales were singing, both merry and sad. What various opinions have our poets given of the spirit of the nightingale's song. I might quote Milton, with his "most musical, most melancholy;" Coleridge, Keats, and others, in proof of this, but my space forbids. The song of the nightingale is, in fact, full of both joy and sorrow. The words of Milton, and the Grecian fable of the origin of the nightingale, have impressed the idea of the melancholy of this noble bird's song on the mind of poets. But the general character of its song is joyous, rapturous, full of an ecstasy uncontrollable and overflowing. It is like a mountain stream, running and leaping on in its beauty and riotous gladness, that is, when the bird is in full power and spirit. But, ever and

anon, comes a note of woe and wailing that pierces the heart unexpectedly, and goes down to the lowest depths with a most pathetic effect. It is just as if the bird were carried on in its song by a sense of restless present joy, yet in the midst of it, ever and anon, came suddenly the sharp sense of past sorrow, the memory of some tragic event, that can never be long altogether forgotten. While it sings and exults, and seems to feel all the felicity of the vernal season, and to express it as no other voice can express it, it seems to exclaim—"Oh, oh, oh! ah, well-away! but yet I am miserable! but yet that old horror, that woful separation, that inextinguishable grief, will come back again!" In another moment it throws itself again into the midst of the present, and makes the evening woodland, or the moonlight copse, ring with its triumphant music.

MAY 5th.—Saw the lesser butcher-bird; the cockchaffer; the blue-bells out in the warm woods; the meadow-saxifrage, and the *narcissus poeticus*, in the cottage crofts. Heard the farmer's maid-servant calling the men from the fields by knocking on the bottom of a pail with a stone. In some old-fashioned districts they blow a horn for the purpose.

MAY 8th.—East wind, with a blue haze, called here blight, but which is in reality, the smoke from London, visible with this wind forty miles down the country. Thunder, and vivid sheet-lightning, and a night's rain.

MAY 9th.—Still east wind, cold and blustering; tearing off the young branches of the fruit-trees, scattering the blossom like showers of snow, tearing off, also, the opening bunches of the lilacs. The sycamores in full leaf, and its racemes full of bees. The horse-chestnut rapidly pushing its upright thyrses into bloom.

MAY 10th.—How glorious is a genuine May-day, especially after rain! It realises all and everything that the poets have said of it. It is bright and rejoicing from the first. How soft, how dewy, how calm, and delicious is the early morning at three and four o'clock—a time when citizens—and many country people, too—don't know that there is any morning at all. Thousands and tens of thousands pass all their lives in the country, and never know the indescribable pleasantness of early morning in spring and summer. But the birds know it. It is then that they seem to enjoy their lives to the very height of their capacity. It is then that they have the world all to themselves, with the other creatures of the woods and floods. Man has not yet risen out of his lazy lair to disturb their felicity. The lounging keeper, with that everlasting gun on his arm, is not yet seen; he was up late last night on the watch for poachers. The waggoner has not yet disturbed the silence of the lanes with his bells, and grinding wheels, and jingling team. The village urchins, the earliest risers of the human race, have yet scarcely peeped out of their cottage-doors, and began to peer into hedges, and the holes of walls, or up into the apple-trees of the orchard, for birds'-nests. The sun has not yet risen, but a beautiful and most cheerful opal light fills the eastern sky, and tells that he is hastening on his way in "his strength, and is evermore smiling a glorious farewell to some eastern land. What a clamour of birds' voices; the whole air rings with them. How pearly lies the dew on the green-sward along the lane-side, on the short turf of the common; how sweet is the fresh odour of the new leaves of the wild rose, that hang around you at "this sweet hour of prime."

Rose! Rose! open thy leaves!
 Spring is whispering love to thee.
 Rose! Rose! open thy leaves!
 Near is the nightingale on the tree.
 Open thy leaves,
 Open thy leaves,
 And fill with balm-breath the sun-lit eves.

Lily! Lily! awake, awake!
 The fairy wanteth her flowery boat:
 Lily! Lily! awake, awake!
 Oh! set thy scent-laden bark afloat.
 Lily, awake!
 Lily, awake!
 And cover with leaves the sleeping lake.

Flowers! Flowers! come forth, 'tis spring!
 Stars of the woods, the hills, and the dells!
 Fair valley-lilies, come forth and ring,
 In your green turrets, your silvery bells!
 Flowers, come forth!
 'Tis Spring! 'tis Spring!

MAY 20th.—The country is now the perfect paradise of May. The foliage all round you presenting nothing but the most delightful and delicate hues of amber-green. The limes in large avenues, as those in Hampton Court park, stretching out their sweeping branches, and lifting aloft their heads in a tenderness of verdure that seems ready to melt at the touch, and to belong only to some ethereal clime. The chestnuts in full flower; the sycamores sounding with thousands of bees. The grass knee-deep, and full of flowers. The dear old cowslips lost in the luxuriant herbage springing around them, are retiring from the scene, as if conscious that their day is over, and that myriads of gay successors must take their brief turn in the sun, and in the admiration of man. The hawthorn is bursting into flower; and all the air is so soft, odorous, and delicious, that it is a luxury to breathe it; and the anglers now stealing along the grassy banks of streams, seem to require none of their ordinary attribute of patience, but to have enough of the enjoyment of life in a quiet consciousness of sunshine, lapsing waters, grassyness, and blossoms and music on every bough. How delicious is it now on the banks of the Wye in Wales, or of its lovely namesake in Derbyshire; of the Dove, rushing on amidst its natural spires and pinnacles, and its grey and shrubby rocks: on the banks of any of them amongst the green hills of the Peak, with thousands of larks singing over head.

The migratory birds are all come now; dear old friends from their far travels. Birds'-nests abound in tree, in bush, and in the green standing corn. Young birds now begin to show themselves, especially robins. The fooks are ready to fly with their young ones to the luxurious summer-life of green fields and leafy trees all the country over. River banks and thickety hollows are deep with a rampant growth of mallows, the mustard tribes, and wilderness masses of the giant coltsfoot.

MAY 28th.—In gardens, rododendrons, laburnums, lilacs, wisterias, yellow broom, China roses, small phlox, stocks, trolius, peonies, columbines, and the like flowers abound. In the fields, the red poppies begin to flame out. The fern-owl and the grasshopper-lark are heard. The abele-tree is just putting out its leaves as white as snow, making a striking contrast amongst the other trees, especially pines. In heaths and forests the young ruddy shoots of the Scotch fir, the crimson tassels and light foliage of the larches, refresh the eye; and eye and ear find constant pleasure in noting the plants and flowers peculiar to the dry turf, and the birds which too are only found there. In woods, the bluebells now are glorious.

MAY 30th.—The bloom of the apple-trees is now over, and young green fruit begins to be visible

on the various trees, as plums, apricots, peaches, nectarines, young gooseberries nearly ready for tarts. The quince is in full bloom, with its pale delicately-flushed flowers, pale yellow-green leaves, a very lovely variety amongst other trees.

The hawthorn hangs thick and almost overpoweringly-sweet with blossom. The days are warm, almost hot, and the evenings begin to have a summer aspect. As you cross the heaths, you see here and there solitary people in the twilight cutting up furze. You hear the wood-pigeons and tittle-doves cooing deeply and sonorously in the woods. The voice of the cuckoo comes from the distant trees, rich and continuous. The fern-owl keeps up his whirring note after eight o'clock, exchanging it now and then for a sharp *quit, quit*. The thrush and the nightingale sing bravely in the woodlands; and the cuckoo, quitting its leafy hiding-place, flies past with cowering wings, and its peculiar cry when in motion, most resembling *quoc, quoc, quoc*, of any sound we can make. In the heat of the day, on the heaths, you see the adder coiled up on the sunny sides of a gorse-bush or a heathy slope, and as you approach, rearing his head about six inches above the coil of his ruddy-brown body, and threatening you boldly; and little shining brown lizards run here and there amongst the heather, and look at you with their glittering eyes. They are pretty and perfectly harmless creatures, though the country people call them cfts and askers, evidently corruptions of asps, and believe them venomous. Our children, however, particularly admire them, and take them up without the least fear or injury.

By the river-sides, the May-flies are now out, settling on the water, and rising again from the surface at their pleasure. Now with their wings aloft, pressed together, forming a sail by which they are driven by the breeze; now soaring away for awhile, and then settling again on the flood. But, anon, a sudden puff of wind upsets them—their wings adhere to the surface of the flood, they flutter, a watchful enemy below, the trout, sees the motion, springs up, and swallows them. The banks of these rivers, as you sail up between them, are beautiful with overhanging grass and bushes covered with bloom—whole loads of lilacs, quinces, roses and honeysuckles, when you pass gardens and shrubberies—and hawthorns, bluebells, and the like, along the fields and woods. The very sedges, with their dark-brown heads, are beautiful; and the rough-leaved cumfrey, with its white or pink tubular flowers, not less so. The water-hen, seated on her nest on the stump of some tree, or on some little island inaccessible to people on land, dreaming not of approach by boats, till she sees you and covers closer, is a pleasant sight; and still pleasanter the swan on hers, a frequent object on the Thames. The king-fisher flitting along with his tawny-red breast, and green back, and quick cry, assures you that his nest, too, is not far off, but deep in the river-bank.

Such is the glorious career of May; one of God's most lavish revelations of paradisiacal beauty and sweetness on earth. All the world of nature is a heavenly world during May—but like all other charms and delights here below, it posts rapidly away—it is a dream rather than a reality—it is—was! Nay, hold it fast! Seize it by that spray of blossom—by that!—it is gone!—and ardent, open-faced June, stands before us, and laughs at our bewilderment. Who shall say—"I will wait for this fair time till another year?"

Our Library.

THE CHRONICLES OF CLOVERNOOK,

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

THE HERMIT OF BELLIFULLE.*

By DOUGLAS JERROLD.

This is really too bad! Here is another land discovered which it concerns us all to know the exact locality of—yet we are again left in utter ignorance. "We doubt—so imperfect are all the maps," says our author, with ill-concealed satisfaction, "if any man can drop his finger on the spot, or point to the blessed locality, of that most blissful village. He could as easily show to us the hundred of Utopia; the glittering weathercocks of the Atalantis." Then why does not the discoverer step at once into the shop of Mr. Wyld, at Charing Cross, and set the maps right? Of course he knows the exact latitude and longitude. And if he is so unpatriotic as to care nothing about British interests and British glory, he must please to remember there are others who do not share in his views. Has he forgotten that it is our great mission to spread abroad the blessings of civilisation? We hesitate not to express our belief that Mr. Jerrold ought to be compelled to explain the position of Clovernook, in order that a detachment of troops be instantly sent out. Missionaries, as usual, might then follow. What a transformation of the place might not be made in five years!

It is true, that in one part of the book we are led to believe that the whole is but a fabulous creation—that Clovernook was the work of some Sprite of Fancy; this he says was

The Creation of Clovernook.

The sprite took certain pieces of old, fine linen, which were torn and torn, and reduced to a very pulp, and then rade into a substance, thin and spotless. And then the sprite flew away to distant woods, and gathered certain things, from which was expressed a liquid of darkest dye. And then, after the old, time-honoured way, a living thing was sacrificed; a bird, much praised by men at Michaelmas, fell with bleeding throat; and the sprite, plucking a feather from the poor dead thing, waved and waved it, and the village of Clovernook grew and grew; and cottages, silently as trees, rose from the earth; and men and women came there by ones and twos; and in good time smoke rose from chimneys, and cradles were rocked. And this, so snith fable, was the beginning of Clovernook.

But we don't believe a word of it; for this reason; Mr. Jerrold has but done just what we know he would have done had he really discovered such a new country. We know that, like his predecessors, Sir Thomas More and Lord Bacon, he would have said, God forbid I should turn such a wicked and miserable world into such a virtuous and happy one! And that belief of theirs is, no doubt, the reason why we have not now our regular line of packet-ships between England and the mysterious countries in question. Therefore we confess our own belief in the existence of Clovernook; and are further convinced that when men are determined to find it out, they will not have very far to go, or be very long in their wanderings, Mr. Jerrold's incommunicativeness notwithstanding. The first thing, evidently, is to find the guide. We shall be sure to know him after once scanning this portrait of

The Hermit of Bellifulle.

The Hermit appeared between fifty and sixty—nearer sixty. He would have looked tall, but for his breadth of shoulder and bow of belly. His arms were short, thick, and sinewy; with a fat that might have throttled a wild boar or a keen attorney.

* Punch Office, Fleet-street.

Altogether he was a massive lump of a man, hard and active. His face was big and round, with a rich, larder-look about it. His wide, red cheeks were here and there jewelled with good living. As gems are said by some to be no more than a conglomeration of the rarest essences attracted and distilled from mother earth, so were the living rubies burning in the cheeks of the Hermit, the hardened, incarnated juices of the deer of the forest—the volatile spirits of the vine. The Hermit had no nose; none, ladies, none. There was a little nob of flesh, like a small mush-room, dipt in wine, which made its unobtrusive way between the good man's cheeks, and through which he has been known to sneeze; but impudence itself could not call that piece of flesh a nose. The Hermit's mouth had all the capacity of large benevolence; large and wide, like an old pocket. There seemed a heavy unctuousness about the lower lip; a weight and drooping from very yellowness—like a ripe peach, cracking in the sun. His teeth—but that he had lost one, as we afterwards learned, in active service on a Strasburg ham—were regular as a line of infantry, and no less dangerous. His forehead was large; his black hair waning into grey, save that one lock, which grew like the forelock of old Time, was raven still. His eyes were small, and so deep in his head, no man ever saw the whites of them; there they were, like black beads sunk in scarlet flesh. Such is the poor, weak picture of the glorious living face; and then every bit of it shone, as though it had been anointed with sacrificial fat. The Hermit's voice was deep and clear; and he had a sweet, heart-warming chuckle, which came like wine gurgling from a flask. The very pope of hermits was the Hermit of Bellifulle.

The Hermit of BELLIFULLE; yes, that is the practical philosopher who will introduce us into Clovernook, and into many similar places, the kingdom of As-you-like included. The Hermit of Bellifulle is, however, anything but a mere sensualist.

MAKE YOUR BED AS A COFFIN,
AND YOUR COFFIN WILL BE AS A BED,

is one of his practical rules of life. Let us glance at him in another aspect.

Sheep Bells—A Reverie of Life.

"The sheep-bells. How beautifully toned," we said. "Of all rustic sounds our favourite music."

"To me," said the Hermit, "the sheep bell sounds of child hood; yea, of babyhood. In the world without us, it hath often been to me a solace and a sweetness. I have seen little of the green earth—knew, alas! little of its softening loveliness, its beautiful records of God's tenderness to man in herbs and flowers, that in their beauty seem sown by angel hands for man's delight. Of these things I had little seen or known; I was so early built up in the bricks of a city, otherwise, sir, harsh thoughts and foolish sneers evil and folly begotten in a too-early, sordid strife with man, perhaps, had not defiled me. The sheep-bell was the one remembrance—the one thought still dwelling in my brain, and with its sometime music calling up a scene of rustic Sabbath quietude. Swelling meads in their soft greenness, hedge-rows, and their sparkling flowers; a row of chestnut trees in blossoming glory; a park; a flock of nibbling sheep—a child, the mute, yet happy wonderer at all."

"And the scene charmed by the simple sheep-bell?"

"Even now," said the Hermit, "it is in certain moods my best music. Many an evening have I seated myself on that mossy cushion, at the foot of yonder beech-tree, and leaning back with folded hands and closed eyes, have let my brain drink and drink its stiling sounds; and I have gone off into day-dreams, heaven knows where. I have been in the holy East; have heard the flocks of the Patriarchs, and seen Rebecca at the well."

But since we cannot go ourselves to Clovernook—at least not just yet—to investigate for ourselves, or by a Government commission, the manners, customs, and modes of life and thought of these new countries, we must content ourselves with such information as the fresh discoverer thinks proper to give us. Here is his

Account of the Kingdom of As-you-like.

"After the king came the nobility; that is, the men who had shown themselves better than other men, and whose virtues were worked into their titles.

"Thus there was the Duke of Lovingkindness; the Marquis of Sensibility; the Earl of Tenderheart; the Baron of Hospitality; and so forth. Touching, too, was the heraldry of As-you-like. The royal arms were, charity healing a bruised lamb, with the legend *Dieu et pais*. And then for the coach-panels of the aristocracy, I have stood by the hour, at holiday times, watching them; and tears have crept into my eyes, and my heart has softened under their delicious influence. There were no lions, griffins, panthers, lynxes—no swords or daggers—no short verbal incitements to man-quelling. Oh, no! One nobleman would have for his bearings a large wheaten loaf, with the

legend—*Ask and have*. Another would have a hand bearing a purse, with the question—*Who lacks?* Another would have a truckle bed painted on his panels, with the words—*To the tired and footsore*. Another would display some comely garment, with—*Wear clothes for eggs*. Oh! I could go through a thousand of such bearings, all with the prettiest quaintness showing the soft, fleshy heart of the nobler man, and inviting, with all the brief simplicity of true tenderness, the hungry, the poor, the weary, and the sick, to come, feed, and be comforted. And these men were of the nobility of As-you-like; nor was there even a dog to show his democratic teeth at them.

"The church was held in deepest reverence. Happy was the man who, in his noon-day walk, should meet a bishop; for it was held by him as an omen of every manner of good fortune. This beautiful superstition arose, doubtless, from the love and veneration paid by the people to the ministers of religion, who, from their tenderness, their piety, their affection towards their flocks, were looked upon as the very porters to heaven. The love of the people placed in the hands of their bishops heaps and acorns of money, but as quickly as it was heaped, was it scattered again by the ministers of the faith, who were thus perpetually preaching goodness and charity at the hearths of the poor, and the poor were every hour lifting up their hands and blessing them. It was not enough that the bishops were thus tollsome in their out-door work of good; but in the making of new laws and amending of old ones, they showed the sweetness, and, in the truest sense, the greatness of the human spirit. During my stay in As-you-like, what we should call the House of Lords, but what in that country was called the House of Virtues, debated on what some of their lordships deemed a very pretty case to go to war upon; and sooth to say, for a time the House of Virtues seemed to forget the active benevolence that had heretofore been its moving principle. Whereupon the bishops one by one arose, and from their lips there flowed such heavenly music, in their eyes there sparkled such apostolic tears, that all the members of the House of Virtues rose, and with one accord, fell to embracing one another, and called all the world their brothers, and vowed they would talk away the misunderstanding between themselves and neighbours; they would not shed blood, they would not go to war.

"And this was ever after called the peace of the bishops.

"The second deliberative assembly was called the House of Workers. No man could be one of these, who had not made known to the world his wisdom—his justice—his worship of truth for truth's sake. No worker was returned upon the mere chance of his fitness. He must be known as an out-door worker for the good of his fellow men, before he could be sent, an honoured member, to the House. The duty of the assembly was to make laws; and as these were to be made for all men, it was the prime endeavour and striving of the workers to write them in the plainest words, in the briefest meaning. They would debate and work for a whole day—they always assembled with clear heads and fresh spirits every morning at nine—to enshrine their wisdom in the fewest syllables. And whereas here with us we give our children Goody Two Shoes and Jack and the Beanstalk, as the easiest and simplest lessons for their tender minds to listen on, in As-you-like the little creatures read the Abidgement of the Statutes for their first book; so clear, so useful, so direct as to be in its meaning and its purpose.

"Nevertheless, as there were some dull and giddy folk, who, after all the labour of the House of Workers, could or would not know the laws, there were certain meek and loving-kind professors called goodmen guides, answering to our attorneys, whose delight it was, for the very smallest imaginable sum, to interpret and make known the power and beauty of the statutes. And whereas, among us, physicians and surgeons—may the spirits of charity and peace consecrate their firebrands!—set apart a portion of the day to feel the pulse of stricken poverty, to comfort and solace the maimed and wasting poor—so in As-you-like did these goodmen guides give a part of their time to the passionate and ignorant, advising them to abstain from the feverish turmoil of law; showing them how suspense would bake their blood and eat their hearts, and wear and weigh down man's noble spirit. And thus, these goodmen guides would, I may say, with a silken string, lead men back to content and neighbourly adjustment. When men could pay for such counsel, they paid a moderate cost; when they were poor, they were advised, as by the free benevolence of the mediator.

"The people of As-you-like had, a thousand years or so before, waged war with other nations. There could be no doubt of it, for the cannon still remained. I saw what at one time had been the arsenal. There were several pieces of artillery; the swallows had built their nests under their very mouths. As I will not disguise anything, I own there were a few persons who, when a war was talked of, the war so happily prevented by the bishops, strutted and looked big, and with swollen cheeks gabbled about glory. But they were smiled at for their simplicity; advised, corrected, by the dominant reason of the country, and, after a time, confessed themselves to be very much ashamed of their past folly.

"Perhaps the manner in which the As-you-likeans transacted business was strange; it may appear incredible. I was never more surprised than when I first overheard two men dealing for a horse. One was a seller of horses, the other seemed a comfortable yeoman. 'That is a pretty nag of yours,' said the yeoman. 'Pretty enough outside,' said the horse-dealer. 'I will

give you ten lumps for it,' said the farmer (the *lump* signifying our pound). 'No, you shall not,' answered the horse-dealer; 'for the nag shys, and stumbles, and is touched a little in the wind. Nevertheless, the thing is worth four lumps.' 'You have said it!' cried the yeoman. 'I have said it,' answered the horse-dealer. Understand, that this is the only form of oath—if I may so call it—in As-you-like. 'You have said it!' 'I have said it.' Such is the most solemn protestation among all people, from the king to the herdsmen.

"The shops in As-you-like are very beautiful. All the goods are labelled at a certain price. You want, let us say, a pair of stockings. You enter the shop. The common salutation is—'Peace under this roof,' and the shopkeeper answers—'Peace at your home.' You look at the stockings, and laying down the money, take the goods and depart. The tradesman never bonds his back in thankfulness until his nose touches the counter; he is in no spasms of politeness—not he; you would think him the buyer and not the seller. I remember being particularly astonished at what I thought the ill manners of a tradesman, to whom I told my astonishment. 'What, friend,' he said, 'should I do? My neighbour wants a fire-shovel—I sell a fire-shovel. If I ought to fling so many thanks at him for buying the fire-shovel, should he not first thank me for being here with fire-shovels to sell? Politeness, friend—as you call it—may be very well, but I should somehow suspect the wholesale dealer in it. Where I should carry away so much politeness, I should fear I had short weight.' A strange people, you must own, these As-you-likeans.

"Taxation was light, for there was no man idle in As-you-like. Indeed, there was but one tax; it was called the truth-tax; and for this reason. Every man gave in an account of his wealth and goods, and paid in proportion to his substance. There had been other taxes, but all these were merged into this one tax, by a solemn determination of the House of Virtues. 'Since Providence has given to us the greatest measure of its gifts, it has thereby made us the chancellors to poorer men.' Upon this avowed principle, the one tax was made. 'Would it not be the trick of rogues to do otherwise?' they said. 'Should we not blush to see the ploughman sweating at his task, knowing that, squared by his means, he paid more than we? Should we not feel the robbers of the man—not the Virtues banded together to protect him?' And thus, there was but one tax. In former ages there had been many; for I was shown in the national museum of As-you-like several mummies, dry and coloured like saddle-leathers, that in past centuries had been living custom-house officers and excisemen.

"There were prisons in As-you-like, in which the idle and the vicious were made to work, and taught the wickedness, the very folly of guilt. As the state, however, with paternal love, watched, I may say it, at the very cradles of the poor—teaching the pauper, as he grew, a self-responsibility—showing to him right and wrong—not permitting him to grow up with, at best, an odd, vague notion, a mere guess at black and white; there were few criminals. The state did not expose its babies—for the poor are its children—to hang them when men.

"So dear were the wants of the poor to the rulers of As-you-like, that, on one occasion, in a year of scarcity, the monarch sold all his horses—the beautiful cattle went at 70,000 lumps—and laid out the money in building school-rooms, and finding teachers for pauper babies.

"And the state, believing man to be something more than a thing of digestion, was always surrounding the people with objects of loveliness, so that a sense of the beautiful might be with them even as the colour of their blood, and thus might soften and elevate the spirit of man, and teach him true gentleness out of his very admiration of the works of his fellow. Hence, the museums and picture-galleries, and Abbeys and churches, were all thrown open to the people, who always seemed refined, subdued by the emanations of loveliness around them.

"There were very many rich people in As-you-like, but I never knew them to be thought a bit the better of for their money. They were thought fortunate—no more. They were looked upon as men who, having put into a lottery, had had the luck to draw a prize. As for the poor, they were always treated with a softness of manner that surprised me. The poor man in As-you-like seemed privileged by his poverty. He seemed to have a stronger claim to the sympathies of those, in worldly substance, over him. Had a rich man talked brutally, or domineered over, or ill-used a pauper in As-you-like, he would have been looked upon as we look upon a man who beats a woman. There was thought to be a moral cowardice in the act that made it so dear despicable. Hence it was as common in As-you-like to see the rich man first touch his hat to the poor, as with us for the pauper to make preliminary homage to wealth. Then, in As-you-like no man cared to disguise the smallness of his means. To call a man a pauper, was no more than with us to say his eyes are grey or hazel. And though there were poor men, there was no famishing creature, no God's image, sitting with his bony, idle hands before him, like a mandarin in a cage—brutalised, maddened by the world's selfishness.

A word in conclusion, of simple earnestness. The *Chronicles of Clovernook* is a book that when one has laid it down fresh from the perusal and enjoyment of its more evident qualities—its quaint

plan, its rich and unctuous humour, its delicate and brilliant sarcasm, its poetical touches of pastoral life, or its deep, and occasionally tremendous revelations into the depth of the human heart, should be taken up again for the study of its latent philosophy. One occasionally hears Mr. Jerrold's "bitterness" complained of in quarters that ought to know better. In the merest superficial sense of the term, there may have been some colour given to the charge in that gentleman's earlier writings. The more generous the mind, the more certain is its tendency, at the outset of its career, to attack wrong wherever, and under whatever circumstance, it is met with. But this is certain, the charge is not true in any sense *now*; and were the cry anything better than a parrot one it would have ceased long ago. No great writer of our day, (and we look upon Mr. Jerrold as fast assuming his place as one of the very greatest), has a more earnest faith in, or more heartfelt love for, humanity—no one is labouring more assiduously or more successfully to make humanity worthy of such love and faith.

POEMS

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN*

It is at once a good evidence of the progress the people are now making, and a fresh security for their further progress, that the young *Mind* of the nation is almost universally devoted to their cause. It is a rare thing, for instance, in our times, to see a young poet appealing to any limited circle of readers—still rarer to see any poet doing so, whose original powers make one at all anxious as to the direction in which, and the objects for which, they are developed. It is hardly necessary to tell the readers of the *People's Journal*, who have so lately read Miss Toulmin's charming story of *The Tempters and the Tempted*, that the sympathies of the young and accomplished authoress are entirely with the many—with their joys and sorrows, with their struggles, failures, and successes. Not the less, however, we think, will they be glad of such a new evidence of the fact as the following poem furnishes:—

The Death of the Pauper Peasant.

'NEATH the summer's sun, and the winter's snow,
Through Youth and Manhood's time
He won by the toil that furrow'd his brow
Deep, in his early prime,
The homely food, and the garments rude,
And shelter from wind and weather;
Up—up with the sun, his work was begun
Ere the birds sprung from the henthier.
Plough—sow—delve away,
The harder the work, the less the pay;
Do we not know
The world goes so?

But the shelter that kept out weather and winds
Had the magical name of Home;
A word that is dearer to English minds
Than palace or lordly dome.
There were garments rude, and homely food,
For a little loving band;
And a wife was there, once young and fair,
To clasp the horny hand,
And bless it—through God—that its strength could give,
Not store for old age—but the means to live!
For the poor have hearts—and 'tis thought they know,
A feeling of joy from one of woe.

Old Age—he hath pass'd by years the span
That the Psalmist, we know, "measured out to man,"
And Fortune, the blind, for him doth rehearse
The mournful and terrible Roman curse.
His children have grown grey-headed—and died,
Why doth he not lie in the grave beside?
For England is bleak to the poor and old,
She knoweth no worth but the worth of gold;
She doth not attempt to understand
The noble labour of head or hand;
Her soul must be dead, if it never mounts
To a Heaven beyond "red-lined accounts!"

And the horny hand is feeble now,
And the full bright eye is dim;
And his scanty hairs are white as snow,
And he totters in every limb.
Yet may it not be, that memory
Lives through the wreck of years?
Does he call on Death, with that gasping breath,
And the fast descending tears?
Oh! the world is cold
To the Poor and Old,
For he cannot work, and he doth not steal,
And only the poor for him can feel!

'Tis Poverty gaunt the shelter gives,
And a homely couch spreads there;
Though she can no more, and only lives
Herself on the scantiest fare.
But she hath kind words, that wake the chords
Of grateful tenderness!
Oh, spoils the least, of the wealthy's feast,
Would soothe the 'hours' distress!
But the Law says, "No,
It must not be so,
Away from the scene that mirrors Home—
Away, to the parish workhouse come!"

Life's sands are ebbing few and fast;
Thank God, he hardly knows at last,
The meaning of the words they say!
"Up—up, Old Man! come—come away,
Though cold and wet December's day;
But harsher than the melting sky
The hearts that turn him forth—to die.

There are other poems we should gladly have copied into these pages did our space permit; and indeed, one more we must try to make room for:—

The Blind Girl's Lament.

It is not that I cannot see
The birds and flowers of spring,
'Tis not that beauty seems to me
A dreamy unknown thing:
It is not that I cannot mark
The blue and sparkling sky,
Nor ocean's foam, nor mountain's peak,
That e'er I weep or sigh.

They tell me that the birds, whose notes
Fall rich, and sweet, and full,—
That these I listen to and love,
Are not all beautiful!
They tell me that the gayest flowers
Which sunshine ever brings,
Are not the ones I know so well,
But strange and scentless things!

My little brother leads me forth
To where the violets grow;
His gentle, light, yet careful step,
And tiny hand I know.
My mother's voice is soft and sweet,
Like music on my ear;
The very atmosphere seems love,
When these to me are near.

My father twines his arms around,
And draws me to his breast,
To kiss the poor blind helpless girl,
He says he loves the best.
'Tis then I ponder unknown things,
It may be—weep or sigh,
And think how glorious it must be
To meet Affection's eye!

The poetical spirit and power contained in this little volume can need no better exponents than the above lyrics.

* W. S. Orr, and Co., Paternoster Row.

† See case reported in the *Times*, Dec. 1843.

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

THE KNOLL, AMBLESIDE,
May 18th, 1846.

SIR,—Sitting here in my quiet home, in the quietest of valleys, or crossing the mountains which close it in, I watch the ways and fortunes of the world; and with so much interest, that I sometimes long to seek for sympathy by saying what I think and feel of the world's ways and fortunes. Will you permit me to send you monthly some of the comments I cannot help making as I read of human life and its affairs? Passing by great political and other notorious events, which speak of themselves to all minds, I shall offer nothing like a chronicle; and the incidents I notice may often appear few and small. They will always be such as have spoken strongly and affectingly to my own mind. On this ground alone could I venture to offer them.

I now send you my first "Survey from the Mountain."

Yours respectfully,

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

SURVEY FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

I. It is a striking thing to stand watching a clear sky on a summer night, and, after detecting here and there the minute twinkle of a little star till we see them by myriads, to be startled by the uprising of a large majestic planet, which will ascend higher every moment, and be the conspicuous object of the rest of the night. But, to my mind, it is much more striking to contemplate the great collection of men's actions and views, from the time when the race began to act till now, and observe that the chief duties of men were no more perceived and put in action first than the larger stars rise before the lesser ones. One great duty which we are now learning in some degree to understand,—the care of Health,—seems scarcely ever to have been thought of by people of former times in any country.

Savages do not know how much health is in their own power. They eat unwholesome things at unwholesome times; subject themselves to damp, heat, and cold; have usually little idea of cleanliness; and, when they suffer from illness in consequence, think some god or other is angry and punishes them. Civilised heathens had no notion of duty in the matter of preserving their bodies in health, though they had of bearing pain well when it came. They followed their appetites, or the fashion of the time—bathed too much—ate and drank too much—lived fantastically, instead of rationally; and Christianity itself, being misunderstood, did not at first teach men better. They did not see that the virtues of temperance, chastity, cleanliness, and moderation in all things are virtues, because they preserve the human being in his highest and best condition. Worse even than this, they took hold of some passages of their blessed religion to join with it a superstition which we now see to be debasing even to the lowest pagans in the darkest parts of Asia and Africa;—that it is right and pleasing to God to neglect and win the body to the utmost for the sake of the soul;—as if the body and the soul were in opposition to

each other, instead of being made to depend on each other. So Christian hermits starved their bodies, and lived in dirt and cold till they grew stupid and wrongheaded while they thought they were holy; and monks and nuns shut themselves up in convents, and died off, sickly and wretched; just as some pagans, in our time, torture their bodies and starve their minds, and think that they please their gods by becoming idiots.

In our time, a beginning seems really made to understand this matter better. We reverence more the hand of God in the structure of our bodies, the more we learn how we "are fearfully and wonderfully made." We see more and more how an ailing and feeble body is unfit for the service of God or man, and we seem willing to try whether we cannot keep or improve our health, and help others to do so. We are still very far from the mark; but every newspaper we open contains some sign that we consider ourselves bound to take care of our bodies as well as our minds. There are many curious fancies, to be sure, and many mistakes. Temperance societies appear not to see clearly what temperance is;—namely, eating, drinking, and doing only what agrees with us. Advocates of the water-cure, right as they are about the efficacy of cold water, advise what is sometimes an intemperate use of it. But the fundamental notion is a right one in these cases; and we have besides a building of baths and wash-houses in many places, and a thronging of people to them. More and more persons make a conscience of having their children vaccinated. An idea of having a wholesome dwelling, well drained, and sweet and clean, is gaining ground among working men; and we hear more wishes that coffee, tea and sugar, were untaxed, that they might be used instead of ardent spirits.

The number of fatal cases of small-pox, expressly mentioned in the district registrar's notes for the first quarter of this year, is 326. Of these, only 16 were after vaccination, (and it is not even sure that all these were properly vaccinated); 171 were certainly not vaccinated, and the remaining 139 are supposed not to have been so. One must hope that such a fact as this must convince and rouse any parents who have hitherto been ignorant and careless of the duty of having their children secured against the small-pox.

Another fact of the time is, that the cholera is again approaching us. It is spreading from Asia, and has already crossed the Russian boundary. There is time to consider what we can do to make it as little mischievous as possible, if it should visit us—probably in a few months. It will be wiser to begin now to keep our persons and houses clean, to preserve our general health by wholesome and temperate food and exercise, and by encouraging in our homes a cheerful tranquillity of mind, than by making a fuss when the time comes with white-wash and flannel petticoats, and drugs and new diet, all tried in hurry and panic. This seems to be the duty of the time—and when we have done it, we may learn to see that there need not be an amount of deaths by fever every year double the number of the slain of the allied armies at Waterloo. And then again, when we have done what we can to put an end to this regular fever-slaughter, we may learn some other matters of conscience—how the moderate use of the brain is necessary to the health of the whole body; and how great is the sin of unhealthy people marrying, and of ill-assorted marriages of every kind; in short, having once become convinced that it is a prime duty to preserve the body by obeying the laws

of-nature, we shall be incessantly learning how to do this better and better: which is the same thing as learning to enjoy life more.

II. I am almost afraid to touch upon the subject of opinion—so full are my head and heart of what I would fain say upon it;—upon the nature of opinion, its importance in itself, and that perverted view of its importance which causes men in all ages to be persecutors. Of these things I will say nothing now: but since the month came in, some incidents have occurred which I cannot pass over. A letter has been received from Fulda, in Hesse Cassel, Germany, telling a fearful tale of the excitement caused by the supposed conversion of a Catholic priest to the reformed religion, of which M. Ronge is the head. The young priest, whose name is Schnell, was expected home at Fulda, from Frankfort, by the diligence, at six o'clock in the evening of April 23d. A crowd of 300 people assembled, resolved to kill him. Some carried sticks, some knives. The diligence arrived without him. The mob went to his house, smashed the windows, and burst in. They found there two young women—the sister and cousin of the priest. They beat these young women cruelly, cutting them with their knives on the face and breast, and at last tore out the eyes of Mlle Schnell, and departed, threatening farther violence. The police arrived too late to do more than arrest some of the mob at random. The young women were removed to the hospital, and were believed to be dying. Some persons call this, with emphasis, a Popish persecution: but let us see how matters stand in our Protestant country.

The Bishop of Exeter solemnly warns the House of Lords, and from his place there, the whole country, that the safety and glory of the nation are doomed to pass away on occasion of the repeal of some old enactments against Roman Catholics;—enactments which impose pains and penalties on them on account of their religion. The long standing war between the Catholic and Protestant principle in relation to temporal government enables us to understand the above. But what are we to think of a man being denied the ordinary legal protection to life and property, because he holds neither principle? A newspaper-reporter appeared at the Bow Street police-office, to prefer a charge of assault against another. He had been sworn, when the defendant's counsel instigated the question whether he believed in the book he held? He did not. He further declared, in answer to questions, that he did not believe in the being of a God. The magistrate, Mr. Jardine, offered some exhortation, which was of course fruitless under the circumstances; and then the complainant was dismissed with insult. We have nothing to do here with the manliness, or the contrary, of the defendant's counsel, nor with the nature and tendency of the complainant's opinions, nor with Mr. Jardine's hope of converting him on the spot by exhortation in a police court; nor can we, I think, question the inability of the magistrate to grant justice in the case. It appears that the law of England forbids the administration of the oath, and consequent prosecution of the case, under the circumstance of a man's declaring his disbelief of the gospel on which he is to swear. What we have to do with, is the practical outlawry of a citizen on the ground of his opinions on religion. The contumely with which the complainant was treated is the affair of those only who expressed it. It disgraces themselves and not the object of it; and we may leave them under the disgrace. But the civil disability inflicted on a man who is not charged with any

civil offence, but who has morality enough to forego the protection of the law rather than deny his opinions, is the affair of us all. We see the inclination of the ignorant and passionate among men rather to excuse an act of moral wrong than an opinion different from their own; and we call this ignorance and passion. But when we meet this ignorance and passion embodied in the law of the land, we feel shocked, ashamed, and alarmed, that every one of us is living under such a law. The practical part of the mischief lies in the imposition of the oath;—an oath which cannot be conscientiously taken, according to its terms, by a very large number of persons entitled to the protection of law. Some, as is well known, twist its meaning to save their consciences: some utter it merely as a form, necessary to attain their object: while some, as in this case, when brought to reflection, are compelled to decline it, and to submit to a denial of justice. The removal of such a stumbling block on the threshold of justice is an object within our hopes and our means, if patiently and perseveringly sought. We must endeavour to secure, as a substitute for the oath now imposed, a mode of affirmation which shall involve no speculative opinion, but express merely a solemn intention to speak the truth. No oath could bind a person who would tamper with such an affirmation; and every body knows that the existing oath does not bind slippery consciences among professed Christians, any more than so-called Atheists. As for bringing about a true and general liberality in regard to opinions, the shortest way is for every one of us to respect the opinions of others, be they what they may, as we would have our own respected. In these matters we, ignorant and fallible at our best, are not made "judges one of another."

III. May 6th.—"The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of 10*l*," &c., &c. How often we see in the newspapers acknowledgments like the above, from ministers of state and private individuals, of sums of money under the signature of "Restitution," "Conscience," "Justice," "Penitence," or the like! If restitution of money is frequent, we may hope that there is much of other kinds going forwards, of which there is not the same occasion for us to hear reparation for slander or other injuries. Such testimonies to the supremacy of Conscience are truly cheering. We put them by in our memories—lay them up as treasures in our hearts, by the side of the precious examples which, thank God! are never wanting, of men and women who forego anything that the world can offer them, rather than impair in the least the freedom and peace of their integrity. Testimony is never wanting that our weal and woe lie in our own hands, and in no others.

IV. "In reading of the incidents of the time, nothing strikes me oftener, or more painfully, than the want of courage which is manifested by men, and which passes unrebuked and undespised (as cowardice), in an age when a certain degree of manliness is supposed indispensable, and is, in common speech, taken for granted. In almost every newspaper, we see advertisements imploring the return of some father, husband, son, who has absconded, in difficulty, or in the apprehension of it, leaving those whom he is bound to protect to struggle on in despair. "If A.B. would not break his wretched mother's heart"—"If C.D. would communicate with his unhappy family"—and so on: and usually we find an intimation at the end, that all will be hushed up—that affairs can be

arranged, and so on. Supposing one insane here and there, still, how many dastards there must be, running away from the consequences of their own conduct, and leaving the innocent and helpless to suffer from them!

Then again—the seductions! How dreadfully frequent are the cases of men growing hard and brutal—(the brutality of cowardice)—when the victims they brought up from the country importune them for bread in the towns! A man brings up to town the lass he is in love with—persuades her to leave for him her father's little farm or cottage—despises the mother's anguish, and the father's shame, and accepts the girl's too easy trust; finds her and her child a burden—and, when he marries, a nuisance; drives her away from his door with cruelty, or, impelled by fear of disgrace, uses foul means of riddance. From beginning to end, the whole conduct is cowardly—whether the dastard be an army officer who can march up to the mouth of the enemy's cannon, or a thief who can make his bow with an air on the scaffold, or a “decent tradesman,” who lives in a perpetual panic lest his wife should hear of the misdeeds of his former life. A man's courage is shown by the way in which he meets—not great evils chiefly—but those which he understands. A thief who goes hardily to the gallows is not the less a coward, if he is too ignorant to comprehend the awfulness of death, and if he has shrunk from the inconveniences consequent on his vices. How much more of the spirit of true courage do we often find in the victims of these cowards! What generous forgiveness, what indelible attachment, what self-sacrifice, what extraordinary freedom from vindictiveness, do we see in the despised outcasts whom the cowards of society have ruined! There is a case now pending, which must have awakened many minds to consider these things. A man in Westminster is in custody on the charge of brutally assaulting, and throwing out of the window, the woman who lives with him. While she was in the hospital, too ill to give testimony, several witnesses swore to having heard him say he would throw her out, and to having seen him take her by the middle, and throw her out. The woman, on rallying enough to make her deposition, declares that she threw herself out. As the case is undecided, it is not for us to declare whether her solitary testimony is meant to screen her murderer from justice. I will only say that it reminds me of something that happened when I was in America, in the city of Philadelphia. A gentleman of that city had brought up from the country a farmer's daughter, whose heart he had won under promise of marriage. The cholera soon reached the city; and one winter's night she was seized with it. On recognising the symptoms, her lover turned her out into the bitter frost, and commanded her to make no noise outside, but to go away, if his character would be injured. She went away, creeping on till, in the middle of the night, she fell on a door-step, and lay there in agony, till found by the watch, and carried to the cholera hospital. There, every sort of entreaty, and even threats, and every bribe that the circumstances admitted of, were employed to induce her to tell her own name and that of her betrayer. “No; it would hurt him with his family; it would hurt his character.” For him she denied herself the last intercourse with her family: for him, she died nameless and lonely. By whatever name of opprobrium some may call this fallen creature, I feel that she was in herself of an angelic nature. Her bright wings were all ruffled and soiled, no doubt, by the filthy

hands she had permitted to grasp them, and pull her down into the slough of sin and shame: but the angelic nature was still there, ready to rise again when released by the death mercifully sent to her so early. This story, and others which have come to my knowledge, must prevent my ever participating in the feelings of contempt and disgust ordinarily entertained by British ladies against this class of oppressed sufferers. One such instance as I have related above takes from the most irreproachable of women all right to cast out with contempt erring beings who yet have qualities which prove their sisterhood with the purest and highest. They claim from us that pity which is due to all sufferers; and moreover, those retrieving efforts, without which the deepest pity is of no avail. Our courage, on their behalf, must go as far as it will to repair the cowardice of their betrayers.

THE HISTORY OF A DECORATION AND ITS INVESTITURE

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, the celebrated French poet and novelist, is decorated with the crosses and orders of all countries and of all colours; he wears them suspended from his neck upon his breast, and attached to the button-holes of his coat. It is really delightful to hear him relate the history of all his crosses, he holds all those honours so cheap, his vein is so humorous, his wit so sparkling; and when he has run through the string of their narrative, one would almost wish he had a few more, to hear him still expatiate upon them. The following is the faithful history of one of these, as related by himself, and is curious, as the estimate of such distinctions in the eyes of genius.

A few years since, Alexandre Dumas passed through the city of Lucca. He is too well bred a man not to render to every sovereign the honours due to him; so he immediately proceeded to pay his respects to Prince Charles-Louis. The Prince received him with the most gracious urbanity. The acquaintance was soon formed; the two gentlemen were seized with a most lively sympathy for each other; they became quite intimates. The Prince opened his heart to the man of letters, and requested a favour of him. Throughout the whole vast extent of his thirty-four leagues square dominions, there was not a man to whom he could confide a project of the most eminent importance. He was in fact desirous to have his armorial bearings lithographed; it was in vain that he had sought for an artist from one end of this kingdom to the other, he had not found a single individual capable of gratifying his princely desires, and he entreated Alexandre Dumas to have the precious work executed for him in Paris. The poet promised his highness that which he so ardently required—and he kept his word. About a fortnight afterwards Duke Charles-Louis received his blazon lithographed by a first-rate hand. The lithograph was accompanied by—the bill, that most awkward of all appendages to goods delivered; it amounted to the large sum of 200 francs! but the Prince did not, could not, perhaps, see the invoice, or may be he forgot so trifling an amount; and Alexandre Dumas was in for the recommendation. He never for a moment reviled against that destiny which had made a crowned head his debtor, not he. He had forgotten all about his 200 francs, when one

fine morning his servant—Alexandre Dumas keeps a servant—announced his Excellency the Marquis of —, ambassador of his Majesty the King of —, and also minister plenipotentiary of his Highness the Duke of Lucca. The Marquis waited on the Poet, however, only in the latter capacity. "Sir," said the ambassador, "my master, the Duke of Lucca, has commanded me to invest you with the grand cordon of his orders, and I am most happy to be the bearer to you of that agreeable intelligence."

"I am deeply penetrated with gratitude towards his Highness, and towards you, M. le Marquis," replied the poet, "and I accept it. But,—will it be very expensive?"

"A mere nothing. His highness will excuse you the more considerable fees."

"But the amount. Be so good, M. le Marquis, to name the probable amount."

"It will be about 200 francs."

"Two hundred francs. Oh! very well; I consent to that; but it must not exceed 200 francs. His highness is so good as to owe me that sum, and I will hold him quits in exchange for his grand cordon."

It was agreed between the ambassador and the creditor, that in no case the price of the decoration should exceed 200 francs; and the order of Lucca from that moment reckoned one dignitary more.

"Such is the manner," relates Alexandre Dumas, "in which I obtained my eighth cross; all the others have been conferred upon me on occasions quite as serious. 'Tis certainly eccentric rather, but nevertheless true."

Every person who receives decorations from crowned heads has not the same candour as Alexandre Dumas.

P.

Poetry for the People.

THE RAGGED-SCHOOL TEACHER.

BY ARNHELDT WEAVER.

"I lately paid a visit to Windsor, where a school has been established on the Ragged-school principle. There were upwards of 100 young persons present, from the age of 10 to 18. I heard them read, some very well indeed, and answer questions which, but a few weeks ago, might just as well have been put to the very bores upon which they were sitting. And who had done all this? Not the Court! Not the Peers! Not the Clergy! Not the Dissenting Ministers! Not the wealthy inhabitants of the neighbourhood! No! It had been done by a poor and humble Chimney-sweeper, who sat there with his dirty face, teaching and doing more good than thousands of others of ten times his capacity."—*Rev Robert Austin's Lectures on Ragged Schools, February 3, 1846.*

His wealth does not consist in gold;
No servants has he at command;
No land he owns; and yet he is
A monarch in the land.

For heaven infused a royal soul
Into his human mould at birth;
And gave him noble work to do—
The noblest upon earth.

Fidly he does a reverend task,
And occupies a reverend seat;
Roots from neglected minds the tares,
And plants therein the wheat.

The simplest folk can now perceive
That he who doth obstruct the mind—
Who finds and leaves men ignorant,
Is foe unto mankind.

Thus, portly fathers of the church,
And statesmen who uphold the state,
If ye would hold your empire long,
With this man emulate.

What though he be of lowly birth,
And you are sprung from lineage high?
The useful work a man performs
Is his nobility.

He is the poor whose work is great;
A man is measured by his deed;
But God, ennobles all who strive,
Though they do not succeed.

The seed we cast into the soil,
The soil with liberal hand repays;
And he who does a noble work
Makes fruitful all his days.

Our seed the richest produce bears
Our soil repays a thousand-fold—
A good thought dropped into the mind,
The harvest is untold.

They only are the kings of earth
Who sway the sceptre over mind;
And THIS KING, in his school, bequeathed
A kingdom to mankind!

AN ALMANACK AND CALENDAR FOR THE COMING MONTH.—JUNE.*

BY CAROLINE C. WHITE.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Astronomical Phenomena:—

Sun rises at 51 min. past 3, and sets 5 min. past 8, on the 1st; and on the 30th rises at 48 min. past 3, and sets at 18 min. past 8.

Moon rises at 2 min. past 11, on the 1st; and on the 30th rises at 56 min. past 10, sets at 2 min. past 11.

—'s Changes.—In the first quarter on the 2nd, 30 min. past 5, morning. At the full on the 9th, 36 min. past 3, afternoon. In the last quarter on the 16th, 38 min. past 6, morning. New moon on the 23rd, 48 min. past 5, afternoon.

Mars an evening-star throughout the month.

Mercury a morning-star at the beginning of the month; invisible towards the end.

Venus a morning-star throughout the month.

Birds.—None heard after the end of June, except the stone-curlew whistling late at night.

Sheep-shearing, begun last month, is generally completed this. Before the fleece is removed the sheep are washed. It is one of the most ancient, as well as picturesque operations of rural life.

Sports.—Cricket-matches and boat-races are of frequent occurrence.

Weather.—The temperature of the air does not attain its highest point till the two following months: the dryness of the atmosphere, and the consequent amount of evaporation, are at their height. The average number of days on which rain falls is under 12. Mean temperature 58 deg. 7 min.; highest, 90 deg.; lowest 37 deg.

1. MONDAY.—*Whit Monday.* The festival of Whitsuntide, instituted 813, to commemorate the Feast of Pentecost, and so called because in the

* Among the works examined for this paper, we must acknowledge our especial obligations to the excellent British Almanack, Forster's Encyclopedia of Natural Phenomena, and Howitt's Book of the Seasons.

primitive church the newly baptized persons, or catechumens, wore white garments. The modern Jews celebrate this feast two days—dressing their synagogues and houses with garlands, and abstaining from all secular employment.

2, TUESDAY.—*Whit Tuesday.* Another holiday. Here is a model for the mode of spending it, from Howitt's delightful *Book of the Seasons*. "To steal away into a quiet valley, by a winding stream, buried, completely buried, in fresh grass; the foam-like flowers of the meadow sweet, the crimson loose-strife, and the large blue geranium, nodding beside us, the dragon-fly, the ephemera and the king-fisher, glancing to and fro, the trees above casting their flickering shadows on the stream; and one of our ten thousand volumes of delightful literature in our pockets."

Fairs.—Greenwich. Wells; cattle and horses.

3, WEDNESDAY.—*Ember week.* Oxford Mich. Term begins. Roses now begin to blow in succession, apple trees quite out of blossom, and wall-flowers no longer in perfection.

4, THURSDAY.—Peas, beans, and sweet-scented vernal grass, now diffuse their fragrance. The common jay, frequents our gardens, and makes havoc in the bean rows; the fox-glove and red poppy beautify the fields; the elder tree is in flower, and the grasshopper heard; and the fern-owl may be seen of an evening pursuing the fern-chaffer, its favourite prey.

Event.—British Institution, founded 1805.

5, FRIDAY.—Wild roses (*Rosa Sylvestres*) begin now to flower in the hedges abundantly; as for example, the Scotch rose, white dog-rose, common dog-rose, apple-bearing rose, downy-leaved rose, and many others, which, during this and the next month, enliven the hedge-rows and woodland places. Now and then a red poppy flowers in the gardens and in warm places about this time.

Biography.—The birthday of Adam Smith, the celebrated author of the *Wealth of Nations*, a work which may almost be said to have done for political economy what Sir Isaac Newton's *Principia* did for physical science.

Event.—Slave trade abolished 1807.

Fairs.—Malmsbury; cattle.

6, SATURDAY.—The general character of June, in the happiest seasons, is fine, clear, and glowing, without reaching the intense heat of July. Its commencement is the only period of the year in which we could possibly forget that we are in a world of perpetual change and decay.

Biography.—Jeremy Bentham, the philosopher, died 1833.

7, TRINITY SUNDAY.—Proper lessons for the morning service, Gen i., Matthew iii. Evening service, Gen. xviii., 1 John v.

Events.—The Royal Exchange founded by Sir Thomas Gresham, 1560; his crest was a grasshopper. The punishment of death for forgery done away with in the House of Commons by a majority of 13 votes, 1830. Reform Bill passed 1832.

8, MONDAY.—St. William of York. Strawberries in flower plentifully. Sword-lilies become common.

9, TUESDAY.—Most fresh-water fish are now

in season, and will bite eagerly; fly-fishing is become animated, especially for trout, which is in its glory. The angler's life is now delightful; the country about him a paradise full of greenness and flowers; the birds shower their songs upon him from every bough, and now, if ever, he has sport to his heart's content. Flies from the 1st to the 24th, the greendrake and the stone-fly; from the 12th to the 24th, the green-drake and the owl-fly; late at night, a purple hackle, a flesh fly, the peacock-fly, the ant-fly, a brown gnat, a little black gnat, a grasshopper.

10, WEDNESDAY.—The splendid scarlet of the red poppy among the corn is an object of great beauty; its appearance indicates the presence of the summer solstice. Doubtful poppy (*Papaver dubium*) grows more on walls and waste places, and is of a paler red colour.

Fairs.—Shrewsbury; cattle, horses, sheep.

11, THURSDAY.—*St. Barnabas.* Corpus Christi. In all Catholic countries celebrated with music, lights, and flowers; these are strewn along the streets, and the richest tapestries hung out upon the walls. In the churchwarden's accounts of St. Mary-at-hill, in the City of London, 1486, the following entry occurs:—"For rose garlandis, and woodrove garlandis, on St. Barnabas' Day, xjd."

Biography.—Roger Bacon died at Oxford, 1294. Professor Dugald Stewart died 1828. His name remains an honour to the philosophy and literature of Scotland.

12, FRIDAY.—Easter Term ends. The cuckoo, usually first heard about 20th of April, is common all May, and till about St. Barnabas Day, when his note gets hoarse, and it is a rare thing to hear him after the commencement of the autumnal season.

Fairs.—Haverfordwest, cattle, horses, sheep, &c.

13, SATURDAY.—It is now the beginning of the solstitial season. Poppies, pinks, roses, now begin to flower plentifully. The days have attained their full length; a beautiful twilight takes the place of night. The leaf is fully expanded. The vernal Flora begins to go off, and the heat of Midsummer succeeds. Swifts and swallows are now very numerous; when the latter fly very low, we must expect rain.

Fairs.—Whittlesea; horses and cattle

14, SUNDAY.—First Sunday after Trinity. Proper Lessons for the morning, Josh. x., Mark xiv.; evening, Josh. xxiii., 2 Cor. xi

15, MONDAY.—Good farmers now should follow up their weeding with diligence. The charlock, bugloss, or catstail, and poppies, spread themselves over the fields. The yellow-rattle is a great nuisance in the pasture and mowing fields.

Events.—The New London-Bridge founded with great ceremony, 1825.

16, TUESDAY.—The meadows are still in full flower with the yellow crowfoots and buttercups, the grass being rarely cut by this time. The midsummer beetle, or fernchaffer, appears, but is not numerous till midsummer.

17, WEDNESDAY.—Swallows are now numerous. They are often capricious in fixing on a nesting-place, beginning many edifices, and leaving them unfinished; but when once a nest is completed in a sheltered place, it serves for several seasons.

Those which breed in a ready-furnished house get the start of the others by ten days or a fortnight.

Biography.—Addison, the celebrated writer and contributor to the *Tailor* and *Spectator*, died at Holland House, Kensington, 1719. The birth-day of Wesley, the founder of the Methodists.

Events.—The first English canal opened, 1761.

Fairs.—Grimsby; sheep.

18, **THURSDAY.**—Sweet William abundant. This plant is a native of Southern Germany; it is a favourite in our gardens, coming into flower in the middle of June, and continuing till the end of July; it is said to derive its common name from St. William de Monte Virgine. It is certain that most of our English names for herbs are of monkish origin, and many of them have a religious allusion. The French call this flower *Oeillet des Poetes*; the Italians, *Garafano*; others, sops in wine.

Biography.—Cobbett died, 1836.

Events.—Battle of Waterloo, 1815.

Fairs.—Droitwich; cattle, cheese, and wool.

19, **FRIDAY.**—How delicious are the evenings become; the frosts and damps of spring are past; the earth is dry; the night-air balmy and refreshing; the glow-worm has lit her lamp; the bat is circling about; the fragrant breath of flowers steals into our houses; the bees hum sensorious music amid the pendant flowers of the sycamore tree; the cockchafer is hovering around it; the stag-beetle in the south soars cheerily in the clear air; and the moths flutter against the darkening window-pane.

Biography.—Sir Joseph Banks died 1820. He and Dr. Solander, a pupil of Linnaeus, accompanied Captain Cook in his voyage round the world, and became famous among men of science throughout Europe.

Events.—Magna Charta (a body of laws—the great barrier of English liberty) subscribed to by King John at Runnymede, (a meadow between Staines and Windsor, now the site of Egham race-course,) 1215.

Fairs.—Northampton; horses.

20, **SATURDAY.**—Overseers to fix on church-doors notices to persons qualified to vote for counties to make claims.—N.B. Persons on the register need not make a new claim, unless they have changed their qualification or place of abode.

Events.—Accession of Queen Victoria, 1837.

21, **SUNDAY.**—Second Sunday after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service, Judges, iv., Luke v.; evening, Judges v., Galat. v.

The Longest Day.—On this day there is an interval of sixteen hours and thirty-four minutes between the rising and setting of the sun, which interval is longer than on any other day in the year.

22, **MONDAY.**—Tench (*Cyprinus Tinca*), makes a loud snapping noise with the lips, as it rises to the water's surface, from June to the end of August, in warm weather, at night.

Fairs.—Horncastle; horses and cattle.

23, **TUESDAY.**—Glow-worms become frequent. They are also called St. John's worms, from appearing about the Feast of St. John the Baptist. Monkshood, wolfsbane, and larkspur, are now in full flower; the long blue spikes of some of these flowers in our cottage gardens are called blue rockets; they are many of them poisonous.

24, **WEDNESDAY.**—*Midsummer-day.*—Bourne

tells us, that in his time it was the custom, in the north of England, chiefly in country villages, for the old and young people to meet on the eve of this day, and be merry over a large fire which, of whatever material it consisted, was called a bone-fire; over and about this fire they frequently leaped, and played at various games, such as running, wrestling, and dancing. The custom still exists in Ireland, in Spain, and in Germany. Stowe, in his survey of London, tells us, that on the vigil of St. John the Baptist, every man's door being shadowed with green birch, long fennel, St. John's wort, orpin, white lilies, and the like; had also lamps of glass with oil burning in them all night.

Biography.—The celebrated patriot, John Hampden, killed in battle, 1643. A memorial erected on Chalgrove-field, the scene of his last and fatal struggle with the Royalists, 200 years after his death.

Fairs.—24, 25, 26, Boughton Green, Northamptonshire; miscellaneous. Cambridge (for a week); miscellaneous.

25, **THURSDAY.**—The fernchaffer comes within the solstitial season, about June the 26th; they are, like the cockchafer, erroneously called May-bugs, but are distinguished from them by their green bronzed backs, the cockchafer being brown.

26, **FRIDAY.**—This is a busy month in the operations of insects: an ample fund of amusement may be found in watching the operations of wasps, and the mechanical arts of bees. The angler's May-fly, golden-green beetle, the cuckoo-spit insect (*cicada spumeraia*), the stag-beetle (*lucanus cervus*), the largest of our insects, with a great variety of butterflies and moths, are now abundant; and glow-worms, called St. John's worms, and in German, *Johannis Wurmen*, appear in banks and hedges.

Events.—First stone of the London Docks laid 1802; opened Jan. 30th, 1805

27, **SATURDAY.**—The grass is by this time ready for cutting in most parts of England, and if not already cut, we advise the farmer to take advantage of the least prospect of a few fair days to cut it, in case of a wet July, which sometimes happens.

Fairs.—Wigan; horses and cattle.

28, **SUNDAY.**—Third Sunday after Trinity. The proper lessons for the morning-service, 1 Sam. ii., Luke xi.; evening, 1 Sam. iii., Ephes. v.

Events.—Queen Victoria crowned 1838.

Biography.—Rubens born 1577

Fairs.—Higham Ferrars; horses and cattle.

29, **MONDAY.**—St. Peter and St. Paul cockscomb, or yellow-rattle, blows; and when it appears the grass is said to be fit for mowing. Gooseberries begin to be coloured.

Events.—Quarter Sessions begin in this week.

Fairs.—Frankfort-on-the-Oder; manufactured goods. Spalding; cattle and horses.

30, **TUESDAY.**—The green fruits of the orchard are becoming conspicuous, and the young nuts in hedges and copes peep from their fringed husks. The garden presents ripe cherries; melons, strawberries, and gooseberries, and currants, assuming tints of ripeness, are extremely grateful. Grapes are now in flower.

Biography.—William Roscoe, the friend of liberty, and author of the life of Lorenzo de Medici and Leo the Tenth, died 1831.

Fairs.—Bridgenorth; cattle, wool, &c.

The Picture Exhibitions.

No. 3.



THE DISGRACE OF CLARENDON. By E. M. WARD,

FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

By THORNTON HUNT.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The exhibition of the Royal Academy is justly accounted the best that has been seen for many years. It contains some pictures which are masterpieces in their kind; a great number which display much ability—many more in the aggregate than former exhibitions could boast; and very few previous shows have been so little disfigured by positively bad performances. To the spectator who goes unprepared by technical knowledge, who regards pictures less as tests of manual skill than as so many creations—real scenes recalling history or outward nature, or giving body to the fancies of fiction—the collection possesses singular interest from its abundant variety.

The abundance, indeed, is its fault. Few things can be imagined more bewildering to the uninitiated than the being turned in, with no guide but the numerical catalogue, among a wilderness of some thousand pictures, covering the walls without any order pertinent to their subjects or to the artists by whom they are executed; save some coarse classification with respect to better or worse places—a distinction which is said to go much by favour.

The pictures are arranged under the superintendence of a "hanging committee," appointed by the Royal Academy. More in number are sent annually than the rooms of the national building will hold, and the task of arranging pictures of all subjects, all tints, and sizes, is obviously one of great difficulty. Perhaps some sense of difficulties that can be so little appreciated by the public hardens the consciences of the hanging committee against the blame which they annually incur, especially from those artists whose productions attain only indifferent places. But one bad effect of the present promiscuous distribution seems altogether to have escaped notice. In the utter absence of classification the spectator is not only deprived of some guidance in his observation of the pictures, but is positively baffled by irrelevant and perplexing comparisons which force themselves upon his sense, even when he is not aware of it. The want of its arrangement is unjust to the artist whose painting is placed in juxtaposition with others, less skillfully, but more gaudily painted, which impart to it a coldness not proper to it. But, moreover, precisely to the same extent the spectator is betrayed into false conclusions, which tend to obstruct and vitiate his judgment. Pictures seem to him laden which are modestly painted, or those glaring which are harmonious in themselves, but are unduly contrasted with others of a very cool tone. Variety is pleasing, but the chaos in the succession of subjects, where it runs through so multitudinous a gallery, helps to bewilder both the observation and the memory, and to foil what is a really useful comparison, that between the manner in which different artists treat cognate subjects, and even that between pictures by the same artist. In the Louvre the arrangement is simplified by placing each artist's pictures all together. In the ancient part of that national gallery, for instance, all the Rubenses are together, all the Titians; in the modern part, all the Horace Vernets. You have, therefore, at least this advantage, that you can step from the cluster

of pictures by one painter, viewing them as a whole, to that by some other painter whom you wish to compare with the former.

Perhaps it would greatly contribute to the pleasure and advantage of the beholder if the classification were further improved by placing together all pictures of an analogous kind. The spectator is, at present, forced to jump from subject to subject of the most opposite natures; from grave to gay, from lively to severe; from serious to burlesque, from ridiculous to sacred, and in that jumping process, of course, it is impossible for the mind to become attuned to an harmonious train of thought. The effect is something like that of reading a collection of "fugitive pieces," by "various hands," in an *Elegant Extracts*; where the mind, never dwelling long enough on any one class of subjects to become imbued with its spirit, is balked of its full impressions, passes carelessly on, and acquires a habit, as it were, of "skipping." The enervating influence of such a process need not be insisted on.

In entering the Great Exhibition, the spectator would do well if he could bear in mind the injurious effects of the promiscuous distribution, so as to check them as far as they can. One means of doing so is to fix your attention steadily on any one picture that you think worthy of a thorough perusal. So far as colouring and execution go, it is not a bad plan to isolate the picture from its neighbours, by looking at it through the hand, which you form into a sort of little telescope for the purpose. Steadily avoid the habit of allowing your eye to wander over a dozen pictures at once.

The present exhibition does not abound in what is understood to be the higher class of historical paintings. Few can even pretend to that designation, and those few are not among the most remarkable in point of ability or interest, but there are some illustrations of history which, in our view, would be more beneficial to the untechnical beholder. You cannot go far before you are stopped by a scene full of figures, full of energetic expression. There is something seriously the matter—some portentous event impending. The catalogue calls it "Ordeal by Touch" (11). The old superstition is well known: if a man were murdered, persons suspected were made to touch the body; and it was believed when the real murderer touched it the congealed blood would begin to flow. There is no doubt, that, so long as the practice was believed, it practically tended to the discovery of the murderer; whose reluctance to undergo the ordeal, and whose whole bearing, naturally betrayed him. And we see such a case in the picture before us: the murdered man is stretched on a bier, in a church—his wife is at his feet, claiming justice—grave ecclesiastics superintend the ceremony—nobles stand around—every eye is fixed upon the countenance of the man who is now called upon to touch the body: the strained limbs, the convulsed effort by which he endeavours to retain his self-possession prove the working of conscious guilt. You know that he is the murderer; and those who stand around, believing in the rite, see that it leads to the detection of guilt. Is it wonderful, therefore, that they still believe in its sacred authenticity? The painting is by Mr. MacIasc. Faults are to be found with its execution; but it is full of life and animation, and at least brings forcibly to the eye the practical workings of that ancient usage.

We have read of the violent confiscations of monastic property which tarnished the Reformation

in England, not less than it was tarnished by the unworthy motives of Henry VIII., whose criminal voluptuousness it was made to subserve. Even where it worked to good ends, it often did so by harsh and unworthy means. Even where it visited those who had done wrong, it did so with needless cruelty—with a base malevolence which was worse than the wrong redressed. Here is a scene of the kind:—"The Visitation and Surrender of Syon Nunnery (at Isleworth, Middlesex) to the Commissioners appointed by Cromwell, in the reign of Henry VIII.," painted by Mr. P. F. Poole (575). Monks and nuns were incited to accuse each other of misconduct, in order to justify the spoliation; and here that bad manœuvre is at work. While rude porters are bringing out into the hall the resources and substance of the convent, base betrayers in monkish dress are exposing the religious sisters to the commissioners; and feminine reserve is outraged by the rough tyranny of the irregular court. There may be some stiffness in the picture, something inartificial in the quaint attitudes of the nuns and the sauciness of their features; but on the whole the scene is well expressed, and viewing it, we feel more keenly the misdeeds of that cruel period.

Other reflections are suggested by Mr. Eastlake's "Visit to the Nun" (121), and Mr. Uwins's "Making a Nun" (300).

Besides these general illustrations of the spirit of history, some positive incidents are depicted. There is "The Knighting of Drake by Queen Elizabeth," the work of Mr. Hollins (437), or "The introduction of Flora Macdonald to Prince Charles Edward," by Mr. A. Johnston (374). Mr. A. Egg puts before you the frivolous women and reckless cavaliers of Charles the Second's Court, in a picture (490) which he calls "Buckingham Rebuffed." Buckingham wooed the beautiful and silly Miss Stewart, who beat him in building card-houses, and treated his suit with contempt. Here she is building a card-house, and pertinaciously paying no regard whatever to Buckingham; who sits by in swelling displeasure, gay to the extreme in his attire, and mortified to a pitch of the tragical in his countenance. The spirit of dissolute gaiety, the beauty of the ladies, the effeminate gallantry of the men, are excellently brought forth.

Another illustration of the same period is furnished by Mr. E. M. Ward, in "The Disgrace of Lord Clarendon, after his last interview with the King—Scene, at Whitehall Palace, 1667" (545). The place of the scene is the Palace garden. The King has left the council abruptly, and is walking off, with his back to you, the spectator; the courtiers bowing on either side. Clarendon is coming down the steps, and is running the gauntlet amid the curious and scornful glances of the gay ladies and gentlemen assembled about the pathway; for the garden was at the moment a good deal thronged by courtiers. The attitudes of the bystanders are somewhat too evidently studied, and the composition has, perhaps, too little of a fortuitous character for perfect verisimilitude; but the liveliest imagination with which you, the reader, might endeavour to recal the scenes recorded by Pepys or Clarendon, would fail to set before you anything so like the aspect of Whitehall on that memorable day—its baffled political intrigue, its hardness, and profligate gaiety—as this clever picture of Mr. Ward's. It is one, too, from its strongly marked character, which is well suited for copying in wood-cut; and we have endeavoured to lay before the reader the best copy that we could muster in that manner.

LETTERS ON LABOUR TO THE WORKING MEN OF ENGLAND.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

LETTER FOURTH. A RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE AT CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN,

I need not tell you, who, or at least many of you, have read and thought much on this subject, that the idea of Co-operative Associations, as a means to correct the evils of the social system, is by no means new. From very ancient times, and in many different periods and countries, there have been great and far-seeing minds which have projected, and, in many instances, carried out, schemes of social life which aimed at diffusing amongst men a more equitable enjoyment of the good things of this world than generally exists. Statesmen, philosophers, and philanthropists, rise in solemn succession on the mind at the mention of the fact. Moses introduced such a system by divine direction; Lycurgus, Solon, and Minos, were philosophic statesmen, who each in his own country, established in ancient times a peculiar political and social system, widely different to those of all other nations, with this view. In some of these the idea of Communism was predominant; and the same principle meets us amongst the American aborigines both of the north and south, in Peru, in Mexico, and amongst the now extirpated Caribs. It was the system of ancient Germany, and, no doubt, of the eastern tribes from whom they descended. This was the fact, again, in India, and there were traces of it in Persia. So long as this institution continued amongst a people, the strange disparity of rank and condition which so disfigures the face of modern nations could not exist. The Essenes, amongst the Jews, founded their religious association on this basis; the Primitive Christians adopted it, and the Monks afterwards. The monastic institutions, in their earlier days, were splendid examples of the advantages of popular co-operation. So long as they retained the simple and laudable objects of living apart from the world in order to labour for the world, they flourished amazingly. By co-operative labour, and a consolidation of their funds, they were enabled to live in peace and comfort, to cultivate learning and the arts, to preserve light in the earth, and to diffuse it. They settled in savage deserts, and brought them by their manual labour and example into cultivation. They went on from one barbarous nation to another, and forming colonies, introduced agriculture and civilisation. So far from any want of that success which of late days has been on all hands prophesied to all such enterprises, it was this very success which was their ruin. They became rich, corrupt, thence unpopular, and so were put down as corporate bodies. Had they not had the curse of celibacy engrafted on their scheme, their success would have been as perpetually, as it was temporarily, complete. The natural growth of their communities would have made them universal. Like so many hives of knowledge, industry, and social prosperity, they would have sent forth swarm after swarm, colony after colony, into the yet unclaimed regions, and the world would long ago have seen realised all that national happiness which was the dream of

Plato and Sir Thomas More. Utopia would not have been a fable-land, but the earth we live on.

The Jesuits took up the principle of co-operative association, which had grown rank and unsavoury to the world in the hands of the monks, and with the worst of principles to carry out, they again succeeded in showing it crowned with extraordinary success. Spite of the jealousy which their plans of domestic insinuation and national domination created; spite of having for those been driven repeatedly out of every European nation, not excepting the Papedom, for which they profess to maintain the spiritual fight; by a clever system of co-operation they have always contrived to recover their ground, and at this moment swarm over all the Christian world, filling thinking men with terror. In Paraguay they established most extensive colonies amongst the natives, whom they disciplined to the nicest condition of social order and physical prosperity, till their power excited the jealousy of the Government, and they were thence also expelled. With the example of the Jesuits before our eyes, we wonder that the modern plans for co-operative associations should, for a moment, have been deemed Utopian or difficult. Nor is their success alone wonderful. In the very regions of their greatest triumphs, Paraguay, they have been succeeded by a new adventurer. The Dictator, Francia, there established 200 agricultural and social colonies, of 1500 persons each, which yielded an enormous produce, more than double that of ordinary culture. Their numbers increased, fresh colonising swarms were sent out, and spite of heavy drudgery and a quadruple military service imposed by this dictator upon them, they spread and flourished during his lifetime extraordinarily.

These instances, stretching through thousands of years, and down to our own times, for the success of Francia is a thing but of yesterday, fully justify all the speculations of such men as St. Simon, Owen, and Fourier. They prove that this success does not even depend upon virtue, for the monks were prosperous ages after they ceased to be virtuous; the Jesuits have been prosperous spite of an unprincipled and unpopular policy; and Francia was prosperous spite of the grossest outrages upon common sense and humanity. He destroyed a third of the annual produce to prevent foreign trade, which would lay his schemes open to the world which he carefully shut out; he ruined his civilised neighbours; he dismissed at the age of forty-five the chiefs of families; he refused to admit rich families; he made a desert round his possessions; he paralysed commerce by restricting it to a single harbour; he forcibly reduced the number of domestics; and yet he flourished! It is evident, therefore, that success in these instances did not result from virtue, from the excellence of the end in view, from avoiding what was even absurd and wicked in the administration of the plan. It resulted from the united vigour of the principle of co-operation and of the men who exercised it.

These instances, again, justify the philosophical speculations of the most contemplative minds of all ages and countries. It is a singular fact, and one which would have made the principle of co-operation and social organisation, as a great instrument of human happiness, worthy of a trial, had it not been proved thus universally practicable by those singular examples, that the greatest spirits have everywhere, and in every age, had a penchant for theorising upon it, and building up in their capacious imaginations a paradise of justice and

general joy. Plato's *Republic*, More's *Utopia*, Bacon's *New Atlantis*, Campanella's *Republic of the Sun*, Harrington's *Oceana*, the kindred dreams of Swift, Berkeley, and other great writers, all spring from this source. Goethe, in his *Wilhelm Meister*, has also indulged in a beautiful vision of the same kind.

But that which has haunted the most intellectual minds of all ages, and which has been reduced to every-day practice and success, alike by the lawgivers of Judea and Greece, the monks of the middle ages, and the Jesuits of this, has taken a new and more active existence since the French Revolution. The awful doctrine of Communism, which makes the lordly Sybarite tremble on his silken couch, awaking from its sleep of ages, has found its zealous apostles in Babeuf, Proudhon, and Cabet. With them we have here nothing to do. St. Simon, Owen and Fourier have stood forth as the champions of the co-operative principle, and comparing their splendid promises with the actual results of their plans, the adherents of established opinions please themselves with the assertion that they are failures.

And failures, to a great degree, they are; but let us, before condemning the principle, see whether the cause of failure be in the principle itself, or in some extraneous matter attached to it. St. Simon, the patriarch of the system, openly and boldly preached, if not the doctrine of Communism—enough of itself to alarm all capitalists, and shut the door most effectually to their assistance—something so akin to it that few people are able to see the difference. Though himself a pious Christian, his disciples soon broached opinions and views in connection with his plan which gave equal alarm to the lovers of sound morality. The men adopted a singular uniform, and wore long beards; the women, absurd and uncouth garments. Ridicule was poured upon the whole school; and though St. Simon's philosophy has been much advocated, it has never been practised on any broad scale. Fourier professed himself also a Christian; but his doctrine of "twelve passions that must all be fully gratified," and his *attraction passionnée*, sound to ordinary ears much more like the gruntlings of "Epicurus' sty," and have spread an universal alarm amongst the pure and religious. He has found many and eloquent expounders of his plans, especially M. Considérant, and his philosophy is very fashionable in France, Spain, Belgium, and with many speculatists in Germany and here. But his complete model *Phalanstère* still remains a model, and nothing more. Robert Owen, in our own country the great father of Socialism, with a singular policy, at the very commencement of his endeavours to recommend his system, took the most decided of all steps in this Christian country to discommend it, by avowing himself a disbeliever of revealed religion. The insurmountable stigma of infidelity was thus fixed by his own hand upon it, and it has consequently, on every trial in this country, languished and died out. New Lanark, Orbiston (founded by his disciple Mr. Combe, and others), Tytherly, one after another, have proclaimed the fatal mistake of attempting to create a principle of unity where the most vital principle of unity, the great religious feeling of the country, has been violated. For this no sincerity of purpose, no industry (however gigantic), no sacrifice of money or peace of mind, has been found an equivalent. A more genuine philanthropist, or more enthusiastic labourer for the popular good, than Robert Owen, I do not believe to exist; but he made, at the outset, a mis-

take which will pull his system relentlessly to the ground. In America his scheme has succeeded best; yet even there New Harmony has proved something different to the old harmony. He has found how hopeless it is to bring together a crowd of undisciplined persons, without one great common bond of union, something more binding and compelling than the selfish passions of ordinary life. In short, neither St. Simonism, nor Fourierism, nor Owenism, has yet been able to vindicate by facts their splendid promises to mankind, and it may be well doubted if they ever will. Yet out of all these may, perhaps, some day be something drawn towards a more perfect scheme of social reform; and if the principle of Co-operative Associations has not succeeded with them, has it therefore failed? No! On the contrary, on every side there are brilliant instances of its success. The Shakers and Rappites in America have established themselves in most flourishing co-operative societies, though their religious principles are by no means of an attractive character. Both communities renounce marriage, and thus are only preserved from extinction by constant supplies of new adherents from general society. Mr. Buckingham visited these religious communities, and gives, in his *Travels in America*, the most decided account of their flourishing condition. Miss Martineau, also, visited them in her American tour, and confirms all the statements of Mr. Buckingham. She says—

There are fifteen Shaker establishments in the United States, and the total number is between five and six thousand. There is no question of their entire success so far as wealth is concerned. A very moderate amount of labour has secured to them in perfection all the comforts of life that they know how to enjoy, and as much wealth besides as would command the intellectual luxuries of which they do not dream. The earth does not show more flourishing fields, gardens, and orchards than theirs. The houses are spacious, and in all respects unexceptionable. The touch of every external thing testifies to their wealth, both of material and leisure.

She then enumerates the abundance of their domestic manufactures, and adds:—

If rich external provision, with a great amount of accumulated wealth besides, is the result of co-operation and community of property among an ignorant, conceited, inert society like this, what might not the same principle of association achieve among a more intelligent set of people, stimulated by education, and exhilarated by the enjoyment of all the blessings which Providence has placed within the reach of man?

The Rappites are a colony of Germans who emigrated in 1804 from Württemberg, under the guidance of their pastor, Mr. Rapp. They first settled on the waters of Beaver, Pennsylvania. Here, with but just wealth enough to purchase a possession in a new, wild country, they set to work; and, passing through a state of hardship, penury, and difficulties, that discouraged many of them, and caused them to quit the body, they succeeded, and in 1813 sold that settlement, and purchased the one now called New Harmony, in Indiana. This they sold in 1825 to the society of Robert Owen, but not before it consisted of 80,000 acres of valuable land, estimated, with its stock and improvements, at a million of dollars, or 2,500 dollars, if divided, for every man, woman, and child; an instance of accumulation in the labourer's possessions to which history does not afford a parallel. They removed thence to Economy, on the Ohio, near Pittsburgh, where they still live and flourish. Most of their attention is devoted to manufactures. They rear silk-worms, and weave silk. They have sheep-walks, and a large woollen manufactory. Their factory was burnt down in 1834; the loss by the fire was 60,000 dollars, but this was a mere

trifle to this wealthy body. Miss Martineau describes their settlement as having a still more flourishing air than that of the Shakers. Their vineyards, corn-fields, orchards, and gardens, gladden the eye. There is an abundance so much beyond their need, that it is surprising that they work, except for want of something else to do. Miss Martineau describes the people themselves as ignorant, vain, and conceited. Her remarks on the grand principle of these associations deserve serious consideration:—

Whether any principle to this effect can be brought to bear upon any large class of society in the old world, is at present the most important dispute, perhaps, that is agitating society. It will never now rest till it has been made matter of experiment. If a very low principle has served the purpose, for a time, at least, in the New World, there seems much ground for expectation that a far higher one may be found to work as well in the more complicated code of European society. There is, at least, every encouragement to try. While there are large classes of people here whose condition can scarcely be made worse, while the present system (if such it may be called) imposes care on the rich, excessive anxiety on the middle classes, and desperation on the poor; while the powerful are thus, as it were, fated to oppress, the strikers after power to reinvent and counteract; and the powerless to injure; it seems only reasonable that some section, at least, of this warring population should make trial of the peaceful principles which are working successfully elsewhere. The co-operative methods of the Shakers and Rappites might be tried, without any adoption of their spiritual pride and cruel superstition. These are so far from telling against the system, that they prompt the observer to remark how much has been done in spite of such obstacles.

These are grand cases, and these are not all. It is said that there are at least a dozen other communities in America, founded on the principle of public property, and all successful in a pecuniary point of view. One of the most conspicuous of these is Zoar, a colony of Germans again from Württemberg, settled on the Tuscarawa, in Ohio. The capital of the colony is estimated at £4,000; which is altogether clear profit, for the settlers had not a single shilling of their own when they first embarked in this association. Now they have a canal of their own digging, a bridge over the river, and another over the canal, of their own building. They have a grinding, a saw, and other mills; machinery for the manufacture of cloth, stockings, linen, &c.; tanneries, brick-yards, &c. They have an inn, and public gardens in the centre of their town, for their recreations, with greenhouses for citrons and pomegranates. They meet here for social enjoyment, and every Sunday evening have music here, and sing hymns.

Striking as is the success of the co-operative principle in America, Europe is not wanting of its examples; and perhaps the most successful in the whole world is that of the Moravians, or Herrnhuters, in Saxony. This colony was settled in 1722 by Count Zinzendorf, on a large property at Bertholdsdorf, in Upper Lusatia, which he made over to the Moravian emigrants, descended from the old persecuted Hussites. I visited this place in 1841, and was much struck with its air of substantial wealth and comfort. The whole scene is one of great interest. The people are busy in the fields. All is well cultivated, all is neat and flourishing. It has the air of a new settlement in some primitive country, where the whole body is bound together with one faith and one heart. Such is Herrnhut, the quiet but active head colony of one of the most remarkable of communities, whether regarded on account of their thorough renouncement of the world and its desires, or for the miracles of civilisation which they have effected from pole to pole, with a handful of simple, pious, and indefatigable people. So early as 1823 they had sixteen settlements in Germany; three in

Denmark; five in Sweden; one at Zeist in the Netherlands; seventeen in England; one in Scotland; five in Ireland; one in Russia; and upwards of twenty in North America. From these they have sent out missions to Greenland, Labrador, to the Cape, to Egypt, to Turkey, to the East Indies; and are said to have converted more than 30,000 natives of those countries to Christianity. Thus, by co-operative industry, they have not only been able to live, but to grow wealthy; not only to grow wealthy, but to become civilisers and Christianisers to the very ends of the earth.

It will be observed that, with the exception of the Shakers, all these successful co-operatives have been Germans. A sober, plodding people, accustomed to subordination, they appear peculiarly well qualified to carry out this great principle. But it were easy to quote instances of like success in Holland, Flanders, and the agricultural districts of France, but we will now only select one more case, and that shall be from amongst that restless, desultory, and proverbially imprudent people, the Irish. A Mr. Vandaleur determined in 1836 on trying Mr. Owen's principle, with certain modifications, on his estate at Rahaline, in the county of Clare. He settled forty labourers on an estate of 618 English acres. There was on it a saw-mill and threshing-mill, and shells of a factory and weaving shop. He advanced the necessary tools, machinery, seed, &c., and was to be paid out of the produce. The prospect of a share of the surplus produce of the crop stimulated the men to the utmost industry. No success could be more decided. In 1831 the rent and interest were paid in money. In 1832 the value of the produce was nearly 1,700*l.*, the advances made that year for food, seed, clothing, &c., being only 550*l.* The society gradually increased to double the original number. Their houses were clean, and there was every comfort. In the midst of this prosperity the whole experiment was wrecked, not by any fault in plan or people, but by the gambling losses of the proprietor, who was utterly ruined by them, and obliged to fly his country.

Here, then, are surely evidences sufficiently numerous and unequivocal of the practicability of carrying out the principle of co-operation in associations based upon agriculture; and it comes naturally to be asked why these associations, with all this *prestige* of success, have not been more generally adopted? and in particular, why, with our swarming and distressed population, it has not been more fairly tried in England? These reasons may be various. It will be seen that of those here mentioned, all the associations, except the Irish one, have been religious ones. They have thus had one great bond of union. Two of these—the societies of the Shakers, and the Moravians—existed before the French Revolution, and, therefore, owed nothing to the stimulus derived thence. That all the theories of the French philosophers have remained theories, and that of Robert Owen, in our country, has failed in practice, may partly result from the want of that religious principle which has so signally promoted the success of the others referred to; from the stigma of sensuality of tendency, laxity of the marriage tie, and the horror of communism, which have repelled at once the pure, the pious, and the wealthy. Whether these systems deserve all the odium which attaches to them, I do not stop here to inquire. It *does* attach to them; and every one knows the old adage—“give a dog a bad name, and hang him.”

But there may be, and there undoubtedly are, many other causes besides these which have ope-

rated to prevent the more earnest and persevering trial of these colonies amongst us. While the pure and pious shrink from the idea of irreligion and license bound up with their name, and the capitalist from the property-subversive tendency attributed to them, the general sober and practical mind of the English public suspects them of being too theoretic, too Utopian, too artificial in construction, to act well.* They seem to require too extensive an upturning of the old established condition of things. To call too many men at once, without preparation or adaptation of habit, to act together into a complexly organised system, which might soon generate confusion and ruin. While these ideas prevail, there can be no advance of capital in those large quantities necessary for an experiment on a fair scale; and without this capital it cannot move. Here at present is the hitch. Mr. J. M. Morgan, the able and philanthropic author of *The Revolt of the Bees*, and of *Hampden in the Nineteenth Century*, has long been calling the attention of the public to a plan for establishing a co-operative colony of this kind in connection with religion. He would have a church built in it, and the religion of the State there preached. He would bind up, again, with the principle, that which Owen severed from it. There might be a Church colony and a dissenter's colony, as a trial. To this he has solicited the attention of bishops and dignitaries, and we understand with marked success.*

At this juncture, then, it behoves the people to ask themselves whether there must be any further waiting? Whether they do not possess all within themselves which is needed to co-operate for their own benefit? Whether there be not another plan that may be adopted, and this the time to adopt it? Whether they may not leave bishops and dissenters to settle matters of religion, while they settle this great problem of a purely industrial nature? I believe, my friends, that the time is come when you can help yourselves, without waiting for the help of any one. This you can do by your own capital and industry, and that without any man, woman, or child moving out of their ordinary towns, habits, and associations in which they now live. This is the great problem of the age, and we will discuss it in our next letter.

I remain, Fellow-Countrymen,
Your Fellow-Worker,
WILLIAM HOWITT.

TALK ABOUT MUSIC.

By HENRY F. CHORLEY.

No. I.—OUTLINES.

So glad am I to perceive musical interests and sympathies making way among all classes of the English public, that I have entered upon few tasks with greater pleasure than the performance of a promise to “talk about music” in the *People's Journal*.

How to lay out the given space most advantageously, becomes, naturally, the first question. To pack away the elements of a great art and elaborate science in a *pill-box* space, is the Charlatan's feat, which is only to be accomplished by cheating his audience. There are no royal roads to under-

* See the *Annals*, page 46, an account of an important public meeting just held.

standing. Yet, without understanding, there is no enjoyment. No art can be truly relished by a crude and uninstructed taste. The pleasure given by a tune does not amount to a love of Music; it is merely an evidence of capacity to love. Let us see, then, if service cannot be rendered by offering a few hints to aid in the formation of judgment.

It would seem absurd to begin by reminding my readers that natural Music no more exists than natural Painting; were not the mistake made morning, noon, and night; nay, and defended, too, as an amiable and charming protest against "sophistication." "I call that music!" cries some simple soul, enchanted with a ballad, who will look aggrieved and wearied if compelled to listen to some instrumental symphony, or quartett, or *solo*. Good friend! what you proclaim aloud is no more than this—namely, that your ears are not cultivated. The Ballad pleases you by association, by the interest of its words, by some liveliness in the rhythm, which last is in no degree more musical than the stepping of feet, or the stroke of flails in a barn, or of hammers on an anvil! You would not let a child who has only mastered words of one syllable decline further studies with an air of self-complacency, crying—"I call that language!" Taking your love of the Ballad by way of groundwork, you will find by degrees that to trace melodies less formal and common-place is an inexhaustible pleasure; that your delight in the monologue will lead you by sure and natural approaches to enter into the comprehension of dialogue, repartee, combination; that your recognition of the simple accord of two voices, which is but a reproduction of what you hear every time a bell tolls, will gradually prepare you for other harmonies, more rare and more delicious, giving the zest of variety to what might otherwise pall by its extreme sweetness. Thus, too, from liking music because it belongs to your favourite hymn, or passage from Shakspeare, or song by Burns or Barry Cornwall, you will easily proceed (if the sympathies be kept open) to the stage at which an air suggests words—or (till a phrase, which is part of an air, acquires in your mind a distinct individuality. Gradually will come that sensitiveness to different qualities of sound which so deliciously enhances the satisfaction of the listener. You will perceive that each instrument has its appropriate occupation—a "wherefore" to explain its place in the full band beyond the fiat of mere caprice—that violin and flute, and clarinet and bassoon, and harp and organ, are materials for expression as indispensable to the musical thinker as colours to the painter. Nor is there one of these advances in musical knowledge which, if wisely made, will not be illustrated, so to say, by some parallel acquisition in one or other of the sister arts. For in opposition to all who denounce Music as the pastime and the profession of the frivolous and sensual, I must declare that its influences will never be rightly felt, nor its practice, whether executive or creative, be carried out to the perfection of which it is capable, so long as it is treated as a mere aimless amusement, disconnected from every other utterance of poetical imagination.

That again is an incomplete and shallow love of Music which confines the hearer's pleasure to only one school. I cannot allow my German friends to accuse me of a predilection for trumpery because I have a moment of relish for the delicious melodies of Rossini as well as for a Symphony by Beethoven: nor will I sit content under the Italians' accusation of heartlessness, because I

can be moved by the sprightliness of French rhythm, in addition to the sentiment of Italian song. The true lover of the Drama will enjoy Euripides, and Terence, and Shakspeare, and Molière, and Alfieri, and Schiller, and Congreve,—nay, and even Kotzebue, too; each according to his order; for perfect love casts out prejudice as well as fear. Do not then think that you are wisely nourishing "a taste," because you are encouraging an exclusive devotion to one school. This may be narrowed till you come to care but for a single work by a single master! You are merely indulging yourself in weakness—indolence—bigotry. Everything which is complete and self-consistent merits study, and may excite admiration. It is needful, however, when hearing anything unfamiliar, to attempt to enter into the humour of him by whom it was written. The music of Italy, Germany, France, and England, is not merely an affair of chance;—but of race, temperament, climate, religion, social arrangement, and historical association. That which the artist or producer should least desire to do—namely to shake himself loose of his individuality when occupied in creating a new work—the amateur or recipient should endeavour after as a duty, when called upon to judge or to enjoy it. It should not be, with him, "Do I like this?" But, "Is it good of its kind?" "Of what value is the species?" Therefore, all you whose predilections lead you to vocal music, strive to gain some insight into the pleasures of instrumental composition and performance—and you, whom ability of finger, rather than beauty or readiness of voice, has determined to take up some instrument, try to enter into the singer's pleasure, into his alphabet of expression, and peculiar range of effects. Nor think you are establishing your own knowledge by disdainful confessions of ignorance or intolerance. However you may desire to impress the more largely-learned, or the more easily-pleased, with an idea of your superior refinement, not only do you place yourselves in the absurd position of a man who ties up one finger (nay, even more,) of his five before he sets himself to work or to play—but you lose pleasure yet more than reputation. You are sure to be left behind your time. I remember—some ten years ago, moreover—when a friend of mine began to travel, and wrote down his impressions, being very sharply criticised (and it was thought *finally*) by a writer of the old school, because he had ventured to claim a consideration and respect for French Opera and French singers! It was said, that he had written nonsense about a thing which had no existence. The next year but one brought Madame Doris Gras, to show the English how a French lady could sing—two years later came Duprez, and made himself beloved as without a rival in vocal expression. And last June, all London flocked to Drury-Lane, to enjoy the very music my friend had been so flouted for commending!

I could give more instances to illustrate the folly of dogmatism in taste, always a besetting sin of the half-instructed. But to *prose* is not the way to bring *prosing* into disrepute: and enough has been said to explain the direction and connection of my future contributions. I may chance, on a future day, to talk to you of some artist dead and gone—or some foreign exhibition beyond the reach of most among you; or to endeavour to help you to read (so to say) some of those familiar compositions you have heard played or sung—and wished to bear a part in ever since you were out of the cradle. But whether the subject be

Paganini or Braham—or Handel or Mendels ohn—or Auber or Balfe—the Past or the Present—the Distant or the Near—a chain of combination exists among all these separate portions. Nor is there one from which,—whether as Englishmen cherishing their nationality, or as Citizens of the World, encouraging good understanding, that is, intimate acquaintance and a reciprocal confession of shortcomings and follies—we shall not derive strength and enlightenment: a spirit to take into our amusements, which removes them—by all the distance of Wisdom from Folly—far from waste or weakness, or what the short-sighted are too apt to call “dissipation.”

Poetry for the People.

LA FATA MORGANA;

OR, A VISION OF “WHAT MIGHT BE.”

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

WEARY and sickening of the dull debate,
And clang of politics; weary of hate
Tossed at our heads from o'er the Atlantic main,
With foolish speeches; weary of the pain
And sorrow, and calamity, and crime
Of daily history told us in our time;
Weary of wrong that reared its hydra head,
And hissed from all its mouths; dispirited
With rich man's apathy to poor men's hurt,
And poor men's ignorance of their own desert;
And for a moment hopeless of mankind
And that great cause, the nearest to my mind—
Progress—the dream of poet and of sage—
I leaned back in my chair, and dropped the page
Diurnal, filled with all the misery,
And fell asleep; if sleeping it could be,
When, in their natural sequence in the brain,
Thought followed thought, more palpable and plain
Than when I waked; when words took music's
voice,

And all my being inly did rejoice.
So felt sweet Coleridge, when of Kubla Khan,
And the great river that through deserts ran,
He sang the glories; and so I, that night,
Felt when this vision passed before my sight;
And what I saw, I sang of at the time
With ease unparalleled by waking rhyme,
And to this tune, which many a day since then
A haunting music has come back again.

Oh the golden city,
Shining far away;
With its domes and steeples tall,
And the sunlight over all;
With the waters of a bay,
Dotted over with a fleet,
Rippling gently at its feet:

Oh the glorious city—so beautiful to see—

It shall open wide its portals,
And I'll tell you if it be
The city of the happy,
The city of the free.

Oh the glorious city,
Shining far away;
In its boundaries every man
Makes his happiness a plan,
That he studies night and day,
Till he thinks it not alone,
Like his property, his own:

Oh the glorious city—so beautiful to see—
But spreads it round about him,
Till all are blessed as he;
His mind an inward sunshine,
And bright eternally.

Oh the splendid city
Gleaming far away;
Every man by Love possessed,
Has a priest within his breast,
And, whene'er he kneels to pray,
Never breathes a thought unkind
Against men of other mind:

Oh the glorious city—so beautiful to see—
But knows that God Eternal
Will shower his blessings free,
On hearts that live to love Him,
And cling to Charity.

Oh the gorgeous city,
Shining far away;
Where a competence is bliss,
And each man that lives has this
For his labour of the day;
A labour not too hard,
And a bountiful reward:

Oh the glorious city—so beautiful to see—
Where mighty wheels to aid him
Revolve incessantly,
And Science gains to cheer him,
A daily Victory.

Oh the glorious city
Shining far away;
Neither Misery nor Crime,
Nor the wrongs of ancient Time,
Nor the Kingly lust of sway
Ever come within its wall,
To degrade or to enthral:

Oh the glorious city—so beautiful to see—
But Peace, and Love, and Knowledge,
The civilising Three,
Still prove by Good that has been,
The BETTER that may be.

Thus dreamed I, to this rhythm, or something near,
But far more musical, and bright, and clear;
And when I wakened, still my fancy ran
‘Twas not all dream; and that large Hope for man
Were not such idle visions as the wise
In days like ours, should heedlessly despise.
I thought that Love might be Religion, yet
Not form alone, but soul and substance met;
The guide, the light, the glory of the mind,
Th' electric link, uniting all mankind:
That if men loved, and made such Love their Law,
All else would follow:—more than ever saw
Poet or Prophet in the utmost light
Of heavenly glory opening on their sight.
But dream, or no dream, take it as it came:
It gave *me* Hope—and may give *you* the same.
And as bright Hopes make the Intention strong,
Take heart with me, and muse upon my song.

ONE FAULT.

By Mrs. W. B. HODGSON.

A HAPPY man was Joseph Williams, as he surveyed the two next rooms prepared for the reception of his bride. He was very much in love; and he was to be married on the morrow. He believed the wife he had chosen was without a fault:

and, of course, he deemed himself the happiest man in the world to have obtained such a treasure. No wonder that he felt proud and happy as he surveyed the completed preparations he had been making for her reception, and thought of the many hours they would spend together in that home, which though so humble, might be, for them, as rich in comfort as the most luxurious mansion. The kitchen, or sitting-room, with its clean sanded floor, its bright grate, the various useful utensils—all so bright and clean—ranged along the chimney-piece; the chimney ornaments, the tea-cup and saucer of old china, given to him by his aged aunt, to whom it had descended as an heir-loom from some remote ancestor, and the little cottage of white chalk, with stained glass windows, which looked, for all the world, as if the inhabitants were making a great illumination in honour of the happy event which was to take place next day; the little round deal stand, from which it would be so nice to take their meals; the side table, with the large family Bible upon it, and the two beautiful painted trays beneath it; the pictures on the walls, (yes, there were even pictures) one of Adam and Eve, happy amongst the beasts in Paradise, and the other of the same, in sorrow, after the expulsion. Oh how beautiful, neat, and comfortable it all looked! Joe was very fond of comfort. The inner room was rather diminutive; but still it held a bed, a corner wash-hand stand, and a little painted chest of drawers, which served also for a toilette table; there was actually a looking-glass in a real mahogany frame. This last article of furniture was Joe's particular admiration; he was well enough acquainted with female nature to feel sure that it would also be a peculiar attraction to the future lady of the house—and much he relished in anticipation, the sight of her smiles when, for the first time, she should look at her own pretty face in it.

Joe seemed as if he would never be satisfied with admiring his arrangements; but he did, at last, turn away to look out of the window. His premises were the ground story of a small house, one of a row, situated a little out of town—there was a pleasant view of the fields from the windows; and there was a little yard containing a pig-sty, both belonging to Joe, in which, he thought, they might sometimes find it agreeable and profitable to keep pigs and fowls.

How full of bright anticipations, for Joe, was that little establishment!

"Well, I suppose Joseph Williams is to be married to-morrow," said Mrs. Smith to her neighbour Mrs. Jones, as the two sat together one afternoon, gossiping over their cup of tea. "I'm sure I hope he'll be happy, for he deserves to be."

"He's sure to be happy," said kind-hearted little Mrs. Jones. "Elizabeth Brown is a good girl, and she'll make him a nice wife. He's a steady young man, never out of work, and though his wages are not very large, they may manage to live upon them very comfortably."

"Well," said Mrs. Smith, "for my part I don't know much of Elizabeth Brown; but I've heard some people say that she's not very tidy in her ways. If that's the case, she's not the right sort of wife for Joseph Williams."

"Oh, if that's all that people have to say against her," replied Mrs. Jones, laughing, "depend upon it she'll do very well. People must find out some fault, you know, and Elizabeth may think herself very well off, if they find out nothing more

against her, even if it's true; that's a very little fault, and for certain can't do much to hinder Joe's happiness."

"But he's so very particular."

"I know he is; and do you think he wouldn't take care what he was about when he made choice of a wife?"

"Aye, but a man sees so little of a woman before marriage—besides 'love is blind,' you know."

"Well, we shall see! they are to be married to-morrow, that's settled, and fault or no fault, it's of no use talking about it now."

Mrs. Smith seemed to agree with her, for she remained silent.

Joseph Williams and Elizabeth Brown were married, and settled in their home. Elizabeth had been even more delighted with everything than Joe expected. She had come from a home in a dirty confined court in the town, with which in comparison this was quite luxurious. If Joe had reason to congratulate himself on his good fortune, Elizabeth, certainly, had not less so. Joseph Williams was a man whom any woman might have been proud of as a husband; he was honest, hard-working, good-tempered, and (not the least important point) good-looking. The fresh colour of health and temperance was in his cheek, and his eye beamed with affection and good humour. Though his calling, as a brewer's man, was one which exposed him to much temptation, he had never been known to be intoxicated. Previous to his marriage he had lived with an aged female relative, who had always made his home comfortable and pleasant for him; he had received education enough to enable him to take a pleasure in reading, and he had never felt any incitement to turn aside from the steady course of his life. Then his love for Elizabeth became an additional security for good conduct. He entered now on his married life, with an established character, which gained for him the love and esteem of all who knew him. Elizabeth fully appreciated his worth, and she was very much attached to him: she was, herself, equally amiable, good-tempered, and affectionate—no young married couple ever entered on their new duties with a better prospect of happiness.

It was an exquisite pleasure for Joe to see his little wife take her station, so naturally, at his fire-side—to hear her delighted comments on the beauties of their dwelling, and to receive her kiss of grateful affection for all that he had done for her; then, after that first day, (the wedding-day was a holiday) when he went to his work again, how pleasant it was to come home at twelve o'clock, to a nice little dinner, prepared for him by his smiling wife, to see her bustling to set it on the little round stand before taking her place by his side, and, in the evening, his day's work over, to read the newspaper to her, as she sat at her sewing, what a treat it was! She was so astonished at everything, and she knew so little, and he had so much to explain to her: for she, poor thing, had never had time to read a newspaper, or anything else. The eldest of a large family, she always had enough to do to lighten her mother's burdens, by taking care of the younger children.

Joe wished for nothing better than these simple enjoyments, and he and his cheerful little wife were both very happy.

Time passed on. They had been two or three months married. Latterly Joe had begun to think his home not quite so pleasant as at first. He thought, even, that he was not quite so fond of

his wife as he had been. It was strange! He could hardly tell what made the difference, but there certainly was a difference. It is true he had, even so early as the second week after marriage, begun to notice that their neat rooms were looking less neat and orderly. Scraps of potato-skins were often scattered about on the floor, and the furniture and chimney ornaments looked dull and dusty. Then, when he laughingly told Elizabeth of these observations, she would laughingly try to remedy the evil by throwing the potato-skins within the fender, and wiping the dust off the furniture with her apron. Of course the aprons thus converted into dusters were rarely clean; and rosy though his wife's cheek was, it would have seemed still rosier, if it, too, had been a little cleaner. But he had thought very little of these things, and he certainly did not imagine that they could be the cause of the changed feelings he experienced. Matters grew worse, however, so bad that Joe was obliged to remonstrate seriously with his wife. His remonstrances generally brought tears to her eyes, and she would immediately set about "cleaning everything up," though, poor thing, she generally managed with cleaning one thing to make another unclean, so that her efforts were of very little avail. At length it came to pass that, when Joe remonstrated, she would remonstrate in return; and such scenes as that about to be described became of very frequent occurrence.

Joe comes home to his dinner in a good humour, but tired and hungry. He looks around him as he enters, and his open brow becomes clouded. He takes his seat in silence. Elizabeth is standing over the fire engaged in cooking his "bit of dinner." Three or four pans are near the fire, on the holes or in the fender; for the pigs' dinner is being cooked at the same time as Joe's—(they have kept pigs and fowls for several weeks). The grate and fender are marked with all kinds of stains, the result, not of that day's only, but of several days' cooking. The fire does not burn clear, for it is choked with ashes; and ashes are heaped up underneath the grate. The original colour of the floor cannot be seen, the dirt upon it is so thick; and bits of cabbage-leaves, crumbs, and all kinds of scraps are scattered profusely over it. There are signs, too, that the hens have been paying the premises a visit. Elizabeth's face, hands, and arms are black. Her cap is dirty, her hair dishevelled, her gown torn in several places, and so put on, that her neat, straight little figure, looks quite clumsy and crooked. Alas! it is much to be feared that Joe's admired looking-glass is not often in requisition.

Elizabeth's affectionate greeting—"Well, Joe, dear, welcome home; you shall have your dinner in a minute!"—is not answered by Joe. He leans his head on his hand, and is lost in thought. Joe is a quiet man, as fond of peace as he is of comfort. He does not like to make a noise about anything, but he cannot sometimes refrain from complaint.

"My dear Elizabeth," he says, at last, looking up. "I do wish you would try to make my home a little more comfortable for me. You have nothing else to do. You know I can't bear this dirt and disorder! You really grow worse and worse every day."

"O Joe, how can you say so!" replies Elizabeth. "I'm sure I do my best. But with so many things to attend to, how is it possible to keep all in order? You know how wet the weather has been, and with treading in and out in all the mud,

to look after the pigs, the floor gets so dirty, that if I was to do nothing else but scour at it all the day long, I couldn't keep it clean."

"But you might put on a pair of clogs when you go out, and leave them outside the door when you come in," suggested Joe.

"That would be dainty!" said Elizabeth, laughing. "A pretty time it would take, and I always in such a hurry! But I should never remember them."

"Then we had better get rid of the pigs at once, and the fowls too," said Joe, "for I can stand this no longer."

"Oh no! that would be such a pity!" cried Elizabeth, deprecatingly. "The fowls are laying now regularly, and I get a shilling a dozen for the eggs; and when we kill the pigs, we shall make a great deal by the pork, the hams, and the bacon. No, no! don't send them away. Really, Joe, I think you complain without reason. *The place is not so very bad. I've seen others a hundred times worse. It isn't kind of you to be always finding fault with me.*"

Thus were poor Joe's remonstrances received. He saw it was of no use to complain, so he gave it up. He did sell the pigs and the fowls. Then, for a time, there was a little more cleanliness. But, alas! with Elizabeth, untidiness had become an inveterate habit!

Months and years passed on. Children were born to Joe; but comfort and happiness were banished from his dwelling. If Joe had reason to complain when Elizabeth had only his comforts to attend to, how much more so had he now, when there were four or five more claimants upon her attention. It would be tedious to relate how, step by step, Joe's temper became soured; he lost his affection for his wife, and his home became so distasteful to him, that he never entered it without a strong feeling of repugnance. What was the natural result?

"Poor Mrs. Williams!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Jones, just ten years after the before-mentioned conversation between these two worthy old ladies. "Poor Mrs. Williams! Who would have believed that *that man* would turn out such a character?"

"It's very distressing," replied Mrs. Jones. "That poor young creature! I saw her this morning, and it made my very heart ache. There she was, crying fit to kill herself. Two of the children ill, the baby crying, and the other two quarrelling and fighting. And such a state of rags and tatters as they were all in! When I asked her what she was crying for, she said her husband had been speaking harshly to her and the children, and she could not bear it."

"Ay, that's what she would tell you," replied Mrs. Smith, nodding her head significantly; "but that's not the whole. He very seldom goes near them at all. Where he does go to nobody knows. But it's well known that he's fallen into bad habits, and once or twice he's been seen *intoxicated!*"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones. "And him that used to be so temperate! But don't you think it was partly Elizabeth's own fault? You know what a sloven she turned out. I shouldn't wonder if that was the very thing that made him bad."

"I always used to say, and you know it, that she wasn't the wife for Joseph Williams. But, bless me, such a thing as *that* couldn't make him turn out the man he has!"

"There's no knowing, I'm certain; I'd as soon

have thought of the sky falling, as of Joseph Williams turning bad-tempered, taking to liquor, and neglecting his wife and family."

"And so should I!" replied Mrs. Smith, sighing; "but this is a wicked world, Mrs. Jones, a *very* wicked world: I don't believe there's no such thing as goodness in it."

"The world's well enough," replied the more sensible Mrs. Jones, "if people only knew the right way of living in it. And bad as it is, there is more goodness than badness in it, after all. But poor Elizabeth Williams! what *will* become of her and the family!"

One night, a short time after the foregoing conversation, Elizabeth had fallen asleep in her chair, exhausted with watching and wretchedness. She sat beside a bed, on which lay two children sick of scarlet fever. A baby was in a cradle at her feet. In the other room, on a mattress, on the floor, lay two children, half covered by a ragged counterpane. Could it be possible that these were the two rooms which Joe had regarded so complacently the eve before his marriage? Amid all that confusion of dust, disorder, and indescribable discomfort, not a single trace could be seen of what they had once been.

Elizabeth was awakened from her sleep by a loud knocking at the door. She started up, shivering with cold and dread, to seek the cause of the disturbance. On opening the door, she perceived two men hearing between them, a burden covered up upon a plank.

"It's your husband, Joseph Williams. He was drunk; and he's fell down the quarry, and hurt himself."

A shriek of agony, from poor Elizabeth, was the answer to this brief explanation. Almost distracted, the poor woman dragged the sleeping children from the mattress, and their father was laid in their place. Joe was very much hurt. The humane neighbours, hearing of the accident, crowded in to offer their services. A surgeon was sent for. Though he came as soon as could be reasonably expected, what an age it seemed to Elizabeth before his arrival!

On examining his patient, his countenance became clouded, and he shook his head portentously. There was a contusion on the head, several ribs were broken, and there were other serious injuries. The surgeon having finished his examination, pronounced, unhesitatingly, that the man could not live. At this sentence, poor Elizabeth fainted away. She still tenderly loved her husband, and it was too great a blow.

Joe was insensible when he was brought in; and he remained long in that state. Delirium succeeded—three or four days the delirium continued—then he had an interval of consciousness. Joe knew his wife, who sat weeping near his mattress. Making a powerful effort, he put out his hand, and said in broken and almost inaudible sentences—"My dear Elizabeth! your hand! I am very ill! My sight is going! It might have been different! You did not mean it! *Forgive me!*" Those were the last words poor Joe spoke. The short interval of consciousness was but the precursor of death. Joe died, pressing his wife's hand in his.

Elizabeth, with her young family, was obliged to go forth into the streets and lanes, to beg for bread.

This is not exaggerated. If any one thinks it unnatural that a man's happiness and character could be destroyed by *such a little thing*, let him go among the poor, and make his observations.

Holidays for the People.

WHITSUNTIDE.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

'Tis merry Whitsuntide, and merrily
Holidays goes in hamlet and green field;
Nature and men seem joined, for once, to try
The strength of Care and force the earle to yield
Summer abroad holds flowery revelry;
For revelry the village bells are pealed;
The season's self seems made for rural pleasure,
And rural joy flows with overflowing measure.

Go where you will through England's happy vallies,
Green grows the grass, flowers bask, and wild bees hum,
And, ever and anon, with joyous sallies,
Shout, and music, and the busy drum,
Tell you afar where Mirth her rustic rallies
In daisy spoils, or mid the noise and hum
Of the Royal Oak, or bowling-green enclosure,
With bowler and bench for smoking and composure.

'Tis jolly dance is past, and lumping high,
Her Zealand's swing and waltz in the sun,
And now abroad gay, poised banners fly,
Followed by martial troops and boys that run
To see their cues go marching solemnly,
Shouldering their wands; and youths with ribbons won
From fresh, fair hands, that yielded them with pride,
And proudly won this merry Whitsuntide.

And then succeeds a lovelier sight—the dames,
Wives, mothers, and arch sigh-awakening lasses,
Filling each gazing wight with wounds and flames,
Yet looking each demurely as she passes,
With flower-tipped wand, and bloom that flowers outshames;
And in the van of those sweet, happy fées
Marches the priest, whose sermon says—"Be merry!"
The frank, good squire, and sage apothecary

Howitt's Forest Minstrel.

Thus I wrote three and twenty years ago. That was then the literal transcript of existing things. That was exactly what I had seen in my native village year after year when I was a boy; it was still so there. But the great malady of England—the *Sombres*, or the *Blue-devils*, or call it what you will, which has infected us in the towns, has spread into the remotest villages. There is no longer any talk of being "merry and wise." Indeed, it would not be very wise to be merry on *boiled horse-beans* and *turnip-tops*! instead of the roast beef and plum-pudding of old England. It is impossible to keep Whitsuntide on boiled horse-beans and turnip-tops; and Mr. Sheridan tells us that that's the best diet his tenants' cottagers can get; and others tell us that thousands of other cottagers all over the country are still worse off; for their houses are as bad as their diet. Merry and wise, indeed! I was going to be merry on the present occasion, just out of old custom, but those boiled horse-beans and turnip-tops come across me, and put me out.

But the merry times *shall* come round again. A dozen things are working for it. The corn-law, that monster of monsters, is taking his last gasp on the floor of the House of Lords; bread shall be cheap again, roast beef shall astonish cottage chimneys with fragrant fumes; labour shall grow fat and laugh. The landlords themselves are beginning to see the real condition of the peasantry, and to be ashamed. The peasantry are beginning to turn restive (they have been a thousand times too patient), and coming out into the face of day in their rags and their hunger, set the whole public a-thinking. All things show that the disease of the *Sombres* has got to the worst, and there must be a mending. We are not a nation of cannibals yet; we are not going to eat up the

poor man and his children; we are not even going to eat a loaf when he cannot get a penny-roll; we are not going to eat the turnips and give him the tops; to put him on a par with our horses, and feed him on beans. No! the mischief is out; it is known, and if England be England, if Englishmen are what they always have been, as good-hearted as they are stout-hearted, there is an end of the last of the dark ages. Again banners shall float on the breezes of Whitsuntide, music shall sound from village to village, gay processions shall stream along from the green to the church, and from the church to the village inn—

And in the van of these sweet, happy faces,
Shall march the priest whose sermon says "Be merry,"
The frank, good squire, and sage apothecary.

Of all the holidays of England, none have been so pre-eminently the festival of good-fellowship as that of Whitsuntide. It was at this season that the ancient church held its *Acenon*, or love-feasts. The love-feasts of the primitive Christians degenerated in England into what are called Whitsun-ales; so called from the churchwardens buying, and laying in from presents also, a large quantity of malt, which they brewed into beer, and sold out in the church, or elsewhere. The profits, as well as those from Sunday-games—there being no poor-rates—were given to the poor, for whom this was one mode of provision, according to "the Christian rule, that all festivities should be rendered innocent by alms." "In every parish," says Aubrey, "was a church-house, to which belonged spits, crocks, and other utensils for dressing provisions. Here the housekeepers met. The young people were there too; and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c. The ancients sitting gravely by, and looking on."

The merriment degenerated into licence; Puritanism put it down; but the love-feasts revived again in the celebration of the annual meeting of the Clubs or Friendly Societies, and Whitsuntide became the greatest and most joyous of all village festivals, excepting only the Wake. Let us carry ourselves back a very few years, and see it as we saw and described it then.

It is Whit-monday. The sunshiny morning has broke over the villages of England with its most holiday smile. All work has ceased. There has been at first a Sabbath stillness, a repose, a display of holiday costume. Groups of men have met here and there in the streets in quiet talk; the children have begun to play, and make their shrill voices heard through the hamlets. There have been stalls of sweatmeats and toys set out in the little market-place on the green, by the shady wall, or under the well-known tree. Suddenly the bells have struck up a joyous peal, and a spirit of delight is diffused all over the rustic place—ay, all over every rustic place in Merry England. Forth comes streaming the village procession of hardy men and comely women, all arrayed in their best, gay with ribbons and scarfs, a band of music sounding before them, their broad banner of peace and union flapping over their heads, and their wands shouldered like the spears of an ancient army, or used as walking-staves.

Forth stream those happy bands from their club-room, making the procession of the town before they go to church, and then again after church, and before going to dinner; for then begins the serious business of feasting, too important to admit of any fresh holiday parade for the rest of the day. Nothing can be more joyously picturesque than this rural holiday. The time of

the year—the latter end of May, or early part of June—is itself jubilant. The new leaves are just out in all their tender freshness; the flowers are engoldening the fields, and making odorous the garden; there are sunshine and brightness to gladden the festival of the lowly. In my mind are associated with this time, from the earliest childhood, sunshine, flowers, the sound of bells, and village bands of music. I see the clubs, as they are called, coming down the village; a procession of its rustic population, all in their best attire. In front of them comes, bearing the great banner, emblazoned with some fitting scene and motto, old Harry Lomax, the blacksmith, deputed to that office for the brawny strength of his arms, and yet, if the wind be stirring, evidently staggering under its weight, and finding enough to do to hold it aloft. There it floats its length of blue and yellow, and on its top nods the huge posy of peonies, laburnum flowers, and lilacs, which our own garden has duly furnished. Then comes sounding the band of drums, bassoons, hautboys, flutes, and clarionets; then the honorary members, the freeholders of the place, the sage apothecary and the priest, whose sermon says "be merry" literally—for years, on this day, his text being the words of Solomon—"Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." Next come the simple sons of the hamlet, walking as stately and as gravely as they can, for the wods and smiles of all their neighbours who do not join in the procession, chiefly the women, who are all at windows and doors, to see them go by. There they go, passing down the shady lane, with all the village children at their heels, to the next hamlet half a mile off, which furnishes members to the club, and must therefore witness their glory. Now the banner, and the gilded tips of their wands, are seen glancing between the hedge-row trees: their music comes merrily up the hill, and as it dies away at the next turn, the drumming from distant villages becomes audible in half a dozen different quarters. Then come, one after another, the clubs of the neighbouring hamlets, as the old ballad of the Earl of Murray very expressively says, "sounding through the town;" giving occasion to a world of criticism and comparison to the village gossips—no doubt always terminating in favour of their own folk.

But the most beautiful sight is that of the women's clubs, which in some places walk on the same day with those of the men, but more commonly on the Tuesday. Here the contrast between the band and banner-bearer, and the female array that follows them, gives great effect. In some places they are graced with the presence of some of the ladies of the neighbourhood, who are honorary members; and their cultivated countenances, and style of bearing, again contrast with the simple elegance or showy finery of the rustic train which succeeds, consisting of the sedate matrons and blooming damsels of the village. Their light dresses, their gay ribbons and bonnets, their happy, and often very handsome faces, cannot be seen without feeling with Wordsworth, that—

Their beauty makes you glad.

In all the pageants and processions that ever were seen, there is nothing more beautiful than those light wands with which they walk, each tipped with a nosegay of fresh flowers. These posied wands were worthy of the most chastely graceful times of Greece; and amongst the youthful forms are often such as a Stothard would have gloried in seizing upon to figure in his charming procession pieces. Indeed, a Whitsuntide pro-

cession in his hands would have formed altogether a picture equal to his Canterbury Pilgrimage, and the procession of the Fitch of Bacon. It has never had justice done to it, and Stothard is gone; but we have artists remaining, from whose pencil I trust it may and will receive honour due. I can see the painting, already in my mind's eye. The village church is at one extremity; the banner of the men's club is stooping at the porch, as the train is about to enter; and the women's club is advancing up the street in the foreground. The band is composed of figures full of strong character; the female figures full of simple elegance and arch beauty. Their poised wands depicted with the force of reality; the village street in perspective; the village ale-house, with depending sign; booths and stalls, and all round merry faces and holiday forms.

Such was Whitsuntide a few years ago; but the dark days we have gone through have snatched many a fair attribute from this genuine holiday of the people. Easter was the great holiday of the Church; May-day was the holiday of the Poets; but Whitsuntide was the holiday of the People. It was the *village* festival; the village love-feast; the holiday when nature, and all her sunshine, seemed to come and rejoice with man. It was the festival when the old feasted, and sung their old songs, and told their old stories of their fathers; and the young danced and were happy. But first came sage prudence, and said the times were hard, it were better to give up all those ribbons, they would give relief to a sick member for some months. And it *was* prudent, and it was done. Then the next year Prudence came again, and brought Temperance with her; and said the times were still worse, and union-workhouses were building, and all that asked parish relief must go in there—and therefore it was prudent to husband both health and the club-fund, so that they advised them to give up their dinners and their ale. But without dinners, ale, or ribbons, how were the poor souls to walk in procession, and “be merry.” Nobody was merry.” The times were far from merry; wages were far from a merry rate, bread was taxed, and had no mirth in it. The old parson was dead; and the new parson had got a new text, and it was—“He that provideth not for his family is worse than an infidel.” This was the finishing blow; it knocked all the wind out of them. There was not a man amongst them that could provide for his family at 7s. a-week, and the corn-law price of bread; so the poor fellows set themselves down for a set of wretched infidels, and sneaked away from church. Ribbons, feasts, processions, were in many places given up, and the glory of Whitsuntide was at an end.

But better times we will venture to prophecy are coming. With free trade and education, the bond of strength among the poor, good times and gaiety shall revive. Then, once more, let Whitsuntide be Merry Whitsuntide. Let the tent be spread on the village-green, where the temperance societies can join the *fete*; and let tea and coffee smoke upon the board, and old and young chat over all their news and their interests, together. Let the young gather into groups and sing, and others “rise up and dance.” Let the ball fly, and the race be run, and the manly game of cricket be played. Let there be talk for the old, active sport for the young, and fun for the very children. And as this is, and shall be more and more, an intellectual age, let a rural rostrum be erected, and from it let the eloquent advocates of peace, of temperance, of wise co-operation for the popular

comfort, and for advance in all that is good and beautiful, there charm the ears of the throng with eloquence, and stir their hearts with great and brotherly emotions. Let them recite what is planning, what is doing, what is growing and flourishing all the country—ay, all the world over—for the people. Let the triumphs of knowledge over ignorance—of liberality over bigotry—of love over hate and heartburnings be recounted. Let it be told what new schools are erected—what new allotments generous landlords have made amongst their labourers—what new co-operative colonies are founded, and how those flourish that are already existing. How the cause of temperance progresses—how the principles of peace diffuse themselves—what new knowledge and inventions promise new pleasures to mankind. Such will one day be the happy festival of Whitsuntide. It should still be the *Village Festival*; for summer then is in its early prime, and every soul that can should turn out, and enjoy the summer and the village *fete* together. The villagers should look with confidence for their friends and relatives from the towns, to come and see with them how glorious the country then is. The feast spread for all, and paid for by all, at the slight cost at which such a feast may be afforded, would be burdensome to no one. Friend would gladden the face of friend; heart would beat joyously to heart; every man, woman, and child, would feel that the balance of the world was once more restored; and, instead of starving ignorance and tyrant suspicion, there would be the bright heaven smiling on the flowery earth, and every human creature, wondering to find what a happy world this is after all.

Bird, that singest in thy wicker cage against that hot street-wall, I know thy heart and thy thoughts where they are. Thy song is but thy dream of the sweet June valley whence thou wert stole. Glittering waters, glittering and running beneath the overhanging boughs, all glorious in their new leaves and blossoms, deep green grass, full of sweetest flowers, trees where thy kinsman thrush sits in the verdant, fragrant shadow, and improvises poems of delight: these are the things, this is the paradise, that swells thy heart almost to bursting. Old man, hammering on thy last in that little cellar, with scarce room to turn thee round—I know what makes thee give such blows to that great old shoe. It is the scene that spreads itself through thy brain—spreads, opens wider, more palpably, glows, burns, and melts into thy imagination like an intoxication. It is the scene which lies before thee from that stile on the hill-top where fifty years ago thy native village in its vale met thy eye for the last time. There are upland-fields, straw-thatched cottages, half buried in blossoming orchards; there rises a smoke, there glances out a little window, there flutters a white handkerchief. It is far off in the north—it is fifty years since—yet, old man, thy heart faints in thee. Let the busy throng stream past thee, and not one regard thy humble person, far less thy humble labours; let them stir with careless foot, as they go by the little row of thy dry and cobbled wares. Old man, there is still in thy soul a feeling that came from heaven, a dream of memory—that is divine, a pang that might make a poet. Fifty years ago didst thou set out to seek thy fortune in London:—it is this! But over thy native village the sun shines joyously, the fields are all flowers and verdure, the breeze goes whisking there with a living spirit, and that music announces that it is now, as then, Merry Whitsuntide where thou wert born. Old man, there is a train—let me send thee down

—once more to the feast; but, no!—thou art right!—as with the old Indian chief, there runs no drop of thy blood in any living creature there. London is thy home, thy world: this strait cell is thy stall and thy all: here must thou hammer for the present, and muse on the past a little longer. Here only dost thou hold thy Wake, and thy WHITSUNTIDE.

Our Library.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

THE MYRTLE STORY BOOKS; THE GOOD-NATURED BEAR; AND THE MEMOIRS OF A LONDON-DOLL.*

There are many popular errors in this world; among the rest, that anybody, who can write nothing else, can write a child's book. This is indeed a grand mistake, and has been the cause of so many bad children's books being written. What is it that constitutes a good child's book? Is it to put difficult knowledge in as unattractive a form as possible; to make fathers and mothers cold and dry preceptors; is it to strew as many thorns and thistles as possible along the newly macadamised road to knowledge? No, not according to our notions! We think that the true spirit of a child's book ought to be love and cheerfulness, leaving the scholastic knowledge to come in the professedly school-books. When books are written expressly for children's reading, they ought, in all good sense, to be written in the spirit of the child; that spirit which is the best foundation for a healthy manly and womanly character, and which is no other than love and cheerfulness. All children who come into this world are born with these two beautiful and holy elements within them, and it is education, education beginning with the very beginning of life, which counteracts and so often crushes them, as if they were something to be feared and looked down upon. Instead of that, the true wisdom is to let nothing come across them, nor thwart, nor impede their growth. Love and cheerfulness are the two great helpers through all the troubles and trials of life, and with these no man or woman can be utterly unhappy. We have said nothing of religion, because these are a part of religion, and the child cannot fail of a religious training where love to God, and man, and that cheerfulness, which is itself goodness, are early nurtured, and where all education is carried on in this spirit.

Taking this view of books written expressly for children's reading, we most cordially recommend the five little books at the head of this article, and only regret that they are not also published at a price which would enable every poor child throughout the united kingdoms to possess a copy of them. As it is, nothing can be more outwardly beautiful than they are. Like everything Mr. Cundall publishes, they are as attractive as printing, book-binding, and illustration can make them. John Abolton and Miss Margaret Gillies, whose works are distinguished by their grace and truth to nature, having furnished the designs for their embellishment. What can a child have more than one of these books, and a seat under a garden-tree, in the summer sunshine, or by a warm, happy fireside in winter. It must fairly "lap it in Elysium" for the time, and leave it afterwards with a heart full of affection, and a spirit as bright as

youth itself. Let the father or mother, or grandfather or grandmother—it matters not which—take up one of these books which the young reader has laid down, and they will soon be as much fascinated and delighted as the child itself, and long before the book is done with, will have a warm, comfortable feeling nestling about their hearts, which will make them feel full of love and kindness for everybody and everything.

There is a great deal of genius and knowledge, both of life and books, in these little volumes, which prove that the authors, be they whom they may, are no ordinary people. We have heard of the pen of a well-known and fine poet being in one, at least, of them. We believe it to be quite possible; and in conclusion say—Dear Mrs. Harriet Myrtle, and deeply-experienced and most good-natured of Bears, give us many more such books as these; and excellent Mr. Cundall, do all in your power to spread them far and wide.

DARTON'S JUVENILE LIBRARY.* *Travels and Adventures of Thomas Trotter, as told by himself. The Life, Travels, and Adventures of Dick Boldhero, in search of his Uncle.* By the real Peter Parley.

"No author can get a great fame without deserving it; for the public, after all, is a discerning public, and when a man's name may be said to reach round the globe, we may be tolerably sure that he has done something for it. Such is the case of Peter Parley; his name literally has gone round the world. There are, it is true, many spurious, counterfeit Peters abroad—many a talkative old gentleman, full of all sorts of knowledge, and professing a vast deal of affection for "the rising generation," who calls himself Peter Parley; but these are not the real Simon Pure, and with these we have nothing to do. Let us hear what the true author himself says of these imitators. "I have been much vexed," says he in the advertisement to this Juvenile Library, "since my arrival in this country, to see the name of Peter Parley attached to a number of books published in London, which I never saw or heard of, and which contain much of which I totally disapprove, and consider to be contrary to good morals. I have also seen my books mutilated and altered, so that I could scarcely recognise anything in them as my own, except the title and some disfigured fragments." This being the case, and an extremely annoying one it is, Peter Parley, otherwise Mr. S. G. Goodrich, of Boston, America, has undertaken to furnish Messrs. Darton and Clarke with a series of books adapted for English readers, to be published by them alone. These now form Darton's Juvenile Library; and consist at present of seven volumes, nicely printed, and illustrated with wood-cuts by Samuel Williams.

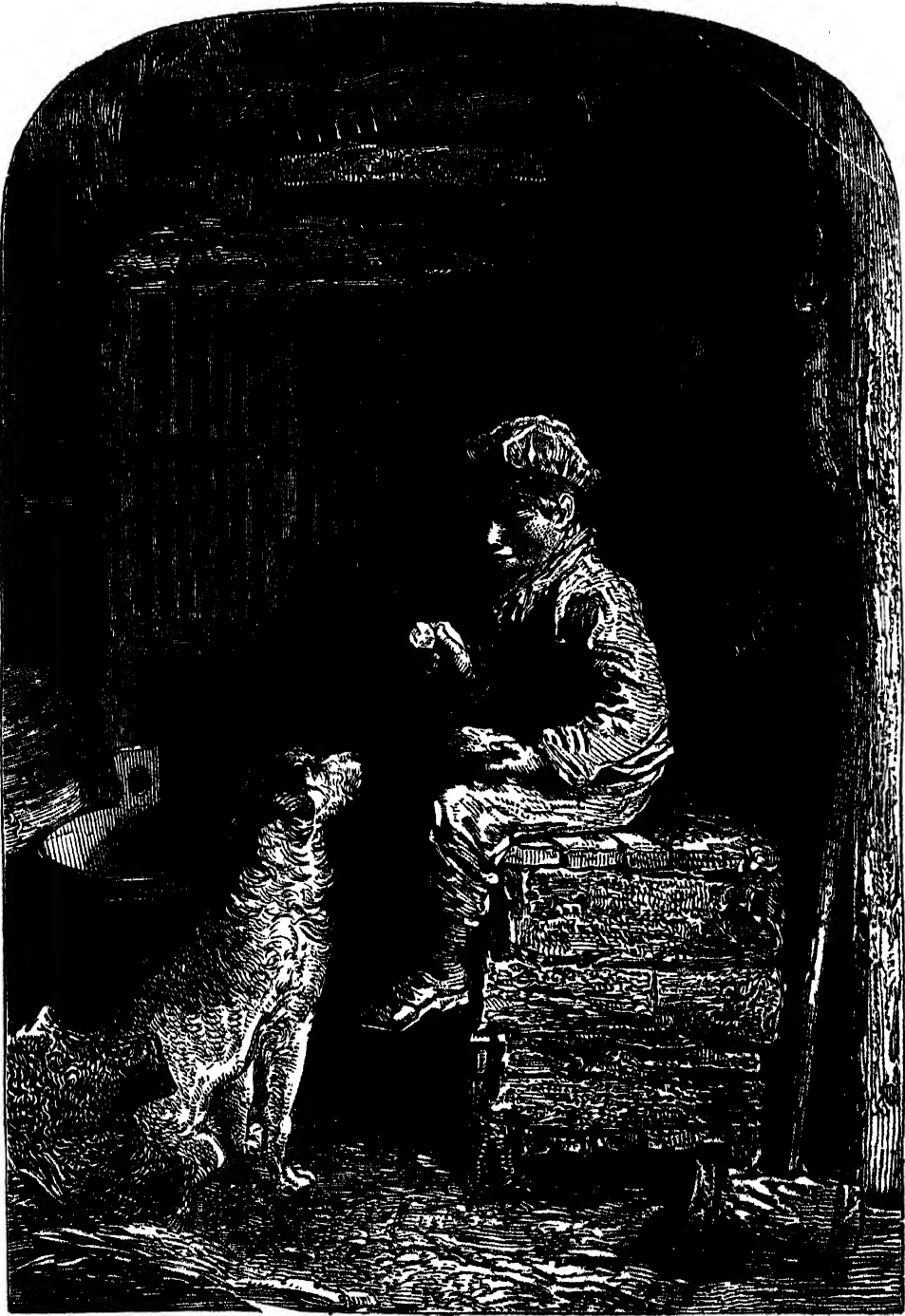
The two volumes which stand at the head of this article are charming stories of travel and adventure, exactly calculated for young readers who delight in hair-breadth escapes, and incidents of peril and daring in new and strange lands. They contain, also, a great deal of information, skilfully woven into the narrative, so as to combine to the utmost pleasure and profit. The style is lively and clear, and the story natural, and often extremely interesting. We can honestly recommend this new series of juvenile books by the real Peter Parley as every way worthy of his reputation, and deserving of the public favour.

* Joseph Cundall, New Bond-street.

* Darton and Clarke, Holborn-hill.

The Picture Exhibitions.

No. 4.



ANTICIPATION. BY W. HUNT.

FROM THE OLD WATER-COLOUR GALLERY.

THE PICTURE EXHIBITIONS

BY THORNTON HUNT.

THE OLD WATER-COLOUR GALLERY.

THE eye, as we have said, of the spectator, as well as of the painter, must be educated in art; not because true painting is an arbitrary and an artificial thing, but because the faculty of observation itself needs to be developed. Multitudes of things exist around us which pass totally unnoticed. They are to the unobservant beholder just as if they had not existed. There are many things, also, which he has observed slightly; and which, when they are first called to his attention, he is unprepared to recognise as part of nature; or the distinct and positive character in which they are put before him appears to his observation as something forced. In such cases—we are still supposing that the painting is good—the fault is in him, not in the artist: his observation has fallen short of the painter's. Not only so: there must be many incidents in the round of experience and feeling which no one man has encountered in his life; partly because the social circumstances by which he is surrounded do not furnish such incidents, and partly, it may be, in many cases, his undeveloped faculties and sensibilities have not made him open to the impression or even to the occurrence of such incidents. To the clown, whose feelings are still blunted by rudeness, many things which happen, and which would touch the feelings of one more intelligent and more sensitive, pass unregarded; and some incidents which are common to the highly cultivated man never happen at all to the clown. But there is one valuable privilege which is bestowed by an extensive observation: it enables us to compare the incidents which happen to ourselves with those which happen to others, the impressions which our own adventures make on our own minds with the impression made by other adventures on other minds; and by that kind of analogy we recognise the truth or force of moral influences that have never been personally undergone by ourselves. We recognise the truth of incidents or of feelings described in fictions, though they may be beyond the range of our individual knowledge. We understand the truth, the beauty, and the power of scenes in pictures which we have never witnessed in life. By a reaction, these works of fiction, poetry, or prose, these works of art, are so many distinct additions to our experience, enlarging and exalting our knowledge. Such cultivation, therefore, results in endowing us with a domain of thought wholly unknown to the ruder man.

We have already considered the share which pictures have on this kind of education, and have explained how, in order to their comprehension, it is better to begin with such as come most nearly to our own observation and experience. In many respects, the old Water-colour Exhibition, in Pall Mall East, is the best in London to see early in this course. It consists mainly of landscapes, real scenes, great numbers of which are such as the loiterer in the towns or country of England knows familiarly; and there is to be found a regular sequence from these familiar scenes to others in remote countries. You may compare a picture of *Hamstead Heath* with your knowledge of the heath itself, and then you better understand J. D. Harding's scene in the higher Alps. But with such practical clue to the full force and meaning

of that foreign scene, the Alps themselves—often described in books, but vaguely and insignificantly painted by the unassisted fancy of the reader—come forth into the region of reality. You have not mounted them—your legs have not been strained “from morn till dewy eve,” in toiling against the unceasing rise of the road. You have not felt the change from the warm air below to the cold air above; but now at least, you have seen them.

And you view nature in this Gallery as it is viewed by different minds, whose thoughts are impressed upon the paper by master-hands. There is the plain, matter-of-fact, almost prosaic truth of De Wint; the polished beauty of Copley Fielding, seizing on the most pleasing traits; the rough hasty sketches of David Cox, full of the vigour and the motion of outward nature. These last are peculiarly interesting to the student: although they can scarcely be considered as imperfect pictures, and though they are, in effect, very close to nature itself, you are suffered to see much of the raw materials—the paper and the paint—and much of the way in which the artist has handled them.

The painters of figures are few, but they are excellent; and they particularly furnish the kind of clue which we have repeatedly pointed out between the experiences of daily life, and a more exalted class of art. Mr. Alfred Fripp, for instance, who paints a young couple under the title of “*Irish Courtship*,” does good service in this way. A girl is seated; her sweetheart is entering at the door; she keeps her back to him with a manner as if there had been a “tiff” between them; but her eyes are full of kindness, and her hand conceals a smile. There is no attempt to beautify or idealise. The girl, indeed, is beautiful, but it is the beauty that you may meet in her class. The grace belongs to nature, not to art. The artist's skill has been shown, not in adding artificial graces, but in fetching out what there is of playful, pleasing, and graceful in the beings themselves; not inventing those qualities, but only making them apparent to the beholder. The same may be said, though not in so complete a degree, of his larger picture, “*Irish Labourers returning Home from the English Harvest*.”

Mr. Frederick Tayler's pictures are masterpieces. They are beautiful as paintings; the skill in colouring is very great, and his works are highly valued by the connoisseur. The predominant feeling of the scene, too, is very beautifully expressed. His “*Poultry Yard*” is a fit key to the observation of a real poultry yard. The character of every variety of domestic fowl is brought out with surprising spirit and exactness. You recognise the grace of the dove; the busy alacrity of the hen; the physical energy of the cock, with his magnificent plumage; the lumbering, bullying arrogance of the turkey-cock; the pride of the peacock, hesitating to ruffle his plumes in the scramble for grain. “*The Tired Soldier Resting*” is a more serious scene. The endurance of the humble hero, the kind sympathy of the women that stand by to look at him, touch the mind; the truth and beauty of the colouring as a whole strike the most uninitiated frequenters of picture galleries.

But the triumph of homely art is to be found in the pictures of WILLIAM HUNT. At the very first sight there is a roughness in his manner, as if he used too blunt a pencil; but a minute's use makes the eye accustomed to that slight license, and then you begin to understand the great force and astonishing truth of his delineation. He

usually chooses such subjects as you may see in any homestead, fetching out the moral feeling with wonderful sharpness and power. In this exhibition he has several pictures of the sort. There is a country girl in her working dress on "Saturday," and the same girl in her gala dress on "Sunday." The contrast of the two makes you laugh, partly for the reasons that would make you laugh at the same change in nature, partly because the portrait is so exact in each instance, that you are astonished at the skill of the artist—changing with his subjects, and equal in both. But also the pair form a kind of moral commentary, showing you how, by the wish to please, by natural taste and tact, the ruder country wench may be turned into the graceful lady. There is a country boy at his prayers, which is in itself a sermon. It is a homely ploughboy, in every trait of aspect and dress; but how beautiful and exalted the expression! Such is the influence of the finer feelings on the rudest natures. The little fellow in our woodcut is in a very opposite frame of mind. He is perched on what looks like a corn-bin, tantalising a dog with a morsel of bread. It is a good-natured boy, and you see that the dog will not be disappointed; but meanwhile his mischievous companion is teasing him with pretences of throwing the crumb, and is busied in studying the practical analysis of expectation, trembling on the verge of disappointment, as displayed in the dog. He is studying the way in which one creature can play with the feelings and fortunes of another. Seeing what he does himself with the dog, he will better understand the malicious smile lurking in his master's face when next asked for a favour; and looking on this picture, the beholder, too, will the better understand such feelings, and the better understand the true function of art in bringing out the truth of nature, by acting as a fixed and emphatic mirror of its transitory aspects.

Our Library.

THE FATHER MATHEW OF AMERICA.

THE HAND OF PROVIDENCE EXEMPLIFIED IN THE HISTORY OF JOHN B. GOUGH.*

Such is the title of one of the most interesting pieces of autobiography which we ever read. "Upwards of seventeen thousand copies of this little work," says the preface to the English edition, "have been sold in the United States, since its publication in January 1845, and such is the interest felt in its subject, that the demand is still great." The English publisher has done good service by issuing this reprint, and we shall be much mistaken if it do not become equally popular in this country. Simply as a narrative, we know nothing more intensely interesting than this history of the life of a poor man, with all his sorrows, hardships, home-affections, trials, and temptations, and we are quite of opinion with the editor of the *New York Evangelist*, that had it been written by Goldsmith it would have ranked as an English classic.

Mr. Gough is undoubtedly one of the most extraordinary men of the day; one of those great benefactors of the people who have risen from the

people themselves, and who are their best teachers because they know the wants, the weaknesses, and the trials of their own peculiar class. "Mr. Gough," to quote again from the preface to the English reprint, "with the exception of Father Mathew, has done more to promote the spread of Temperance than any other individual living. He has been termed the Whitfield of the cause, and certain it is, since the days of that eminent divine, no one has commanded and held enchained by purely natural eloquence such large audiences as he."

When any great work is to be done, God sends workmen. In an age of war and revolution, Napoleons and Wellingtons rise up to fulfil their permitted mission of affliction and blood; and in better times of moral advancement and popular regeneration, the Joseph Lancasters, the Father Mathews, and the John Goughs come forth in the spirit of Christ to diffuse true knowledge, and to lead mankind by the gospel of love to higher happiness, even on earth, than the world has yet dreamed of. May God prosper their good work! and in the earnest desire to assist it in every possible way, we hail with peculiar pleasure the reprint of this valuable little volume, and think, with its publisher, that as the subject of it may shortly visit England, the effect of his popular addresses will be much increased by a knowledge of his previous career. For this purpose we cannot do better than let John Gough speak for himself. In the first place, let him tell of his birth and parentage.

I was born (says he) on the 22nd of August, 1817, at a romantic little watering place, named Sandgate, in the county of Kent, England. My father had been a soldier in the fortieth and fifty second regiments of foot, and was in the enjoyment of a pension of 20s. per annum. I remember, as well as if it had been but yesterday, how he would go through military exercises with me, my mimic weapon being a broom, and my martial equipments some of his faded trappings. * * * * With what intense interest have I often listened to his descriptions of battle-fields, and how have I shuddered at contemplating the dreadful scenes which he so graphically portrayed. * * * * Apart from such attractions as these, my father possessed few for a child. His military habits had become a second nature to him, and he was a stern disciplinarian.—p. 4.

My mother's character was cast in a gentler mould. Her heart was a fountain whence the pure waters of affection never ceased to flow. Her very being seemed twined with mine, and ardently did I return her love. She was the schoolmistress of the village, and was well qualified by nature and acquirements for the office she filled.

From his mother he received his first lessons. His father was a methodist, and his mother a baptist; but their differences in religious opinion caused no disunion between them, and upon the whole his home seems to have been a happy one. He had considerable taste as a child for the beauties of nature; and indulged early visions of poetry and romance in the ruins of a castle near. But for all this there were stern realities in his early experience. Let us give one little incident in his own words.

During my father's absence in the wars, my mother's circumstances were very straightened, although, in addition to school-keeping, she worked industriously at making a kind of lace, then very fashionable, and in the manufacture of which article she greatly excelled. On one occasion, when our necessities absolutely required extra-exertion, she took her basket of work, and travelled eight and a-half weary miles to the town of Dover. Arrived there, footsore and heart-weary, she threaded the streets and lanes with her lace, seeking for customers, but none did she find; and after reluctantly abandoning the pursuit, she once more turned her face towards home—a home desolate indeed. Painful, bitterly painful, were my mother's reflections, as she drew near her door, and when she rested her dreadfully tired frame, she had nothing in the house with which to recruit her strength. During her absence, a gentleman had sent for me to the library, and was so pleased with my reading that he made me a present of five shillings; and Mr. Purday, in addition, gave me sixpence. Oh, how rich I was! Never had I possessed so vast

* Darton. 1 Vol. 12mo.

an amount of money before, and all imaginable modes of spending it flitted before my fancy. I went to play with some other boys until my mother's return from Dover; and soon afterwards, on entering our house, I found her sitting in her chair, bathed in tears. I asked her what was the matter, when she drew me close to her, and looking in my face, with a mournful expression which I shall never forget, informed me that all her weary journey had been fruitless—she had sold nothing. Oh! with what joy I drew the crown-piece and the sixpence from my pocket, and placed them in her hand; and with what delightful feelings we knelt down, whilst she poured out her heart in thankfulness to God for the relief he had so seasonably provided. My mother gave me a halfpenny for myself, and I felt happier then than I did when I received the shining silver crown-piece: it was all my own, to do as I liked with—to keep or spend. What an inestimable privilege!

There are incidents in this life of Gough which strongly remind us of the life of Hans Christian Andersen. In fact this autobiography has often recalled to us one of Andersen's exquisite romances. Gough had a sister younger than himself, of whom he was very fond. She was his chief playfellow, and to her he practised from an old bottomless chair, which chair also served the purpose of a Punch-and-Judy box, the puppets for which were his own manufacture. This is quite like a passage from the life of our northern novelist.

At twelve years old, his father, who foresaw difficulties in establishing him in life, engaged with a family who were emigrating to America, that for the sum of ten pounds they should take him over with them, teach him a trade, and provide for him until he was one and twenty. His mother reluctantly, and only from a sense of duty, consented to his going. She parted from him with many tears; and when he was gone hung up on the accustomed peg his old cap, jacket, and school-bag, where they hung for many years. In company with another lad, who was also going out, he mounted the London night-coach, and left his native village, but in turning round to take a last view, he saw a female figure standing among the bathing machines, that his heart told him was his mother. He felt then how dearly he was beloved. We will not mar the following beautiful incident by telling it otherwise than in his own words.

Passing Dover, we arrived off Sandgate on Sunday, when it fell a dead calm, and the ships' anchors were dropped. During that day boat after boat came off to us from the shore, and friends of the family I was with paid them visits; but I was unnoticed—my relatives did not come. After long and wearily watching, I at last saw a man standing up in a boat, with a white hand round his hat. "That's he!—that's my father!" I shouted. He soon got on deck, and smothered me with kisses. I heard that my mother and sister had gone to a place of worship at some distance from Sandgate. * * * * * Evening came on, and our visitors from the shore repaired to their boats. Boat after boat vanished in the gloomy distance, and I went to my bed. About midnight I heard my name called, and going on deck, I found there my beloved mother and sister, who, hearing on their return home, that I was in the offing, had paid half a guinea (money hardly earned, and with difficulty procured, but readily and cheerfully expended) to a boatman to row them to the ship. They spent an hour (Oh, how short it seemed!) with me, and then departed, with many tears. Having strained my eyes until their boat was no longer discernible, I went back to my bed to sob away the rest of the morning. I felt this to be my first real sorrow.—p. 10.

A short time soon convinced him that his situation was an unhappy one. The family with whom he sailed were cold-hearted and unprincipled people; and while all were shouting with joy as they sailed up the Narrows, he was compelled to stay below, to black the boots and shoes of the family. This, however, was a small grievance in comparison with his later discoveries regarding them. After twelve months' trial, he discovered that there was no chance of his either being sent to school, or learning a trade; and, therefore, he sold his knife, to pay the postage of a letter to

England, to request his father's permission to "seek his own fortune." Of course his father consented, and after a variety of such adventures as can only happen to the poor and friendless, and which are related with really dramatic effect, a little light broke in upon his prospects. He was a bookbinder now by trade, and his circumstances were so far promising, that he sent for his father, mother, and sister, to join him in this land of golden hopes.

Accordingly, one Saturday afternoon, in the autumn of 1833, whilst he was at work, a note was brought to him, informing him that his mother and sister were then on board a vessel lying in the river. He immediately left his work to hasten to them. On his way he saw a little woman rapidly walking along, whom he immediately recognised as her of whom he was in search. He had grown from the boy into the man, and it was not until he addressed his mother, that he found himself clasped in her arms. Time had also made as great a change upon the little sister whom he had left as upon himself, and it was some moments before he could recognise her. His father, who was loth to give up his hard-earned pension, still remained in England.

The little gleam of good fortune which had brightened poor Gough's prospects, soon clouded over; and now, with a mother and sister dependent upon him, his circumstances were more hopeless than ever. A severe winter, that scourge of the poor, set in. He was without work; fuel and provisions were dear. They were in a state of absolute want, when, to crown all, the mother fell sick. This is like a picture sketched from the "old world," rather than the new, where we are told that, let the poor want what they may, they do not want food; and where we have heard of a laundress complaining of "unexampled distress," in being obliged to eat pig's head three days in the week. Poverty, however, and distress are citizens of the world, as we see from this beautiful and touching narrative. But let us finish the melancholy story of this devoted mother's life in Gough's own words.

The summer of 1834 was exceedingly hot, and as our room was immediately under the roof, with but one small window in it, the heat was almost intolerable, and my mother suffered much from this cause. On the 8th of July, a day more than usually warm, she complained of debility. I was not, however, apprehensive of danger, and saying I would go and bathe, asked her to provide me some rice and milk against my return. That day my spirits were unusually exuberant. I laughed and sung with my young companions, as if not a cloud was to be seen in my sky. About eight o'clock I returned home, and was going up the steps, whistling as I went, when my sister met me at the threshold, and seizing me by the hand, exclaimed—"John, mother's dead!" What I did, what I said, I cannot remember. * * * * * As soon as they permitted me, I visited our garret, now a chamber of death, and there, on the floor, lay all that remained of her whom I loved so well. I sat all night watching my mother's cold remains, and none but myself and God can tell what a night of agony that was. * * * * * I had no money, no friend, and what was worse than all, none to sympathise with myself and my sister but the people about us, who could afford the occasional exclamation—"Poor things!" I wandered into the streets without any definite object in view. I had a vague idea that my mother was dead, and must be buried, and little feeling beyond that. Weary and dispirited, I at last once more sought my lodgings, where my sister had been anxiously watching for me. I learned from her that during my absence some persons had been, and brought a deal box to the house, in which they had placed my mother's body, and taken it off in a cart for interment. They had but just gone, she said; I told her that we must go and see mother buried, and, we hastened after the vehicle, which we soon overtook.

There was no pomp and circumstance about that humble funeral. Only two lacerated and bleeding hearts mourned for her; but as the almost unnoticed procession passed through the streets, tears of more genuine sorrow were shed than frequently fall when

"Some proud child of earth returns to dust."

We soon reached the burial-ground. In the same cart with my mother was another mortal, whose spirit had put on immortality. A little child's coffin lay beside that of her who had been a sorrowful pilgrim for many years, and both were about to lie side by side in the narrow home. When the infant's coffin was taken from the cart, my sister burst into tears, and the driver, a rough-looking fellow, with a kindness of manner that touched us, remarked to her—"Poor little thing! 'tis better off where 'tis." I undeceived him as to this supposed relationship, and informed him that it was not for the child, but for our mother that we mourned. My mother's coffin was then taken out, and placed in a trench, and a little dirt was then sprinkled over it. So was she buried! There was no burial-service read—none. My mother was one of God's creatures, but she had lived, died amongst the poor.

Let the reader now imagine a few years to have passed, during which poor Gough's life is a dark and downward course. Outwardly he might sometimes seem gay: he laughed, and sung, and joined a company of strolling players, and tried life in many ways; but sorrow, and disappointment, and sin, and remorse, were the characteristics of this sad portion of his history. He married unfortunately; but his new social duties did not give him more serious views of life. He was a hopeless, degraded slave of drunkenness; and no bondage can equal that.

At one time his wife went to nurse his sister, who was married and ill at Providence, in Rhode Island; and during her absence, poor Gough, partly to console himself for the solitude of his wretched home, subjected himself with redoubled infatuation to his enemy. Nothing can be more powerfully written than this portion of the narrative; it is intensely interesting, and reminds us, especially where the frenzied horrors and visions of *delirium tremens* are described, of the *Confessions of an Opium-Eater*. The power of the whole consists in its truth; nothing is *imagined*. The whole of that dreary, burning agony had been borne and suffered by him who has written it down with a shuddering but unshrinking pen.

Fiction never conceived anything more striking or appalling than the scene where his wife and child lie dead in their wretched home, and he, miserable beyond the power of words to express, drinks still to drown his misery, and crawls in the silence and horror of midnight to the bed on which they lay to discover if they really were dead. Would that this history could be read by every drunkard!

One little passage from Gough himself shall close this portion of his history.

Again the dreary winter was about to resume its rigorous reign, and with horror I anticipated its approach. My stock of clothing was failing fast. I had no flannels, or woollen socks, no extra coats, and no means of procuring those absolutely necessary preservations against the severities of an American winter. I had no hope of ever becoming a respectable man again—not the slightest! * * * I wished, and fully expected, soon to die. Hope had abandoned me here, and beyond the grave nothing seemed calculated to cheer my desponding spirit. Oh! what a deep and stinging sense I had of my own degraded position, for my feelings were keenly alive to the ridicule and contempt which never ceased to be heaped upon me. Utterly wretched and abandoned, I have stood by the railway track, with a vague wish to lie across it, drink myself into oblivion, and let the cars go over me. Once I stood by the rails with a bottle of laudanum chattering against my lips, and had nearly been a suicide, but the mercy of God interposed, and I dashed the poison on the ground, and escaped the sin of self-murder. All night long have I lain on the damp grass which covered my wife's grave, steeped to the very lips in poverty, degradation, and misery! and yet I was a young man, whose energies, had they been rightly directed, might have enabled me to surmount difficulty and command respect.—p. 88.

Hitherto his career had been one of unmitigated woe, a troubled and stormy night upon which, however, a bright and beautiful morning dawned, ushered in, as it were, by the angels of love and mercy.

On the evening of the last Sunday in October, he was walking along the street wretchedly clad, and half intoxicated, with a bitter sense of hopeless, cureless misery at his heart, when some one kindly and gently touched him on the shoulder. The circumstance almost startled him, for he had the painful consciousness upon him that he was a creature no one cared to come in contact with; he turned round, and to his still greater surprise, met a kind look in the eye of a perfect stranger. Such a blessed and unexpected vision told him he was not utterly an outcast; and a sentiment of hope and gratitude penetrated his forlorn soul.

This unknown friend spoke to him kindly, even of his drunkenness, cheered him, comforted him, inspired him with hope, and, last of all, with a determination to endeavour to reform.

Only sign our pledge (remarked the stranger) and I will introduce you myself to good friends, who will feel an interest in your welfare, and take a pleasure in helping you to keep your good resolutions. Only Mr Gough, sign the pledge, and all will be as I have said—aye, and more too.

Oh! how pleasantly (remarked he), these words of kindness and promise fell on my crushed and bruised heart. I had long been a stranger to feelings such as now awoke in my bosom. A chord had been touched which vibrated to the tune of love. Hope once more dawned, and I began to think, strange as it appeared, that such things as my friend promised me might come to pass. On the instant I resolved, at least, to try.—p. 90.

He signed the pledge, but he had a hard and fearful combat yet to go through. In a moment of weakness and temptation his old adversary gained the victory over him, and he was plunged into tenfold remorse and humiliation. But the angels of love and mercy again sustained him. The forbearance, and kindness, and pity of his friends redeemed him from utter despair. How much does not man owe to man, and this is one of the great teachings of this interesting book.

Gough, like the sinful woman of the Gospel, loved much because much had been forgiven him. The joyful assurance was within his soul that his many sins were forgiven both by God and man; he loved, therefore, with the whole force of his redeemed and renovated existence, and henceforth devoted himself to the service of God and his miserable human brethren who were wallowing in that deep Tophet of drunkenness from which he had been saved.

The most wonderful success has so far crowned his efforts. Thousands and tens of thousands have been won to the cause of temperance in America through his means. The utmost enthusiasm is described as prevailing wherever he goes; meeting-houses and halls are crowded almost to suffocation to hear him speak, and the force of his oratory is said to be irresistible. May it be so! for it is employed in a holy cause, the redeeming man from a thralldom worse than that of negro slavery, and the blessing of God must rest upon it.

A TRIP TO LOWELL.

BY A LOITERER IN THE VICINITY OF BOSTON.

Taking it for granted that most of the readers of the *Journal* are in some degree, at least, familiar with this interesting & Manchester of America," as it has, in some respects, not been unaptly designated, I sit down to chronicle the impressions produced by it on my mind.

It was a clear, bright morning, when I alighted from the railway car; and, as I walked up the

wide street, I could scarcely persuade myself that I was in a busy and flourishing manufacturing city; so cleanly, so fresh looking, so new did every thing appear. The sky above was clear, and the atmosphere so transparent, that objects at the greatest distance were plainly discernible. I, all at once, as I gazed, became conscious of a great absence of a *something*, and I could not exactly make out what it was. It could not be the factories, for there they were all around me, with their little bell-turrets, their ladders running up the sides and over the roofs; nor churches, for I saw many white and glittering in the sunshine. I, at last, discovered what it was, or rather what it *was not*. There was no *smoke*; and so used had I been to see the columns of sooty vapours curling up, and expanding into dense clouds, that now I almost wished for it as a finish to the picture before me.

A pretty city is Lowell; and when one considers that but a very few years since, scarcely a quarter of a century, the place on which it stands was a leafy wilderness, through which the picturesque Merrimack wound its way, it is really wonderful to observe what the energy and enterprise of man have done. Where the boughs* of tall trees, laden with verdure, cast flickering shadows, paving, as with mosaic gold, the grass beneath, factories stand, and spindles almost constantly revolve. The water-nymphs have been scared from their haunts by water-wheels, and the sound of the loom is heard where once the Indian rose up at the sound of the bird.

Of course I was soon attracted to the mills, but I did not visit their interiors until the following Monday. Instead of their being situated, as in England, in dingy suburbs, surrounded by low and miserable dwellings, where the work-people lived, huddled together by hundreds, they were placed in healthful situations, and gardens or grass plats around them, imparted to them quite a cheerful aspect. The ladders, which I just now alluded to, were intended, I afterwards discovered, as fire-escapes in case of the staircases becoming too crowded in the event of an accident. They were all plentifully protected too by lightning conductors, which stood as sentries over every chimney and angle.

Having seen, and with considerable pleasure, too, the "*Lowell Offering*," I was, of course, curious to see the class of persons who contributed to and supported a periodical produced under such peculiar circumstances. Accordingly, in the company of a friend, I watched the operatives of one of the mills as they left it in the evening. All of them were neatly dressed, and of the hundreds who passed by us, I did not notice, although I looked with very inquisitive eyes, one whose appearance was slovenly* or repulsive. The countenances of most were intelligent, and those of some indicated a degree of refinement, which, among a similar class in England, I should not have looked for. I was quite pleased during my evening perambulations of the streets of Lowell, to observe the good order and the general quiet which pervaded every where. Many of the factory girls were taking their walks in pairs or in little groups, and many were busily employed in going from shop to shop—but there were no loiterers (except myself), no coarse language was heard anywhere, and at a very early hour the streets were as quiet as those of a country village.

The following day being the sabbath, I attended one of the churches, and was not altogether surprised to find that the greater proportion of the

congregation consisted of females. The building was quite filled, and the utmost attention was paid to the services. A great deal has been written and said abroad respecting the attire of the Lowell operatives, and therefore I looked about, perhaps a little more than I ought to have done, during the sermon; but really I did not observe any thing at all out of the way. I have seldom, indeed, seen a better-dressed set of girls in every respect, and their deportment was far more becoming than that of many who I know would turn up their noses at the idea of a factory girl wearing silk stockings. I only wish that we could *Lowellise* our English factory population, and impart to the poor neglected creatures, who are worse off than an African slave, if possible, some of that refinement, the possession of which renders all classes wiser and better in every respect.

I heard much respecting these Lowell girls, and as I looked at them, I could not help feeling respect and admiration of many of their sterling qualities. I was told too, anecdotes of some of them, which abundantly proved their self-denying virtues, and their true nobility of character. Tales of privations endured, and trials encountered, in order that the embarrassments of a family might be swept away, or the education of a beloved relative be afforded.

Towards the close of the Sabbath, I took a quiet walk along the banks of the river, and returning to my hotel, as I passed by some of the corporation boarding houses, I heard the music of a piano-forte. Several female voices united in a hymn, too, which was very sweetly sung—a tune learned, perhaps in some pleasant New England village-home, and now sung by the far-away factory girls, whose toils were cheered by the sweet hope of a return to it.

Monday morning! The mills are all alive: it is "ten of the clock," and we are in the counting-room of the Middlesex Corporation, and having placed ourselves under the wing of one of the cotton lords, who has courteously intimated his intention of being our guide, we proceeded to the building where broad cloths are manufactured.

What a terrific series of thumpings the great wheel gives, as with slow and stately motion it goes round. The workman has lifted up some planks, and we see the mighty machine on its mercantile march, never accelerating nor slackening its pace; dripping as with cool perspiration;—

It never tires nor stops to rest,
But round and round it runs

a grand organ or brain, from which hundreds of nervous filaments and ganglia are given off to the very extremities of the body mechanical.

In the lower parts of the building, the processes of washing and dying are carried on, and all engaged in these occupations looked like so many animated blue-bags. Leaving this "*Blue-stocking Hall*," we mounted a flight of stairs, and in a long room our senses are half-dizzied by the noise of looms and machines of more names than I will venture to recount. Shuttles fly in all directions; and we listen with pleased wonder to the descriptions of our friend, who is obliged to hawl his information into ears unused to the sounds of *Spin-medom*. Then there were carding-machines of strange and mysterious structure, which performed their duties in so astonishing a manner that the girls who stood looking at them seemed almost to be works of supererogation. And they would have been useless too, only for a careless and sly way these machines had of snapping a thread or so

now and then, just as if they wanted an excuse for stopping to peer into the pretty faces around, and dally with the fair fingers which just touched them, as if chidingly, and set them going on again as if nothing had happened. It was wonderfully curious to observe how instantaneously one of these machines stopped, when only a slender thread—one of many hundreds—broke, just like a child of mortality, whose frame contains

A thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone.

It seemed akin to intelligence, but one must wonder at nothing now, when thought travels on a wire, with lightning for its private and confidential secretary, and a machine in London makes Latin hexameters to order.

Staircase after staircase we mounted, and room after room we examined, and were being constantly put into great perplexity by what we saw. And when anything and everything was explained to us, we nodded our head with an air of great sagacity, just as if we had a thorough knowledge of "all about it," and were rather gratified to find that our companion was equally well acquainted with matters and things. Then there was considerable difficulty in preventing our coat laps from being nipped off by cogged wheels which showed their teeth as if longing for a meal of "devil's dust." At length we visited the pressing-rooms, and inspected the variously-patterned cloths, looking all the while as much like merchants who were about to purchase, as possible, and finally we descended to the court-yard, with a confused sound in our ears, and blue lights dancing before our eyes.

But perhaps the reader will exclaim, "What of the operatives? you have passed them by unnoticed—the most interesting feature of the establishment you have omitted to mention!"

Not so fast my anxious friend. After we have gone all through the garden, we will discourse of the flowers!

Perhaps the mills, where the finer fabrics are woven, afford the greatest treat to visitors—so let us take a view of the "Hamilton," or the "Mer-rimack." The reader may fancy, while he is reading, that he is in either—the arrangement of all are so exactly alike.

After mounting a staircase so beautifully clean that, to use a common phrase, "one might eat off the boards," we entered a spacious apartment, filled from one end to the other with looms and ladies, as fit as the eye could see. The machines were in rapid movement. Hundreds and thousands of spindles were revolving with such velocity, that, owing to an optical deception produced by the rapid motion, each looked like a little model of the pillar of cloud inclosed in a glass shade. To and fro ran the shuttles between the threads like a living thing, jumping unceasingly from one side to the other of its wire-barred cage. Whirl, whirl, went a thousand pinions, and delicate hands, just in the nick of time, caught hold of spoked wheels which revolved as if they were running a race, and never intending to stop. In one part of the room young girls were bending over machines much like tambour-frames, and very graceful they looked too, as the ladies did in old times, when they sat at their "broidery." To be sure, at Lowell there were no recesses, and no windows through whose painted glass the sunbeams passed, turning the polished oaken floor, as it were, to radiant gems—nor were there gaily-dressed gentlemen, with pointed beards and

slashed hose, and feathers in their caps, playing on lutes and citterns, or guitars. No, nothing of the kind. Nor had the young operatives velvet bodices or laced stomachers, or high-heeled shoes, or quilted petticoats. But better far, they had healthy, good humoured, pretty faces, and honestly earned habiliments; and yes, I will say it, as nicely shaped feet and neatly turned ankles as one might see in a duchess's drawing room. Then, in the windows, instead of painted glass, were flowers and shrubs, and creeping green plants, so that the place looked like an exhibition room, half horticultural and half mechanical, whilst the living creatures around tended both, and for which in return the looms transmuted by an industrious kind of alchemy their toil into gold, and the green leaves and flowers shed a cheerfulness around, and made the poetry of the place.

Poetry in the mills! Ay, there is plenty of it for the seeking. It is no exotic, but a flower which blooms everywhere. Just sit down by this machine, from which is flowing a rivulet of whitest carded wool, soft as snow-flakes, and gaze on those factory girls. You do not see one unhappy face, not a furrowed brow, not a tearful eye. There they stand, not in enchanted gardens, not in halls of giddy revelry, not in places where the atmosphere only nourishes sickly sentimentality: they are all in the noblest of paths, the path of duty. With a noble energy they have flung aside all false feeling, and rightly deeming that labour is honourable, they spend here the long hours of the day in the exercise of happy industry, and in the enjoyment of a cheerful hope.

Look at yonder dove-eyed girl who is dexterosely mending a broken thread—just mark that open brow and that beautifully-shaped head, and don't forget, whilst you are looking, to admire those graceful shoulders and that fairy figure, not pinched up like an hour-glass, but left to grow as God pleases! The flush of youth and heart-happiness is on her cheeks, and her eye lights up as she pauses amidst her work, and thinks of the far-away home among the green mountains—a home wherein the old folks are enabled, partly through her, to sit easily down by the "ingle nook"—a home which she has helped to make their own. Ay, often she goes back, spite of the spindles around her, and whilst her hand mechanically works, to the sweet hill-side, and she sees the brook, the well-known brook, flowing on to its own music, now in light and now in shade, but whether in either, singing like a contented mind. She hears the small bird among the branches, and all the old familiar sights and sounds return to her, and gladden her pure mind. Perhaps she has a brother, some thoughtful-browed, bookish lad, who sits quietly brooding over books, and whose highest ambition is to stand in the sacred desk and preach "peace on earth and good-will to man." She remembers that promising lad, and with a sister's affection she counts the hours less long, and the toil less monotonous, because she is enabled by means of her exertions to gratify the heart's desire of one who is so dear to her. And then, when work-hours are over, there are letters to write; and on Sabbath, during the intervals of worship, there are thoughts of home and of the old parish church to cherish; and hope, which "springs eternal in the human breast," cheers her. Love, too, may fling some flowers on her pathway, for the darling deity is not to be scared away by the sound of wheels. And now, reader, is there no poetry in a cotton mill?

"Look at these young persons," said the esti-

mable gentleman who accompanied me through the mill, "there is not one bad-looking face among them." And so it was; every eye was bright with virtue and intelligence; there was nothing to make you think of the line,

Dark vice would turn ashen away,

out every face was open and fair as the day. Honest independence was inscribed on every brow; and it did my heart good to hear the same gentleman say, "I am under as much obligation to these girls as they are to me—they give me the full value for what I give them."

But there are other places worth seeing, and we are on our way to the carpet factory, escorted by a kind friend who has sufficient influence to ensure our admittance, for it is not the easiest matter to see the carpet-weaving. It would be perfectly absurd in me to attempt any description of the machinery, at which I stared in monstrous surprise. Talk of Arabian Nights!—why the wonders of the Eastern Tales were nothing to the miracles of a carpet power-loom, where shuttles, filled with different coloured threads, ran hither and thither without hands, and with such celerity, that brilliant flowers grew beneath the eye, as if by magic. The scene was very lively; and as the young ladies, who attended the looms, stood surrounded by their brilliant fabrics, they appeared like so many grown-up fairies, making enchanted carpets for some prince, whose castle, like Aladdin's, was to spring up in a night.

Having glanced over the fill at these pretty specimens of human *arachnoidæ*, we were shown the power-loom, invented by Dr. Bigelow, for weaving Brussels carpets. How on earth it could enter into the heart of man to conceive such a complicated affair, I cannot imagine. Unluckily it was not at work when I saw it, but the gentleman who accompanied us explained the principle, which I vainly endeavoured to comprehend. To do so, one had need of just such a head as the inventor.

Thus end my reminiscences of Lowell; a city which I took a strange liking to when I first entered it—a liking which a better acquaintance with it has not diminished.

Poetry for the People.

MAN AND BEAST.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

In the field the Beast feedeth,
And the Bird upon the bough.
Man manly thoughts breedeth;
You may read them on his brow.

There (behind his eyes) are growing
Wonders shortly to be born:
See you not his fancies flowing
Over, like the light of morn.

Sometimes, as a cloud passeth
Through the blue eternal air,
Graver thoughts are seen floating,
Shadowing what is else so fair.

Shadowing? Deepening all the meaning,
That doth stream from out his brain,
(Day and night) and soar and traverse
All the worlds of joy and pain.

This is *Man's* immortal leisure:
You may read it on his brow.
All this time the Beast is feeding,
And the Bird, upon the bough.

REQUIESCAT.

By FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

(Written expressly for the People's Journal.)

TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

Whoe'er the pond'rous hammer wields;
Whoe'er compels the earth to flourish;
Or reaps the golden harvest-fields
A wife and little ones to flourish:
Whoever guides the laden bark;
Or, where the mazy wheels are turning,
Toils at the loom, till after dark,
Food for his white-hair'd children earning;

To him be honour and renown!
Honour to handicraft and tillage;
To every sweat-drop falling down
In crowded mills or lonesome village!
All honour to the plodding swain
Who holds the plough! Be't too awarded
To him who works with head and brain,
And starves! Pass him not unregarded!

Whether in chambers close and small
Mid musty tones he fancy smothers;
Or, of the trade he bonded thrall,
He dramas writes and songs for others;
Or, whether he, for wretched pay,
Translate the trash which he despises;
Or, learning's serf, puts, day by day,
Dunce-corps through classic exercises

He also is a prey to care,
To him 'tis said, "starve thou, or borrow!"
Gray grows betimes his raven hair
And to the grave pursues him sorrow!
With hard compulsion and with need,
He, like the rest, must strive untiring,
And his young children's cry for bread
Mains his free spirit's glad aspiring!

Ah, such a one to me was known!
With heavenward aim his course ascended:—
Yet deep in dust and darkness prone,
Care, sordid care, his life attended.
An exile, and with bleeding breast
He groaned in his severest trial;
Want goaded him to long unrest,
And scourged to bitterest self-denial.

Thus, heart-sick, wrote he line on line,
With hollow cheek and eye of sadness;
While hyacinth and leafy vine
Were fluttering in the morning's gladness.
The throble sung and nightingale,
The soaring lark hymned joy unending,
Whilst thought's day-labourer, worn and pale,
Over his weary book was bending.

Yet though his heart sent forth a cry,
Still strove he for the great ideal;
For this," said he, "is poesy,
And human life this fierce ordeal!"
And when his courage left him quite,
One thought kept hope his heart alive in,
"I have preserved my honour bright;
And for my dear ones I am striving!"

At length his spirit was subdued!
The power to combat and endeavour
Was gone, and his heroic mood
Came only fitfully, like fever!
The muses' kiss sometimes at night
Would set his pulses wildly beating;
And his high soul soared towards the light
When night from morning was retreating!

He long has lain the turf beneath,
The wild winds through the grass are sighing;
No stone is there, no mourning wreath,
To mark the spot where he is lying
Their faces swollen with weeping, forth
His wife and children went,—God save them!
Young paupers, heirs to nought on earth,
Save the pure name their father gave them!

All honour to the plodding swain
That holds the plough! Be it too awarded
To him who works with head and brain,
And starves! Pass him not unregarded!
To toil, all honour and renown!
Honour to handicraft and tillage!
To every sweat-drop falling down
In crowded mills and lonely village!

A THOUGHT ABOUT OLD AND NEW TIMES:

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

I HAPPEDED to take a little globe into my hand this morning, to look for the position of an island; and as I glanced over the countries of the world, it struck me that though it is the custom to consider the land of the globe something very firm and stable, and the people that live on it very changeable, the truth may actually be that men remain more alike from age to age than the largest continent they live on. It is certain that the sea washes in and over—now here, now there;—cutting off a bit of land, and making an island of it:—it is certain that masses of coral grow up from the depths of the ocean, and form new islands; and that mountains crumble and fall asunder, in course of time; and that plain land is heaved up, broken and piled into mountains; and that great forests sink into swamps; and that swamps become dry, firm ground, on which men build towns, and lay out fields,—perhaps finding the old forests again in the form of coal. Rivers bring down stones and earth and sand, and bar up their mouths, and change their own course, or make themselves into lakes, overflowing the dry land, while creating dry land where there was none before. While these changes are taking place, however gradually, in the countries which men inhabit, we do not see that alterations of such importance can be observed in the nature and structure of men.

There are changes, from age to age, in the habits of men, in their opinions and views of things, and in their ways of living, both as individuals and as nations: but they continue to have the same faculties, the same certainty of being happy or unhappy, according to the gratification or disappointment of those faculties and affections. Though few, perhaps, would deny this, we are all too apt to forget it, and thus to make serious mistakes in our own lives, and in our duty to the lives of others.

The particular instance which my mind fixed on while I was looking at the globe this morning was this.

Every man that ever was born has the power and the need to be courageous and enduring in some circumstances or other. Some men have

more courage and fortitude than others. Those who have most cannot live without exercising these powers; and those who have least have the more need of opportunities and stimulus to exercise them. It is a fatal mistake to suppose that because bravery and patience in danger and hardship are the most conspicuous good qualities in savages, they are not equally a need and enjoyment to civilised men. A man living in the heart of a well governed city, who never has cause to think himself in any danger, and never suffers any pressing hardship, can no more be noble and happy without the exercise of bravery and patience than the Arab of the desert who has no shelter from his foes, or the Patagonian who buffets with storms and famine at the extremity of southern lands.

Let us see how this need is provided for. We may pass over countries called savage. Where it is the habit of the people to live by hunting, sea fishing, and war, there is ample scope for the bodily hardihood of men. What is the case of such as live by agriculture, commerce, and manufactures?

The Russians appear to be ill off for opportunities. Their men of rank are mostly military; but they are not actually much engaged in war. And the common soldiers of Russia are understood to be a wretched race of men, their spirit and animation all pressed out of them by tyranny, and that hardship which does not rouse a man's soul because it is directly inflicted by the hand of man. Some few are whalers; and some few enterprising miners in difficult places; but, on the whole, the Russians can hardly (as far as we know them) be called a manly people.

Nor should we call this active courage exactly the attribute of the Germans. Such of them as have it find scope in boar and deer hunts in their wide forests, and recesses of the mountains; and some stout manly games are preserved; but, on the whole, the present civilisation of the Germans is not favourable to a brisk and strong use of their bodily energies.

Among the Swiss and the French, we find things otherwise. The Swiss are as capable as any body of minute sedentary toil; witness their watch-making. But look at the chamois-hunting of the same race of men! While one brother of a family is sitting poring over the little wheels he is fashioning, or the steel springs he is polishing, with all the delicate craft of a Clerkenwell workman, another brother is up and away among the Alps, leaping over chasms of rock or ice, clambering up gullies, creeping through chill crannies in the ice, sinking a hole in the snow to hide himself from his prey, or intently looking round from some perilous pinnacle or shelf, on which he has lighted in his ardour, without considering how he was to get forward or backward. When he returns to his home in the valley, faint with hunger, and ready to sink under the weight of his game and gun, he sees perhaps the boat of a third brother, struggling with a sudden squall on the lake, buffeted by waves like those of a stormy sea, but brought to shore safely at last by the strenuous oar and calm skill of the rower. A fourth brother may take possession of the horns of the chamois, and cut and polish them, and make ornaments of them, with a labour as skilled and minute as that of the watch-maker. Here, within the life of one family, is such provision made for the exercise of active and sedentary power, that there is no fear that either kind of power will die out.

As for the French, their ardour for war, and the

large proportion of them engaged in war are well known. Actual warfare has scarcely ever been wanting to them in modern times; and the passion for it appears not to subside. Whatever we may think of soldiering, even soldiering of so high an order as that of the French, as scope for active courage and endurance, there it is,—a resort for the hardy spirits of the nation.

It is rather difficult to say what the Italians do with so much as their climate leaves them of need of active heroism. Some troops of banditti there are, here and there, among mountains and forests; but what else I know not. There are no wars, no hunts, no village games, no bull-fights, as in Spain; little deep-sea voyaging; no whaling. What they do for occasions of active bravery and hard endurance, I know not: but I know that without such exercise they cannot be as happy as they ought to be.

Some of the northern nations are, so far, more fortunate. The wild sports of Sweden and Norway are noble because they belong to the country and time, are needful, and therefore as rational as they are stimulating. When a family of bears comes down upon a district, what an occasion it is for the stout-hearted men of the region! How their spirits glow, and their faculties are sharpened, as they track the creatures, and pursue them, and surround them, and close in upon them,—every man knowing the risk he runs, and most of them deeply enjoying it! And then, the risks of their mode of living, and the hardships attendant on their pursuit of game and fish for winter stores in those northerly regions,—the storms on the waters, and the wintry dangers of the land,—these things afford exercise for all needful hardihood in Norwegians and Swedes.

And from them, it is but a step to our own brethren of the northern isles. No one of us can have sailed through the turbulent seas of the north of Scotland without feeling a spirit of hardihood stirred in us by the mere scene. The Northern Lights thrill us with sensations which can never be felt at a greater distance from the pole. The curve of a whale's back between two billows, the hoarse myriads of sea-birds peopling desolate islets, and reminding us of the perils of the sea-fowler, dangling at a rope's end from a precipice; and even the poor sheep upon the scanty herbage of a down, suggesting thoughts of untimely snow-drifts and the perils of the shepherd,—all these objects teach us that in that part, at least, of our own country there is room for the common exercise of heroic qualities.

How is it in other parts?

It certainly does appear to me that our people throughout Great Britain and Ireland suffer much from want of scope for that spirit of active bravery which we know to be in them. When we think of the heroic Covenanters of Scotland as they used to assemble on the hill side, and send up their psalm from nooks of the mountain in answer to the threats of their oppressors, we know that the true spirit of hardihood must be in the breast of the nation. When we look at the lawless violence of the Irish, joined as it is with an inexhaustible generosity and an unbounded power of occasional self-control, we know that the need of the Irish is a virtuous occasion for the exercise of heroic qualities which are now ruinous in their lawlessness. When we see what daring is wasted by English gentlemen in aimless field-sports, and manifested, as often as occasion arises, by the soldiers and sailors of England, and by her young men who go forth to colonise waste places, we feel

that the true old spirit is in us too, discouraged, but unquenched by some unfavourable influences of modern ways of living.

I would carefully remember, while speaking of modern civilisation, that it favours the growth of a higher kind of courage and endurance than that of which I have been speaking. It would be easy to show, if I could stop to do so, that as education spreads, and mental cultivation advances, and ideas become of greater and greater value, there is more and more need of the courage of the soul on ordinary occasions; and that the occasion is duly met. And none who have witnessed the patience of the poor under their most hard and unequal lot can doubt that the spirit of endurance is as strong as ever in the English character. But these noble qualities would be enhanced, I believe, and not interfered with by a more rousing exercise of the active powers of body and mind in heroic discipline of one kind or another. I cannot undertake to say what such discipline should be. That point will become clear at its own time. But I can undertake to say that as surely as there were, four hundred years ago, timid men who found themselves uneasy and alarmed amidst the bustle and perils of their day, so surely are there now a multitude of stirring spirits who are pining and restless amidst the monotonous occupations of our time; who would do their bounden business well and heartily if it were relieved by some frequent opportunities of heroic activity and adventure. More than this I can say. I know to a certainty, from confidential conversations held in the solemn and sad stillness of a prison, that not a few criminals have been, and are continually, lost through a disappointed spirit of activity and adventure. I know that men who, in other circumstances, might have blessed and dignified their country by exploring new portions of the earth, or conquering danger and difficulty in any arduous service, have sunk, for want of such scope, into felons. They have employed their baulked spirit of adventure in breaking open locks at midnight, and in the infamous cowardice of stealing from the honest man while sleeping the fruits of his labour by day. Such stories I cannot now stop to tell. But some such might probably be learned from burglars in every prison of our land.

Giving another glance over the globe, we can have little to say about two quarters of it—Asia and Africa—from there being few civilised people in them, and our knowledge of those few being next to nothing. We have vague ideas of lion hunts and rough warfare in Africa, and cannot but admire the unconquerable opposition offered by Abd-el-Kader and the tribes he sways to the settlement of foreigners on their soil: and we are aware of the bravery—the cheerful, sustained bravery of the Chinese in our late war with them, and also of the Sikhs, and other Indian nations and tribes. But this is all we know. We are not even sufficiently acquainted with the degree of value they put on human life—which it is necessary to know before we can estimate the courage of putting it in danger.

Passing on to America, to the most highly civilised part of it—the United States—I may rest on one fact which impressed me deeply when I was there, and has struck me more the more I have thought of it.

The young men of the United States live in a country which bears marks at every step of that newness to which a life of adventure appears to belong. Those of them who dwell in crowded

cities, passing their lives in warehouses and offices, have heard from their grandfathers' lips, tales of adventure in the wilderness, and incursions from the foe. The aged woman who tended their childhood told them how she used to go to church with her infant in her lap, riding behind her armed husband; how every one went to church, sick or well, aged or just-born, because it was not safe for any one to remain at home for fear of the Indians, who came down upon the villages when the men were away; and how the cattle were driven into the green around the church; and how the service was more than once broken off by the horrid war-whoop; and how the preacher gave a hasty blessing, and every man took up his gun, and went out to guard the women and children in the church, and also, if possible, the cattle on the green. Such tales rouse burning thoughts, which are in many never quenched. Some go forth, and lead a wild life in the West, in the forest, or on the prairie, or beside the rolling Mississippi. Some travel over the world. But the greatest number must live in the cities, and follow a trade or a profession. What do they do with the bravery that stirs within them? One thing they do is what struck me so much.

Fires are more frequent and more terrible in the American cities than in any other part of the civilised world. Even where the houses are not built of wood, the danger seems scarcely lessened. Some suppose it owing to hasty and defective building, which leaves beams accessible to fire: some to the extreme heat from anthracite coal: some to the prevalent practice of carrying wood-ashes uncovered from room to room—it being never certain when wood-ashes are really out. And the intense frosts of their winter often cause great difficulty in procuring water—which was the case at the great New York fire, which left five acres of smoking ruins—the most dreary sight I ever saw. The occurrence of these fearful fires has opened a way to the adventurous spirit of the young men of the American cities. They form themselves into fire-companies, which act gratuitously, and with an efficiency never rivalled. His fire company supplies the young citizen's point of honour, and gratifies his spirit of daring and adventure. He spends a great deal of money, and a great deal of time upon it; but that is the smallest part of it. He sleeps with one eye open, learns to dress himself within one minute, to run like the wind, to snuff the air like a deer, to climb like a squirrel, to endure heat, glare, the roar of flames, and the confusion of a crowd, as if his brain were sheathed in armour. The feats of daring performed by American citizens among flaming and falling houses are unsurpassed by any acts of bravery on record.

I have rested on this as the best illustration I know of the possible application of the old spirit of hardihood to the circumstances of a new society. Whether the effort and emulation are carried too far, or abused in any other way, is another question. My purpose in relating the fact is to suggest the inquiry whether any modern ways need extinguish old virtues, or repress and disappoint any craving of human nature.

I should like to go on, and to speculate on what scope we might find, here in England, for the daring of our most active spirits, not only in spite of, but by means of our modern pursuits and ways of living; but perhaps it is best to leave such an inquiry to the contemplation of those who feel it worth reflecting upon.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCIPLE OF PEACE.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

IN no particular have we flattered ourselves of late years with the idea of a steady and thinking progress towards wise and Christian principles, so much as in that of an advance towards right notions on the subject of peace and war. During the long and unusual period of thirty years of European tranquillity, we have had leisure to see and to satisfy ourselves, that war is not only barbarous and most unchristian, but is just the most foolish affair in which we can involve ourselves. As merchants, manufacturers, and capitalists, we have been shrewd enough to perceive that it is peace that is our game, if war be the game of kings and governments. Trade has wonderfully extended; social reforms have been beautifully introduced, and first and foremost that of the post-office; railroads have been laid down all over Europe, and people have scattered themselves through each others' countries, seeing and enjoying, instead of seeing and destroying. In every result of interest and pleasure we have been the gainers. We have neither piled up heaps of dead men on the plains of the continent, nor of national debt at home. We have not exasperated ourselves against each other, but have sate English and French, Germans and French, Italians and French, in fact, all people of all European nations hobnobbing together, some selling silks, some selling broad-cloth, and some selling wines. There have been fewer swords but more pudding-knives, fewer muskets but more muslins sold. How much wiser! What thousands of us, amid the mountains and vineyards, and in the city-halls of the continent, have felt our hearts glow with cordial regard for the hearts that so kindly bent towards us; have grasped the hands that were extended towards us in the warmest of welcomes; have sate rejoicing amid the smiles of amiable faces that, had war been going instead of peace, would all have been dead masses of corruption, buried in festering troops on solitary plains, where men, calling themselves civilised, had risen in a rabid fury against each other, that would be a libel on demons to call demonic.

Such thoughts as these, we are sure, have visited almost everyone who has set his foot, of late years, on the soil of what we used to call the land of our natural enemies. They have gone on softening, instructing, harmonising us; and we have seen, on all hands, cheering evidences that the world was at length coming to its senses. In the works of popular authors, in the speeches of members of Parliament, in the tone and acts of Government, there has been a plain and positive determination towards the establishment of the sentiment as a national sentiment, that war was not merely folly, it was wickedness; and that peace was at once profitable and praiseworthy.

But when the public tendency of things jumps with our private feelings and connections, we are apt in our delight to outleap the actual progress of facts; and we must confess, that events of late have given us a startling shock as it regards the actual advance of this very principle of peace, or rather of the actual decline of the old bull-dog spirit of contention. The war on the Sutlej, and the reception of the news of its results in England, have given us a solemn pause, and re-awaken a host of anxious feelings. It is not that we are inclined to underrate the skill and valour of our generals,

or the adamant bravery of our men, one whit more than the most vociferous applauders of victorious war. It is not now for the first time that we have to learn or acknowledge that Englishmen, of whatever rank or station, are men of the highest rank in the lists of humanity. That they possess every species of talent, fortitude, and dauntless courage which can inhabit the human breast, and which in peace, in war, in any case or situation where they can be demanded, will give them the mastery over their fellow-men. We know all this; we need not be told of it; but we know too that these virtues are the more godlike as they are employed on works of peace and not on bloodshed, on cementing and not dividing, on blessing and not on destroying mankind. Is Lord Hardinge, or Lord Gough—are the thousands of officers and privates who advanced against the murderous cannon of the Sikhs as against inevitable death—are these men now to be acknowledged to be admirably brave? We knew it before; we could have predicated it, as has been well said by a lady writer already in this *Journal*, of any number of Englishmen placed in the same circumstances. We are not, therefore, going to rob them of one grain of credit for their valour: if you call them valiant, we call them valiant too; if you protest that they are most invincible warriors, we protest it too; if you insist vehemently that they possess the highest moral qualities, we insist on it as vehemently, but we should be far better pleased to see those qualities exercised on peaceful improvements, and the heroism of social progress, than on the old bad business of destruction.

It is said, on all hands, that this war is absolutely just and inevitable; that we have been in no way the aggressors or provokers. It will be a great satisfaction if it prove so; but it must be confessed that it is a little early to pronounce positively on this head, amidst the tumult of victory, and the hurry of success. What makes it at least suspicious is, that the same has been said of all and every war in which we have been engaged in any quarter of the world. The phrase has ever been the same—"this necessary and righteous war!" Subsequent calm investigation has generally shown every such war to have been unnecessary and unrighteous, and our history in India has been a sad sequence of aggression and usurpation. At the very least, this shout of applause at home; this thunder of rejoicing cannon; these acclamations of Parliament; this sudden elevation of commanders into lords; must be confessed to be dreadful incentives to fresh bloodshed. With peace in Europe, and a large army in India whose officers want promotion, will their affairs long rest without a fresh plausible ground for a campaign which is to turn lieutenants into captains, captains into generals, and generals into lords? When they see that on the very heels of those Indian victories Lord Gough remits 70,000*l.* thence, for the purchase of an estate in Ireland; will not lordships and estates, suddenly plucked from the plunder of the enemy, soon raise fresh enemies to plunder? Let the friends of peace and the principles of peace look to this.

That is the dark side, let us now turn to the bright one. The outbreak in India has shown us that there is a huge mass of the old leaven in the public mind to be watched and guarded against; but the affair of Oregon has shown, as clearly, that we are still advancing on the right way; that we have advanced and taken a firm stand on principles, and on a philosophy more honest and beautiful than the world ever yet as a world avowed.

In no case of national affront did the English government ever maintain a conduct so noble and so entirely to the satisfaction of the nation. They have borne patiently, but like firm and wise men, much hectoring conduct on the part of the American ministry. What would some years ago have thrown any ministry into a perfect flame, has only called forth fresh evidences of patience, candour, and a sincere desire to negotiate like men, and not fight like savages. This is most cheering, and not the less cheering has been the spirit of the people on both sides of the ocean. There has been a considerable war-party in America, and much sound and fury, but it has been evident that that was not the voice of the people at large. On the contrary, and this is the most animating point of consciousness at which we have arrived, the people in both countries have displayed the most earnest and admirable desire for the preservation of peace. Common interests and common sense have, it is true, swayed them in no trifling degree, and we rejoice that these every-day motives have obtained such ascendancy, but the higher and more cementing influences, Christian fellowship and duty, have been not the less conspicuous. Proudest and most cheering sight of all has been to see THE PEOPLE, the general mass, nay the very working classes, taking the lead in the demand for peace and union. The world once come to this pitch that the common people take the lead in the preservation of the common weal, and the great cause is gained. When they who have always been, hitherto, the food of war, refuse to be flung into its mouth like faggots into an oven, war must perish of inanition. When they who have been hitherto taken unceremoniously by the necks, and pushed nose to nose into other people's quarrels, refuse to be made mere curs of, and worry one another for their masters' amusement, there will be no quarrels. And that time is come to a certain degree. Between what are called Christian nations the matter is settled. The people declare against murder *en masse*, and statesmen will take care not to lag behind and show their weakness.

There is no document which we have perused for a long time with the pleasure that we did an address on this very subject, from the Chartists of England to the working men of America. It was drawn up with a soundness of sentiment and a display of ability which would have done honour to the highest assembly of men in this or any other country. On the other hand, the working men of America, with the learned blacksmith at their head, have responded heart and soul to the fraternal appeal. That eminent man, Elihu Burritt, the blacksmith, has been busy scattering what he calls his "olive leaves" all over the United States; he has cast rolls of them even upon the Atlantic, which have floated safely to our shores. In an eloquent letter to the friends of peace in Manchester, he says—

We must preach to all nations, languages, and tongues, these two articles of political faith:—first, that there is one only living and true God; and secondly, one only living and true people. That the oceans, rivers, or mountains which divide them are mere chalk marks, leaving them still identified by all the interests that affect humanity. It seems to me if we could promulge this idea of a continuous democracy, of an undivided people, of a universal brotherhood, it would arouse a popular sentiment against every indication of war, against every attitude of international hostility, assumed in military preparations, or in belligerent restrictions on international commerce and communion. I hope most devoutly that this idea may be realised, at least by the people of our two countries; that they will begin to aggregate the war-expenses of both nations, and not estimate them singly, as heretofore. Thus, when speaking of the military policy of the two governments, every hard-labouring man shall say, "Our governments expend annually 100,000,000 dollars as

mere preparations for war. We (America and Britain) export to the rest of the world nearly 200,000,000 dollars' worth of produce, leaving 100,000,000 dollars as a balance, after deducting our war-expenses. But the British national debt, for past wars, is nearly 150,000,000,000 dollars; so that, in fact, *we*, the people on both sides the Atlantic, pay fifty millions per annum more for the expenses of past and prospective wars, than the gross amount of all we can sell to the rest of the world! If we can thus habituate the popular mind, on both sides of the water, to consider these vast expenditures as a common tax on the people, imposed as it is virtually by all governments, and mostly for the purpose of inciting and arming them for a civil, fratricidal war, the monstrous system will begin to totter to its fall, and commerce and fraternal intercourse escape from the hostile bars of iron restriction, and be free as the winds. What better work can we put our hands to than such a humane enterprise?

What, indeed! Strike away, honest son of Vulcan; beat into the universal mind these great truths, and weld our public opinion into one great chain of invincible union!

We owe great thanks and praise to those public-spirited men in Manchester who have united so zealously to promote this good understanding between the people of the two great kindred countries, and have called forth such mutually strengthening expressions from them. In a paper issued by them, headed *THE INTERNATIONAL CALUMET*, we find letters, all breathing this quiet spirit of Heaven—"Peace on earth and goodwill towards men!" have been sent from Manchester, Boston, Huddersfield, Plymouth, Bristol, Bury, Southampton, Exeter, Edinburgh, Leeds, Rochester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to various cities in America; and from the National Working Men's Association in Holborn to the working men of America; and we find equally cordial responses from various parts of the United States, especially from New York and New England.

Success to this true family intercourse! We are now got on the right tack. Let us go on asking, on all talk of war, what are we to get by it. Is it more death? more impediment to trade? more destruction of men? These are all that is got by war. If we want more prosperity, more commerce, more human happiness, more advance of science, social improvement, literature, and religion, these we must get from peace. But then war is sometimes necessary to our honour. When? The greatest honour is to show that we can triumph over all international difficulties by intellect, though we never can by blows; and that the safest and surest remedy of all international evils, is not by the old barbarous maxim of to "kill or cure," but to cure without killing.

While this is going through the press we rejoice to learn, by the following extract from one of his letters; that Elihu Burritt is on his way to England.

For some time past, the idea has been running in our mind, that a voyage to England and a short visit in that country would much benefit our outward man. We have been much confined during the last two or three years, and thus deprived of the physical exercise which our earliest habits have rendered constitutionally necessary to our health. We have thought, therefore, of this plan, which we would now submit to the committee of the whole list of our readers and friends. About the first of June, we propose, under certain conditions, to take steamer or packet for England. On our arrival, we propose to take a private hickory staff and travel on, like Bunyan's pilgrim, through the country, at the rate of about ten miles a day.

"With a pocket for my wheat, and a pocket for my rye,
And a jug of water by my side, to drink when I am dry."

Passing thus leisurely on foot through the agricultural districts, we anticipate the opportunity of looking through the hedges and into barn-yards; sometimes into the kitchens of the common people, once in a while into a blacksmith's shop to smite at the anvil. In fact, we intend to pull at every latch-string that we find outside the door or gate, and study the physiology of turnips, hay-ricks, cabbages, hops, &c., and of all kinds of cattle, sheep, and swine. We propose to avoid the *Homes* of the country, and

confine our *walks* to the lowlands of common life; and to have our conversation and communion chiefly with the labouring classes. Perhaps we might get together a knot of them some moonshiny night, and talk to them a little on temperance, peace, and universal brotherhood. During such a pedestrian tour, we think we might hear and see some things which a person could not do while whizzing through the country, on the railroad, at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

A PICTURE-BOOK WITHOUT PICTURES.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Translated from the Danish by MARY HOWITT.

(Continued from page 289.)

FIFTEENTH EVENING.

"I know a theatrical clown," said the Moon; "the public applauds when it sees him; every one of his movements is comic, and throws the house into convulsions of laughter, and yet he is not moved thereby: that is his peculiarity. When he was yet a child, and played with other boys, he was already a punchinello. Nature had made him one; had given him one lump upon his back, and another upon his breast. The inner man, however—the spiritual—that was really well-formed. No human being had deeper feeling, or greater elasticity of mind than he. The theatre was his ideal-world. Had he been slender and well-proportioned, then he might have become a first-rate tragic actor, for the great, the heroic, filled his soul; but he was obliged to be the clown. His sufferings, even, and his melancholy increased the cynic expression of his strongly-marked countenance, and excited the laughter of the crowded public who applauded their favourite. The pretty little columbine was friendly and kind to him, and yet she preferred marrying harlequin. It would have been too comic in reality to have married the clown; like the union of 'Beauty and the Beast.' When the clown was most out of humour, she was the only one who could make him smile—nay, even burst into peals of laughter. First of all she would by melancholy with him, then rather cheerful, and at last full of fun.

"I know what it is thou art in want of!" said she—"yes, it is his love!" and so he was obliged to laugh.

"Me and love!" exclaimed he. "That would be a merry thing! How the public would applaud."

"It is love!" continued she; and added, with comic pathos—"It is me that you love!"

"Yes! and yet there are people who say there is no such thing as love!" The poor clown sprung up into the air, he was so diverted: his melancholy was now gone. And yet she had spoken the truth: he did love her—loved her like the sublime and great in art.

"On her wedding-day he was more amusing than ever. At night he wept: had the public seen his distressed countenance then, they would have applauded him!"

A few days ago columbine died. On the day of her funeral harlequin's appearance was excused on the stage, for he really was a mourning husband. The manager, however, was obliged to give something more merry than common, in order that the public should not miss too much the lovely columbine and the light-bodied harlequin, and for this reason it behoved the clown to be doubly entertaining. He danced and sprung aloft with despair at his heart, and the public clapped their

hands and shouted—"Bravo, bravissimo!" The clown was called for when the performance was over. Oh, he was invaluable!

"This evening, after the play, the poor little man walked out from the city to the solitary churchyard. The garland of flowers was withered on columbine's grave; he sat down. It was something worth painting. His hands under his chin, his eyes fixed upon the moon; it was like a monumental figure. A clown upon a grave! very peculiar and very comic! Had the public seen their favourite then, how they would have shouted—"Bravo, clown! bravo, bravissimo!"

SIXTEENTH EVENING

Listen to what the Moon said. "I have seen the cadet, become an officer, dress himself for the first time in his splendid uniform; I have seen the young girl in her beautiful ball-dress; the young princely bride happy in her festival attire; but the felicity of none of these could equal that which this evening I saw in a child, a little girl of four years. They had just put her on a new blue frock and a new pink bonnet. The beautiful things were scarcely on when they called for candles, because the moon-light through the window was too faint; they must have other light. There stood the little girl as stiff as a doll, her arms stretched out from her frock, her fingers spread out wide from each other—and oh! how her eyes, her whole being, beamed with delight!

"To-morrow you shall go out into the street," said the mother; and the little one looked up towards her bonnet and down towards her frock, and smiled joyfully.

"Mother," said she, "what will the dogs think, when they see me so beautifully dressed!"

SEVENTEENTH EVENING.

"I have," said the Moon, "told thee about Pompeii, that corpse of a city amongst living cities. I know another, one still more strange; not the corpse, but the ghost of a city. On all sides where the fountain splashes into a marble basin, I seem to hear stories of the floating city. Yes, the fountain-streams can tell them! The billows on the shore sing of them. Over the surface of the sea there often floats a mist, that is the widow's weeds. The sea's bridegroom is dead; his palace and city are now a mausoleum. Dost thou know this city? The rolling of the chariot-wheels, or the sound of the horse's hoof, were never heard in its streets. The fish swims, and like a spectre glides the black gondola over the green water.

"I will," continued the Moon, "show thee the forum of the city, the city's great square, and they thou wilt think it to be a city for adventures. Grass grows between the broad flag-stones, and thousands of tame pigeons fly circling in the twilight around the lofty tower. On three sides thou art surrounded by colonnades. The Turk, with his long pipe, sits silently beneath them; the handsome Greek-lad leans against a pillar, and looks up to the elevated trophies, the tall masts, the memorial of the ancient power. The flag hangs drooping like mourning crape; a girl stands there to rest herself, she has set down the heavy buckets of water, whilst the yoke on which she sustained them rests upon her shoulders, and she supports herself on the column of victory. That is not a fairy palace but a church which thou seest before thee! the gilded dome, the gilded

balls around it, shine in my beams; the magnificent bronze horses upon it have travelled about like bronze horses in a fairy tale; they have travelled thither, away from their place, and then again back! Seest thou the beautiful painting on walls and window panes? It is as if some genius had done the will of a child and thus decorated this extraordinary temple. Dost thou see the winged lion upon the pillar? "Gold yet shines upon it, but the wings are bound, the lion is dead because the king of the sea is dead; the vast halls are empty, and where once hung costly pictures the naked walls are now seen. Iazzaroni sleep under the arches, where at one time only the high noble dared to tread. Either from the deep well or from the chamber of the leaden roof, near to the Bridge of Sighs, sounds forth a groan, whilst tambourins are heard from the painted gondola as the bridal-ring is cast from the glittering Bucentaur to Adria, the queen of the sea. Adria, wrap thyself in mist! let the widow's veil cover the breast, and cast it over thy bridegroom's mausoleum;—the marble-built, the spectre-like, Venice."

EIGHTEENTH EVENING.

"I looked down upon a great theatre," said the Moon; "the whole house was full of spectators, because a new actor made his debut; my beams fell upon a little window in the wall; a painted face pressed its forehead against the glass; it was the hero of the night. The chivalric beard curled upon his chin; but there were tears in the man's eyes, because he had been hissed—hissed with reason. Poor fellow! but the realm of art will not endure the feeble. He deeply felt and passionately loved art, but she did not love him.

"The prompter's bell rung;—according to the piece, the hero stepped forth with a bold and determined air—thus had he to appear before a public which burst into peals of laughter.—The piece was ended; I saw a man wrapped in a cloak steal away down the steps; it was he, the spirit-crushed cavalier; the servants of the theatre whispered to each other as he passed. I followed the poor wretch home to his chamber. Hanging is such an ignominious death, and people have not always poison at hand. I know that he thought of both. He looked at his pale face in the glass; half closed his eyes to see whether he would look handsome as a corpse. It is possible for people to be unfortunate in the highest degree, and yet in the highest degree vain at the same time. He thought upon death, upon self-murder; I believe he wept in pity of himself—he wept bitterly, and when people have had a good fit of crying they do not kill themselves.

"A year has passed since then. A comedy was acted, but this time in a little theatre, by a poor vagrant company. I saw again the well-known face, the painted cheeks, the curled beard. He again looked up to me and smiled—and yet for all that he had been hissed—hissed scarcely a minute before in that miserable theatre, hissed by that miserable audience!

"This very evening a poor hearse has driven out of the gate of the town; not a single being accompanied it. There lay upon it a suicide, our painted and derided hero. The driver was the only attendant; no one followed, no one except the moon. In an angle of the churchyard wall is the self-murdered laid; nettles will soon spring up thereon; there will grave-diggers cast thorns and weeds from other graves."



IBRAHIM PASHA.

FROM A SKETCH IN THE FRENCH CHARIVARI.

VISITORS FROM ABROAD.

IBRAHIM PACHA.

THE visit of Ibrahim Pacha naturally directs public attention to the history and character of this remarkable man. His history is intimately connected with all the striking vicissitudes of the Ottoman Empire during the last twenty-five years: the recognised hereditary successor of Mehemet Ali—proclaimed by the treaties of the great European powers the future sovereign of Egypt—his presence in the midst of French and English civilisation cannot be without effect upon his future rule. Ibrahim is the second son of Mehemet Ali, but he is his eldest living descendant. His brother, Toussoun Pacha, was so much the favourite of his father, that for a long time Ibrahim was represented as not the legitimate but the adopted son of Mehemet Ali. "It was not until Ibrahim's beard began to grow white," said the present ruler of Egypt to the writer of these lines, "that I placed dependance on his judgment, or ever consulted him on state affairs." But of late the influence of Ibrahim has been more and more visible; and the deference and devotion he has uniformly exhibited towards his illustrious father have naturally strengthened the confidence which has been mutually felt.

In Ibrahim Pacha is deeply rooted the ordinary Oriental passion—the love of warlike glory. His successes against the Greeks in the Morea, are evidence of his superior military capacity,—and for a time encouraged the Porte to hope that its dominion would be again established throughout Greece. Had not European interference insisted on the Hellenic emancipation, the Egyptian chieftain would have undoubtedly prolonged the dominion of the Caliphate over the continent and most of the isles of Greece. Wherever Ibrahim has been engaged in warfare with any other of the Mahomedan races, he has eclipsed all competitors. When he conducted the Egyptian against the Turkish troops in Syria and Asia Minor, the campaigns are but a record of brilliant successes on the part of Ibrahim,—and of disasters, defeats, and dispersals, marking the retreat of the Ottoman army. It is only when arrayed against the strategy of Europe that Ibrahim has ever failed, but the failure has on no occasion been associated with any depreciation of his courage or ability.

The territorial possessions of Ibrahim Pacha are immense. He has introduced into Egypt sugar cultivation on a large scale. Besides cotton—the benefit of whose production Egypt owes to Mehemet Ali—the vine and the olive have been especial objects of his attention. The gardens of Ibrahim Pacha, especially that of Rhoda, on the Nile, are eminently beautiful. They are under the care of Scotch gardeners; they are enriched with a boundless variety of fruits and flowers; and the Pacha has spared no expense in collecting from remote regions the rare, the magnificent, the useful, and the ornamental. There are no properties in Egypt so well administered, none so profitable, as those of Ibrahim Pacha. They afford an example of successful administration, and lead to a confident hope that the same spirit of order and enterprise may preside over the political future destinies of Egypt.

In that act, so honourable to Mehemet Ali, which obtained for him the eloquent thanks of the prime minister, and the unanimous approval of the parliament and the people of England, namely,

the secure transmission of the British mails through Egypt, while we were bombarding the fortresses, destroying the troops, and alienating the territories of the ruler of Egypt, Ibrahim Pacha lent a willing concurrence. It has been sometimes the pleasure of public writers to speak of the barbarism of Egyptian rule. But can civilisation—or policy—show in all their records any thing more noble than the answer of the Pacha of Egypt to those who pressed upon him the exercise of these powers of mischief which were at his disposal by the stoppage of the Indian correspondence? "No," said the Viceroy; "No! I have no quarrel with the English nation. They have done me no wrong, and no wrong shall be done to them by me." Sir Robert Peel has honoured himself and his country by honouring a sentiment so just and elevated. And when the records of these vicissitudes which create, undermine, and overthrow Oriental empires have ceased to interest the world, the high-minded and generous expressions, the truly philanthropic acts of forbearance and co-operation emanating from Mehemet Ali, in a moment so calculated to feed hatred and exasperation, will surround his memory with a halo of glory.

In person Ibrahim Pacha strongly resembles his father. There is the same coarseness in the lower parts of his face, the same brilliancy of eye, the same intellectual expression when curiosity is awakened and conversation flows—there is the same dignified courtesy, the same awe-imposing presence. His inquiries indicate much sagacity, and, like those of his father, are singularly appropriate to person and character. Ibrahim Pacha will return to the East greatly benefited by his visit to the West; and there is every reason to believe that the services which England and Egypt may reciprocally tender to one another will be rendered more active, more useful, and more permanent, by that personal intercourse which has happily been established between the Egyptian prince and the English people.

B.

LETTERS ON LABOUR
TO THE WORKING MEN OF ENGLAND.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

LETTER FIFTH.
THE WORK OF TO-DAY.

MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN,

WE have now taken a connected survey of the dignity, the powers, and the application of the powers of Labour. The old mode of application, which suited well enough the old, easy times, does not answer the purpose of general comfort in these busy and expensive days of civilisation and machinery. The plans of co-operation which have been proposed by theorists, and realised, for the most part, by religious communities, do not advance with the rapidity required by the needs of the time. The splendid success of the Shakers, the Rappites, the Moravians, and others noticed in our last letter—a success by which whole communities are placed in a position of comfort, and freedom from care—do not take hold on the public mind in England, so as to diffuse here, where they are so much needed, their popular benefits. The religious mind of England recoils from contact with schemes which appear to it to have become

connected with doctrines of infidelity and sensual license; the practical mind of England shrinks from what may have the most distant reproach of being Utopian. It does not sufficiently reflect that schemes of industrial co-operation have no necessary connection with any doctrines of religion or irreligion whatever: they may be adopted by the most orthodox parties, and applied in a manner most consonant to their views, or held quite apart from the very slightest portion of doctrinal mixture. It does not sufficiently look at the fact, that that which in America, in scores of instances, is at this moment reduced to the most successful practice, and has blessed whole communities with all that is substantial in life, is no longer Utopian—it is a great fact.

But till this great fact is recognised here, there is no confidence, and therefore no capital advanced. You have waited for half a century on theorists and capitalists in vain: you must wait no longer! It is becoming every day more and more clearly demonstrated that the great principle of human action lies in the vulgar proverb—"Every man take care of himself, and the devil take the hindmost." You may wait on the banks of the great and ever-growing river of Poverty, for the golden boat of the capitalist to carry you over, till you perish of starvation. Awake then to the knowledge that you may become capitalists yourselves! Awake to the fact that you must and can help yourselves! In the words of the great poet of *Paradise Lost*

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!

You must now call to mind that in your hands lies the prolific principle of labour—the great root of all capital. It is you who are the creators of all capital, and you must now begin to create it for yourselves. The only question is—How, and with what immediate object? Listen!

The schemes of co-operative colonies which have been proposed by so many philanthropists are not the only schemes for popular benefit. That they may and can do much America shows us, and Herrnhut shows us. That they will, hereafter, come to be extensively and most beneficially introduced here I have not the smallest doubt. They appear to be the very thing needed to bring into play the agricultural as well as the manufacturing population. The most difficult to reach are the wretched, neglected serfs of the soil in this free-born England of ours. The pauper peasantry of Dorset, Wiltshire, and many another county, starving, maddening, and demoralising on five and six shillings a week—what shall reach them, and bring them within the scope of brotherly love and the light of education? The swarms of the manufacturing towns, living in cellars, festering in filth and crime, as in some of the lanes of Manchester, and above all in the Gallowgate of Glasgow—the swarms of wretches congregated about the doors of ginshops, drinking poison to put off despair—the swarms of children, thick as motes in the sun, hemmed in by brick walls, dirty street within street, and squalid alley within alley, cut off from all the genial influences of nature, and doomed to labour, hunger, crime, and early death—what shall restore them to the fresh free face of nature, to sufficiency, and intelligence? Nothing can be better calculated for this purpose than these co-operative colonies, where agriculture and manufactures can be carried on at once, and comfort and the pleasures of intellect insured to every member of them. By them the great and growing nuisance of enormous manufacturing towns may

be effectually abated. Factories may be scattered, like that of Lowell in America, over the open country, where health and nature may invigorate their workpeople, and the dull son of the soil may be brought into contact with their activity of mind as well as body, and may be rescued from his present starving, stupid, and un-English condition. Depend upon it, these associate villages, at once manufacturing and agricultural, are destined at no distant day to work a great and beneficent work on the face of our country—to diffuse health, intelligence, and happiness amongst millions of our people. But we may well be allowed to question whether we have not been looking to their introduction into the general social system too early in the order of things—whether we have not been reversing the course of nature, and seeking fruit where we ought to have been first planting—whether we have not been putting the cart before the horse, and gazing up to find the ramifications of the tree before it had actually taken root.

These co-operative villages imply much foregone experience. They imply that the wealthy and philanthropic public have got rid of their timidity and their scruples; that, by the success of practical experiments, by the establishment and satisfactory working of one or more such communities under judicious management, they have come to abandon their old stereotyped habit of *laissez faire*, and have come to regard fresh organisations of social life as made necessary by the fresh necessities of the times. It implies that they have got so far out of their ancient tight-fitting armour, of habit and opinion, and into the easy, elastic garment of a more liberal philosophy, as heartily to come forward with purse and person to assist and promote the planting and thorough prosperity of such communities. It implies still more. It implies that our working population itself, a population that amidst all its sufferings has still continued a most independent and matter-of-fact population, regarding new-fangled things with suspicion, and loath to move till it sees its way both clear and smooth under foot—that this population is prepared to enter into a new and strictly systematic scheme of things—that it is ready to submit to a prescribed plan of domestic and social arrangement—to a system of subordination and surveillance that, however salutary in their results, look to the uneducated and stubborn from ill-usage—to say the least, new and menacing to that cherished fancy of every English bosom of "doing as it likes." It is true that all such life would be voluntary, and there is no doubt would eventually be found most agreeable, but that conviction yet awaits experience. It is true that you may say—"You are quite at liberty to enter or to stay away, and when there to come away again, if you prefer it." That also may be said of a union-workhouse, but it has not prevented its being termed a hostile; and it is an established fact, that it is not so much the fare of the union, as its system, that irks the inhabitant.

That all these matters of novelty and doubt are resolved into a certainty, and that an agreeable one, is implied in the thorough success of the co-operative village. That twenty such villages might be filled to-morrow, if ready, with families driven by destitution to accept of a far worse offer, may be believed, but whether those families would be the kind of persons likely to fall into the routine and practice, the patience and diligence, that are necessary to success may be just as strongly doubted. Till, then, these things are accomplished, we must look for another and a present remedy

for existing evils. We must, in fact, go back to the beginning. We must revert to the very rudiments of these social changes. We must plant the seed which is to produce the tree, and take nature for our guide. We must suffer our tree of social reform to first spring up, rear its bole, and then, in true order of succession, to develop all its ramification of branches. In a word, we must first raise the capital, and then begin those simple and direct investments, those simple and everyday acts of trade, which enlarge our experience while they advance us towards our great end.

The wealthy have not advanced the capital—the people must advance it themselves. It is most desirable that they should raise it themselves. It is of all things most desirable that they should ground and fix firmly in themselves the idea that they can and will help themselves. It is this feeling which will every way strengthen and elevate their character. It will call forth all their energies, urge them to temperance, to endurance, to steady co-operation for the accomplishment of all that they need. And they can and will do this. The idea has got abroad, and is already being acted upon with zeal and energy in various quarters. From the first moment that the idea was thrown out, I have regarded it as the true germ of popular rescue—the true and simple means of reuniting labour and profit. The principle of co-operation is now taking its true and natural form: first, to co-operate for the accumulation of capital—secondly, to apply that capital to trade and manufactures for their own benefit.

And can the people out of their small earnings accumulate capital? They can, and are doing it. To this clubs, friendly societies, and savings banks have long been training them. In the savings banks alone they have hoarded about *twenty-five millions sterling*! To friendly societies and trade unions they contribute large sums. In the funds there are *one hundred and thirty thousand* persons whose annual dividends do not exceed some five and some ten pounds a year. The sums they contribute to religious and missionary societies, especially to those of the Methodists, are supposed to be some hundreds of thousands annually. The sums which they expend in strikes, the most fruitless and harassing contention in which they can be engaged with capital, are enormous. In the great strike of the builders, masons, &c., in Lancashire, just now, one thousand men cannot have been out of work for three months without a loss in men's wages, at a pound a week each, of 36,000*l.* Dr. Smiles, in an admirable article in this *Journal*, p. 136, gives some striking items of this kind, on the authority of a statement made at a public meeting of operatives at Preston. In one strike of the cotton spinners at Manchester, they spent 400,000*l.* in loss of wages alone; and in two others they lost 600,000*l.* In another strike at Stockport, the cotton spinners lost 600,000*l.* in wages; and in different strikes, the woolcombers of Bradford lost 400,000*l.*; the mechanics of Leeds 180,000*l.*; the operatives of Lancashire 50,000*l.*; the colliers of Northumberland 100,000*l.*; which, together with the losses by the strikes at Stockport and Preston in 1840, made a total of *three millions sterling*, which to all intents and purposes had been spent in vain.

And this is but the sacrifice of a few years. The sums which, since strikes became a common practice, have been sacrificed in defence of wages must, if known, amount to a fearful sum. Then we must add to this the subscriptions of the working class to a great variety of societies not yet

named, as Odd Fellows' Lodges; Temperance and Tee-total Societies; societies for the shortening the hours of labour; for promoting the sanitary condition of towns; mutual saving and benefit societies; and benevolent societies for the support of the widows and aged of their order. These united proclaim a power of accumulation and of sacrifice, which are not only amazing, but make us doubly anxious to see them turned in a channel most conducive to their permanent interest. With a great object like that of emancipating labour and founding a lasting property for themselves and children, what may not such men and such means accomplish?

What they think may be accomplished by the smallest subscriptions amongst the millions may be seen from the following calculation of the Leeds Redemption Society:—"It appears from actual experiment that a thousand subscribers of from one penny upwards, will yield a weekly revenue of 5*l.* In Great Britain there are 6,000,000 adult males. Take of these, including such females as choose to subscribe, 4,000,000; these will yield 20,000*l.* weekly, or 1,040,000*l.* a year. Now 1,040,000*l.* with compound interest would amount

	£	s.	d.
In 10 years to . . .	18,232,413	14	11
In 20 years to . . .	65,522,599	8	3
In 30 years to . . .	188,181,161	18	8
In 40 years to . . .	506,325,883	12	8
In 50 years to . . .	1,331,511,365	15	1
In 60 years to . . .	3,471,129,995	18	4

Now this sum would buy up all the property of the kingdom. I am not supposing for a moment that 4,000,000 of working men will soon be found steadily subscribing their penny or twopence a week for this object, but these figures shew what a fund there lies in the smallest co-operation of the millions; and which the devotion of the sums expended merely on spirits and tobacco might accomplish for mankind.

And can they trade and manufacture for themselves? They do it already. So far as the possibility of working men clubbing their savings; and undertaking and carrying on factories on their account successfully, the question is settled. We have heard a great deal of a master painter in Paris giving his workmen each a share in the profits of his business, and of a nobleman in Ireland giving the same privileges to labourers, but what are these cases to others which may be brought forward? There are at this moment plenty of workmen, who having saved money, have commenced concerns for themselves, and are flourishing. At Paisley there is a case most completely in point.

There, some half dozen workmen, eleven years ago, having accumulated a small sum by careful saving, commenced the Colinslie Print Works, and have succeeded so well that, I understand, no works are better conducted than theirs, and that not only have the co-operative proprietors managed to live comfortably, but are worth, at least 500*l.* each.

Now one such case is as good as a thousand. What one such company can do, a thousand other such companies may do. The principle is established, the case is made out; it may be multiplied *ad infinitum*. But, in fact, every joint-stock company, every railway company, assurance company, banking, or other company, has long been a standing instance that this may be done. It matters not whether the shareholders be a thousand or a million, whether they be rich or poor, wise or

foolish, educated or not, so that they have but the common sense to adopt the ordinary machinery of such concerns, a proper board of directors, a safe treasurer, and active officers.

No doubt there are difficulties in the way, as in what ways are there not? But these may be overcome; anything that is not beyond the general powers of man to cope with may be overcome by perseverance, and the honourable ambition to achieve a great object. People discourage you, my friends, by telling you that the thing has been attempted before and failed. There were many failures before the steam-engine would act satisfactorily: but it acts now. They tell you, that in all such former attempts, the companies were robbed by their officers. Is past experience then nothing? Are not as good and efficient officers to be got for you as for any other corporate body? Subscribe 50,000*l.* and your money will be as good and as wonder-working as any other people's money, be they who they will. You will find men of talent and experience as ready to manage your affairs for the proper salary, as those of rich brokers or speculators. And you can take from them the proper securities.

Again, there are legal impediments. You cannot, in large undertakings, act on the joint-stock principle of creating transferable shares without a separate act of Parliament. That is true; but you can carry on your concern on the basis of a partnership, and still divide the profits. In small concerns, a few of you can combine and conduct your own business. Undertakings, both of the one kind and the other, are in progress. The shoemakers of Belfast have proposed to co-operate and trade upon this plan. In London, the "Strong Boot and Shoe Makers," lately working for Mr. Kendall, of Drury-Lane, have adopted the same resolve, opened a shop at 151, Drury-Lane, and are actively at work for themselves, and it was stated the other day at the United Trades' Conference at Manchester, that though only a few weeks established, they had made a profit at the rate of 240 per cent. on the capital employed. God speed them! The powerful body of the Chartists, with Mr. Feargus O'Connor, at their head, have formed a National Land and Building Association, to provide any subscriber with a good house and several acres of land on perpetual lease. They have already upwards of 7000*l.* subscribed, and seem likely to go on zealously and steadily with this plan of raising as many men as possible above the mere labour of their hands. They have purchased an estate at Herringsgate near Uxbridge, and are actively engaged in lotting out their land, and in building houses. Mr. Feargus O'Connor, on the spot, exhibits the utmost enthusiasm in founding this colony. His letters in the *Northern Star* remind us of the writings of Cobbett in past times. They describe him as being up and at work amongst the people at six o'clock in a morning, and the feeling of success, and happiness in that feeling, give a great life and charm to them. To give men something to depend upon besides the mere wages derived from manufacturing under the present distorted arrangements of trade, is certainly to get rid of one of the greatest curses of this country. In America there is also a great demand of the working classes upon the government, for an allotment of land to every head of a family that is without it. Everywhere the feeling is spreading that it is absolutely necessary for the working class to acquire some portion of this world's soil or capital, if it ever means to rise out of its present wretched condition. The tailors in

various towns contemplate the same measures as are adopted by the shoemakers of Belfast and of London. The hatters of Manchester and other towns having seen the folly of strikes, in 1841 established a hat-manufactory at Denton, with shops in Manchester, Hyde, Ashton-under-Lyne, and Duckenfield. In 1844 their report stated the success of the Association. Its profits for the year had been 143*l.*, and it had a capital of 700*l.*, giving employment to about sixty persons. It was stated at a public meeting of the Trades' Association, the other day, that in Manchester a body of working men had united their means, taken a large timber-yard, and had 35 workmen to whom they were paying the best of wages going. There was no document there, and the men were going on peaceably and pleasantly. Working men had not such a luxurious style of living to keep up; and such combinations, therefore, had every chance of success. "Many hands make light work, and equal burdens break no backs." The peace of the working classes from their number, soon accumulated into pounds. But perhaps the most promising Association of this kind, or, at least, that which shapes itself most to the wants of the day, is *The Leeds Redemption Society*, which has more than once been noticed in this journal. It has been some months in operation, and its quarterly report denotes steadily advancing prosperity. It has already nearly 400 members and donors. Its object is to collect a capital by weekly subscriptions, and with that to purchase "an estate in the neighbourhood of Leeds, in the best situation for manufacturing and agricultural purposes that can be met with; then workshops, schools, and factories will be erected, and such manufactures will be prosecuted as appear to the society best suited to the locality and the times. The various works will be executed by men selected from the members and donors by election. The best and most approved machinery will be employed, and every invention adopted that will facilitate production; for here, for the first time, machinery will be an unalloyed good to the labourer; it will be his property!"

This is a most important movement. The Leeds Redemption Society, if it succeeds, will be the first association of working men who will, in this country, have the honour of carrying out for themselves the substantial portion of the plans of Owen, St. Simon, or Fourier. They will have effected this without the attachment of any religious or irreligious dogmas to their scheme. They will enable every member to live and to worship according to his conscience. Every friend of humanity must pray for the success of this eventful experiment. Eventful, I say, because its success will be the signal for the like associations everywhere. It will be the mother of thousands. They will spring up thick as the cowslips in the fields of May. Let these adventurous men of Leeds reflect that the eyes and the hopes of millions are on them. Let them, therefore, be prudent and persevering. Let them succeed, and they will deserve to have their names inscribed on one of the noblest monuments that ever stood upon the earth—the column of emancipated Labour, lifting its head amid future generations of free and happy men. Their rules, which are before me, appear well and wisely drawn, and it is encouraging to hear that people of the middle classes, of all creeds and politics, take a warm interest in their proceedings, and that an eminent clergyman has written cordially to encourage them. It is, indeed, an attempt which deserves well of all men. It is based on the fair basis of open and honourable competition, which is the

'clear birthright of every Englishman. It rises in antagonism against no man or class. It seeks to destroy the mischievous system of strikes, as fruitless to the artisan, as exasperating to the master. It says to the common country, give us fair play, only, and let us live by the careful husbanding of our gains.

One more topic, and then, for the present, I close these letters. I have traced the cause of Labour from its elements to the present crisis, where the intelligence and the necessities of the people are combining to elevate it to a new rank and more blessed influence in the earth. I feel convinced that the active, able, and intellectual of the working classes of England, who are daily becoming more numerous and prominent, will, ere long, not only give a brilliant evidence of the co-operative powers of Labour to their own countrymen, but to the world. More educated in mind, if not in mere literals, than any other labouring race upon the earth, more imbued with the spirit of rational liberty and manly independence, they have a duty to perform that will supersede the dreams of mere philosophers, and will overleap the bounds of Britain. In such a work they must expect many enemies, many failures, many dangers, false friends, and often false ideas of their advance; but let them be true to the cause, and the cause is sure. In my next, and, for the present, last letter, I shall say a few words on the difficulties to be expected, and the advantages to be gained. We may then pause awhile, and wait the working of things. As events progress, I may occasionally address to you another Letter on Labour. Till then, with the warmest desires for your success, which involves the honour of your country, and the happiness of millions, generation after generation, I remain, my countrymen,

Your fellow-worker,

WILLIAM HOWITT.

Our Library.

LIVONIAN TALES.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE BALTIC."

THE author of the *Letters from the Baltic* is one of the many triumphant proofs which abound now-a-days that there is no sex in south. Abating a few prejudices—which, however, in no way come across the clear current of the author's spirit in these beautiful tales—a more eloquent, clear-headed, sound-hearted writer does not exist.

This volume contains three stories—*The Disponent*, *The Wolves*, and *The Jewess*; the two last of which are reprints, and favourites, we will venture to assert, with all such of our readers as are acquainted with them.

The author, having lived among the scenes she describes, transfers, as it were, the living reality to her canvass, or more properly speaking, conveys her reader into the midst of the scenes and the people themselves. Nothing is shadowy or indistinct, but all palpable and real, before and around him: in this the power of the true master is shown.

Like Fredrika Bremer's exquisite stories, these *Livonian Tales* are full of the fresh life of the North, but from necessity are painted in much stronger and darker colours; but what picture over which broods the black, lowering thunder-

cloud of Russian despotism can be other than dark?—the only lights in the picture being the patience, the homely domestic affections, and the simple piety of the poor, oppressed, famished, and heart-broken people themselves.

The author who writes in the spirit of these tales writes not for one nation or people alone, but for suffering humanity everywhere; and if we are wise we shall find a moral in some of these tales which will apply even to ourselves as regards Ireland. In the warmest good-fellowship we offer our hand to the beautiful and accomplished authoress: she has done nobly, and we bid her go on and prosper. The story which we will introduce to our readers from this volume shall be that of *The Disponent*, which, independently of its being the longest, and perhaps most interesting of the three, has also the merit of being quite new.

The story of *The Disponent*—in English, *The Steward*—is simple enough. A selfish, tyrannical steward intends to marry a pretty peasant girl; and, being disappointed in this intention, employs all the cruel power which the law had put into his hands to ruin the young husband, for whom he was rejected. The story opens with a betrothal scene, which, as it will at once introduce the reader to some of the principal characters, we will give almost entire; in the first place, however, giving a few words on the Livonian mode of wooing.

The usual form on these occasions is for the young man to engage the services of an old woman, who usually officiates for a whole parish in succession, to propose to the girl of whose qualifications he has heard the requisite report. The old woman sets about her business very cleverly—dwells on the good looks or fine disposition of her client, and especially on the vehemence of his attachment—for even a savage knows the sort of flattery most acceptable to a woman's heart. If she succeed in obtaining a favourable answer, the parties meet at the clergyman's house, for the ceremony of betrothal; if not, the old lady is sent to a succession of ladies, on a similar errand, until she does—for when a Livonian peasant has made up his mind to be married, he thinks the sooner he gets it over the better.

On a fine morning in the month of March, therefore, a betrothal party present themselves before the pastor of the parish, who, by-the-bye, is a beautiful character. The party consisted of three persons, two of whom, an old man and a young girl, after having made the obeisance customary from the peasant to the superior,

stood stock-still, and the middle-aged man, or the bridegroom, for such he was, having merely made a servile bow, stepped up to the girl's side. She was pretty, and very young; hard and vacant labour had not yet furrowed her forehead, nor exposure to the air embrowned her skin; her hair too, which, as with all the inhabitants of those regions, man and woman alike, was allowed to grow its full length, was bright-coloured and glossy, and fell in pretty waves upon her shoulders, and not too much over her face; while the little hollow circle of pasteboard which the maidens of this part of the province wear fastened on the crown of the head, accorded gracefully with the round and flowing lines of her young face, and was easily imagined to represent a bridal chaplet for the occasion. The figure, too, which was inclosed in the tight-fitting, short-waisted Spencer of coarse, grey homespun cloth, was slight, easy, and round. The gay striped petticoat hung slimly down, and altogether, with the bent head and downcast eyes, there could be no prettier picture of a northern maiden on her betrothal-day. So far, all was in character with the occasion, yet there was something also too foreign to be overlooked. The pastor was accustomed to all kinds of manner, from the most incomprehensible apathy to the most awkward sheepishness; but in that of the young girl there was something distinct from either. Her hands, which partook of the general delicacy of her whole appearance, were nervously restless; and when she looked up for a moment, she showed an expression of bewilderment, neither natural to her age nor to the occasion. Then she exchanged a few petulant whispers with the old man behind her, evidently her father, with far more hurry of manner than usually ruffles the dull surface of a Livonian woman's soul—in which expostulation seems the character on one side, and pacification on the other. Behind them, in a chair, lay a gay piece of cloth, some red beads, and other articles of woman's dower, which the bridegroom brings on such occasions, and to which the old man pointed once or twice in furtherance, apparently, of his words. But this appeal was more violently

resisted than any other, and she looked as if she would have spoken aloud; when, observing the minister's eye was upon her, down went the head again, and she stood immovable.

The man, who stood firm at the girl's side, was anything but a match for her in appearance. He was a coarse, ugly fellow, of above forty years of age, with reddish hair, watery eyes, and a large mouth. His face was bluff and full, but whether it was open or very impudent, very honest or very much the reverse, the pastor could not determine. He was evidently rather above the condition of a peasant; wore his hair short, and his clothes of the common cut and waistcoat cut. He was very much at his ease, and seemingly well pleased with his bride, from whom, however, he never got so much as a look.

As the ceremony of betrothal proceeded, the strangeness of the girl's behaviour increased, and at length the pastor took her out of the room, and required an explanation. This she gave frankly enough.

She had seen a young peasant several times at church, whom she had taken, she knew not why, for the Disponent of Esmogki, and when the old mother came with an offer of marriage from the actual Disponent himself, she had immediately agreed to his betrothal on the following Sunday. That she had never seen this man before; and when she did look at him this morning, she thought she should have died!

This at once decided the fate of this betrothal; but the affair soon spread far and wide, and the young favoured peasant soon profited by the young girl's sentiments towards him. This young man is a noble creature; he weds in a straightforward, manly way, without the intervention of any old woman, and of course he went on smoothly and happily between them. On the wedding-day, Mart, for such was the young man's name, goes to fetch his bride home.

There was an early meeting of friends and relations at Mart's house. His invitations had been most liberal—he was a universal favourite—the day was fine, and one little cart-full of gay wedding-guests rattled up to the door after another. Preparations for plentiful feasting had been going on for some days previous, under the superintendence of the old grandmother, a venerable, mid-looking dame, who went tottering about in a new apron of the brightest red, yellow, and green, that could be found—Mart's particular gift for the occasion.

Conspicuous among the arrivals were two smart young peasants who looked particularly full of bustle, importance, and facetiousness—these were the marshals.

A little procession of carts, therefore, set out, headed by the marshals, and including most of the male guests, and Mart, of course, among them; while one cart in particular, Mart's own, decked up with boughs, and driven by the *Brautwerber*, was evidently destined to bring back the bride. Arrived at Uxmorn, where they found also a cluster of guests awaiting them, the marshals alighted first, and entered in the name of the bridegroom to demand the bride. They were not long about this proceeding or Mart would soon have been after them, but re-appeared in a few minutes, followed by, rather than leading, the young girl. Anno was apparently in her usual dress; her tight-fitting woollen garment covering all decorations beneath, but her pretty head was quite bare—her maiden circlet had been left behind, and her matron's cap had not yet left its place.

The instant her foot quitted her father's household, Mart was at her side, lifted rather than helped her into the cart, and, in defiance of all rule and custom, seized the reins himself and sprung in after. In vain did the *Brautwerber* meekly expostulate, and the marshals imperiously dictate—Mart was in full possession, and in such a state of uproarious happiness, that there seemed to be no access to his understanding by the usual channels. The little horse knew his master and set off at full speed, and all the anxiety of the marshals was now directed to prevent his taking the lead in the procession, which would have been the climax of impropriety. This they managed to avert after a short race, when Mart, having accomplished his aim, dropped contentedly behind them, and the little horse was left very much to please himself. The day was now up; the procession, swelled by Anno's bridesmaids and relatives, cut a most imposing figure, and the marshals were anxious to exercise their privileges, namely that of making every other vehicle on the road turn off for this. The first they met were humble peasants, like themselves, who were as willing to observe the custom as they to exact it, and who drew off immediately to the side, and waved their caps as the party passed.

Some difficulty, however, occurs in two cases; first a private barouche, with four spirited horses and a long-bearded coachman, approaches, and something terrible might have ensued, had not a broad good-humoured face leant forward from the carriage itself, and set all to rights by swearing

tremendously at the coachman. The next was a more difficult case, as it was no other than the *Disponent* himself, in his one-horse vehicle. Everybody hated the *Disponent* with a good reason, and were glad for once to have the advantage of him. A terrible contest succeeded, which ends by the *Disponent* being left in the ditch, vowing vengeance, as might be expected.

This was the crowning triumph of the day. They now entered the little forest-wood in which there was no further chance of distraction, and mending their pace, drove on for some time in silence. Then they broke but into a low monotonous chant which, though far from musical in itself, rang pleasantly through the thicket of irregular trees which led to Mart's house, and announced their approach before they themselves became visible.

Anno had never seen Mart's dwelling before. The cart now stopped at the low wide door, which was crowded with guests awaiting their arrival. The marshals, elated with their late successes, were all on the alert to perform their parts. The gloves, suspended to the shafts, which are supposed to bring good luck to whoever reaches them first, were eagerly snatched, the bride was lifted from the cart: one bound on to a shapkin extended before the door, to signify that the way through life was henceforth to be soft to her feet—a type, also, to which there is no reality, at least, not under a Russian Government! The *Brautwerber* strewed corn before her, in symbol that abundance was to follow her to her new home, and thus she was carried in noisy triumph over her husband's threshold. There, surrounded by the women who had remained behind, and propped in a rude high-backed chair, sat Liso, Mart's grandmother, ready to receive the new-comer. This was their first meeting, and the old dame threw a searching and solemn glance on the slight girl, in whom she saw at once the maiden her grandson had wooed, the bride he had betrothed, and the wife he had married. Anno bent involuntarily before her, and not a word was exchanged as, slowly rising and coming forward, the old woman took a high stiff cap, made of white silk, and placed it on Anno's pretty head. Voices had been loud, and faces merry, but all were now hushed and serious, for this simple ceremony went to everybody's heart.

When the cap had been slowly adjusted, the grandmother again gave a glance at Anno, and in a shrill, distinct voice repeated this ancient form of words which belongs to the ceremony:—"Forget thy sleep—Remember thy youth—Love thy husband." Accompanying each sentence with a slight stroke on Anno's cheek. Then turning to Mart—"Ah! my son, my son, you are a good man, you have chosen a beautiful wife; I know she will be a happy one." Then addressing Anno—"He has always been good to an old grandmother, will he not be good to a young wife? I hope you are worthy of him."

Anno is worthy of her husband, though as yet quite a child in comparison with the high-minded and heroically noble young man himself. As might be expected, however, their happiness and apparent prosperity give only a keener edge to the malice and bitter hatred of the *Disponent*, who, unfortunately, has only too many means for gratifying these evil passions. Accordingly, soon after their marriage, Mart's name, together with that of the poor, meek-spirited *Brautwerber*—who, as Mart's friend, is a marked man, and whose spirit has been crushed already by the barbarities which the law permitted the steward to inflict upon him—are two out of the eight names from which recruits for the army are to be drawn. We must be permitted a somewhat long extract to give an idea of this terrible military oppression.

These eight men were now gathered together at the great front steps of the baronial residence we have mentioned, being kept under a kind of restraint by six soldiers, whose shabby, ill-fitting clothes, and dull, faded, extinguished looks, were not calculated to encourage, far less to delude, the hearts of those who were to throw for the same lot. Mart was there. He had kept too much aloof from all his fellow-peasants to know who were destined to share this day of trial with him, and his eye ran mournfully over the figures of two or three of the most valuable members of their little village community, and fell with the sharpest pang of all upon the poor meagre person and pale face of the *Brautwerber*.

The *Brautwerber* was standing, to all appearance, the same as ever; his head sunk on his breast, his limbs all nerveless and unstrung. His little boy, who seemed to have inherited his father's meek, pale face, was on his hand. Father and child were seldom separated, and he seemed to have brought him out of mere habit. Mart drew close to him. Presently a ceaseless humming voice was heard, and the *Disponent* appeared at the top of the steps and summoned them to enter. He was in the full swagger of revengeful insolence, and had his eye fixed upon Mart. But Mart did not look at him; at that moment it did not matter to him who was the author of that

bitter hour. The pity for his comrades had eased that dreadful sense of pity for himself. To all the summons sounded like a knell; and firm knees shook, and ruddy cheeks were blanched, as they moved together up the steps, four of the soldiers bringing up the rear, as if escorting prisoners. Mart perceived that his friend could hardly drag his limbs along. They were now shown through a great bare hall into a side apartment, which, though spacious and lofty, was close and unventilated, for the dusky double windows had been left standing the year round. There, upon coarse chairs brought in for the purpose, for it was dirty and unfurnished, were seated the *Hakenrichters* (a kind of magistrate for the district) and an officer in uniform; behind them, at a long desk, several officials, all busy examining registers, scrutinising passports, and scrawling over a great many long sheets of coarse paper with the stamp of the Russian eagle at top. Behind the *Hakenrichter* stood the *Disponent*, who was high in his favour, looking, as usual, all honesty to those above him, and all insolence to those below. Now ensued a scene the mere mention of which will be description sufficient. Each man was subjected in turn to a personal scrutiny, only to be compared in nature and manner with that carried on at a slave and cattle market.

The unfortunate men are then measured as to height, and again the most unfeeling and insulting barbarities are practised upon them.

At length a jar was brought in by the *Disponent* and placed before the *Hakenrichter*, with a little paper parcel. This he opened, examined the cards it contained leisurely, counted them, put them into the jar, shook them up, and placed the vessel on a low table. The jar was a common earthen one, the mouth just wide enough to admit a human arm. As there were two names to be taken, Nos. 1 and 2 were the fatal lot. The men were now all ranged in order as they had been examined before the table. Mart's figure stood conspicuous above all the rest. "He'll do for the guards, Herr Major," said the *Hakenrichter*, "after six months' drilling." And his chuckle was taken up by the *Disponent* in a loud laugh.

The men drew. They were not permitted to look at their tickets until all had drawn, and the whole scene is one of breathless interest. Mart came fifth.

He strode to the table—laid one great fist heavily upon it to steady himself—plunged the other into the jar, and fell back to his place with the card in his grasp.

The poor *Brautwerber's* turn came next, and he too walked steadily to the table.

The arm, however, fell into the jar with effort. Poor man! it was his last, he fell back and fainted, and Mart caught him in his arms. There was no air in that room of torture, with those stifling double windows. Johann was laid flat on the floor. "Keep guard," shouted the officer; and two soldiers marched up to the head and foot of the pale inanimate figure. The next man now drew; his was comparatively the easiest task—he had only to take what was left. The jar was now taken to the officer, who looked into it and gravely pronounced it empty. Now came the decisive moment. No one could remain indifferent to it, and all eyes were fixed in breathless silence upon the actors in this scene. The first man came up and slowly unclenched his fist. It had closed over that hated bit of Russian paper with an iron spring, and never till now relaxed in its grasp. He looked at it for a moment. He was safe.

The second and the third were also safe; not so the third, a feeble youth, who already seemed to have lost his senses. He had drawn the fatal No. 1. Mart's turn came next.

He advanced like a desperate man—paused for a moment—the *Disponent's* eye glared demoniacally upon him—then looked, and leaped high up from his feet. Was it joy or sorrow? Oh! merciful heaven! it was joy, joy, excess of joy! Then came a gush of intense religious gratitude, and then a stinging self-reproach. Others were suffering, and had still to suffer.

His poor friend, the *Brautwerber*, was, however, free like himself, and again Mart was obliged to rejoice.

We wish we had space to give further extracts, but we have already exceeded all bounds, and we must conclude by saying that nothing can surpass the beautiful working-out of Mart's character; his burning indignation against the cold-blooded barbarities of their vulgar and insolent tyrant; his dread of the body and soul-degrading punishment

of stripes which might be inflicted upon him—his struggle with himself to bear all, so that he might but save himself from this: his patience, his fortitude, his long-suffering, and forbearance, have something in them nobly heroic. It is, in short, one of the most perfect delineations of high manly virtue ever drawn. For the sake of our readers we will, however, add further that, like all excess, the excess of the *Disponent's* wickedness and oppression works its own cure. The story ends happily for all who deserve to be happy, excepting the poor *Brautwerber*, whose tragic fate, we fear, may be somewhat nearer to truth than the poetical justice which brings back the absentee lord at the very moment when his presence is so necessary, and which showers prosperity and happiness on Mart and Anno. But we quarrel not with the story for its ending; we only wish we could believe that such a real and true story of Lithuanian life, as we are sure this is, in all its trial and suffering, could end thus happily.

A RHAPSODY ON A BROOMSTICK.

By THE "OLD INHABITANT."

Poor forlorn old stump, that standest in the corner of my little back garden, who shall say anything good of thee? Who, as he looks upon thy ragged nakedness—shorn of thy bark, thy once long sprigs of birch worn almost to nothing by hard work and hard usage, and the sore buffetings of the world—can find anything pleasant in the contemplation of thee? There is nothing to be said of thee but that thou art an old broomstick, and may go rot, and be forgotten.

But no—I am wrong to talk of thee thus: if there be sermons in stones, may there not be something in a broomstick?

Ay, even as I speak, the old broomstick has again become a thing of use, and a minister of enjoyment. Behold that smiling, healthy, saucy urchin (my own boy), how he has seized hold of the broomstick! Lo! he has got astride of it, and with a shout of exultation made a gallant steed of it, and is as proud of it, too, for the time being, as an Arab chief of his barb of the desert. Now he urges it to renewed speed, now he trots, now he prances, now he gallops—joy all the while flashing from his eyes, and his whole face lighting up with infantine delight. Well done boy! Never again when thou art as old as I am, wilt thou have so much pleasure in the possession of fame or riches as thou now hast in thy ride upon the broomstick. Enjoy it then, and make the most of it!

But alas for the evanescence of all mortal joy! the stump of the broom has caught against the root of a tree, and the horse and its rider have come reeling to the ground. In a moment he is up again, unhurt, but more than half inclined to weep, and stands for a while uncertain what to do. His feelings, though not his limbs, are wounded, and he struggles to find a vent for his vexation. He has found it—he has decided not to weep; so giving the broomstick a hearty cuff for its bad conduct in daring to fall while he was upon it, he casts it back into its corner with contempt and anger, and will have nothing more to do with it. Poor Broomstick! thou art punished not for thy fault, but for thy misfortune; but console thyself under the infliction, for thine is a common fate—as many a man who has long struggled into the world could tell us to his sorrow—as many a

woman's heart could tell us also with bitter tears, could we become the confidants of her distresses.

But our Broomstick is none the worse for this rebuff, and there he stands in his old place while I discourse upon him, and recall the poetry of his early years. Ay, that very stump was once a flourishing bough! laden with sprigs and leaves, spreading itself out to the warm beams of the summer sun, drinking the kindly rains, and affording a shelter and a resting-place to the little songsters of the forest. The blackbird, warbled its sweet notes from it, and the trustful robin-red-breast sat upon it in the winter time, and looked wistfully towards the window-sill of the neighbouring cottage, where a fair hand was accustomed to spread the crumbs for it. These were the early joys of our Broomstick in its state of nature, ere it was hewn from its parent stem to become an instrument in the hands of man. Though thy fate, O Broomstick! may have been hard, there was glory in it, for thou wert, though a humble one, an agent of civilisation. Savages know not brooms, and in their hands thou mightst have had a more cruel lot, have become a stake at the death-pyre of an immortal being. It has, therefore, been well for thee that thy parent tree flourished in a civilised land, as notwithstanding thy humble and abject condition, thou hast been, after thine own fashion, a blessing, and not a curse, to those about thee.

And if thy labour has been hard, toil is the lot of mortals; and thousands, and tens of thousands—ay, millions of men and women, with reason and high hopes—are condemned by the necessities of society to a labour more cruel than thine. When thy work was done, hunger never fastened its sharp fangs upon thy entrails, and the winter cold never made thee shiver. But multitudes of men have laboured, and do labour, for a pittance which does not keep hunger from the door, and which affords no fuel for the days and nights when the earth is bound up with frost, and the chill blast rushes through the crannies of their miserable dwellings. And, Broomstick, though I should be sorry to part with thee till my discourse is over, were it such a day now, and were such a man before me, I would give thee to him (and something else with thee, perhaps), and tell him to take thee home, and light a fire with thee.

And what a glorious fire thou wouldst make! How thou wouldst crackle in the chimney corner, and send thy bright sparks aloft, a regiment of little meteors. But this shall not be thine end. Old as thou art, thou art not unshapely: a little cleaning and polishing, and the clearing away of the sprigs of birch that are dropping off thee from the sheer decrepitude of themselves and the rotten wisp that binds them to thee, and thou wilt appear a comfortable staff, strong enough to lend thine aid to support the tottering steps of some aged mendicant, or gatherer of rags and faggots. We will preserve thee, then, until we find some such being that stands in need of thee—some withered baldam with a red cloak, which somehow or other, let philosophers explain why, the most wretched old women love to wear, and she shall lean upon thee, and find thou wilt not fail her.

And this brings us to another point of no little interest in the history of thy species—not of thyself, for the days of such superstition are happily passing away. But of such as those how many wild and wondrous tales are related by our forefathers. Such an old hag as we have described would have found it dangerous not many generations ago to have been seen with a broomstick.

A whole township would have been up in arms at the sight, and the miserable wretch would have been thrown into the nearest pond, to sink or swim; and if she escaped this ordeal, would have been reserved for more cruel tortures—the sharp pin of the professional witch-pricker, the thumb-screw, the gibbet, or the stake.

What a crowd of horrible superstitions throng upon memory as we enter: a phantasmagoria of disgusting, awful, grotesque, and beautiful shadows, all mingling together, in inextricable confusion. Behold each hag upon her broomstick, cleaving the thin air of midnight, and riding away with tenfold the rapidity of the fastest locomotive on the Birmingham railway, to join the infernal Sabbath of the fiends upon the Brocken! Behold how they career among the clouds! How they whirl upon the roaring blast—shooting like rockets over the highest mountain-peaks, loosening the snow as they pass, till it falls in an avalanche upon the plains below; calling out the winds from their caverns, and bringing down the pelting hail to destroy the vineyards and blast all the labours of the husbandman. And behold, too, how they float in egg-shells over the tumultuous billows of the ocean—each sorceress with her broomstick in her hand, with which she beats the waves till she lashes them into a thick yeast of foam! And what a din they raise, howling and yelling, their sharp voices piercing above the war of the tempest, and anon, swelling with a fearful laugh, as some unhappy ship is driven against the rocks, and every soul on board goes down to the bottom of the deep. Nor are they all hags: young and lovely forms mingle among them, and bright eyes flash fierce delight amid the hubbub of the Saturnalia.

Were I writing a history of Broomsticks—treating the subject after the most approved fashion of modern book-makers—and looking at it in every light in which it would be possible to regard it—whether on the points of the romance, the philosophy, the morality, the utility, and the political economy of it, I might go on at considerable length, and fill at least one and a half of the three stipulated volumes required by the booksellers, upon the one point of Brooms considered in reference to witchcraft. But as I know of no publisher willing to embark in the speculation, and am merely soliloquising upon one individual broom, I leave this rich field for future cultivators and return to our solitary hero (we hope the reader will so regard him) standing alone in his corner. But these reminiscences of witchcraft have had this effect upon our previous determination as to the fate of our broom—we will not give it to an old woman. Notwithstanding the boasted march of intellect the antique superstition is not extinct. There are still believers, even in the most populous hives of busy England, in the prevalence of witchcraft, and many a decrepit and idiotic woman is doomed to persecution for no other reason than that she is old, wears a red cloak, is fond of a cat—the only thing that loves her—and carries a broomstick! It is true her persecution is not that of the law—in this respect there is improvement—but the hooting of boys, the insults of the ignorant, and the aversion of her neighbours are hard to bear, nevertheless, and quite sufficient to embitter existence.

Let thou shouldst get into the possession of such a being, I will give thee, O Broomstick, to one of the other sex. An old man may carry a broomstick where an old woman would not dare to show herself, and the first good-humoured mendicant above the age of seventy that comes by my door

shall have thee, and a shilling with thee. So rest in thy corner until then, and thou shalt end thy days in a work of charity, and become a help to the weary; another limb to one who is feeble, and a staff to the pilgrim whose pilgrimage approaches to its close. C. MACKAY.

HISTORY OF THE NEW PEACE MOVEMENT.

In an article in our last number on the Progress of the Principle of Peace, we alluded with satisfaction to a movement in Manchester about the close of the last year, for promoting addresses recommending peace between England and America. Further reflection upon the excellence of this idea, and on the immense importance of the question which it involves, has induced us to believe that we could not render a better service to our readers, and to every friend of humanity, than to lay before them a brief sketch of the history of this movement.

That war, that horror of horrors, that system of murder, robbery, and every conceivable villany rolled into one great gory abomination, should have been tolerated till now, spite of common sense, and the sacred principles of religion, is the most astonishing thing in the history of man. It shows that while the people can be deluded into a sanction of it, no feeling of its misery on the part of rulers will put a stop to it. They will drive us to their shambles; they will still sell us, bone and carcase, and skin to the dealers in human flesh. It is for the people to put it down; and they will put it down. It has been called "the game of kings," at which they play. But the people once enlightened will cease to be the royal playthings. If kings or governments will much longer play at war, they must look out for fresh tools. Men now are fast learning that they are men; that they have limbs and feelings; duties and responsibilities, holy and eternal, and they will refuse to be murderers and assassins at the command of any earthly authorities. They will not do it; they cannot do it; for knowledge has awoke conscience, and the feeling that man is not only the brother of man, but that these brothers are the sons of the God of order, beauty, peace and love, is becoming clear in the minds of the multitude as the sun in heaven. New desires, new views, broad and beautiful and divine views of civilisation, unity, increase of comfort and refinement, of mind responding to mind, and heart to heart, all the world over, are spreading through the masses, and men can no longer listen to suggestions of bloodshed, of foreign carnage, lust, and rapine, but as to the suggestions of the devil. It can no longer be said of us as a people, as it was said by Coleridge during the last great war, in verse which ought to be read at every fireside, and deeply imprinted in every human bosom:—

Thankless for peace:—

Peace long preserved by fleets and perilous seas—
Secure from actual war we, we have loved
To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war!
Alas! for ages ignorant of all
Its ghastlier workings, famine or blue plague,
Battle or siege, or flight through wintry snows,
We, this whole people, have been clamorous
For war and bloodshed; animating sports,
The which we pay for as a thing to talk of,
Spectacles, and not combatants! No guess
Anticipative of a wrong unfelt,
No speculation on contingency,
However dim and vague, too vague and dim
To yield a justifying cause; and forth—
Stuffed out with big preamble, holy names,

And adjurations of the God in Heaven—
We send our mandates for the certain death
Of thousands and ten thousands! Boys and girls,
And women, that would groan to see a child
Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war,
The best amusement for our morning meal!
The poor wretch who has learnt his only prayers
From curses, who knows scarcely words enough
To ask a blessing from his Heavenly Father,
Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute
And technical in victories and defeats;
And all our safety terms for fratricide;
Terms which we trundle smoothly over our tongues
Like mere abstractions, empty sounds to which
We join no feeling and attach no form!
As if the soldier died without a wound;
As if the fibres of this godlike frame
Were gored without a pang; as if the wretch,
Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds,
Passed off to heaven, translated, and not killed:—
As though he had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him?

We cannot now, thank heaven, say that of the people of England. There is nothing that shows more strikingly the advance society is making, than this fact; and we trust that no power of sophistry will ever be able again to kindle a war-spirit amongst us.

But we cannot yet ponder too often, or deeply, the impressive words of Coleridge just quoted. Let women, boys, and girls, that would groan to see a child pull off an insect's leg, more and more reflect that this god-like frame cannot be gored without a pang; that the wretch who falls in battle, doing bloody deeds, does not pass off to heaven translated, and not killed. That he has a God to judge him, and often a wife to pine for him. The more we look on this side of the awful question, the more we shall see our awful responsibilities, and into what horrors and responsibilities we thrust our fellow men, not only when we encourage the spirit of slaughter, but every hour that we do not discourage it.

Such, on the threatening aspect assumed by the Oregon question, were no doubt the sentiments which prompted the novel movement which we have now under consideration. It was not the work of any "International Peace Association," or any other society. Like the grain of mustardseed, destined to become the greatest of all herbs, the idea originated in the mind of an individual, Joseph Crosfield of Manchester. He considered nations but as the various branches of one great family, of the one Great Father; and that the branches of any family cannot long remain at peace if they are constantly talking about the probability of fighting; that when families separate, if they mean to keep on friendly terms, they must keep on a friendly and intimate correspondence; and that the same is the case with nations. He thought, therefore, that the English and American branches of our family should begin to write letters to one another, or to renew their correspondence. Of the proceedings which have taken place in consequence of this thought operating in the mind of one noble-minded and energetic man, we may now give this brief summary in his own words:—

Towards the close of the year 1845, an individual, long since convinced of the wickedness, as well as foolishness of all "wars and fightings," and earnestly desiring the continuance of peace with our American brethren, conceived the idea that the interchange of friendly addresses between the various classes of the two countries, might prove as all thrown on the troubled waters of discord, and would tend to dispel the then prevalent rumour of war, a rumour so baneful in its present consequences, and so calculated to lead to still more disastrous results. He therefore penned an Appeal to the Merchants of Lancashire, which appeared as a communication in the columns of the *Manchester Times*, urging them to transmit a Friendly Address to the Merchants of the United States. It was afterwards slightly altered, to make it applicable to the Merchants of Britain, and in this

form was copied into many of our newspapers: and others wrote leading articles on the subject. One of the first was the *Spectator*, whose excellent article was immediately copied into the *Times* and many other journals. The subject may thus be said to have been brought before the whole world.

It was considered very desirable that early information of the movement should be transmitted to America; and as there was not time to get up Addresses, it was thought that an extended sanction of the measure might, in some degree, serve the same end. A recommendation of Friendly International Addresses was therefore drawn up, which at once received the willing signatures of some of the leading men of the day. This and the Appeal to British Merchants having been transmitted to the "learned blacksmith" of America, he made it into one of his *Oliver Leavess*, and penned an appeal "to the Ministers of Jesus" in both countries.

Since that time the Recommendation has been signed by hundreds of persons in this land; and the measure has been advocated by scores if not hundreds of journals. Amongst other names, may be mentioned the following:—Lord Radnor, Lord Morpeth, Richard Cobden, M.P., John Bowring, M.P., E. P. Bouverie, M.P., John Bright, M.P., Thomas M. Gibson, M.P., Thomas Thornclay, M.P., William Brown, Lawrence Heyworth, Richard Rathbone, George Wilson, Andrew Combe, M.D., George Combe, Joseph Sturge, J. B. Buckingham, Douglas Jerrold, James Montgomery, Theobald Mathew, and the venerable Thomas Clarkson, &c.

The measure has, in fact, been commended by the great—the wise—the good, as one so greatly calculated to serve the cause of peace, that the promoters of it are compelled to consider it as a subject that concerns all who are interested in the peace of nations.

The English addresses have been warmly responded to in America and various addresses in reply received.

Amongst the most remarkable addresses from this country, is that of the women of Exeter to the women of Philadelphia, which received sixteen hundred signatures; and amongst the most remarkable events which the movement has elicited is, that Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, mentioned in our last, is already on his way to this country to travel on foot through the length and breadth of it, to diffuse this glorious fraternal feeling. We hail the coming of this great Apostle of Peace, as one of the most significant events of the age, and shall, from time to time, note his progress to our readers. In the mean time this brief sketch of the history of this new and most Christian movement, will serve as an introduction to more detailed intelligence of the daily advance of this great cause in the hands of the PEOPLE on both sides the Atlantic:—a system for the insurance of international peace, which may gradually be extended to every nation on the globe.

A PICTURE-BOOK WITHOUT PICTURES.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Translated from the Danish by MARY HOWITT.

(Continued from page 336.)

NINETEENTH EVENING.

"I come from Rome," said the Moon; "there, in the middle of the city, upon one of the seven hills, lie the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars; a wild fig-tree grows in a chink of the wall, and covers its nakedness with its broad, gray-green leaves; the ass wanders over the heaps of rubbish among the laurel hedges, and feasts on the golden thistle. From this spot, whence the Roman eagle once flew forth, went, and saw, and conquered, the entrance is now through a small, miserable house, smeared with clay, between two broken pillars; tendrils of the vine hang down, like a mourning garland, over the narrow window. An old woman with her little grand-daughter lived there; they ruled now in the palace of the Cæsars,

and showed to strangers the buried treasures. There remains of the rich throne-room nothing but a naked wall; the shadow of the black cypress points to the place where the throne stood. The earth lies to the depth of some feet above the broken floor; the little girl, now the daughter of the palace of the Cæsars, often sits there upon her little stool, when the evening bell rings. The key-hole in the door, close beside her, she calls her balcony, and through it she sees over half of Rome, as far as the mighty dome of St. Peter's.

"It was silent as ever, this evening, and the little girl came homeward in my full, bright light. She carried upon her head an antiquesly-formed earthen jug filled with water; her feet were bare; the black petticoat and the little chemise sleeves were in tatters; I kissed the child's beautiful round shoulder, her black eyes, and her dark shining hair. She mounted up the steps of the house, which were steep and were formed of broken pieces of wall and a shattered capital. The bright-coloured lizard glided timidly past her feet, but she was not frightened; she raised her hand to ring at the door; there hung a hare's-foot in the packthread which is now the bell-pull at the palace of the Cæsars. She stood stock-still for a moment; what was she thinking about? Perhaps of the beautiful Jesus-child clothed in gold and silver, in the chapel below, where the silver lamp was burning, and where her little-girl friends were singing in chorus as she knew; I cannot tell if it was of this she thought! but again she made a movement, and stumbled; the earthen jug fell from her head and was shivered in pieces upon the broken marble pavement. She burst into tears; the beautiful daughter of the palace of the Cæsars wept over the poor, broken earthen jug; she stood with her bare feet and wept, and dared not to pull at the pack-thread string, the bell-pull at the palace of the Cæsars."

TWENTIETH EVENING.

For upwards of fourteen days the Moon had not shone, now I saw it again, round and bright, standing above the slowly ascending clouds; listen to what the Moon related to me. "I followed a caravan from one of the cities of Fex; it made a halt upon one of the salt plains, which glittered like an ice-field, and where one little stretch only was covered with moveable sand. The eldest of the caravan, with his water-flask hanging at his belt, and a bag of unleavened bread around his neck, marked out a square in the sand with his staff, and wrote therein some words of the koran; within this consecrated spot the whole caravan drew up. A young merchant, a child of the sun, as I could see by his eye and by his beautiful form, rode thoughtfully upon his white and spirited charger. Perhaps he was thinking of his young and lovely wife. It was only two days since the camel, adorned with skins and costly shawls, bore her, a beautiful bride, around the walls of the city; drums and bag-pipes resounded, women sang, and shouts of joy were sent forth from those who surrounded the camel, the bridegroom shouted the gayest and loudest of them all, and now—now he rode with the caravan across the desert. I accompanied them for many nights; saw them rest beside the wells, among the crested palm trees; they stabbed with a knife the fallen camel and cooked the flesh with fire. My beams cooled the burning sand; my beams shewed them the black masses of rock, islands of death in the immense ocean of sand. No hostile power had they met with upon their trackless path; no storm was abroad; no pillars of sand carried death over the caravan,

"The lovely wife prayed to heaven for her husband and father. 'Are they dead?' inquired she from my gilded horn. 'Are they dead?' inquired she from my beaming crescent.—The desert now lies behind them; on this very evening they rest under the tall palm-trees, around which circle the storks with their long wings; the pelican rushes down upon them from the branches of the mimosa. The luxuriant vegetation is trampled down by the many feet of the elephants; a troop of negro people come onward from a distant fair; women with copper buttons in their black hair, and in indigo-coloured petticoats drive on the laden oxen on which the naked black children lie asleep. One negro leads in a thong a lion's cub, which he had purchased; they approach the caravan; the young merchant sits immovable, silent; he thinks upon his lovely wife, dreams in this negro land of his white fragrant flower on the other side the desert; he lifts his head—" A cloud passed over the Moon, and again a cloud. I heard no more that night.

TWENTY FIRST EVENING.

"I saw a little girl weeping," said the Moon; "she wept because of the wickedness of the world. She had had a present made her of the most beautiful doll—Oh, it was a doll, so lovely and delicate, not at all fitted to struggle with misfortune! But the little girl's brother, a tall lad, had taken the doll, and set it up in a high tree in the garden, and then had run away. The little girl could not reach the doll, could not help it down, and therefore she cried. The doll cried too, and stretched out her arms from among the green branches, and looked so distressed. Yes, this was one of the misfortunes of life of which her mamma had so often spoken. Oh, the poor doll! It already began to get dusk, and then dismal night would come! And was she to sit up there in the tree, and by herself all night? No, the little girl would not endure the thought of that.

"'I will stay with you!' said she, although she was not at all courageous. She began already to see quite plainly the little elves, in their tall, pointed hats, peeping from between the bushes, and down the dusky alleys danced tall spectres, which came nearer and nearer. She stretched her hands up towards the tree in which the doll sat, and they laughed and pointed their fingers at her. Ah, how terrified was the little girl! 'But if one has not done anything wrong,' thought she, 'nothing can do one any harm! Have I done anything wrong?'

"She thought. 'Ah, yes!' said she, 'I laughed at the poor duck with the red rag tied round its leg; it hobbled so comically, and that made me laugh; but it is wrong to laugh at poor animals.'

"'Have you laughed at poor animals?' inquired she, looking up to the doll, and it seemed to her as if the doll shook her head."

TWENTY-SECOND EVENING

"I looked into the Tyrol," said the Moon; "I caused the dark fir-trees to cast strong shadows upon the rocks. I saw the holy Christopher, with the child Jesus upon his shoulder, as he stood there, against the wall of the houses, colossal in size from the foundation to the gable. The holy Florian carries water to the burning house, and Christ hangs bleeding upon the great cross by the wayside. These are old pictures for the new generation: I have, nevertheless, seen them depart one after another.

"Aloft, in the projection of the mountains, a solitary nunnery hangs, like a swallow's nest. Two sisters stood up in the tower and rung the bell. They were both young, and therefore they looked out beyond the mountains into the world. A travelling carriage drove below along the high road, the postillion's horn resounded, and the poor nuns riveted with kindred thoughts their eyes upon it: there were tears in the eyes of the younger of the two. The horn sounded fainter and fainter: the bell of the nunnery overpowered its dying tones.

THE PROGRESS OF JUNE

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

June 3.—Beautiful rain, and the whole atmosphere changed. All soft and delightful. Went to Stoke Woods, near Claremont, with the children, to look at birds' nests, not to steal them. Nightingales in abundance, but their nests not to be found. Found a jay's nest, on which the bird was sitting, but the eggs were very different to what I seemed to recollect. Very much like the blackbird's; of the same colour, but less distinctly spotted, and coloured most at the point, with occasional flourishes like the eggs of the yellow-hammer. Young pheasants running about. In this country, natural history is much impeded by gamekeepers. Just at this time of the year, when birds and insects abound, and are full of interest, you can scarcely go into a wood but the keepers are upon you, all alarm lest you should disturb the sitting pheasants and broods of young ones; and so it continues till shooting time. The all-important pheasants are not to be disturbed; and thus all the researches of the naturalist are suspended in the woods just at the time when the most curious habits of various wild creatures, bird, beast, and insect, might be witnessed. Botanical research shares the same fate from the same cause.

In the midst of the thickets we had nearly trodden upon a viper two feet three inches long, black as ink, which we killed. It would appear that we have in this country two species of venomous snake—the black kind, and the lesser red-brown kind, or adder, on the sunny heaths. The woodman said that this owed its deep jet blackness to its recent change of skin. Perhaps so; but this was evidently of a totally different kind to the brown adder of the moors. Besides its intense inky colour, and its poison fangs in the mouth, it had a sting at the end of its tail. The keeper to whose house we took it pronounced it of a most venomous kind.

We found a cuckoo's egg in a blackbird's nest. The egg of the cuckoo very much resembles that of the blackbird, but is smaller. The crickets were singing on the warm heath, as on the hearth of a cottage. Turtle doves were abundant in the woods. They frequent only the woods of the south of England, coming hither from warmer climates. I never saw one in the woods of the Midland Counties. A solitary primrose still lingered here and there in the cooler dells of the woods, like a youth's gay thought in the bosom of earnest, ardent manhood.

June 3.—The Austrian-brier, the Guelder-rose, orange-poppies, and Solomon's-seal, in flower in the garden. The last flower late. In the fields, yellow-rattle and perennial-clover. The air of grass-fields is delicious now with clover and other

flowers. The butcher-birds are noisy,—a sign that they have young. The shepherds on the downs now in the fine weather catch the wheatears by a very simple process. These birds, on the passing of a cloud, hurry to the holes in the ground in which are their nests. But the shepherd-boys rear up long pieces of turf on the downs here and there, so as to form little burrows; and the birds in the bright weather going a godd way from their holes, on the alarm of a lad and his dog suddenly coming amongst them, run under these reared turfs, as the nearest shelter, and so are taken with the hand.

June 6.—Went to St. George's Hill, near Byfleet. The air delicious after a day or two's rain. A light breeze and most delicate softness of atmosphere. The pine woods pouring forth their delightful aroma in the sun. The forest turf and the different leaves breathing out their peculiar fragrance. The young oak-leaves now very tender and cheerful. Hawthorn blossom everywhere. The brooms glorious. It was a day which recalled many pleasant days of youth, spent amid youthful friends, to which we look back with a similar feeling to that with which we look forward to heaven. After long experience of the world, its pomps and vanities, its rivalries and ambitious strivings, there is nothing like the enjoyment found amongst intelligent, simple, and loving hearts, where we know that there is affection and sincerity.

But, oh, ye spring-flowers! oh, ye early friends!

Where are ye, one and all?

The sun still shines, the summer rain descends,

They call forth flowers, but 'tis not ye they call.

On the mountains,

By the fountains,

In the woodland, dim and grey,

Flowers are springing, ever springing,

But the spring-flowers, where are they?

But, oh, ye spring-flowers! oh, ye early friends!

Where are ye? I would know

When the sun shines, when summer rain descends,

Why still blow flowers, but 'tis not ye that blow!

On the mountains,

By the fountains,

In the woodlands dim and grey,

Flowers are springing, ever springing,

But the spring-flowers, where are they?

Oh, then ye spring-flowers! oh, ye early friends!

Are ye together gone

Up with the soul of nature that ascends,

Up with the clouds and odours, one by one?

O'er the mountains,

O'er the fountains,

O'er the woodland, dim and grey,

Flowers are springing, ever springing,

On heaven's highlands far away!

Hotter and hotter glows the summer sun,

But you it cannot wake.

Myriads of flowers, like armies marching on,

Blaze on the hills and glitter in the brake.

On the mountains,

Round the fountains,

In the woodlands dim and grey,

Flowers are springing, ever springing,

But the spring-flowers—where are they?

Oh! no more! oh! never, never more!

Shall friend or flower return,

Till deadly Winter, old and cold and froze

Has laid all nature lifeless in his urn.

O'er the mountains,

And the fountains,

Through the woodland dim and grey,

Death and Winter, dread companions,

Have pursued their destined way.

Then oh! ye spring-flowers! oh! ye early friends!

Dead, buried, one and all.

When the sun shines and summer rain descends,

And call forth flowers, 'tis ye that they shall call.

On the mountains,

By the fountains,

In the woodland dim and grey,

Flowers are springing, souls are singing,

On heaven's hills, and ye are they!

W. H.

The pheasants on St. George's Hill were lying in the warm heather within view. Numbers of insects were on the wing, or to be found on the young foliage and the grass. The wood-argus, the peacock, and other butterflies; moths pink and purple, yellow with brown spots, &c. came out towards evening. May-flies were still abroad, and stone-flies standing on the bolls of the trees head downwards. Bracken-clocks swarmed on the fern and young oak-leaves, and a peculiar kind of dragon-fly darted from place to place. There were numbers of gypsies on the heaths—those wild off-shoots of humanity, who have shown us more than anything else the pliability of our nature. Give a man a palace, and it will hardly contain him and his greatness; give him only a gypsy's wigwam, and he has room and to spare. Give him a coach and four, and he is so "cribbled, cabined, and confined," that he has seldom room at his side for a poor relation, and his coachmen in flaxen wig, and with dangling cords of gold or silver, drive the poor beggar out of the way, lest the horses should tread on him. Give him a gypsy's horse, or a couple of asses, and he carries house, goods, chattels, wife, and nine or ten children, all away together, and has whole woods and wilds to enjoy himself in.

But if the days of June are now warm, and brilliant, and beautiful—ah! how soft and beautiful is a June night! Oh! what is there that can equal its pleasant obscurity, which is yet not darkness! What can equal the calm, clear, lofty beauty of the sky, where the moon beams like a celestial creature, as she is, and the evening star burns with a radiance of immortal youth. There is a balmy softness in the air. The trees stand in shadowy masses, that seem to listen to the still and musing sky above them. There is a soft gloom beneath umbrageous hedges, or as you walk through shrubberies and plantations, that is peopled with all the tender feelings of the present and the tender memories of the past. What would we not give to go hand in hand again with those with whom we have enjoyed such hours, and talked of death, and wondered who should first explore its mysteries—and they were those first; and we walk on through deepening shadows, and wonder *what* and *where* they now are. How every place and scene on this still and thoughtful night seems to unlock its secret essence. Every spot has its own sentiment and its peculiar odour. Here the leafy aroma of trees, there the strong forest turf; here the earthy smell of deep, rich soil, and there the fragrant breath of sweet-brier, or delicious effusion from a clover or bean-field. Near the hamlet, the warm, rich odour of peat, or of the wood-fire, announce that the weary labourer has supped, and perhaps now sleeps, unconscious of the cricket that sings in the garden hedge, or the nocturnal thrush in the old elm that over-canopies his dwelling. How delightful is the meanest sound of a summer night! How the moth, dashing against the cottage pane, or fluttering amongst the garden-leaves, enriches the stillness; with what a lordly boom the soaring cockchafer mounts past your ear into the flowery lime! How the smallest rannel murmurs aloud; how palpably the mountain stream sounds along; how deeply sonorous is the distant water-fall or mill-weir. The frogs in the marshes seem to be turning a thousand wheels; and the dorchawk, the cuckoo, and the nightingale give to wood, and meadow, and tree their different charms. The quails pipe from the green corn, the curlews from the far moorlands; and if you be near the ocean, what a voice of majesty is that! full of the

meanings of ages, and of the poetry of the infinite. Ay, walk, happy youth, in the flush of thy happiness, along the dusky margin of that old, old sea. Mark the soft waves break in flame at thy feet; hear the stroke of an oar somewhere in the dim obscure; list the wild and shrill cries of tern and plover, that never sleeping soundly, come wheeling past, and plunge onward unseen: there is not a sound that, heard to night, shall not mingle with thy thoughts and hopes of life, and may, years hence, pierce through thy memory followed by an ocean of tears. But hush! there are voices, shrill and laughing voices; the musing young man springs onward, forgetting the poetry of the ocean and of night in the more vivid poetry of hope and love. Let him go. For young or for old, for every human being that has a soul alive to the impressions of God in nature, the calm and the gloom, and every sound and sensation, of a summer night are holy.

June 12.—Flowers in the fields—scabious, campanula glomerata, wild Guelder-rose, elder-flower, thrift, red valerian. In gardens—porage, phlox, day-lily, glandioles, &c.

The various grasses which make mowing-grass beautiful are the perennial clover, filling the air with sweetness; the yellow goat's-beard; the dog-daisies, whitening all around; the chervil under hedges and trees; the yellow rattle; the lotus; the beautiful quake-grass, which all children have delighted to pull; the poas, fescues; rough cocksfoot on banks, amongst thickets, and in rank grounds; the wild oats and darnels by the waysides, with red pensile pannicles; and in the thickets the foxtail and timothy with their spikes; the graceful melic in the shade of woods, the light air-grass and purple burnet in meadows,

The corn, now growing tall, becomes very pleasant to behold and to walk through along the field-paths. The rye tall as your head; its cerulean ears having long been shot, and the wheat now beginning to shoot. The peculiar flowers and appearances of cornfields have something in them extremely beautiful and cheerful. The red poppies, the peerless blue of the viper's bugloss, the corn-bottles, the corn-marygolds, the scarlet anagallis, and the crimson of the cockle, make a brilliant spectacle to the eye of the lover of nature, though not of the farmer. These are the productions of sandy lands, where they flourished in Job's time, who talks of lands producing "thistles instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley."

June 16.—Rye cut. The wild-rose, elder-flower, and the bitter-sweet, all signs of confirmed summer, are out. Evening primroses, of a splendid kind, to be seen in the sandy fields of Surrey.

June 18.—Thunder-storms burst forth in grandeur. The rain descends in splashing torrents; runs in brooks along your walks and around your house, stopping up your grates with the gravel and fallen leaves, or the like, which it bears along with it. In villages and country towns, you see the people suddenly start forth into the streets with bags and old coats upon their shoulders, to open the drains, with fire-shovels, spades, rakes, or almost anything which comes to hand. Amongst mountains the effect of such a storm is instantaneous and startling. Where oneminate all is silence—profound, hot, and breathless silence—a few minutes afterwards the roar of streams bursts forth around in a hundred places, hurrying down the declivities; the glens are loud with turbid brooks; water rushes along the roads at the foot of the hills, and where you just now walked on dry ground, you now perhaps hurry back, and find

you must wade half-leg deep. Who has not had such adventures amongst the mountains, flying for shelter to some rock or shepherd's hut, and enjoying the crash of thunder on the shrouded hill-top, pealing and reverberating again from a score of different eminences, the sonorous rush of waters down the steep, in lines of white foam, and the wild sough and murmur through the whole darkened air. And then when it is over to step forth. To see the clear blue sky, freed again of clouds, shine high, and pure, and clear; the sun glitter on smoking rocks and hill-sides, and on every fern-leaf and blade of grass around you—and the air loud with descending torrents, yet soft as the breath of an infant.

At this season how delightful are the valleys of the Peak of Derbyshire. To the natives of the south of England there is something peculiar in the survey, and one effect is striking. You come back again from summer to spring. In the year in which I wrote this journal, going suddenly from Surrey to Derbyshire, I found the blue-bells and primroses, which had all vanished in the south, were there in fullest bloom; and not a wild-rose or an elder-flower yet out; the hawthorn was just in blossom, and the laburnum in the grounds of Ilam, by Dovedale. At this moment in the south the flowers of the Guelder-rose are falling in showers of vegetable snow; and the gardens are gay with alkanets, escholtzia, syringa, pinks, Enothera Lindleana, Clarkia, lupins, white peonies, roses, alchemilla, common yellow sedum, cut bell-flower, and the ivy leaved bell-flower, common garden speedwell, narrow-leaved hughloss, variegated mimulus, rocket larkspur, mignonette, loasa nitida, sweet peas, red pheasant's eye, nemophila insignis and aurita, African hibiscus, French marygold, ten-weeks' stocks, Collinsia bicolor, candy tuft, snapdragons of many colours, mountain cistus, thick-flowering fumitory, yellow fumitory, Turks-cap lily, balsam, media elegans, foxglove red and white, irises, &c., &c.

The songs of nightingales are over, and these fine songsters, like many other songsters of our acquaintance, on whose education much cost and labour has been bestowed, are now reduced by family cares to very homely creatures. The noise they make, when their young are hatched, resembles—"wut, weet, thuck, thuck, thuck, hurrur, hurrur, hurrur."

But summer has now established its reign. The scythe rings in the fields, and all the bustle of hay-harvest begins. Here are once more the merry sun-burnt groups in the hay-fields; hay hanging in the trees of the lanes; everything is warm and dry. We delight now in the deep, cool grass of shady valleys, where the cool stream runs lightly, and the quivering leaves of overhanging trees, cast dancing circles of light on the gravelly bottom. Where the lovely azure crowfoot salutes from the margin, and the purple cumbrey dips its leaves in the water. On the trees chestnuts are conspicuous, nuts on the hazels, and apples in the orchard. Gooseberries, currants, and strawberries are ripe and plentiful as June takes his leave. The cuckoo departs, and glow-worms come out on heaths and banks of lawns. Anon, and the thirsty, fainting, and sun-tanned summer will show changes of colour in grass, in leaf, and in corn. Anon, we shall be heard saying:—

- It is the summer of the fleeting year,
On the brow a-ward the flowers are faint and few:
All songs are hushed, and but the clear halloo
And "larum" of the bird-boy reach the ear.
Through the warm air float far the lime's perfume,
And way-side boughs have lost the roses' bloom.

SURVEY FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

No. II.

By HARRIET MARTINEAU.

I THE world is about to lose a spectacle which all civilised men seem to have seen with their mind's eye, a set of usages which all educated people are familiar with, by the Nile ceasing to overflow. All of us know about that great feature of life in Egypt—the annual overflow of the Nile; and when we read with children the story of Joseph, of the full and blighted ears, and the fat and lean kine, we tell them how terrible the drought is in Egypt when the river does not duly rise, and how there is a certainty of plenty when the waters reach their utmost height; and how these events happen to this day. And when children look perplexed about how people are to cast their bread upon the waters, and find it again after many days, and ask whether it will then be fit to eat, we explain to them how when the broad waters of the Nile are sinking back to their usual channel, the husbandman scatters his seed on the sand, and leaves it without further care, knowing that after many days he shall find a good harvest. How have we all fancied the sight of the muddy stream flowing down and spreading in the sight of the rejoicing people gathered on the banks; and the watchman in the building constructed to measure the height of the waters, carefully observing their rise, and giving out the news by signal—the tidings of plenty or scarcity for the coming year. And then we see the retiring of the flood—a patch of reeds here, and a landmark there, reappearing, with a crocodile popping up its head, or disturbing the dull surface of the thick and sluggish stream. When we describe these things to children over the Bible or other ancient histories, we have always been accustomed to say, in a tone of satisfaction, that these things happen in Egypt to this day. In a little while we can say so no longer. We must part with the fact; and future generations will speak of the overflow of the Nile as a feature of the poetry of the past. The ruler of Egypt is embanking the river. He is very right. He is doing his duty in preserving the people, as far as modern knowledge enables him, from the danger of scarcity by failure of the flood. He is employed in fulfilling the promise that seed-time and harvest shall not cease. We see that by irrigation, done on system, from such a reservoir as the embanked river, cultivation must be made more secure than by depending on the unregulated flow: we would not have it otherwise; but yet we cannot but feel some regret on reading the news from Alexandria, of May 22nd, that the embanking of the Nile proceeds with great vigour; that 15,000 men, soldiers and country people, are employed at the works, toiling both day and night, to take advantage of the low state of the water. Another gate, through which we could see for ourselves the scenes of the old world, seems closed up, and we must be content, henceforth, to sit by the hearth and hear of them. As if all the poetry of this scene were to be antiquated at once, we find, by a letter from the swamps of Florida, that the crocodile is henceforth to yield something else than material for story. He “is found to be as valuable in his way as a sperm whale,” from the oil he yields. He is to be killed henceforth for use, and not only for safety. Old Behemoth, trembling in the stormy seas of the North, has yielded up his romance to our whalers: and now it seems that the alligator

is to be no longer the demon of tropical rivers, but to become a commodity. When hoary old King Nile comes down from his throne into servitude, it seems fitting that his demon slave, the crocodile, should at the same time be reduced to domestic uses.

Another great change seems likely to happen before long. The two great oceans, the Atlantic and Pacific, have, ever since men knew of them, been rolling up against the opposite sides of a strip of land—hard and rocky as land ought to be which has such a force as is for ever beating upon it, on either hand. Since commerce has become of importance to widely distant nations, men have naturally thought of making a way for ships through this isthmus, to save the long way round by Cape Horn. There have been doubts and difficulties;—doubts whether the oceans were of the same level, so as to mix their waters tranquilly, or whether unimaginable accidents might not happen from the rush of one into the other:—difficulties from the barbarous state of the country and people where the works must be accomplished, and from the character of the land to be wrought. So, while the exploring speculator stood on the mountain, imagining the spectacle of a ship in full sail crossing the plain below by means of the canal, and entering the dark fissure of the split rocks, the wolves were prowling below, and the wild cat screaming in the woods, while not a human dwelling was in view, and the waves dashed up idly upon the shores on either hand. But a communication so much needed is pretty sure to be accomplished, and every year tells us more of efforts proposed or begun; and no one seems to doubt that the great highway between two hemispheres will be opened one of these days. It will be a spectacle worth crossing a hemisphere to witness—the first meeting of those waters, whether they quietly glide into one peaceful current, or encounter with hurry and tumult. If they meet, it will be under the control of science and art; and the influence of science and art is tranquillising—moderating. Let us hope that the flow of the waters, like that of the commerce they will bear, will be peaceful. Meantime, the latest sign of preparation is a proclamation issued this year by the King of Mosquitia (commonly called the Mosquito Shore), registering and regulating grants of land to European settlers, colonisation in his dominions being proposed by parties both of Germans and English; while the citizens of New York have long been organising plans for uniting the oceans.

A correspondent of the *Times* points out that there is a barrier, much more manageable, which causes tumult and storm between two great nations, who have shown that they can rage like two opposed oceans;—a barrier which should be broken down, an isthmus which should be cut through as soon as possible;—want of knowledge of one another's language. It appears that a host of misunderstandings arise, and from these, international quarrels, from lack of means of free speech. It is thought that the calamities which have occurred at Tanis, and some troubles and ill-will among the cruisers on the coast of Africa might have been spared, or much softened, if our naval officers had been generally able to speak French easily and correctly. If they had this knowledge, numbers of young naval officers on the latter station might be enjoying pleasant new society, and improving the chances of general peace, instead of being (as they now complain) tired to death of having nothing to do in such a climate but smoke cigars and abuse the French in

the English language, "the commodore being the only officer on board who can speak French intelligibly." Among the innovations of our time, let us hope that one will be that men whose duty lies abroad will be furnished with speech that will serve abroad, that they may be able to act like rational beings, and not like those imperfect creatures we read of—the classes of blind and deaf and dumb children—who, being brought together to see if they could communicate, fell into a mutual rage at their want of means of intercourse, and flew at each others' throats.

The Press at present fulfils some of the purposes which might be answered by free intercourse between individuals of different nations. At this time, while our relations with the United States are so ticklish, something has been done for the cause of peace by an incident which took place at the anniversary dinner of the St. George's Society at New York. The British consul pointed out the services rendered to his country's commercial interests, and to the good understanding of Englishmen and Americans by the *Albion* newspaper—whose editor was present. The editor responded in cordial language; and all who heard the speakers, or have read the speeches, could not but reflect how much more power for peace lies in the hands of the newspaper editors of the two countries than in the missions of official negotiators. It is believed in America that the editor of the *Albion* has done more to deter from war than the ambassadors of both countries—necessary as these ambassadors are in their way.

Amidst these modern ways, these disclosures of vast new prospects, how curiously is our attention turned to glimpses of antiquity! In one direction there is a discovery, by excavation, of an ancient Assyrian palace, the question being only whether the edifice was erected under the first or the second Assyrian dynasty. There is a vast range of marble chambers all covered with sculpture and inscriptions; sculptures and inscriptions as sharp and fresh as if just out of the artists' hands. There are winged lions with human heads twelve feet high, divinities with human figures but eagles' heads, &c.—In another direction is another sort of discovery. In the ball on the top of the spire of the old market-place at Breslau, in Prussia, have been found some curious things—coins of three centuries ago—an inscription on a gilt plate—a box of receipts for the price of all the materials of the tower, and of all odd things—a parchment record that the tower was built by a furrier of Breslau, named Gladwich, as a legal penalty for a murder by him committed. At home we find a curious relic of antiquity in the peremptory judgment of the chief justice, that counsel could not be heard on the first day of term in the small wig which they generally wear. The lawyers were determined to try, on the first day of term—hot as it was—whether the smaller wig might not pass; but they were compelled to rush to the robing room for their big wigs, in observance of old custom. The smallest adjunct of the administration of justice is not to be done away with but with deliberation and by general consent.

From these reminders of the ways of the old world, how startling it is to look forward to the wonders of the future! What messenger has hitherto been so swift as a carrier pigeon? What a wonderful invention for speed was the training of pigeons considered! yet pigeons of the swiftest wing are now found to lag sadly. They are passing into contempt. One which conveyed news from Epsom races was found to be half an hour in telling news

which the electric telegraph could convey in half a minute. The birds cannot maintain a competition with the wires; perhaps not even abroad. They will soon have an opportunity of trying, when the bird, high up in the air, will, no doubt, be more distanced by the wire under the sea, than the fastest ship on the surface is by the bird. What a glimpse these things give of a future time, when every thing important that happens may be known to the whole world on the same day! It already happens that a thief making off in the swiftest possible manner, by railway, is arrested at the further end of his journey, on information sent by the electric telegraph. Then, what will travelling extend to, when already, at this very Whitsuntide, 4000 persons in a batch go in this or that direction for a holiday trip!—Yet, while these new means of communication seem to oppress us with a sense that nothing can henceforth be hid, romantic instances of old world isolation now and then occur. Last November, several vessels sailed from Canada for Liverpool and other British ports. No news arriving after weeks and months, all that did not account for themselves were given up for lost. In the middle of May most of the lost were found. Some of the vessels, and all the crews but one had wintered, after more or less disaster, on the western coast of Newfoundland. We often fancy what the wives and mothers of the old Crusaders and other adventurers must have felt in the absence of tidings. It seems that a similar strain upon faith and patience, or even an aggravated anxiety, may be felt in our own day.

II. A new war has broken out—that awful kind of war which makes an open mockery of the religion which declares all men to be brethren, living in the eye of a common Father. In old pagan days, men carried their national gods with them to fight on either side. The two American nations who have now gone to war pray to the same God and Father, and then turn to slay each other. Besides this direct blasphemy, there is abundant wickedness in the act. The worst interests and passions of men are appealed to and put in action. The legislature of Louisiana has passed an act, suspending, on behalf of persons who will fight against Mexico, all liabilities for debts, during the term of their enlistment. Thus the army is likely to have plenty of knaves and spendthrifts in it. And the passions excited by combat are those which most ally men with brutes. Here is a curious illustration. Mark the case of the man and the brute!—A tiger was to be operated on, the other day, by a veterinary surgeon for wens near the jaw. The beast was securely chained and corded down, which it bore very quietly. But when the surgeon with his knife entered the cage, the animal was enraged; and disabled by its bonds from gratifying its rage, it died on the spot—without being touched—of congestion of the brain. About the same time, "at the Marley Tunnel, South Devon" two navies resolved to decide a quarrel by a stand-up fight. They were stripped and ready for the combat, when one of them fell down dead before a blow was struck. This new war is an injury to the whole human race, inasmuch as it calls out the lowest propensities and passions in men professing to be civilised and christianised, and thus sets back a large number of men, and no small amount of national sentiment towards barbarism. With the national enmity we see in that direction, a whimsical instance of national courtesy which occurred in London lately, contrasts

curiously. A Frenchman, the captain of a vessel, was robbed and brutally beaten by a fellow who was caught, tried, and convicted. The prosecutor begged for a mild punishment, on the ground that he did not wish to be hard upon a man of another nation. The Recorder passed a milder sentence than he would otherwise have done, complimenting the prosecutor on his generosity. It is needless to remark on the absurdity of this case. A glance at the fraternal relation which ought to prevail among men—at least wherever it is professed—that is over all Christendom, will show the gross guilt of warfare for territory on the one hand, and on the other, the hollowness of the "generosity" which would let loose on society a ferocious thief from such fantastical notions of courtesy as do not subsist among true brethren.

III. One evening lately, the beautiful dancer, Madlle. Cerito, was ill—too ill to dance in the ballet of *Ondine*, as advertised. Bills stating this were put up at the doors, in the form of apology, with notice that another ballet, including very beautiful dancing, was substituted. The luxurious people who attend the opera do not seem to have remembered, on this occasion, anything to the purpose; and they behaved so foolishly that it would be charitable to hope that none of them were yet in their teens. They do not seem to have remembered that they themselves are sometimes ill—that they might be so often if they had stage dancing to do in extremely hot weather—that when a performer engages to perform for a certain term, he does not engage to live and be well, but comes under the ordinary conditions of all contracts. Nor do they appear to have remembered the inhumanity to the sick person, nor the insult to her substitutes, of quarrelling with them, instead of with the decrees of fate. They made a disgraceful riot, and kept it up till the curtain fell. One dancer, Perrot, was grossly insulted, made a scolding speech in French, tore his hair, and rushed off the stage. Madlle. Grahn, another dancer, implored mercy, by clasping her hands at the stage lamps—poor thing! They let her dance but there was no more peace—no more enjoyment for any one. The Opera public showed itself an insufferable spoiled child that evening. Here we have an instance of the extreme that hard, luxurious selfishness can reach. In contrast with it, we see, on the same day, what becomes of luxury in the presence of a principle of faith. We read that the Mormons are crossing the vast American continent, on a pilgrimage which involves danger and suffering at every step. After being persecuted at their late settlement, where they leave behind the bodies of some murdered leaders, they are on their way to the Rocky Mountains, thence to proceed, if they can struggle on, to Oregon or California. The present "camp" contains about 3,000 persons. They have to kill buffaloes as they go, and stop for a season, to till the ground for food, and to dry buffalo meat (if they can get it) for an interval of many months during the absence of the herds; and they well know that they must in many parts suffer horrors for want of water, and be in constant danger of dreadful death from the Indians. Yet on they march, satisfied and joyful, calling themselves the camp of Israel, and believing that they are a chosen people, appointed to a mighty work. Another case is before us. One of the late converts to Romanism from Oxford is reported to be founding a new religious order, whose motto is to be *Voluntas Dei*—the Will of God. "The patrons are believed to be St. Thomas

of Canterbury and St. Wilford: and the brothers of the order will be instructed to exhibit Christian character principally in its aspect of cheerfulness, and will be employed in assisting parish priests in all the duties which may be properly entrusted to laymen." Cheerful we have no doubt the brethren will be while believing that they have a mission to fulfil. We may wonder that the Mormons can, as rational beings, satisfy themselves with the faith which sustains them; and that men can, in our state of society, propose to illustrate in a religious order one Christian principle in a predominance over others: but, the fact being so, how striking is the operation of the faith! Contrasted with the Opera malcontents, how reverend are the votaries of St. Thomas of Canterbury and St. Wilford, carrying "cheerfulness" and the Bible to the closet of the penitent and the couch of the sick! Sublime and reverend above either is the man who has received from the Bible and from life—from God and man—from training and self-discipline—"the spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind," and who manifests this spirit in the common acts of the life of every day.

LETTERS ON LABOUR TO THE WORKING MEN OF ENGLAND.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

LETTER SIXTH.
DIFFICULTIES TO BE ENCOUNTERED, AND ADVANTAGES
TO BE WON.

MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN,

In my fourth letter addressed to you I showed you in how many and striking instances labour, in co-operative associations, had succeeded in conferring on those who thus exercised it, all the advantages which it has been the object of this series of letters to prove are wholly within your reach. In my last I instanced those experiments which are now making amongst you for the same end. The principle has taken root in our soil. The spirit of a heroic daring on the behalf of labour is abroad. It will now speedily be demonstrated whether you are yet capable of working out your own emancipation from your industrial thralldom. That that emancipation, sooner or later, will be achieved, and that by the workmen of England, I am firmly and fully convinced of. I believe the commencement of this great and peaceful contest is already begun. Whether you are the men who are destined to effect it, depends not on the principle, for that is a certain and victorious principle, but on yourselves. The principle, as has been shown, has been tried and established. Had it been established only in one experiment, that were decisive, for, as I have observed, one case is as good as a thousand. Give me one evidence that working men in this country can accumulate capital out of the savings of their wages, can combine, set up manufactures, and flourish, and I am bound to assert that all men under the same circumstances, and applying the same principles, may do the same. What A, B, and C can do, D, E, and F can do by employing the same principles, and displaying the same qualities, and so on to the end of the alphabet, and of the series of human beings. But this experiment has been tried with success, not in one instance only, but in scores.

The question of failure or success does not then lie in the principle, but in the power of those to whom it offers such inestimable advantages to combine and work in fairness, energy, and harmony. It will be the test, as has been said by the Redemption Society of Leeds, of the progress of your civilisation. If you are enlightened enough to see all the benefit which it promises you, and to combine, simply as good men of business, then your success is sure. If you fail it will not affect the principle, for that has been not only tried and has succeeded, but will again be tried, and will succeed eventually throughout society, as many a great principle has before. And what motives are given to inspire you with enterprise! You seek to shun all that is wretched and injurious in human life, to achieve all that makes it worth having. Poverty and all its evils oppress the great mass of the creators of wealth. Poverty is the result of the present false position of labour, and poverty robs you of all that God has scattered over the globe most desirable for his creatures. It robs you of food and clothing, comfort at home, and liberty abroad. It robs you of your time, of your sleep, of your health, of your relaxation, and of your intellect. You would have a decent house, and poverty often dooms you to a cellar or a garret. You would see your wife enjoy all those pleasures which floated in your brain when you wooed her, a fair young creature, and thought the bright path of life not too good for her. But you see her weary, jaded, dispirited; her fare poor, her raiment coarse; instead of all those hopes which once fluttered at her heart when she thought of her coming life and you, her spirit is bowed too low, become too weak, even for despair—for that has a strength—and a dreary way still lies before her, more and more rugged, more and more desolate, to the tomb. You see your children—the very apples of your eye—those young creatures who should be born to play and bound in the sunshine, for that is God's ordained gift to the young, ay, to the very lowliest of his creatures; the lamb bounds and plays; the kitten makes flourishes of joy with her very tail; the ass's foal is full of galloping gladness; the very calf careers like a courser through the green field, for it is happy;—you see your children, beings born to glorious intellect, the heirs of immortality—and they are sad. They have little food and no play. They cannot even enjoy the imprisonment of the school, for they must work. When the earth is green and fair on which they were to bound—when the sun shines which was made to shine on their mirth, they work. They are sad now; they will be sadder as their lives lengthen. They know little now; they will know more anon, but it will be the bitterness and mildew of the heart. You would cultivate your field, or wield your tools, and feed them—you cannot. You would cultivate your intellect, and enlighten them—you cannot. This is the curse of poverty, and it is not the half of it; for poverty has its companions. Behind poverty starts up ignorance, and then comes crime, and blasts all the joys of life, and often brings death. These are the besetments of poverty—cold, hunger, incessant toil, privation of leisure of body, and of the luxuries of the mind, cringing care on account of those who should be the solace of your life, and lastly, the contempt of the world.

This is not what God intended for his creatures; it is the work of false principles and customs, which you must combine to put an end to; and in that combination you will find your rescue. It is that which is to give you the due reward of your

labour, it is that which is to annihilate the poverty, and with it all your wretchedness. It is not wealth that you need, but sufficiency; and with that sufficiency comes the antithesis of your present condition. Once reaping the fair recompense of your exertions, you would have a comfortable home, a happy wife, children that could leap and dance in the natural joy of their hearts, food for them and you, raiment fit to come out into the sunshine of heaven in, and books that can make "a sunshine in the shadiest place." Satisfaction in the present, hope in the future, peace in your soul, and pleasure in the hearts of those you love best, these are the fruits of that sufficiency which springs from well-made and well-paid exertions.

By what means you are to effect this has been fully pointed out in the course of these letters, and these means are already in active operation amongst the most intelligent of your class. The evils are hateful enough from which you would fly; the advantages to be won enhance everything that is really valuable in life. The strife is worthy of men, and of all the daring and exertion that men can put forth. But it is not without its difficulties, and these it will be as well to look fairly in the face.

And first you will have to pass through the ordeal of discouragement. Those who have no enterprise themselves will represent you as Quixotic. They will tell you that all this has been attempted before and did not succeed. That it is wild, romantic, Utopian. This has been the language of the croakers from the foundation of the world. They are not the eagles of progress, but the ravens of dismay, seated on the blasted tree of deep-rooted immobility. Yet it is by these Utopian springs that the world has gone on from creation to the present time; from the naked, houseless man, to the dweller in a palace, arrayed like a king; from the savage to the philosopher; from the wilderness to the civilised country full of the wealth and wisdom of to-day; from all that was little to all that is great; from the feeble ignorance of rude life to all the wonderful inventions and arts of modern men. If you are content to be what you are, consider the voice of the croaker as wisdom—if not, you must pass on. You will be next told that poor men cannot combine like the rich—that your agents will be tempted and rob you. We have answered this before—your fellow men, in various associations, are refuting it every day.

But the dangers which will spring from yourselves will be the most perilous. These are the dangers of a novel situation; of unkind circumstances; and finally, of partial success. Doomed to long poverty, to much privation, to the habit of seeing the worst side of human nature, of seeing yourselves used as mere tools of convenience, it will not be without some sharp rubs and rude jostlings that you can come to work together in full harmony and full confidence. Do not expect it, for it is impossible. They who tell you that *all* shall go on smoothly, do not believe them; it is not true; it cannot be so; it is not in the nature of things. You must have a season of necessary breaking-in, of sure, and perhaps, of stern discipline. It is not to be expected that in a vast multitude all will possess the same prudence, the same sagacity, or even the same goodness of heart. In carrying out so great an enterprise as is involved in the subject of self-employment, there will be many eager passions awakened, and many speculative brains put into a busy agitation. Many men will necessarily push themselves forward as leaders

and occupiers of important posts, who, however great their talents, are unfit for such positions by the irritability of their temperaments. Many amiable and good men will be liable to be affected by the hopes and prospects opened to their view, in a manner of which they can at present have no conception. Till we have been tried, how true is it of us all—"Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." With what surprise did the captain of Syria hear from the prophet the deeds that he should do as king. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do these things?" was his astonished and indignant reply. Yet he became king, and he did every one of those deeds. It is the language of nature, and his was the experience of human nature. Be assured that in this enterprise, great and noble as it is, the same passions shall awake and do their work. There will be many wrong steps made before the children of a new order of things have learned to walk. There will be many troubles and confusions. There will be many heart-burnings, and many failures. These are as inseparable from the fermentation of a great object in the bosoms of the multitude, as the fermentation in the wine vat from the wine. But then, the fermentation will come to an end, and the clear and bright wine will be the result. All will be right if we do not expect impossibilities; if we do not expect the wine without the inevitably previous fermentation. What you have to do is to watch over your own feelings. To appoint, in whatever your undertake, the proper officers, and then, like any company of gas or railway speculators, to give these your confidence, and let them work by the laws you have laid down. You must not be eager to interfere, to suspect, to accuse, to grow disappointed and restive, if all does not go at every moment as you think it should. That many of you will do this is certain; but the more you reflect on the manner in which men of business are conducting all around you the greatest undertakings, and the more you seek to be candid, moderate, and patient, the fewer such cases there will be. Impress it deeply and livingly on your minds, that the most imminent of all dangers to the success of co-operative enterprises lies within yourselves. If you quarrel about precedence, influence, share of profits, and the like, so far as you are concerned, the experiment will be a failure, and you will have the mortification to see the more prudent and sagacious reaping those fruits which your precipitancy and incontinence of mind have for you destroyed.

With success will come the next danger. When those hopes once appear on the verge of realisation, which the croakers once pronounced chimerical, it will be the natural movement of the human head to suddenly inflate itself with the most extravagant visions of greatness. There will spring up, perhaps, in the most sober brains, wonderful dreams of coming glory—stupendous castles in the air. Every good fellow who has been thankful to travel, not with a carriage and pair, but with a stick and a pair of shoes, will ask himself—"Why should I not have my coach, and my palace, and my mayoralty, and M.P.-ship, and my highthood, as well as my neighbour, who once ate a raw turnip with me, and now has his three factories and his million?" Beware! these are the suggestions of the devil of prosperity, one of the very worst of the satanic brood. This is the foul gas that will not raise, but will burst the balloon. Remember, it is not that you should become enormously rich that you are called on to combine and escape penury. Remember, it is not possible that all can become so. The very consequence of a general

adoption of co-operative labour must be, not to create immense fortunes, but to limit their growth. The thing wanted, and that which it will effect, is a more equal diffusion of the profits of labour—that every man should reap the just portion of the fruit of his exertions. Then, there will neither be such overgrown accumulations as at present, nor its antithesis—one general condition of distress. Labour, justly and equably paid, will bring just and equable enjoyments of the good things of life. Remember! it is the cry already raised, that those who encourage you to this great enterprise are turning your heads—are loosening the old tried foundations of society—are ensuring a future of anarchy and woe. My countrymen, I call on you to make these alarms groundless. On your prudence, your moderation, your self-sacrificing spirit, depends the hope of the whole future—the better days of sufficiency, knowledge, and harmony. Show that, if we are turning your heads, it is only into a more natural and manly position; if we are loosening the old foundations of society, it is because they are rotten, and that you, workmen, are prepared to assist in laying new foundations of free labour and of general unity. In the days of your distress you have displayed the most admirable virtues, the most elastic patience, the most philosophical fortitude, the most brotherly and sisterly kindness to each other. The sums which the poorest of you are ever ready to contribute to those in need of them, are the noblest of evidences of the noblest virtues amongst you. Let prosperity, when it comes, find you as prepared to bear its flattering influences, as you have been to bear "the visitations of adversity."

The difficulties which you have to expect from others must—and will, too—certainly come from the fear of competition amongst master traders and master manufacturers. The natural instincts of trade will lead them, or at least the most selfish of them, to regard the combination of workmen to labour for themselves as directly hostile to their own interests. They will regard you as so many usurpers—as men stepping out of your natural grades. They will say, if the feet assume the office of the head, how shall the commonweal move on? if the hands that of the head, how shall the directing faculty of the nation be exercised. My friends, it will be for you to show that you are actuated by no hostile spirit. The matter, as it regards you, is simply this—you work to eat, and on the present system it does not answer: you must try another. The horse works, and is well stabled and fed; you, who are much nobler animals, at least have a right to expect as much. With the responsibilities of husbands and fathers, you are bound to try to get as much. Not getting it, you resolve to enter that common, broad, and noble field of competition which is the birthright of every Englishman. If there be any hostility, say it shall not be yours. You desire not to wrong, to pull down, to thwart by unfair means, those who have hitherto been more fortunate; you desire only to get your own fair share of the fruits of labour by fair means. And who and what are they who have already entered this honourable field, and have already won affluence? Let these fortunate men reflect that they are but a part of yourselves; they are but the vanguard of that great army of adventurers in the field of trade, into which every man in England has the same right to enlist. It is not from the Delectable Mountains of Aristocracy that your trading and manufacturing capitalists have descended; they are part and parcel of yourselves—they are bone of your bone,

and flesh of your flesh. They have ascended out of the common clay-pit of common humanity, and it is their commercial industry that has enriched and ennobled them. But to this industry they have no charter of monopoly. Let them feel, whatever be their behaviour to you, that you are their brethren, and are resolved to prove it by the display of the same commercial spirit, and by the spirit of kindly moderation.

Lastly, remember the advantages for which you strive. These are all included in the one great advantage—the possession of *Capital*. Without this you are slaves; with this you are MEN. Once feel that you can live by the labour of your hands, and the savings of your earnings, and you will feel that you are men. You want capital, for the purpose for which Robert Burns wanted it—

Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Not for a train attendant—
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent!

It is the glorious privilege of a man when he is in the position for which nature designed him, to feel himself independent. By independent, we do not mean capable of doing without all exertion, but rather of being only self-dependent—of being independent of the eleemosynary assistance of others. Let a man feel that he has the means of an honourable existence, and then for the first time he feels himself a man. He can look every brother man in the face, for he wants nothing from him but his sympathy. He can maintain himself, he can educate his family, he can exercise the elective franchise; he can, if need be, act as the representative of the others.

There is nothing which shows so strikingly the distortion of the present system of society as one of the very fairest of its features. Look at the almost numberless charitable and philanthropical societies which abound in this country, and the celebration of whose anniversaries occupy every year the whole month of May, and a great part of June, in London; which call forth the most active men of all classes—princes, lords, bishops, members of parliament, and the most popular orators—to grace their assemblies, and point out their beneficent operations. These are a grand testimony of the benevolence and sympathy with suffering humanity which exist in this country; but they are an equally striking testimony of the enormous existence of distress in this so wealthy and great nation. They are a crying evidence of the inadequate recompense of Labour. The just recompense of labour is, that which will give a man the enjoyment of all that is necessary to his healthy existence, physical and intellectual. If the working classes of this country derived this fair recompense from their labour, that which now takes the shape of charity would take that of self-appropriation. Every man would provide for himself in health and in sickness, for his daily bread and his daily book. Your gains flow into a wrong channel, and put you every way into a wrong position. Combine wisely, and you will rectify all this. The exertion of a man's whole powers, and the consumption of a man's whole time, is surely worth all that is necessary for his life and instruction on earth. They *must* bring him that; for not himself, but every man of every class now says, he must have these for the public good as much as for his own. The only question then is, will you consent to receive these as the eleemosynary gifts of the wealthy, or claim them as the proper fruits of your own labour? You will do the latter, and you can do it only by combination.

Once accustomed to the habit of co-operation, not rashly, but as ways and circumstances open, those benevolent individuals who now assist you with their charity will as zealously assist you by their counsel and *their co-operation*. When they see that you refuse to be assisted as paupers, or as men any way in pecuniary distress, they will assist you as men and as brethren. And this is the only way in which Englishmen will long, or ought long, to allow themselves to receive assistance. Well-directed and well-paid labour will place you in the position to do everything for yourselves. You will soon, with capital in your possession, rescue your own elective franchise, and compel such a change in your representation as shall clear the field of labour and trade from its present evils, and add to your and the national prosperity inconceivable extension. You will not ask others to educate you, and leave different sects and parties quarrelling which shall get you young, and twist you into its own favourite fashion of bigotry. You will have and manage your own schools. You complain at present that mechanics' libraries and mechanics' institutes are rendered distasteful to you by the spirit of patronage and condescension which pervades many of them: you will take such institutions into your own hands. In all that relates to your life and learning, and those of your children, you will act and think for yourselves. These are the privileges of men, and the future, as the certain result of knowledge and co-operation, points to a race of men. The founders of the public wealth will become the founders of their own. The great mass, for whom governments exist, and all the machinery of society is framed, will become, not merely the objects, but the movers of this machinery. Everything in society points to this great change—its vices and its virtues, its evils and its ameliorations, its corruptions and its outbursting knowledge. Man, and not classes, presses solemnly and palpably on the public sense. We can perhaps form no clearer conception of the condition of society which the advance of population, and the concomitant advance of the knowledge of popular rights, will create for the future, than a savage can at present form of ours. That it will be far more rational in its constitution, and impartial in the diffusion of its benefits, everything in progress guarantees. Watching with intense interest those symptoms of co-operation which lie at the foundation of this new order of things, and which are now strikingly observable amongst you. I now for the present lay down my pen, and remain, my countrymen of the labouring class,

Your friend and fellow-worker,
WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE MECHANICS WIFE.

By MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

"SHALL you be very late to-night?" This question was asked in a soft low voice by a very pale, but very sweet young creature, as she parted from her husband in the street.

"I do not know that I shall," he replied, somewhat coldly, as replacing his cigar between his lips, he turned away. There was carelessness rather than unkindness in his manner, and she looked after him, more in sorrow than reproach. Taking the hand of her little boy, she slowly bent her steps homeward, with that drooping of the

head which bespeaks sadness of heart. It was a Saturday night; she had been marketing, and her little purchases were contained in a basket which hung upon her arm. On reaching home, the very uppermost floor of a house in a poor but decent neighbourhood, she roused the fire, seated Philip, her little son, beside it, gave him a piece of bread and butter for his supper, and began to busy herself in putting away the few necessities she had bought. By the time this was done, the drooping head of little Philip told her he was ready for his pillow. How tenderly he was taken to his lonely mother's lap—his pretty face washed—his bright hair brushed, and he arrayed in his snowy bedgown. Pressed to her bosom, she warmed his little feet, her fond hand returning to them again and again from the fire, to which she every now and then held her open palm, then pressing the soft foot, she kissed it playfully, and provoked the laughter so sweet to a mother's ear. These were Philip's first charming lessons; thus were gentleness and love awakened in his infant spirit by his capable, but uninstructed, unassisted mother. How full of meaning was his smile—how full of animation! and when, kneeling in her lap, she joined his little hands, and bade him ask his Heavenly Father to bless his earthly parent, how sympathetically he caught the sweetly-serious look—the calm and holy tone of his instructress. When his little prayer was said, he flung his arms about her neck, and cheek to cheek they murmured together the lulling song which concluded this little drama; for his eyes slowly closed, and the smile softly passed from his face, and then he was gently consigned to his snug and snowy bed.

So far all was sweet; would it might be said all was calm; but the aching void in Susan's heart was not calmness, it was rather a craving for that mental and social aliment which is a necessity of every breast, and cannot long be healthily denied to any. The more energetic spirits seek such associations or stimulants as chance presents them; the gentler submit and suffer, often perish, in silence.

Susan put a little fuel softly on the fire, trimmed her candle, and sat down with the zealous lonely woman's usual companion—her work-basket. A deep sigh stole from her bosom. Still the ceaseless needle was plied. Now and then she paused—it was to wipe away the tears that would gather on her lashes. She was just two and twenty, and had been four years married, during all which time, with the brief exception of a few weeks previous to their settlement in town, she had thus been left night after night in loneliness. Philip Morris, her husband, was an honest, industrious man, with a hundred good qualities; sober, and solicitous of securing to his family all the comforts his means afforded, he brought his weekly earnings, with a very small reservation for some trifling indulgences for himself, to his wife, and, with the utmost trust in her management and economy, left them to her disposal. But while thus trusting and liberal, he seemed to consider that he acquitted himself of all that Susan might demand of him. While he sought improvement for himself, it never occurred to him it was her equal right—would be to her an equal advantage: while he sought the interchange of thought with other minds, he never reflected on the utter privation of such communion he had entailed on her. He had taken her from the home of her father, a small farmer, where her mother, a painstaking woman, had brought up Susan and several brothers and sisters, for their station, remarkably well.

Her father's heart was one ever flowing with the milk of human kindness; and thus, aided by the cheerful spirits of their cherished children, a moral sunshine had ever lighted up that lowly home, and given it a thousand claims upon her love and memory. At moments Susan would look back on the brief time that had been employed to woo her from it, as a dream: the whispered words of love—the promises of devotion—of endeavours for her happiness—the mighty city in which she was to dwell (which now appeared to her a maze of mud and stone, 'till exchanged for the daisied fields, with their sweet breath and bright atmosphere)—had all tended to an undefinable disappointment; yet, in the innocent ignorance of her heart, she could scarcely have stated of what she had to complain. She loved her husband; she was proud of his superior abilities; and made no mean estimate of his high moral character, undebased in the slightest degree by the gross vices which, secluded as was her life, she could not but perceive marked many around her, subjecting their wives to brutality and privation. Compared with such offences, she persuaded herself that Philip's neglect was a very light and venial fault, and blamed herself for feeling it so much. But Susan was one of those flowers of humanity that would have amply repaid cultivation, and that needed the sunshine of sympathetic kindness, the air of the social atmosphere, to keep them in health and life. Daily food was scarcely more necessary to her physical nature than the interchange of thought and kindness was to her spiritual nature; all this her husband's habits, and the unsociable plans of life in England, especially in London, denied her. It is true, except morally, she was uncultivated, but she had talent and temperament that would soon have repaid a little kindly care. Too timid, too ignorant, to plead her own cause, or urge her claims to him who had precluded appeal to all others, she uncomplainingly lived on without change, without stimulus, or excitement; shut up within the four walls of her humble home, walking unrelieved the dull unvarying round of her domestic duties, with her spirit full of capabilities unexplored and unexpanded. She grew nervous and hectic, her appetite and spirits failed, her frame wasted; while, quiet and unrepining, almost herself unconscious of her malady or its cause, consumption was rapidly developed. She was deemed delicate; medical advice was sought, and medicine and care essayed, while none guessed the quick current of feeling that flowed beneath the quiet bearing of that subdued, decaying woman; it wore the channel through which it made its secret way, but seemed to brighten the spirit it was soon to extinguish.

Susan, after a time, felt that she was passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. This conviction did not depress her energies—it awakened them. She had communed with her own meek heart, lifted it to her mighty Maker, and remembered with consolation that it is said, "Those also serve who only stand and wait." She struggled on from day to day in the performance of her duties, amid many privations, the worst of all privation, that of all mental development and social cheer; yet had she a conscious account in her own heart, and her sincere and unassisted endeavour had no doubt a register amid the higher achievements of more favoured minds. With the certainty that she was not long for this scene, she redoubled her exertions to put her little household in order. She repaired and made clothes for her child, and, as she laid them away,

embalmed them with her tears. In the same manner her needle toiled for her husband, and the savings which her frugality effected were employed to purchase him sundry little comforts.

"These will keep him warm when I am cold," she thought; "he will little think that while he forgot me, for better company 'tis true, my only happiness was to remember him, and that I shall scarcely be more solitary in the grave to which I am going, than I have been in the home to which he brought me."

Sometimes a little ink-bottle was taken from the mantle-shelf, and a sheet of paper from her little table-drawer, and then, with effort, a few lines were traced, and the paper hidden carefully away, as if she had committed a crime. One night she had made more endeavour of this kind than usual, and the struggling unassisted spirit of intelligence was burning in her bright hazel eye, and glowing on her beautiful cheek, when she was startled by an unusual noise. The paper was hurried into the drawer, the ink-bottle restored to the shelf, and taking the candle, she went out to the landing-place. She beheld her husband, assisted by two men, slowly ascending the stairs. He had met with an accident; had broken his arm—it had been set—he had fainted during the operation—and, with the ghastliness of aspect incident to such circumstances, appeared before her.

This event prostrated Philip Morris for some time, during which Susan nursed him with unremitting care. It was long before he was able to return to work, but his employers were liberal and considerate, and did not forget in his weakness the man who had toiled for their advantage in his days of health and strength. But though unable to pursue his manual labours, Philip Morris soon made an effort to get abroad in search of mental occupation and social enjoyment. He went to his club, to the Mechanics' Institute, to the coffee-shops where he could find the best selected books and the most newspapers. All this was well done; he nobly determined to rescue himself from becoming the mere machine of toil, the drudge for so much "trash as can be grasped thus." Alas! had he but thought of her whom he had promised to love and cherish till death should part them—had he considered whether she had not a soul of equal value with his own, perhaps an intellect as capable of repaying culture—then had, he been twice blessed—blessed in the act and its reaction. But selfishly devoted to his own objects of pursuit, habituated to the wan looks of his quiet wife, he failed to perceive that her cheek grew paler, and her voice weaker; not that he had been insensible or indifferent to her care and anxiety during his illness; but with renovated health he returned to his old habits, and accustomed to receive sacrifices without making any, he sinned against gratitude and good feeling almost unconsciously. Gradually Susan found herself unequal to even the daily walk with little Philip, or the effort of going up and down stairs, and then there was some talk of her returning home for a time, and trying the effects of her native air. She smiled feebly as this was spoken of, yet left unattempted; she knew that she was going to a further and a better home, and often did she wish to say as much; but she was not eloquent of words, nor sufficiently strong in spirits, and after two or three fruitless attempts she desisted, and pursued, as far as she was able, the even tenor of her way.

Philip Morris recovered his health, and was restored to work and full wages; again he talked of the country for Susan, and insisted on her trying

a new doctor; he sought to tempt her appetite by such rareties as he could afford, but still he could not resign his own peculiar habits and enjoyments, and among the evils these entailed were late hours. One night he returned home, as usual, about midnight, when on opening the room door, instead of the small bright fire, the trimmed candle, and the pale, patient worker he was accustomed to behold, all was darkness and silence. He paused a moment—an indescribable sensation of cold crept over his frame; and fear, like a paralysis, invaded his heart: at length he exclaimed—"Susan; Susan, my dear." There was no reply: he stepped further into the room: he repeated her name yet louder: all was still. He groped his way to the fire-place—on the mantel-shelf he found a box of lucifer-matches—obtained a light, and lighted a candle. He now beheld Susan, with her hand resting on the table, seated in her usual place. He approached and took her hand—O Heavens! its icy coldness! He flung himself on his knees on the floor and looked up into her face; there was a sweet, placid smile upon the lips, for a forgiving, gentle spirit had passed from them, but the eyes were fixed and filmed—Susan was dead—had been dead some hours. The distracted man rushed down stairs, alarming all the inmates of the house as he passed: a medical man was soon present, and the chamber in which that young creature had almost lived and died alone, was thronged by a crowd, any one of whom, inspired by a better social system, would willingly have sustained her to a longer life, or cheered the brief time that had been allotted her. All were horror-struck, and ope heart-struck; particularly when the child, awakened by the tumult, scrambled out of his little bed, and rushed for protection to his lifeless mother. Not even that voice, eloquent as it had ever been to her, could waken her again! The surgeon declared that her death had been sudden, and from natural causes, but that it was a case which demanded an inquest.

An inquest was held. Among the evidence produced was a singularly affecting memorial; it was the little journal which Susan had for some time kept, like the poor dungeon prisoner who daily notches a stick that he may be able to number the monotonous days of his captivity. The angel of death had arrested her hand just as it had feebly traced the following words:—

It will not be long now—my child—my poor little Philip. He who calls away your mother will care for you! Philip Morris, my husband, my dear husband, I wish you were beside me now. You have been good, and kind, and generous, and I was not the wife you should have had. Be a kind father to our child when I am gone. You will—yes, surely you will one day take another wife. Philip! that which you never gave to me, give to her—your society, your counsel. If she has been untought, teach her—at least do not leave her to continual loneliness. You never knew it, and therefore cannot tell how sad the long dull hours—

As the reading of this little paper proceeded, Philip Morris struck his heart as if he sought to crush it within his breast. That heart had not been fashioned for severity, or unkindness; on the contrary, much that was mild and generous mingled in its formation, but the second nature induced by habit had exorcised his original feelings and faculties; he had grown up to regard women as the mere machines of domestic life, with neither necessity nor capability for higher things, and which to "spirits masculine" he deemed so essential that he made much sacrifice to secure cultivation for himself. Too late conviction had dawned upon him, but it came accompanied by a contrition that attended him through the remainder

of his life; and if at any moment he felt the promptings of self-concentrated satisfaction, which the self-taught and isolated man (unable to compare himself with the more gifted and more endowed) is apt to do, he thought of Susan and felt humbled; he thought of her, and looked around him with a desire to participate, not appropriate, the feast that has been furnished for all.

Poetry for the People.

A WELCOME FOR ELIHU BURRITT.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

"His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can;
And he looks the whole world in the face;
For he owes not any man."

Longfellow's Village Blacksmith.

Up, toiling fellow countrymen!
The good ship nears the strand,
That bears a true and honest man
From the far western land;—
Up, up, and give him welcome!
No hats off, and no cheers,
But meet him as a friend meets friend
After the lapse of years,
With nervous graspings of the hand,
And glances full of love,
And joyous words, and smiles as bright
As sun-bursts from above.

What though your cheeks be sun-embrowned,
Your hands grown hard with toil;
Think ye he'll not return the grasp
And render smile for smile?
What though your speech be rude, and ye
Of knowledge have small store;
While he hath mastered many tongues
And deeply drank of lore;
Will he disdainful turn away,
And scorn his fellow-men?
Oh, no! 'tis such as you he loves,
Up, up, and greet him, then!

He cometh not as monarchs come,
In pomp, and pride, and state;
He cometh not as heroes come,
With deeds of blood elate;
He wears no kingly crown, and yet
In truth, a king is he,—
A mighty one—in realms of mind
He hath a sovereignty;
He bears no sword, no laurel wreath,
Yet who like he hath fought,
And difficulties overcome,
And deeds of greatness wrought?

He sends his messengers before,
The blessed words of peace,
To bid all strife and jealousies,
And vain contentions cease;
His "olive leaves" are scattered round,
And borne on every gale;
Oh, may the lessons there impressed
O'er human hearts prevail!
Then, up, my fellow-countrymen,
And greet this working man—
This pioneer in life's great march,
And leader of the van.

Rochester, Kent.

A PICTURE-BOOK WITHOUT PICTURES.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Translated from the Danish by MARY HOWITT.

Concluded, from page 318.)

TWENTY-THIRD EVENING.

LISTEN to what the Moon said. "Many years ago, in Copenhagen, I peeped in at the window of a poor chamber. The father and mother slept, but the little son slept not. I saw the flowered cotton bed-hangings move, and the child peeped out. I fancied at first that he was looking at the Bornholm time-piece, it was so beautifully painted with red and green, and a cuckoo sat on the top of it; there were heavy leaden weights, and the pendulum, with its shining brass surface, went to and fro 'dik, dik!' but it was not that which he was looking at—no, it was his mother's spinning-wheel, which stood under the clock. That was the most precious piece of furniture in the whole house to the boy; but he did not dare to touch it, for if he did, he got a rap on the fingers. All the time his mother was spinning he would sit beside her, and watch the humming spool and the turning wheel, and he had the while his own peculiar thoughts about them. Ah! if he could only dare thus to spin on the wheel! Father and mother were asleep; he looked at them, he looked at the wheel, and presently afterwards one little naked foot was pushed out of bed, and then another naked foot, then two little legs—thump! stood upon the floor. He turned himself once round, however, to see whether father and mother slept. Yes, that they did! and so he went softly, very softly—in nothing but his short little shirt—to the wheel, and began to spin. The cord flew off, and the wheel ran round faster than ever. I kissed his yellow hair and his light blue eyes; it was a lovely picture. At that moment the mother awoke—the curtains moved—she looked out and thought about elves, or some other kind of little sprite.

"In the name of Jesus!" said she; and full of alarm, awoke her husband. He opened his eyes, rubbed them with his hands, and looked at the busy little creature.

"It is actually Bertel!" said he.

"I withdrew my gaze from that poor chamber—I can see so far around me! I looked at that very moment into the hall of the Vatican, where the marble gods stand. I illumined the group of the Laocoon; the stone seemed to sigh. I pressed my quiet kiss upon the muses' breast; I fancy it heaved. But my beams tarried longest upon the group of the Nile, upon the colossal god. He lay full of thought, supporting himself upon sphinxes; dreaming there as if he were thinking of the fleeting year: little loves played around him with crocodiles. In the horn of plenty sat, with folded arms, and gazing upon the great river-god, a very little love, a true picture of the little boy with the wheel: it was the same expression. Living and charming, here stood the little marble child; and yet more than a thousand times had the wheel of the year gone round since it stood forth in stone. Just so many times as the boy in the poor chamber turned the wheel has the great wheel of time hummed round, and still shall hum, before the age creates another marble-god like this.

"See, it is now many years since then. Last evening," continued the Moon, "I looked down upon a creek in the east coast of Zealand. Beautiful woods were there, lofty mounds, an old man-

"sion-house with red walls," swans in the moat, and a little trading town, with its church among the apple-orchards. A fleet of boats, each bearing a torch, glided over the unruffled water; it was not to catch fish that the torches were burning—no! everything was festal! Music sounded, a song was sung; and in the middle of one of the boats stood he whom they honoured, a tall, strong man in a large cloak; he had blue eyes, and long white hair. I knew him, and thought upon the Vatican, and the Nile-group, and all the marble gods; I thought upon the poor little chamber where little Bertel sate in his short shirt and spun.

"The wheel of time has gone round: new gods have ascended from the marble. 'Hurrah!' resounded from the boats.—'Hurrah for Bertel Thorwaldsen!'"

TWENTY-FOURTH EVENING.

"I will give thee a picture from Frankfort," said the Moon. "I took notice of one building in particular. It was not the birth-place of Goethe, nor was it the old town-house, where, through the grated windows, are still exhibited the horned fronts of the oxen which were roasted and given to the people at the emperor's coronation, but it was the house of a citizen, painted green and unpretending, at the corner of the narrow Jews' street. It was the house of the Rothschilds. I looked in at the open door; the flight of steps was strongly lighted; servants stood there with burning lights in massive silver candlesticks, and bowed themselves lowly before the old woman who was carried forth down the steps in a sedan chair. The master of the house stood with bare head, and impressed reverentially a kiss upon the old woman's hand. It was his mother. She nodded kindly to him and to the servants; and they carried her out into the narrow, dark street, into a little house, where she lived, and where her child was born from whom all her good fortune had proceeded. If she were now to leave the despised street and the little house, then, perhaps, good fortune would leave him!—that was her belief."

The Moon told nothing more—her visit to me was too short this evening,—but I thought of the old woman in the narrow, despised street. Only one word about her—and she had her splendid house near the Thames; only one word about her—and her villa was situated on the Gulf of Naples.

"Were I to leave the mean little house where my son's good fortune began, then, perhaps, good fortune would leave him!"

This is a superstition, but of that kind which only requires, when the history is known and the picture seen, two words as a superscription to make it intelligible—A MOTHER.

TWENTY-FIFTH EVENING.

"It was yesterday, in the morning twilight"—these were the Moon's own words—"not a chimney was yet smoking in the whole city, and it was precisely the chimneys that I was looking at. From one of these chimneys at that very moment came forth a little head, and then a half body, the arms of which rested on the coping stone of the chimney. 'Hurrah!' It was a little chimney-sweeper lad, who, for the first time in his life, had mounted a chimney, and had thus put forth his head. 'Hurrah! Yes, there was some difference between this and creeping upwards in the narrow chimney! The air blew so fresh; he could look out over the whole city to the green wood. The sun had just

risen; round and large, it looked brightly into his face, which beamed with happiness, although it was famously smeared with soot.

"Now the whole city can see me, and the moon can see me, and the sun also!" and with that he flourished about his brush."

TWENTY-SIXTH EVENING.

"Last night I looked down upon a city in China," said the Moon. "My beams illumined the long naked walls which form the streets; here and there, to be sure, is a door, but it is closed, because the Chinese troubled not themselves about the world outside. Impenetrable Venetian shutters covered the windows of the houses behind the walls; from the temple alone light shone faintly through the window-glass. I looked in—looked in upon the brilliant splendour; from floor to ceiling was covered with pictures in strong colours and rich gilding, which represented the works of the gods on earth. Their statues themselves stood in every niche, but mostly concealed by brilliant draperies and suspended fans; and before every divinity—they were all of tin—stood a little altar with holy water, flowers, and burning wax-lights. Supreme in the temple, however, stood Fu, the supreme divinity, dressed in a garment of silken stuff of the holy yellow colour. At the foot of the altar sate a living figure, a young priest. He appeared to be praying, but in the midst of his prayer he sunk into deep thought; and it certainly was sinful, because his cheeks burned, and his head bowed very low. Poor Soui-houng! Perhaps he was dreaming about working in one of the little flower-gardens which lie before every house behind the long wall of the street, and which was a far pleasanter occupation to him than trimming the wax-lights in the temple; or was he longing to be seated at the well-covered board, and between every course to be wiping his lips with silver paper? or was it a sin so great that if he had dared to utter it, the heavenly powers must have punished him with death? Were his thoughts bold enough to take flight with the ship of the barbarians to their home, the remote England? No, his thoughts did not fly so far; and yet they were as sinful as the warm blood of youth could make them—sinful here, in the temple, before the statues of Fu and the holy deities. I knew where his thoughts were. In the most distant corner of the city, upon the flat, flagged roof, the parapet of which seemed to be made of porcelain, and where stood the beautiful vases in which grew large white campanulas, sate the youthful Pe, with her small, roguish eyes, her pouting lips, and her least of all little feet. Her shoes pinched, but there was a more severe pinching at her heart; she raised her delicate, blooming arms, and the satin rustled. Before her stood a glass bowl, in which were four gold fish: she stirred the water very softly with a beautifully-painted and japanned stick. Oh, so slowly she stirred it, because she was deep in thought! Perhaps she was thinking how rich and golden was the apparel of the fish, how safely they lived in the glass bowl, and how luxuriously they were fed; and yet, for all that, how much more happy they might be in freedom: yes, the idea distressed the beautiful Pe. Her thoughts passed away from her home; her thoughts went into the church, but it was not for the sake of the gods that they went there. Poor Pe! poor Soui-houng! Their earthly thoughts met, but my cold beam lay like a cherub's sword between them."

TWENTY-SEVENTH EVENING.

"There was a calm," said the Moon; "the water was as transparent as the pure air through which I floated. I could see, far below the surface of the sea, the strange plants which, like giant trees in groves, heaved themselves up towards me with stems a fathom long, whilst the fish swam over their tops. High up in the air flew a flock of wild swans, one of which sank with wearied wings lower and lower: its eyes followed the airy caravan, which every moment became more distant; its pinions were expanded widely, and it sank, like a soap-bubble in the still air; it touched the surface of the water, bowed back its head between its wings, and lay still, like a white lotus upon the calm Indian Sea. The breeze blew, and lifted up the bright surface of the water, which was brilliant as the air; there rolled on a large, broad billow—the swan lifted its head, and the shining water was poured, like blue fire, over its breast and back.

"The dawn of day illumined the red clouds, and the swan rose up refreshed, and flew towards the ascending sun, towards the blue coast, whither had betaken themselves the airy caravan; but it flew alone—with longing in its breast, flew alone over the blue, the foaming water!"

TWENTY-EIGHTH EVENING.

"I will now give thee a picture from Sweden," said the Moon. "In the midst of black pine woods, not far from the melancholy shore of Roxe, lies the old convent-church of Wreta. My beams passed through the grating in the walls into the spacious vault where kings sleep in great stone-coffins. On the wall above them, is placed, as an image of earthly magnificence, a king's crown, made of wood, painted and gilded, and held firm by a wooden pin, which is driven into the wall. The worm has eaten through the gilded wood, the spider has spun its web from the crown to the coffin; it is a mourning banner, perishable, as mourning for the dead!

"How still they sleep! I remember them so well! I see now the bold smile on the lips which expressed joy or sorrow so strongly, so decisively. When the steam-vessel, like an enchanted ship, sails hither from the mountains, many a stranger comes to the church, visits this vault, and inquires the names of the kings, and these names sound forgotten and dead; he looks upon the worm-eaten crown, smiles, and if he be of a pious turn of mind, there is melancholy in his smile.

"Slumber, ye dead! the Moon remembers you. The Moon sends in the night her cold beams to your quiet kingdom, over which hangs the wooden crown!"

TWENTY-NINTH EVENING.

"Close beside the high road," said the Moon, lies a little public-house, and just opposite to it is a great coach-house. As the roof was under repair, I looked down between the beams and through the open trap-door into the great desolate space: the turkey slept upon the beam, and the saddle was laid to rest in the empty manger. In the middle of the place stood a travelling-carriage, within which the gentlefolks were sound asleep, whilst the horses were feeding, and the driver stretched his limbs, although I know very well that he slept soundly more than half the way. The door of the fellow's chamber stood open, and the bed looked as if he had tumbled neck and heels into it; the candle stood on the floor, and burned

low in the socket. The wind blew cold through the barn; and the time was nearer to daybreak than midnight. Upon the floor, within the stall, slept a family of wandering musicians: father and mother were dreaming about the burning drop in the bottle; the pale little girl, she dreamed about the burning tears in her eyes. The harp lay at their head, and the dog at their feet."

THIRTIETH EVENING.

"It was in a little trading town," said the Moon. "I saw it last year; but that is nothing, for I saw it so plainly. This evening I read about it in the newspaper, but it was not nearly as plain there."

"Down in the parlour of the public-house sat the master of the bear, and cat his supper. Bams, the bear, stood outside, tied to the faggot-stake. The poor bear! he would not have done the least harm to any soul, for all his grim looks. Up in the garret there lay, in the bright light of the Moon, three little children: the eldest was six years old, the youngest not more than two. 'Clap, clap!' came something up the stairs; what could it be? The door sprang open—it was Bams, the great rough bear! He had grown tired of standing out there in the yard, and he now found his way up the steps. I saw the whole thing," said the Moon. "The children were very much frightened at the great grim-looking beast, and crept each one of them into his corner; but he found them all out, rubbed them with his snout, but did them no harm at all! 'It is certainly a big dog!' thought they; and with that they patted him. He laid himself down on the floor, and the least boy tumbled upon him, and played at hiding his yellow curly head among his thick black hair. The eldest boy now took his drum and made a tremendous noise, and the bear rose up on his hind legs and began to dance. It was charming! Each boy took his weapons; the bear must have a gun too, and he held it like a regular soldier. What a glorious comrade they had found! and so they marched—'One, two! one, two!'

"Presently the door opened; it was the children's mother. You should have seen her—seen her speechless horror; her face as white as a wall, her half-opened mouth, her staring eyes! The least of the children, however, nodded so joyfully, and shouted with all his might—'We are playing at soldiers!' And with that up came the bear's master!"

AN ALMANACK AND CALENDAR
FOR THE ENSUING MONTH.—JULY.

BY CAROLINE A. WHITE.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Astronomical Phenomena:—

Sun rises at 49 min. past 3, and sets 18 min. past 8, on the 1st; and on the 31st rises at 23 min. past 4, and sets at 48 min. past 7.

Moon rises 1 min. after 12 at noon on the 1st, and sets at 24 min. past 11; and on the 31st rises at 7 min. past 1, and sets at 49 min. past 10.

— Changes.—In the first quarter on the 1st, 24 min. after 9, afternoon. Full on the 8th, at 11 min. past 11, afternoon. In the last quarter on the 15th, 24 min. past 1, afternoon. New moon on the 23rd, 3 min. past

8, morning. First quarter 31st, 3 min. past 11, in the morning.

Mercury an evening-star throughout the month.

Venus a morning-star throughout the month.

Mars an evening-star throughout the month.

Birds.—The yellow-hammer, *emberiza citrinella*, forms its nest and lays its eggs about this time; these are easily distinguished from those of every other bird by the irregular penlike scratches with which they are covered, so much so that in the midland counties they are called the scribbling or writing lark.

This is the principal month for haymaking, an operation that fills meadows with animation, and the senses with delight; groups of both sexes pour forth from the villages at dawn of day, and wend their way through field-paths, or close green lanes glittering with the morning dew, and redolent of the blossoms of the woodbine and wild-rose; the lark only is up earlier than they, and carols in the thin sky overhead—the ringing sound of sharpening the scythe is heard in the meadows, till the bright, clover-heads are lowly laid, and the perfume of the seared, sweet-smelling grass floats from the suburbs to the city—from the fields on shore to the sailors coasting in the channel. Gipsies work at haymaking, and add much by their striking physiognomies and the bright colours of the women's neckerchiefs, and fantastic head-coverings, to the picturesqueness of the scene.

Sports.—In spite of the heat, cricket-matches continue to be frequent, and sailing and rowing-matches of almost daily occurrence. The last day of the Thames grand regatta is the first of this month.

Weather.—Mean temperature 61 degrees; highest, 76 degrees; lowest, 42 degrees.

1, WEDNESDAY.—The name of this month is derived from the Latin word *Julius*, the surname of Cæsar, who was born in it. The Saxons called it *hew-monath*, or the season of hay-harvest.

Event.—Birmingham and London Railway partly opened, 1837.

2, THURSDAY.—*Visitation-day*. This festival was instituted by Pope Urban the Sixth—to commemorate the visit of the Virgin Mary to the mother of John the Baptist, 1389.

Events.—The act of Union for Ireland with Great Britain received the royal assent 1800—took place, Jan. 1, 1801.

Biography.—Jean Jacques Rousseau died at Ermonville (Isle of Poplars), 1778.

3, FRIDAY.—*Dog-days begin*. By dog-days the ancients meant forty days, some before and some after the heliacal rising of *Canicula*, or the Dog-star in the morning.

The Romans annually sacrificed a brown dog to *Canicula*, to appease his rage, believing it occasioned fevers and phrenies in men, made dogs mad, wine turn sour, and all animals to become languid. During this season the air is frequently sultry and unhealthy.

Heath comes into blossom, and covers with its purple bloom the waste places and commons.

Biography.—The remains of Thomas Campbell, the poet, interred in the Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, 1844.

Fairs.—Llandovery; cattle and pigs.

4, SATURDAY.—The gaudiest butterflies now abound both in the garden and the field. Dragonflies, with glorious and ample wings, haunt the ponds, and flit across us in the close warm lanes. Beetles in burnished mail, and, at night, splendid varieties of moths, are to be met with. Young frogs change from the tadpole state. The white bindweed *convolvulus sepium*, opens its snowy chalice in the hedges, and throughout the æstival season its large funnel-shaped flowers continue. Fox-gloves are in full flower everywhere.

Events.—1823. The monument at Ayr to the memory of the poet Burns completed.—1776. America declared an independent state by Congress—allowed by France, Feb. 6th, 1778—by Holland, Oct. 8th, 1782—and finally by England, Jan. 20th, 1783.

5, SUNDAY.—4th Sunday after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service—1 Samuel, xii., Luke xvii.; evening service—1 Sam. xiii., Coloss. i.—*Annual licence* to be taken out by pawnbrokers, and appraisers who are not auctioneers.—Dividends become due on several descriptions of stock.

Events.—1811. The Assembled Provinces, in Congress, declare the sovereignty of the people.

Biography.—1755. The statue of the illustrious Newton placed in Trinity College, Cambridge.

6, MONDAY.—*Old Midsummer-day*. In Kennett's MS. it is said, that on the eve of this day "there was formerly a custom at Burford in Oxfordshire, of making a dragon yearly, and carrying it up and down the streets in great jollity." The boys of Eton school had formerly bonfires on the eve of this day; and the French regal ceremony (probably as old as the monarchy) called *Le Feu de la St. Jean*, when a certain number of cats and a fox were burnt in the Place de Grève, also took place on it. All these were remnants of the pagan rites used at the summer solstice, and a counterpart of those which were performed at the winter solstice of yule-tide.

Biography.—1535. Sir Thomas More beheaded in the 55th year of his age, and his head, from which had emanated so much wit and learning, exposed on a spike on London Bridge. His daughter, Mrs. Roper, found means to remove this beloved relic, and having preserved it till her death, it was laid within her arms and buried with her.

7, TUESDAY.—*Thomas-a-Beckett*. The honey-suckle, which commenced flowering about the solstice, still hangs its blossoms on the hedgerows, and ordinarily continues in flower through this and the next month. Milton, in *Allegro*, calls it eglantine, but this name is commonly given to the sweetbriar.

Biography.—This is the anniversary of the translation of Beckett's relics from the under-croft of Canterbury Cathedral to his tomb at the east end of the church, where they were shrined in gold, and set with jewels, and afterwards resorted to by innumerable pilgrims, till Henry VIII., in 1540, dismantled and stripped the shrine of its treasures. Beckett was the son of a merchant and a Saracen lady, who fell in love with his father while a prisoner (to hers) in the Holy Land, and followed him to England.

8, WEDNESDAY.—Raspberries, *Rubus Idæus*, both red and white, are now in full perfection, the black currant, *ribes nigrum*, also ripens at this time. One of the most interesting field flowers at

this season is the scarlet pimpernel: it begins to blow at the summer solstice, and continues through the summer; it closes its petals against rain, and from this circumstance has obtained the name of the poor man's (or shepherd's) weather-glass. It is by no means singular in its sensibility to moisture; the African marigold, wild lettuce, and wood sorrel, regularly fold their leaves before rain.

Fire insurances due at Midsummer are required to be paid on or before this day, or the policy becomes void.

9, THURSDAY.—The clematis, "virgin's bower," as the monks of old called it, from its beginning to flower about the time of the visitation; or "travellers' joy," for by all these names it is known, is now in flower, clambering from tree to tree, on the outskirts of woods, and mantling the hedges with its luxuriant masses of trellised branches.

Fair—Shrewsbury; wool.

10, FRIDAY.—About this date starlings congregate, and so remain till winter. The deadly nightshade, *atropa belladonna* fully blown.

Biography.—This is the birth-day of Calvin, born at Noyon, in the north of France, 1509. His father was a cooper, too poor to give his son a complete education; but he attracted the notice of a wealthy family in the neighbourhood, who sent him to Paris to study for the church. Here he procured from a fellow-scholar a copy of the scriptures; upon reading which, his mind was led to a conviction that the church of Rome was imbued with many errors; and soon after he commenced preaching the doctrines of the reformation, which drew upon him the hostilities of the Romanists. He resided at Geneva, and probably died there, 1564.

11, SATURDAY.—Various kinds of cherries are now in full perfection; and it is as well to know, that 100 years before Christ this fruit was introduced into England. Cherry trees were brought from Flanders and planted in Kent, where they still flourish, especially in the neighbourhood of Milton and Faversham, which are surrounded by orchards, beautiful in the spring with their snowy blossoms, and reminding us at this season of the fabled trees in fairyland whose produce was gems,—so cornelian-like in colour and polish is the fruitage of the white-heart and Kentish cherry especially.

Event.—Jack Cade slain near Lewes, 1450.

12, SUNDAY.—5th Sunday after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service—1 Samuel, xv., Luke, xxiv.; evening service—1 Samuel, xvii., 1 Thes. iv.

Biography.—Erasmus, the most profound and eloquent scholar of his day, the cotemporary and friend of Sir Thomas More and Archbishop Warham, died at Basil, 1536. The New Testament, in Greek (of which he was the actual publisher), written with his own hand, together with his sword, pencil, and other relics, are preserved there.

Events.—The West India Docks completely opened, 1806.

13, MONDAY.—The trees, still in their fullest foliage, have lost the freshness of tint they exhibited last month; but the corn-fields in their green prime are waving on the plains and hill-sides, gorgeous with flaunting poppies and blue corn flowers.

Event.—On this day 1525, Cardinal Wolsey founded the College of Christ Church, Oxford.

14, TUESDAY.—In the gardens the orange-coloured flowers of the nasturtium, the white lily, various roses, marigolds, and the scarlet lychnis, are in full bloom. The skylark and blackcap are now almost the only song-birds, till towards sunset, when the thrush and blackbird are heard piping their lively notes.

Biography.—The birthday of the celebrated anatomist, John Hunter. He was originally bound apprentice to a cabinet-maker; but circumstances occurred to prevent his succeeding in this trade, and having a brother in the medical profession residing in London, he applied to him to be admitted as an assistant in his dissecting-room. His request was complied with, and his genius for the pursuit immediately developed itself: not only his time but his gains were devoted to the cultivation of this branch of knowledge.

Event.—The destruction of the Bastille, which is the era or commencing act of the French Revolution.

15, WEDNESDAY.—*St. Swithin*. The old tradition holds good in our own times, and half the community are ready to aver that if it rains on this day, forty days of rain will follow. Bishop Hall tells us how the affair was brought about. The saint, who preferred the vault of heaven to that of a church, desired to be buried where the rain might fall upon his grave; but the monks, desirous to do him honour, determined on removing his body to the choir of their church. This was to have taken place on the 15th of July, but heavy rain intervened, and continued so violently for forty days, that the design was abandoned. He was, according to tradition, the tutor of Alfred and Ethelwolf; established several churches, built bridges, and other public works.

16, THURSDAY.—Peaches, plums, pears, and apricots are now ripe.

Biography.—On this day of July, 1723, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great painter, and ultimately President of the Royal Academy of Painting, was born. His lectures delivered before the academy are models of lucid and elegant diction, and contain much that is as valuable to an ordinarily occupied person as to the aspirants after fame to whom they were originally addressed. He died Feb. 23rd, 1792.

17, FRIDAY.—Sweet scabious in blossom; love-lies-bleeding and musk-mallows blown. The corn-fields now begin to change their colour.

Biography.—Isaac Watts born at Southampton, 1674. His hymns, sermons, philosophy, and logic, are all well known.

18, SATURDAY.—Houseleek flowers on old walls, the roofs of sheds and barns, &c.; tiger-lily blows.

Biography.—The birthday of Gilbert White, author of the *Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne*, his native village, and which he loved so well that he could not persuade himself to leave it, though several opportunities were offered him of settling on a college living. Unambitious in temper, and greatly attached to the charms of rural scenery, he devoted himself to literary occupations and the study of nature; and in these pursuits his life passed serenely away. He was born 1720; died June 26, 1793.

19, SUNDAY.—6th after Trinity. Proper lessons.

for the morning service—2 Samuel xii., John vii.; evening service—2 Samuel xix., 1 Tim iv. Rye and oats are sometimes ripe on this day, and occasionally carried by the 25th of July; but the general season is the first week in August.

20, MONDAY.—Assessed taxes and poor-rates, due on the 6th of April, must be paid on or before this day by all electors of cities or boroughs, or they will be disqualified from voting. Last day for sending in claims for voting in counties.

21, TUESDAY.—Thunder-showers common. It was formerly the custom during thunder to invoke the aid of St. Barbara. The great bell of Malmsbury Abbey was also rung to drive away thunder and lightning.

Biography.—Robert Burns died 1796.—Lord William Russell born about 1641; beheaded in Lincoln's-inn-fields, 1683.

Event.—Union of England and Scotland, 1706.

22, WEDNESDAY.—The epicurean wasps are now abundant in our gardens, lured by the luscious scent of the ripe wall-fruit, amongst which they make great havoc. Where these are not to be had, they attack the gooseberries, and leave the skins hanging on the bushes perfectly empty.

23, THURSDAY.—The glow-worm still displays its lambent light at twilight on the side-banks; butterflies and moths abound, and the grasshopper continues to chirp.

Event.—The first English newspaper, called the *English Mercury*, printed by command of Queen Elizabeth. The fiftieth number (printed in Roman letter) is preserved in the British Museum.

24, FRIDAY.—The blackbird and whitethroat now cease to whistle.

Event.—Insurance offices first established in London, 1700, according to the ordinary almanack chronology; but we find the "Hand-in-hand" set up in 1696, and insurance on shipping began in England, 1560. Of this, Suetonius conjectures Claudius to have been the contriver, as far back as 43.

25, SATURDAY.—*St. James.* This saint was a humble fisherman; and on this account, probably, chosen as the patron of the oyster-fishers, who commence bringing them to market on this day. This sea-fruit was held in great esteem by the Athenians; and Macrobius informs us that the Roman pontiffs never failed to have them on their tables daily, though, not being common at Rome, they fetched a great price. When good they are wholesome, but poisonous if bad.

Biography.—Coleridge, the poet, died, 1834.

26, SUNDAY.—7th after Trinity. Proper lessons

for the morning service—2 Samuel xxi., John xiv.; evening service—2 Samuel xxiv., Titus i.

Event.—The first copper penny-pieces issued, 1797; the first legal copper money coined in England, 1689.

Fair.—Lewes; wool.

27, MONDAY.—In moats round old castles, monasteries, &c., and in ponds, the splendid fringed water-lily is now blowing. When the fructification of this wonderful plant is complete, the stem, which rose many feet to support the flower above the surface, sinks down and remains beneath it till the next season of flowering, when it resumes its annual task.

Event.—The Parisian hostilities began 1830; continued three days, when the people were left masters of the capital. Two or three thousand victims fell in this glorious struggle.

28, TUESDAY.—The corn is now nearly white for harvest.—Evening is the best time for fly-fishing this month; and the same flies may be used which we noted in June.

Event.—Robespierre guillotined, 1793.

29, WEDNESDAY.—The sunflower, snapdragons (of which there are a great variety), china-aster, hollyhock, and numerous marigolds, enliven the garden, and nature reminds us of a fine woman in the decline of her beauty, who endeavours by the gorgeousness of her dress to make up for the falling off of her youthful freshness.

Biography.—William Wilberforce died, 1833.

Event.—Conference of Wesleyan Methodists commences at Bristol.

30, THURSDAY.—The coral-like berries of the mountain-ash become red; roses and pinks go out of flower; flies become troublesome, the spikes of the toad-flax ornament the hedges; and the bell-binder, or bindweed, still suspends its beautiful white flowers upon them.

Biography.—The anniversary of the death of William Penn, the celebrated founder of Pennsylvania, at his seat in Berkshire, 30th July, 1718.

Event.—Charles X. dethroned, 1830.

31, FRIDAY.—During the thunder-storms that frequently occur at this season of the year, the missel-thrush, or storm-cock, as he is commonly called, pours forth his loud shrill notes without a pause.

Events.—Overseers to make out lists of county and borough electors.—Royal Academy Exhibition closes.—Meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.—Father Mathew, the Apostle of Total Abstinence, attends a meeting of some 30,000 persons in the Commercial Road, East, and administers the pledge to great numbers of them, 1843.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

Hitherto, little has been thought or done toward giving to the great mass of the people a knowledge of the laws of health. The education of the mechanic, and of the shopkeeper, has consisted merely of reading, writing, and arithmetic, with a moderate introduction to history and geography. And this routine of education has been based upon the assumption, that as every man must live, and do something to gain a livelihood, it is necessary for him to have just such an amount of elementary instruction as will carry him with tolerable decency through his trading intercourse with his fellows, and impart to him such an amount of scholastic proficiency as will give him a fair chance of securing to himself a profit upon the work in which he engages. He has been led, therefore, from syllables to sentences, and from units to thousands; and as soon as he could construct with tolerable freedom a letter, an order, a bill, or promissory note, and reduce to one amount the produce of a pyramid of figures, or subtract one sum from another, and show the balance with accuracy, he has been esteemed educated, and from that time has begun to assume the helm of his own affairs.

Life, however, is subject to certain laws—and he is grievously ignorant who lives under the sway of a power he knows not how to obey. Light, air, water, and exercise are as essential to life as food and clothing. Why educate man to an active pursuit of the latter, and leave him utterly ignorant of the value of the former? Why seek to construct society upon a basis opposed to or regardless of the laws of God? Why assume that the pursuit of wealth is man's great concern, and allow him to pine in wretchedness under the influence of evils which but a little knowledge would enable him to escape?

He who organized man to live by the oxygen of the atmosphere, designed that he should have pure air to breathe; who gave him eyes to see, and blood to need the influence of solar light, designed the bright sun to shine upon him through the day; who made cleanliness of person and apparel a sanitary essential, ordained that water should be supplied to him, for the preservation of his being. And society should be constructed upon this basis, that every member should enjoy reasonable facilities for securing whatever the laws of his life render it necessary for him to have. Wherever these facilities do not exist, injustice or error triumph over right.

In the schools where children receive their defective education, their bodily health is undermined.—Crowded together in ill-ventilated rooms, they breathe a polluted atmosphere which robs them of the very strength they will need hereafter. While they are being trained in a knowledge of letters to meet the exigencies of the life before them, that life is being undermined, and the grave mark already casts a squalor athwart their brows. From the school-room the boy goes as an apprentice to a workshop, there the same evil is again endured, and over toil and late hours are added to the pre-existing wrong. Feeling few of the sweets of life, he is led by bad example to the use of exciting drinks, hoping to support his failing powers. If he lives to marry he becomes the father of diseased offspring, and his home the abode of fever. Thus in his school, where he learned to spell; the work-shop, the scene of his early toil; the church, the temple of his devotion; his home, the centre of his affections; in every place, from birth to death, the more important wants of life have been denied him. Why wonder, then, that he goes down hurriedly to the grave, leaning upon the neck of society as he descends, and committing to the care of charity the babes he could joyfully have supported had not death claimed him its victim? When he lies in his grave, for the first time nature operates upon him in accordance with the ordinances of the Creator. The same nature which now receives him back into her bosom, and resolves his body unto its primitive elements, would have regained him long and kindly, and have taken him gently at last, had he known the will of his parent, and yielded obedience to nature's laws!

Such are the evils which not merely many—but mankind endure—and to the wrongs of the working classes especially is added this monster wrong of having neither the right knowledge of life's wants, nor the opportunities of supplying them.

We must have another order of things. With the knowledge of letters must be communicated a knowledge of the laws of life. Certainly it is no less important for a man to know that fresh air is essential to life, and foul air destructive of it, than it is that two and two make four, or that Julius Cæsar invaded England, or that Guy Fawkes attempted to blow up the House of Parliament! Or if, to confirm and enlarge his knowledge, we explain that air once breathed has lost its vital principle, oxygen, and abounds in carbonic acid, a certain poison—it will be less interesting than a problem in fractions, and not less within the scope of his intellect than some of Lindley Murray's grammatical apophthegms.

Society pays infinitely less regard to the health of the civilian than to that of the soldier: as if he who shoots Frenchmen, or flogs his comrade under martial law, is of greater value than the maker of shoes, hats, or breeches, or who tills the soil, and works as mediator between the sun and earth, giving to the harvest its rich abundance.

Perhaps nobody is to blame. All have participated in the oversight, and all have shared the consequence. But henceforth there must be a stir among men—we must have a new educational system; we must instruct each other, by pen, by speech, and by example. We must be clean in our persons, sober in our conduct, scrupulously careful in the choice and management of our homes; we must shun the haunts of disease, as also the abodes of iniquity, convinced that to do the will of God we must protect from harm the body as well as the mind. And each joining in the general voice, we must influence the national and local governments, until the promotion and protection of the public health shall become a duty of the law. The same power which imprisons a thief and hangs a murderer must henceforth suppress nuisances, cleanse towns, and allow untaxed light—for pestilence is at once a thief and a murderer, robbing man of wealth, health and life, and compared to which, the felon and the homicide are harmless outlaws.

R. KEMP PHILP

TEMPERANCE PROGRESS IN NEWCASTLE.

There are few towns in which an earnest effort for the suppression of intemperance is more needed than in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. And it is matter for gratulation that here are found a number of earnest moral reformers determined to conquer a vice which has too long preyed upon the happiness of the people. We are glad to find in active existence the Ladies' Association for the suppression of Intemperance. Their persevering agent, W. H. Buchanan has been pressing on the cause with earnest zeal, and won many trophies to its honour. Among the special cases for encouragement, published in the annual report of the association, are the following: "I owe you a great many thanks," says an aged woman, in Sandgate, "for I was left a widow, with a young family; and I have had sore struggling for years; but my sons, since they joined your society, have become quite altered young men, in their behaviour to me; they are so quiet and orderly, it makes my heart glad, when I hear them on the stairs. We are all happy now." Again—"J. R. says, 'I never was a heavy drinker; but since I signed the pledge with you, I have had good health, prospered in my business, and all is comfortable at home. Besides this, two shillings and sixpence per week has been regularly laid by for my two sons, in the Savings' Bank. My wife, my children, and my wife's brother, are also members; and may God bless you through life.'"—These, indeed, are good works, the fruits of which are a sufficient reward.

FACTS ABOUT AMERICAN SLAVERY.

To show the horrible character of slavery, as it exists in America, we call from recognised authorities a statement of laws bearing upon the condition of the slaves:—

"A slave is one who is in the power of a master to whom he belongs. The master may sell him, dispose of his person, his industry, and his labour; he can do nothing, possess nothing, nor acquire anything, but what must belong to his master."—*Stroud's sketch of the Slave Laws, Civil Code, Art. 35.*

"Slaves shall be deemed, sold, taken, reputed and judged in law, to be chattels personal in the hands of their owners and possessors, and their executors, adminis-

trators, and assigns, to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever."—*2 Brevard's Digest*, 229.

"All negroes, mulattoes, mestizoes, who now are, or shall hereafter be, in this province, and all their offspring, are hereby declared to be, and shall remain for ever hereafter, absolute slaves, and shall follow the condition of the mother."—*Law of South Carolina. 2 Brevard's Digest*, 229.

"If any slave shall presume to strike any white person, such slave shall, upon trial and conviction, before the justice or justices, suffer such punishment for the first offence, as they shall think fit, not extending to life or limb; and for the second offence, death: provided always, that such strikings be not done by the command, and in the defence of the person or property of the owner, or other person, having the government of such slave, in which case the slave shall be wholly excused."—*Prince's Digest*, 450.

"If more than seven slaves are found together in any road, without a white person, twenty lashes a-piece: for visiting a plantation without a written pass, ten lashes: for letting loose a boat, thirty-nine lashes for the first offence, and for the second, 'shall have cut off from his head one ear'; for keeping or carrying a club, thirty-nine lashes: for travelling in the night, without pass, forty lashes, &c., &c."—*2 Brevard's Digest*, &c.

These are a portion of the wrongs of *three millions* of human beings in a country whose constitution is said to be based upon the truth—"that all men are equal: that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Let Englishmen consider that they owe a duty to the oppressed negro, and by all the moral influences they can employ endeavour to promote their speedy emancipation.

EARLY CLOSING.

There is a movement which everybody could and should support—it is that which seeks to abridge the hours of labour. We are too much a plodding people, pursuing the profits of trade to the destruction of health, and the sacrifice of those great intellectual and social enjoyments which constitute the chief delights of life. How many of the youth of England are annually cut off by excessive toil it were at once difficult and painful to determine. None can be richer or better for excessive labour. What we need is to correct the national habit of trading and working through fifteen or sixteen hours per day, and to induce the better practice of despatching business within reasonable limits, and ending toil after a rational expenditure of bodily power. And this must be done by common consent, rather than by combination. An enlightened opinion must be created—the subject must be enforced upon its moral and physical claims—and the benevolence of those classes who are rather the patrons than the participants in trade must be appealed to. Let the fair sex especially determine not to purchase after a reasonable hour, and we shall soon hear the agreeable rattle of window shutters long before the approach of drowsy midnight.

ECONOMIC MODE OF GENERATING STEAM.

M. Leonard, a French engineer, has discovered an exceedingly simple means of curtailing the quantity of coal hitherto required in the generation of steam. His principle, for which he has taken out a patent, is that of putting whale or other fish oil into the boiler, unmixed, or with more or less water. When the oil is at a temperature producing steam, water is thrown in, and steam is produced as fast as required by the machine, without the oil passing off in vapour, or decomposing. Various experiments have been made, and the saving in fuel is stated at from forty to fifty per cent.

PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOLOGY.

Dr. Baileur relates the case of a man who laboured under religious mania; every curse levelled at a sinner in holy writ he applied to himself, and his views of futurity were fearful. After failing in one attempt, he succeeded in poisoning himself. His head was examined, and the right organ of generation—one of the chief ingredients in the religious sentiment—was found to be in a state of chronic inflammation. The membranes covering the organ also presented every sign of disease. Dr. Silli-

man, of America, attests the case of the late Sir Robert Liston. He had been remarkable for kindness of demeanour; but subsequently his manners experienced a striking change, without any apparent cause. In lieu of that benevolence of spirit whereby he had been characterised, he became hasty and passionate, and his language violent, if not frantic in the extreme. It may be mentioned that his intellectual faculties were unaltered. On the dissection of his brain, the frontal lobe was found unimpaired; but the organs of language and combativeness were found to be diseased.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

To be attended to in the absence of surgical aid:—

Bleeding at the nose.—Bathe the face with cold water; put a cold key to the back; snuff up cold water; plug the nostrils lightly with a little bit of lint; take ten drops of elixir of vitriol in water every three hours; add a little salts if the bowels are confined.

Strained joints.—Should be well bathed with cold vinegar and water for the first few days; then rub with hartshorn and oil. If rubbed too soon, strains are apt to inflame and get worse. Keep at rest as long as there is much pain.

Bruises.—If very bad, may be treated in the same way; if not, the hartshorn and oil may be used at once.

Broken leg.—When a man has broken his leg, lay him on the other side, put the broken limb exactly on the other one, with a little straw or flannel between, and tie the two legs together with handkerchiefs. Before you put him in bed, see that the sacking under the bed is braced up tight, for if it is slack the bed cannot be kept flat, and the man will lie uncomfortably.

Broken rib.—Bind something round the chest, tight enough to keep it steady.

Broken arm or collar bone.—Put the arm in a sling long enough to reach from the elbow to the fingers.

Bone out of joint.—When you suspect that you have put out a bone, or have broken a bone, or have got a bad strain, go to the surgeon at once, that he may examine you before the part swells. This is of great consequence. Recollect, also, that if you move an injured limb before the surgeon gives leave, you may lose the use of it altogether.

Burns and scalds.—If not very bad, may be dressed with a soft poultice, of scraped turnip or potato. But if a child or old person is badly burned about the body, do not put anything cold without the surgeon's leave; but dress with hog's lard, or a poultice, and wrap up warm with flannel or cotton wool.

Dirt in the eye.—When anything gets into the eye, do not rub it, but hold the eye quite steady, and perhaps the tears will wash it out; but, if not, get some friend to take it out. Under the upper eyelid is the place to look. If it cannot be got out otherwise, go to the surgeon, or you may loose your eye.

Thorn in the flesh.—When a thorn or splinter is run into the finger, or any other part of the flesh, get it out at once if you can; if not, go directly to the surgeon:—many a hand has been crippled by letting it remain.

Bruised and jagged wounds.—When a part is bruised, and cut too, as by falling with the hands on gravel, or when the flesh is torn, first, wash for a long time with warm water, to get out all dirt; then, do not bind up tight, but put on a plaster of hog's lard, or a poultice.

Bite from a dog.—Wash it thoroughly, and apply salt: but the best thing is, to have it well rubbed with lunar caustic.

To stop bleeding from wounds.—When any one is badly cut, and you cannot easily stop the blood, do not let the wounded part hang down, but raise it up, and press with your finger exactly on the spot the blood comes from, and apply cold water. If nothing else will do, tie a handkerchief round the limb, and twist it tight with a stick. If a person has been bled in the arm, and the blood bursts out in the night, take off the bandage, raise the arm up, and put your finger on the hole, and the blood will stop directly.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, January 10th, 1846.

THE failure of the potato crop, the total deficiency in the harvest, and the effort to make the most of the occasion for the purposes of the free-trade movement, have, for the time, brought the condition of the *Agricultural Labourers* into view with unusual prominence. The aspect is gloomy enough. Want and discomfort are aggravated by the temporary dearth of the staple food. But the worst features of that condition, it is to be feared, are permanent, and can only depend for alteration upon some change in the general system. The council of the Anti-Corn-Law League have devoted a portion of their funds to the purchase of beds to be distributed among the poor in the agricultural districts, and various reports on the state of the parties to whom such gifts have been made have appeared in the "League" newspaper. We extract the following from among sixty or seventy cases of a similar character:—

John Ormsby has a wife and a number of children dependent upon him. His wages are 6s. per week; house rent, 1s. 6d. There was not a single bed in the house. The wretched family, eight in number, including his daughter, a child, all slept in one room upon some old sacking filled with straw. There is not a single pane of glass in any of the windows.

George Blencome has a wife and 9 children: no employment. Two boys in work; one earns 5s.; the other 2s. 6d. per week; one girl makes a little lace. Rent 1s. 3d. per week. Three ragged and torn beds, in one small room, in which eleven sleep.

W. Westbury, widower, has three sons, who bring him in 8s. per week, but has no employment for himself. Rent, 1s. per week. Potatoes rotten and nearly all gone. One straw bed, on which the father and three grown up sons sleep, two at the head and two at the foot of the bed.

The writer of these accounts, the Reverend William Ferguson, Minister of the Congregational Church in Bicester, in Oxfordshire, adds, "In one house I found only one bed for seven persons, including husband, wife, and children! In another hovel, in Upper Arncliffe, I saw the corpse of a child laid on a small table at the fireside. It was laid there because there was no room for it in the place in which the wretched family sleep. Three men, who have each received a bed, walked five miles to thank me, and to thank the council of the League for the beds."

The effect of any deterioration in the state of one class is not limited to that class, but extends to others. For example, with the agricultural labourers at Bicester suffer those other classes who depend upon their custom. Mr. Ferguson, the dissenting minister, whom we have already quoted, supplies instances.

John Adams, a poor shoemaker, in consequence of the poverty of the working-classes has no employment at his trade. He has a wife and two children at home. They have but one straw bed for the family; no potatoes; and are in great distress.

Joseph Watson, a shoemaker, has a wife and three children; cannot get any work at his trade, the number in it in the neighbourhood being so great, and the people too poor to employ them. As he follows a trade, no one will employ him; no, not the road-surveyors. They have two wretched poor beds, one of which is made of straw and nearly all to pieces. They all sleep in the same room. They have no potatoes. "How they live," writes the dissenting minister of Brill, "I cannot say; but with all, they prefer home to the union."

The cloud of trouble is fast spreading from the agricultural to the manufacturing districts, and the local papers give multiplying evidences of the fact. A recent number of the "Preston Guardian" has several of these untoward signs.

"We are sorry," says that paper, "to observe so many symptoms of depression in the trade of the district. A cotton-mill in Moore-lane, and another in Whittle, are running short time. The drapers and other shopkeepers complain very much of the diminution of purchasers."

"Notice is given of a reduction of the weavers' wages at Mr. F. Sladdon's lace mill."

"The two wollen mills of the town are now only working from light to dark."

"A correspondent informs us," says Lloyd's Newspaper, "that the poor woman who are employed in working upon government contracts are most inadequately paid; and furnishes the following item by way of proof: a pair of convict trowsers [Jock] in which there are 2,611 stitches, are charged 2s. 4d.; the workwoman finding her own thread!"

The prospect for the working classes, however, is not all adverse. On the contrary, beyond the deepening gloom are many signs of brighter times. We lay not so much account by the "increased employment" expected from railways, though that must not be overlooked. It is now said that the number of companies that have succeeded in depositing the formal documents relating to their several enterprises is nearly 800. But many experiments in improved methods of regulating the relation between employer and employed continue to be made. Modes of remunerating labour come under this head. A correspondent of the "Builder," says—"That he has adopted the plan of paying *Sawyers* by the score of feet instead of so much per cut, and he finds it work well. The present prices, he says, are, for 7-inch, 4d.; 9-inch, 5d.; and 11-inch, 6d. per score."

Attempts to effect the organization of labour, have a larger bearing. We mentioned one last week, among the *Printers*, and we see that such a prospect has found favour in another trade: the editor of the "New Moral World" states, that he has recently been asked to draw up a code of rules and regulations for a number of *Carpenters and Joiners*, who wish to form a self-employing society. He undertakes the task, however, "with some diffidence and reluctance; being sensible that the question is one fraught with considerable difficulties in the present state of our laws and institutions."

Among the most agreeable signs of a similar spirit are the direct exertions to improve the material comfort of the poor, whether in their own houses, or in providing places of recreation for them. The first result is to encourage a better feeling than that which prevails in society between classes too much estranged; the next is some tangible advantage to the particular objects of the scheme. But it should be remembered by those who enter too lightly upon such schemes, that a benefit ostentatiously proffered, and not fulfilled, is apt to produce more disappointment and bitterness than if it had never been talked about. A hospital in rags or in debt, is a confession of a duty unperformed, not avowed as if merely to insult with disappointment. Passing a dispensary lately, we overheard a woman talk to a sick companion who had been put off for a week in compliance with some "regulation." "And people," cried the woman, "may die before they are attended to! If that is your charity, curse such charity, say I." The woman spoke coarsely, but there was truth in her complaint. Charity, as represented by its door-keepers, was here seen to set naked forms above vital needs, and to make light of the very wants which it professed to supply; charity, in fact, to the sick and needy assumed, at that closed door, the aspect of uncharitable-ness.

We hope that no such shortcomings will defeat one excellent new project. A meeting was lately held at the Mechanic's Institution, for the purpose of establishing among the *Journeyman Masons* of London a fund, out of which to build and endow a home for them in their old age. It was most numerously attended by journeymen, and also by employers. A series of resolutions passed, approving of the object for which the meeting was called; after which a subscription was opened, and the Chairman, Mr. Wakley, M.P., gave 10l.; Mr. Joseph Payne, the barrister, 10l.; another 10l. was subscribed by Messrs. Piper, of Bishopsgate-street; Mr. Farrar, the foreman of the masons employed at the British Museum gave 6l.; and other subscriptions were received.

A local paper says, that the directors of the South Shields Water-works propose, if three thousand families will concur in accepting the offer, to supply the

working classes of the town with *Water*, under no limitation of quantity, at the charge of only one penny per week.

Several plans are in progress to provide *Public Parks*. The Victoria Park on the east side of London, is still improving in its appearance.

A petition has been prepared for signature, praying Government to secure Battersea-fields as a place of healthful exercises, not only for those who live in the neighbourhood, but for the working classes of London generally; the site on the banks of the Thames offering as it does every facility of access by the steamers plying on the river. The fare would not be more than a penny or twopence per head.

Mr. Sotherton, the proprietor of the large open space known by the name of "the Green," in Devises, is about to enclose it, not with the view of excluding the public, but in order to make it more useful and pleasant to those who may resort to it for air and exercise. New walks and ornamental plantations will be introduced to as great an extent as is compatible with its use as the "fairstead" of the town.

To aid the establishment of public parks in Liverpool, Mr. Yates has given the munificent sum of 50,000*l*.

Early in November last near 300 journeymen Tailors were thrown out of employ in Manchester, under the following circumstances:—The master tailors of Manchester had been in the habit of giving out large quantities of work to *sweaters*, who got it made in the garrets and hovels occupied by them and their families; and which were situated in the most filthy localities of the town. The same persons employed women, children, and inexperienced youths to assist them in the work; who, in single apartments were huddled indiscriminately together, regardless of the common decencies of life. Nor did virulent disorders present an obstacle, for in several of the rooms where the work was done, sufferers from small-pox and fevers lay in the most dangerous stages of the diseases for want of suitable accommodation. Through the prevalence of the practice, men working in shops were frequently unemployed; and the health of the inhabitants jeopardized by contagion, communicated from infected garments. To terminate so serious an evil, the society held at the Golden Eagle, Hardman-street, forwarded a respectful request to the several employers, "to have the whole of their work done on their own premises." Instead of acceding to this reasonable request, 23 of those comprising the most respectable trades in the town agreed among themselves to discharge every man from their employ who would not forsake the society; and this was carried into effect in a day or two after the agreement was determined upon. The society was called together without delay, and persons were appointed to wait upon the masters to endeavour to bring about a reconciliation. The masters informed the deputation that "they had no fault whatever to allege against the men, who, if they would give up the society, might at once return to their work;" with these conditions the men did not feel justified in complying, as it would deprive them of benefits, provided by the society for cases of sickness, &c. The men have remained out to the present time; and we regret to add, there appears to be no immediate prospect of an amicable adjustment of the differences. A powerful sympathy has been elicited throughout the kingdom, on behalf of the men, in which many worthy master tailors largely participated. Several hundred pounds have already been subscribed for their support, and a weekly levy has been extensively established, to be continued to an indefinite period, and to which many master tailors regularly contribute.

The present dispute has no reference to the matter of wages, and may be resolved into two points. First, whether the men are to sacrifice their society at the caprice of employers. Secondly, whether the lives of the people of Manchester are to be hazarded through the partiality of twenty-three master tailors of the town to the "*sweating*" system. The first applies to every working man,—the second to the entire community.—

A Correspondent.

The King of Bavaria has had an edifice built at Munich for the periodical *Exhibition of the various Domestic Arts*. He himself was present at the opening. How much such an institution is needed in this country those well know who observe the mental condition of the labouring classes. The "Builder" not long since remarked the decay of artistic feeling among workmen; ascribing it to our system of work, and to the excessively divided employments which reduce the workman to a machine. The effect is, that the workman has lost that feeling of pleasure and pride in the execution and finish of his work, which proportionately deteriorates; his own mind, too, suffers. A sense of the Beautiful, of which art develops many forms, is a powerful influence for good in elevating the labourer to be a thinking man.

George Sand, a writer whose sympathies with the working classes have helped to promote the gross misrepresentation of her works prevalent in this country, has written an eloquent book to illustrate the effect of art on the mind of the working man: it is called "Le Compagnon du Tour de France."

The employers in the *Shoemaking* trade of Loughborough, having some six or seven weeks ago, entered into a union for the purpose of lowering the prices paid to their workmen, the attempt was resisted, and the men supported from the funds of the general association: the strike ended in their favour.

Notices.

WITH NO. 3, COMMENCES THE PEOPLE'S PICTURE GALLERY:—SPECIMENS OF THE WORKS OF LIVING PAINTERS:—No. 1.

THE FAVOURITES.—By EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

Engraved by W. J. LINTON.

No. 3, will also contain

A TALE BY MARY HOWITT.

TO THE TRADE.—With the Fourth Number, the publication of the PEOPLE'S JOURNAL will commence at Eight o'clock on THURSDAY MORNING, and be so continued every week with strict regularity afterwards.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, January 17th, 1846.

Nothing in the contemporary Annals of Industry is of more importance than distinct and copious information on the subject of "STRIKES"; to which the communications referred to in our present number chiefly relate. The power, of which the strike is the overt act, resides, more or less, in every workman; but in no great degree, except where workmen are collected in considerable numbers. In the accounts below, a signal contrast is afforded by the activity and independent tone of the operatives in towns, and the absolute helplessness avowed by the Wiltshire labourers. Two important results are to be expected from the diffusion of knowledge on the subject; the power would be more amply developed for its legitimate purposes; and it would be better directed, if the working classes throughout the country had a thorough acquaintance with the claims and position of their class-fellows.

The subjoined statements are necessarily *ex parte*, we have already said that we shall be glad on all occasions to give the statements of both sides when they are furnished to us. Meanwhile, it may be observed, that the class of employers have commanded many channels by which to obtain information, and set forth their own case; whereas the working classes have only of late, and in a very imperfect degree, attained possession of such channels. The opportunity to set forth their case has hitherto been the thing wanting.

The secretary to the Edinburgh Wood-Sawyers has supplied us with a very full statement respecting a strike which has now lasted fourteen weeks. A portion of the workmen demand what they consider a more equitable regulation of prices, and measures, based upon a scale mutually adopted in 1836. Their employers resist. On the 18th of September, the workmen issued a scale of the proposed rate, without, however, any intention of striking; a fact proved, they say, by their having made no provision for such an emergency. The employers called a meeting; the issuers of the scale signified their wish for an arrangement, and waited in deputation on the meeting; but no notice of their presence was taken. A second meeting followed, and another deputation of the workmen was unacknowledged. The masters issued a counter-schedule with prices 25 per cent below the required rate; they also published placards, offering permanent employment to wood-sawyers, and announcing their intention to discharge any workman who refused to accept that scale. The movement now became a declared strike; and the workmen, determining never to yield, published a placard in their own justification. They receive very general support. In Edinburgh they are joined by most of the trades, especially by the masons, printers, nailers, type-founders, basket-makers, blacksmiths, cork-cutters, carpet-weavers, brass-founders, and coach-makers. They have also the co-operation of their fellow workmen of Paisley, Greenock, Port Glasgow, Dumbarton, Dalkeith, Dundee, Leith, and Belfast. The Glasgow wood-sawyers have taken a very active part in the movement. A daily correspondence between Edinburgh and Glasgow keeps them well informed on all matters connected with the dispute; and they, too, have published a placard, fully adopting the views of their Edinburgh brethren, supplying further information, and correcting "glaring misstatement" which they impute to the employers. They say, among other things, that of the seventy employers who offer constant employment, only twenty-four can give permanent work. In this state matters remain at present.

The Frame-work Knitters of Nottingham, are in a state of much trouble and uneasiness, in consequence of a dispute with the employers. A public meeting on the subject was held on Monday, the 5th instant; and the secretary of the trade association has sent us an

account of it. It is computed that 3,000 operatives were present. They accused the masters of not complying with the laws, and of thus throwing out of employment those labourers who insist upon the fulfilment of the law, by which their rights are protected. An unanimous determination was expressed to continue the strike, until the workmen should obtain what they considered to be justice. Meanwhile, the members of the trade in Nottingham are in a state of greater wretchedness and anxiety, than they have experienced for many years. Under these circumstances, the committee call for pecuniary aid from other branches of trade, in order to relieve those who suffer from the want of employment: the number being so great, that the resources of their own association are inadequate for the purpose.

The committee of the West of England Hand-Loom Weavers' Trade Protection Society, at Trowbridge, addressed their brother tradesmen in a circular, directing their attention to a circumstance that affects their interests, and calling on them to enrol their names with those of the society. "There is," they say, "a system of putting two passimeres on a broad-loom; a system that will have the effect of taking away the labour of one out of every two, and if generally adopted, will certainly bring distress and ruin upon our industrious population."

A movement has commenced among the Journeymen Bakers, of Belfast, to obtain redress as to certain grievances which they allege. According to a statement published by them, the hardships which they suffer are, the incessant labour of their occupation; the duration of which averages "eighteen hours a day, in the scorching atmosphere of a bakehouse;" the privation of the Sabbath's rest; and the unjust length of apprenticeship, which, in the baker's trade, "extends to the longest term required in the most favoured and best remunerated trades;" some of the workmen engaged in those other trades, receive from 25s. to 35s., or upwards, for sixty hours' labour, while "the baker, on the expiration of this long period of drudgery, is considered to be well paid at one guinea per week, (formerly at much less) for at least 108 hours of severe labour, under circumstances necessarily most prejudicial to health." They complain, too, of the disproportionate excess in the number of apprentices as compared with journeymen; owing to which they attribute the deficiency of employment for journeymen. They contemplate forming a "joint-stock fair-dealing baking establishment," in shares of from 6s. to 5l. each.

A striking and mournful exhibition of the state under which the labouring class suffers in many agricultural districts occurred at Gontacre, a village near Wotton Bassett, in Wiltshire, on Monday, the 5th instant. The meeting was called by a committee of the same class. The object was to afford the labourers an opportunity of stating their own case, in their own way, and of considering the propriety of petitioning the Queen for repeal of the corn-laws. The press were informed of the intended meeting, and a number of reporters attended—one from the "Times," who supplies a picturesque account of the scene. "The meeting was to have been held in a large booth erected in a field; but the great expense of providing such accommodation was beyond the combined contributions which these poor people could spare from their very scanty means; and therefore they were compelled to assemble together in the cross-road of the village, and to endure the inclemency of a winter-night, while they talked over their common sufferings. The whole of the arrangements and the proceedings were strikingly characteristic of the occasion. A hurdle supported by four stakes, driven into the ground beneath a hedge on the road-side, formed a narrow and unsteady platform, capable of supporting only the chairman, and one speaker at a time. Below this rustic erection were placed a small deal table and some rush-bottom chairs, borrowed from a neighbouring cottage, for the accommodation of reporters. Four or five candles, some in lanterns, and others sheltered from the wind by the

was gathered nearly 1,000 of the peasantry of Wiltshire, some of them accompanied by their wives and children; who, thus collected, presented a wild and painful appearance. In the shadows of the night the distinctive garb of their class was everywhere discernible; but when the fitting clouds permitted the moon to shine brightly in their faces. In them might be seen written, in strong and unmistakeable lines, anxiety, supplication, want, hunger, ever responsive in expression to the sentiments and statements delivered by speakers, who merely described in plain unvarnished language the miseries of their rural auditors. David Kell, who acted as chairman, and all the other speakers, except two persons who spoke at the close, were agricultural labourers. They all gave a deplorable account of their condition. The chairman described his own case. 'As it respects my own distress, and the calamities and miseries I have undergone, I have spoken of them before at the Ramsbury meeting. But the case is not altered now; I have only 6s. a week for keeping myself, a wife, and two small children; I cannot earn half enough to keep us: 6l. 10s. must go to pay house and garden rent, and no potatoes got. The truth of this statement was corroborated by several of the labourers present. Charles Vines said, that the average of his own income for the last two years was 7s. 1½d. per week: since last July, his family had consumed from 7s. 7d. to 8s. 8d. worth of bread a week; and this was more than he had earned. He had brought a specimen of the potatoes yielded by the half acre of land which he rented: the potatoes were handed down and examined under the lanterns; it was black with the prevailing disease. Vines concluded his address by reading two verses from Thomas Hood's 'Song of the Labourer,' which were loudly cheered. William Parry said, that he had come a distance of twenty miles to tell his tale of distress. He had a wife and six children to maintain on 8s. per week. Not being now able to obtain sufficient food for his family, on account of the increased price of bread, he had been compelled to apply to the parish for assistance; and the result was an order for one of his children to go to the workhouse. He had asked his employer for some better potatoe-ground; but he asked 8l. an acre for it, and this he could not pay. 'If I could get three acres of land at the same price that the farmers get it—2l. an acre—I could provide for myself and family. (A voice—*Ay, the labourers would not let the land go out of cultivation.*) But the farmers say it will, if we have free trade. Where I come from, there are fields and fields full of nothing but thistles. Why? Because there are not farmers enough to cultivate the land. Some of the land our people reaped produced two thistles to one wheat-ear. I was at home emptying this wheat, and master came into the yard: I said, 'Look at this! the thistle-down was flying off like a snow-storm. I said, 'You had better have had more labourers to cut the thistles out: the land will never be cultivated while this goes on.' He said, 'But I have kept all the six-pences in my pocket.' I wish the farmers would have public open meetings to discuss these subjects. He had attended a public meeting at Uphaven, and had got into disfavour in consequence. 'His master had told him that he thought himself a fool for not turning him away for attending the meeting at Uphaven. The fact was, the farmers wanted to keep the labourers in the dark. The farmers and landlords held their meetings in private, and would prevent the labourers from having any meetings at all. The labourers must be persecuted for meeting together; but farmers and land-owners might meet and devise how to starve the poor labourers, and that was all right. (A voice—*Never mind, it won't last long.*) He hoped not. His master, (Mr. Wansbrough) said that free trade would starve them. He said, 'You won't have any money if you have free trade.' How many in that meeting had money? He would venture to say, none. He saw no hope for them but in free trade. There was plenty of bread and meat waiting to come into this country, but the corn laws would not let it come in. Their cry, then, must be, 'Free trade! free trade, for ever!'

It having been found requisite to sink a pit at the Victoria Iron-works, which had formerly been employed

in some of the top measures of iron-stone to a lower depth, so as to command the bottom mines at the above works, and a spare steam-engine not being disposable for the purpose, the balance-machinery by which it had formerly been worked was taken down and removed. A sheave-wheel was firmly fixed on the top of the framing, over which a rope that commanded the bottom of the pit passed, being attached at the outside, or land end, to a tram filled with iron, &c. This tram ran upon an inclined plane,* of about one in eight fall, so that when the water or spoil required to be raised from the bottom of the pit, a horse was attached to the tram, and with little exertion drew the same down the plane, the pit-bucket ascending. When the same is discharged on the top, the horse returns with the trams up the plane, ready to start again.—Cardiff and Merthyr Adv.

Notices. A LIST

Of the Authors and Artists who have contributed, or who are about to contribute to

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

AUTHORS.

Miss Martineau	Miss Mitford
Miss Bremer	Barry Cornwall
W. J. Fox	Mrs. Howitt
William Howitt	H. H. Horne
Ebenezer Elliott	Mrs. Leman Gillies
Mrs. Loudon	Miss Toulmin
Richard Howitt	Thomas Cooper
Angus B. Reach	Charles Mackay
Joseph Mazzini	Thornton Hunt
H. F. Chorley	Arthur Wallbridge
Arnholdt Weaver	Mrs. C. White
Mrs. Wentworth	W. J. Linton
Dr. Smiles (of Leeds)	Calder Campbell
Mrs. Novello	John Fowler (of Sheffield)
Joseph Gostick	Mrs. Bartholomew, &c.

ARTISTS.

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Kenny Meadows	William Harvey
Miss M. Gillies	F. W. Topham
Edward Duncan	John Franklin
John Absolon	J. W. Archer

[Notice affixed to No. 22, May 30, 1846.]

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The Week

Ending Saturday January 24th, 1844.

It is not altogether an agreeable feature in the communications which we receive from the Trades, with rapidly multiplying frequency, that so prominent a place is occupied by disputes of one kind or another. To smother information about those differences, however, is the last way to remedy the evil. Nine-tenths of the disputes in the world are caused by want of a right understanding; nine-tenths of the discomfort, by want of courage. If men came to a thorough comprehension of their own circumstances and those of others, and had the boldness fully to carry out their knowledge in act, injustice might be drove from the earth. Every advance in knowledge brings us nearer to that distant goal. We cannot deal with a dispute until we know what it is; we cannot know what it is until we hear both sides; and for that reason it very often happens that neither side can deal with it. Have it all out, and we are at least not going on in the dark. On such grounds we hold it a main duty for a peacemaker to bring to light as much as possible respecting the disagreements between the two great classes of employers and employed—because a thorough knowledge of all the facts is the first step to a right understanding. Organization of labour, in proportion as it advances towards completeness, facilitates the good intelligence which may ultimately be attained, because it helps to develop the wants and powers of the working classes—to show what they wish done and what they can do.

One word as to the handling of the materials with which our correspondents oblige us. Their accounts cannot be too full and exact. If we resort to abridgement, each will remember that our correspondents are many, that our space is limited, and that the extension of this department must greatly depend on the degree of support which we receive from those to whose interests it is devoted.

Those interests will not be injured by our maintaining as independent and impartial a judgment as in us lies.

A remarkable dispute is going on between the *Journey-men Shoemakers* of Belfast, Carrickfergus, and Lisburn, in Ireland, and their employers; and a correspondent has sent us an account of it, on behalf of the trade. In the June of 1844, says our correspondent, a new system of association was proposed as more advantageous to the trade of the journeymen shoemakers. The plan was at once entertained, and a report of the proceedings on the occasion was printed, with the rules and regulations which were adopted. At a conference last April, some slight modification of the laws took place, and a second report was published, wherein allusion was made to certain stipulations. These stipulations were, that no strike should be allowed for an advance of wages, on the supposition of obtaining assistance from the common fund of the association; while in all cases of reduction, this support was to be unconditionally given; it being also provided that the amount of levy on each paying member should be no more than threepence per week. Some months ago the employers of Belfast attempted to reduce their workmen's wages; the example was followed by other masters; but all their attempts were resolutely resisted, and the employers at last gave way. "Since that time, the same employers, smarting, as it would seem, under the knowledge of this discomfiture, have formed themselves into a stricter counter-union; extending it to Lisburn and Carrickfergus, the first about seven, and the other about ten miles distant from Belfast. Thus organized, they made simultaneous attacks on their men, proposing new arrangements of wages, and resolving not to employ any of their old hands, except on condition of their giving up all connexion with the general union of the journeymen. A charge of "conspiracy" has been laid against Arthur Ward, the Secretary of the Belfast Section of the Association, and the four or five members of the committee; the whole of whom have been bound over to answer the charge at the ensuing assizes for the county (Antrim), held at Carrickfergus. Upon what grounds so extreme a measure has been adopted we know

not; and should be glad to be correctly informed. So stands the contest at present.

Meanwhile the process of organisation is detail advances. A communication from Manchester informs us of a recent movement among the *Card-grinders and Strippers*; a body represented as having "been hitherto very apathetic." They have formed an association to consider the means of redressing some of the evils arising from their laborious and unwholesome employment; evils aggravated by the inadequate wages, which are said to be lower than in those of any other branch of the cotton manufacture. The injurious nature of the employment proceeds from the workman's inhaling an atmosphere charged with metallic particles and fibres. The first meeting took place on the 26th of December, 1843; a number of laws and regulations were passed; and delegates were appointed to be sent to the neighbouring districts. Upwards of 1,000 members have been enrolled; and it is the intention of the association, when sufficiently enlarged, to join "with the other bodies" of tradesmen "in the general movements that are going on." "The members of the Manchester districts hold their monthly meetings on the last Friday in each month, in the Temperance Hall, Mather Street, Great Ancoats Street."

An address has been issued by the secretary of the Wigan Association of Colliers, to apprise the *Working Colliers* in England and Wales of the facts relating to a strike about Wages that has taken place in the trade at Wigan. The Wigan colliers warn their fellow-workmen in other parts of the country against agents of the masters "prowling about" in search of strangers to take the places of the workmen who are on strike.

A new association is about to be organised among the *Plasterers*. An address has been published, proposing a general union of the whole trade; and a meeting of the delegates is appointed at Manchester, for the 24th of February.

The scheme of co-operative labour proposed by Mr. Baker, a journeyman *Printer*, and promulgated in our first number, has suggested these remarks to the editor of a provincial paper. "There is one point in Mr. Baker's letter which we think needs elucidation. Not being a practical printer, we cannot pronounce authoritatively on the relative merits of the day-work and 'piece-work,' so as to say which is the best system for the trade under existing social arrangements. But this much, we think, we may safely affirm in a general way, as regards such industrial little republics as we are speaking of; namely, that to ensure permanence and success to any establishment of the kind, two things are absolutely essential: first, that every member shall, at all times, have an equal share of capital in the concern, whether they be good workmen or bad—whether they can earn more or less; secondly, that on the payment of weekly wages, and in the periodical division of profits, every member's wages and share of profit shall be according to the actual service he has rendered to the concern, that is to say, according to the mere number of hours he has worked, or pretended to work. These two provisions are essential to procure justice between man and man; and unless all the operations of such an establishment are founded upon strict justice, it must of necessity go to pieces, from the endless jealousies and disputes to which injustice would give rise."

Another mechanics' institute has been established within the city. It has grown out of a small Mutual Instruction Society founded ten years ago. The institution is in Gould Square, Crutched Friars. There is a library containing about three thousand books, a reading and coffee-room; and the area of one of the arches of the Blackwall Railway has been converted into a lecture-room. Besides weekly lectures, the institution provides classes for instruction in the sciences, music, and drawing, at a cost of 2s. 6d. per quarter to each member.

A case disposed of at the last Surrey Quarter Sessions has an important bearing on the defalcation of money by officers of trade societies. The offence is very common; yet, in general, no attempt is made to bring the delinquents to justice. Mr. George Bisset of the Wakefield Shoemakers' Society, mentions one James Quin as a defaulter in this way; and a short time ago there was

an advertisement in one of the London papers respecting an officer in a Liverpool society, who had absconded with the property of the members. In the case which we have mentioned, James Thompson, secretary to the Silk, Cotton, and Cloth Printers' Society, appeared before the magistrates in Quarter Sessions, at Merton, under an indictment brought against him by the Bookbinders' Society of London, for embezzling three sums of 10*l.* each, being parts of a total debt of 40*l.* lent by the latter society to the Merton Block-printers. The case was mentioned in our first number. Mr. Charnock, counsel for the defence, remarked that the case was of rather a peculiar character, and he therefore took a somewhat peculiar course. An offer had been made by Mr. Payne, the counsel for the prosecution, that the prisoner should be recommended in the strongest manner to the merciful consideration of the court, if he pleaded guilty to the indictment: Mr. Charnock was about to recommend his doing so: feeling, though the defendant and his friends considered that morally he was not guilty of the charge, yet that *legally* the offence would be made out against him. It must be admitted that the defendant neglected to enter on his books the sums of 10*l.* each: this omission might, in strict law, amount to embezzlement; but a larger sum was due to him from some of the members of the society: wherefore he was not so particular as otherwise he should have been. Accordingly the prisoner pleaded guilty, and was merely required to enter into his own recognizance to receive judgment when called for.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

SIR,—The first number of the PEOPLE'S JOURNAL fell into my hands yesterday. I read it nearly through before going to bed at night, and was very much pleased with it. My heart overflowed with grateful feelings as I read the sentiments of interest which it contained for the welfare of the mass of the people. It was very pleasing, too, to see enumerated, as was done by Mr. Howitt, the names of a number of authors who have had at heart the same object; and though their works may never fall into my hands, the mention of their names will never be heard by me without the recollection that they have written on behalf of the people. For the matter for perusal and thought furnished in its columns, your journal will be very valuable; and if it contains the wants and wishes of the working man expressed in his own words, it may, probably, thereby be more valuable, as those wants and wishes may receive the attention of the philanthropic; and many a working man may be benefited in an intellectual point of view, by aspiring to write a few lines for it. One want of the working man has been a medium of this kind.

Born of poor parents in a village in this county, I was an early witness of the wants of the poor in various respects. At the age of five years I commenced working, and thenceforward my earnings, scanty though they were, could not be dispensed with. The instruction of the village schoolmaster was a luxury I often longed for, but longed in vain. But though this never fell to my lot, at the age above-mentioned, I became a scholar in a Sunday-school, and, with the perseverance attendant on a desire to learn, have by means of instruction received there, become a good reader; and that has been a source of great pleasure to me; for though unable to purchase books, I have many times longed to read; I have sometimes had one lent me, and have often found interesting and instructive articles in some of the low-priced publications which have latterly become numerous, but in no other of them have I found the contents throughout so much to my taste as in No. 1 of the PEOPLE'S JOURNAL. When I was a boy—and I am but young yet, only 23 years—I never heard of a weekly publication except a newspaper; and only one working man in the village was a newspaper reader, and I believe he was considered by the squire and some of his tenants (farmers, who seldom saw one themselves) to be wasting every minute of time he spent in its perusal. Even now that newspapers have multiplied, and a taste for reading and intelligence be-

come more extensive than fifteen or twenty years ago there is still, it is to be feared, a feeling of this kind amongst many of the more wealthy inhabitants of country places towards working men who read a newspaper. They appear to think that a man does it solely on account of politics, and by doing it becomes more and more disaffected towards them and their class, and a sower of discontent among his neighbours. On the other hand, the working man who reads the papers, sees how he is looked on, and hears what he is thought of, by his wealthy neighbours, who have expressed their disapprobation of him to some one who tells him; and he thinks it is the aim of the wealthy classes of society to prevent the working classes having any mental pleasure, and to keep them for ever in a state of moral slavery. Now, there is error on both sides; and the lasting interests of both classes require that that error should be removed; and I hope the PEOPLE'S JOURNAL will be a great instrument in removing it. The wealthy must learn that it is an intelligent spirit, and not a destructive disposition, which induces men to sacrifice some physical comfort to have a newspaper; and that it is not for the purpose of conspiracy that a number of them unite over a newspaper, but for the purpose of purchasing it the easier by three, four, and in some cases a larger number, contributing their penny or three-halfpence, as the case may be, to pay for it, and that *all* may hear the contents by one of them reading it; for some who contribute to a newspaper have never been taught to read. On the other hand, the working man must learn that the wealthy in thinking ill of him, have been actuated by erroneous ideas, and not by a determination to prevent him having any mental enjoyment. Some of the higher classes may probably think the working classes incapable of mental refinement. If so, they must be taught that they are in error. But I am trespassing too much on your time and space: and so conclude, subscribing myself, most gratefully,

A LEICESTERSHIRE WORKING MAN.

Leicestershire, Jan. 11, 1846.

Notices.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We can receive no anonymous contributions to the Annals of Industry. Names and addresses may be furnished in strict confidence, but we must have them, as a guarantee of the writer's good faith.

At the request of many subscribers we discontinue advertisements in the body of our work. They will be confined for the future to the cover of the monthly part.

It will be observed, that this and the previous page are folioed separately, so that when the volumes are bound, the Annals of Industry may be removed altogether from the work, or permanently preserved in a collective form.

Communications from "Robertus" and a "Mining Friend," did not reach us until after the publication of the third number. We hope our "Mining Friend" will experience no further disappointments with regard to the supply of the Journal.

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The Week,*Ending Saturday, January 31st, 1848.*

"OBEY the law" is the grand exhortation to the poorer classes, and small indulgence is shown to the poor man who infringes the code. How needful is it, then, for those who make the exhortation to set the example; how ugly a feature is it in their conduct when, the law not exactly suiting their convenience, they coolly set it aside. He who exacts obedience to the law, and refuses equal obedience in his own person, fulfils the definition of a tyrant.

Such is in substance the charge made against their employers by the *Framework Knitters*, for whose protection the "Ticket Act" was passed last session. The act, which came into operation on the 1st of January, obliges every manufacturer in the trade to deliver, with the work given out to each workman, a ticket signed by the employer, setting forth all particulars relating to it. The commencement of its practical working has created some commotion in the towns to which it applies; and we have been favoured by the representatives of the trades with copious information on the subject.

The *Framework Knitters* of Leicester anticipated the masters would resist by refusing work except under conditions involving the abandonment of the men's rights. Under this impression, they have held a meeting in the market-place; where, says the "*Leicester Chronicle*," "unanimous resolutions were carried, condemning the conduct of the manufacturers, evincing a determined spirit not to work without the Act was complied with," and declaring that sooner than give up their legal rights they would apply to the parish for relief. A circular has been put forth by the *Framework Knitters* for the purpose of raising funds to enable "the poor to bring their cases before the magistrates for adjudication," wherein it is asserted, that "since the Act came into operation, several meetings of manufacturers and agents have been held to 'starve the mob into compliance' with their desire; namely, a determination not to act in conformity with the laws."

In Nottingham, the *Framework Knitters* allege more positive evidence as to the hostile intentions of the masters. They themselves began in a very different spirit: the 1st instant, being Thursday, and not a day of general delivery at the warehouses, and the people knowing that the agents had not been provided by the manufacturers with tickets, the hands worked the week out as usual, in order that no complaint might be made of their haste. Of course the men expected that on Monday all would be prepared; but they have been deceived: in most instances, both employers and agents who gave tickets, did not comply with the forms laid down by the law, but gave tickets to serve their own purposes, demanding, in many instances, more work with no advance of wages. The men say that the masters and agents do not pay for what is called "bump;" "and this is the enormous weight of from two to seven ounces in a dozen of hose." The demand being refused by the hands, a meeting was convened, and a deputation was appointed to wait on the mayor with a request for the use of the Town-hall, in order to hold a meeting. After conversing with the deputation, the mayor deferred granting the use of the hall until he had seen some of the other magistrates. The mayor expressed an opinion that the Ticket Act could not be carried out, as it gave so much trouble to the manufacturers! The workmen then determined to call a meeting by the bellman; they assembled at the King George on Horseback Inn, and thence adjourned to the market-place. More than three thousand workmen were present: and they adopted the following resolutions:—

"That the workmen employed in the frame-work knitting branches, in public meeting assembled, do resolve that, whereas a law has been passed to compel manufacturers to deliver a ticket with the material to be wrought with hosiery goods, we pledge ourselves to use every legal means to enforce the same by bringing all manufacturers who refuse to obey the law before a justice of the peace. And we will never rest satisfied

until the law is fully carried out. That whereas 'statements' have been delivered by the workmen employed in the several branches of the frame-work knitting trade to the employers, we resolve to work to, and be guided by those statements. That in order to encourage our fellow workmen to enforce the law against non-employing manufacturers, we pledge ourselves to support to the utmost of our power those who may be victimized by such agent or employer for doing his duty, by contributions raised as a victim-fund. That in order fully to establish a power whereby the foregoing resolutions may be carried into effect, we pledge ourselves to unite, and to induce others to do so, without loss of time. That the committee be empowered to take such steps as shall be deemed by them the best calculated to improve the condition of the workmen by waiting upon persons whose influence may be deemed of importance in our present struggle." The workmen have also issued an address to the trade, exhorting them to unite in self-defence.

Another large meeting of the same trade has been since held in the public market-place; and the following additional resolutions were unanimously agreed to:—"That we, the *Frame-work Knitters* in public meeting assembled, do resolve, that the law having passed the Legislature to compel manufacturers to deliver a ticket with the material to be wrought into hosiery goods, setting forth the quality and quantity, fashion and price, for each description of work made; and as such law has been passed for the purpose of giving protection to the operatives; and whereas our employers, first and second hand, have used every means in their power to evade the said law, we do, therefore, pledge ourselves, not to rest satisfied until that law be fully complied with by the employers. That whereas an expense will be incurred in carrying the foregoing resolution into effect, we, the several branches present, do agree and will subscribe in support of the hands out, and each and all will forward their contributions accordingly. That in order to allay the misunderstanding now existing between the employer and the employed respecting the price and weight of work, we, the workmen, in meeting assembled, wishing to establish one systematic weight and price according to statement, invite our employers to an interview. That, whereas some persons may be thrown out of employment by resisting impositions now in practice, we do recommend that no workmen take the frames of the persons discharged until such impositions be done away with?"

Meetings on the same stirring subject have still more recently been held at Kegworth, Derby, and other towns, where the hosiery manufacture is extensively carried on.

The *Framework Knitters* of Derby have sent us information of their proceedings in the following letter, dated on the 15th January.—"A meeting of this body was held at Derby, January 19th, for the purpose of devising the best means to destroy a system of manufacture, technically termed spurious. A petition that had been drawn up by Mr. T. Winters, the secretary, was agreed to, describing the system of manufacture, the injurious effects it entails upon the trade, and upon the honor of the country as a commercial nation. It also points out the views of a committee of the House of Commons in 1819; also the opinion of Mr. Muggersidge, the late Commissioner appointed to investigate the grievances of that body. Several questions of great magnitude were brought under their notice for consideration—among the rest, the important question of protective duties, their influence on trade and commerce, and the advantages or disadvantages of a twenty per cent duty on hosiery. A resolution was also passed pledging themselves to support the *People's Journal*, a resolution which, I trust, they will carry out."

A correspondent who signs himself "A Miner's Friend," writing from Holytown, in Lanarkshire, urges on the consideration of his brother workmen in that district, the expediency of their union with the United Trades Association described in the article entitled, "The Organization of Labour," in our first number. "By joining yourselves," says the writer, "to the United Trades Association for the protection of the

industrious classes, you secure to yourselves not only the support of the United Trades in a pecuniary form, but you secure their sympathy, and your grievances become theirs as well as your own. The battle of labour against capital will be removed from a [provincial] locality to the metropolis; and your case will, in spite of your wealthy foes, find its way into the British Parliament, and hence, through the press, to the furthest corner of the globe. Nor will your employers, when once it is known that you have become a part of such a general association, be so ready to attempt a contest with you; far less to rule over you with a rod of iron." The writer also states as a fact, that four thousand out of six thousand hands are compelled to make their purchases at the *truck shops* of those who employ them.

The *United Trades Association* for the Protection of the Industrious Classes, entertained their President, Mr. T. Duncombe, the Member for Finsbury, with a *soiree* at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, on Wednesday, the 21st January. Mr. Wakley, the other Member for Finsbury, presided. The number of the company amounted to 450 persons, including many ladies. Mr. Christie, M.P., was present; letters were read from Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Douglas Jerrold, and Mr. J. Mazzini, regretting their inability to take part in the demonstration. After tea came the speaking. "The People, the only legitimate source of political power," was the first toast; it was introduced by the chairman, and enforced by Mr. McGarth. Mr. Duncombe's claims to public gratitude and confidence were next stated by the chairman, who spoke of him as a bold, sincere, faithful, and unflinching advocate of popular rights. The chairman remarked, that in an address about to be presented to Mr. Duncombe, a hope was expressed that he might yet be a Cabinet Minister: when that should come round, his office ought to be that of Postmaster-General; which would give him the opportunity of opening Sir James Graham's letters, and of discovering whether Sir James, when out of office, entered into any treasonable correspondence? At the close of Mr. Wakley's speech, a complimentary address to Mr. Duncombe from the working classes was presented. Mr. Duncombe made his acknowledgments, and descended upon the politics of the day. Alluding to repeal of the Corn Laws, he observed that the measure was but a matter of time; but he wished it might be speedy, so as to make room for two other questions—the rights of labour, and the extension of the franchise. Mr. Duncombe adverted with satisfaction to the Association established by the working classes for the protection and employment of labour, the real object of which is to create a good understanding between the employers and the employed, and thus to avert aimless strikes and such unfortunate disorders as occurred in 1842. Appropriate subjects were subsequently discussed by various speakers. One fact of some importance was mentioned in connexion with the "*Chartist Co-Operative Land Society*;" although not yet six months in existence, it numbers from 5,000 to 6,000 members, and possesses an accumulated fund of nearly 5,000*l*. The whole of the evening passed with hilarity and harmony.

Mr. William Howitt has been urging the Organization of Labour in a letter to the "*Leeds Times*," itself a valuable coadjutor to the cause. "I can scarcely express to you," says Mr. Howitt, "the agreeable surprise with which I read in the '*Leeds Times*,' your suggestion for the operatives to combine, not for *strikes*, in which they always come off with the worst; but for *manufacturing themselves*....."

The master-manufacturers act only on the principles of human nature, the spirit of which is to aspire, to possess, and to clothe ourselves with authority and the goods of Providence; and in a country like this where wealth can give such power, such honour, and such advantages, every man that can get capital will get it.The thing is not to envy these men, not to want to pull them down, not to accuse them of defrauding the labouring millions of their due, but to bid the millions also aspire. To bid them also resolve no longer to be the slave of their own gains, but to become mas-

ters. They must combine their small gains into large masses, and manufacture for themselves," &c.

In Leeds, an Associative Society is actually at work, which we shall shortly describe, it is called "*The Redemption Society*;" and its earlier operations are reported by the "*Leeds Times*."

Correspondence.

To the Editor of "the People's Journal."

National Hall, 242, High Holborn,
Jan. 21st, 1846.

Sir,—As Mr. Fox's Lectures are published weekly in your excellent little journal, and as much public benefit may be derived by the hearing as well as the reading of them, the Committee of our Association have requested me respectfully to call your attention to the desirability of appending to them the name of the place where they are delivered.

I am, your's truly,

W. LOVETT, Sec.

As it would be inconvenient to print weekly the name of the institution from which the above letter is dated, we publish the letter itself, and add, that Mr. Fox's lectures are delivered there every Sunday evening.

Notices.

PEOPLE'S PICTURE GALLERY:

The next specimen of the works of

LIVING BRITISH PAINTERS

Will be a copy of a design.

By D. MACLISE, R.A.

This will appear in an early number

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We should like to see a specimen of the Papers proposed by J. J. F. (Islington). Their interest and value would necessarily depend on their treatment. We may say the same to G. F. F. (Camden Town.)

Declined with thanks, W. G. G.; "Learn to love the God you fear." "The People's Hymn," which should have been sent to the Editor; "The Alchemist of Baghdad;" "Lines to Ebenezer Elliott;" "Essay on the Midwife;" W. W. ("Lines to Dickens,") &c.; C. H. J.; "Fragment on the Goodacre Meeting;" "Unity of Labour;" "A poor Man's Wish;" "Sketches from Life;" and the Paper on Capital Punishment, by M. M. F.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, February 7th, 1846.

Short Time is the subject of most prominence in our *Annals for the Week*. Lord Ashley has introduced it in Parliament betimes this session; but not with greater prospect of success, even for the limited measure under consideration, than attended his efforts last year. The nature of the question forbids us to enter upon it incidentally, in this page; it is so vast in its scope, and so much entangled with other questions. We must postpone opinions of our own until, we hope, no distant day, when we can investigate the whole of it with cognate matters. Meanwhile all discussion helps to elucidate it; and therefore we view with peculiar interest the proceedings which it is our present task to narrate.

Lord Ashley moved on Thursday, the 29th of January, for leave to bring in his measure. The object of the bill is to restrict the time of work for "young persons" above the age of thirteen, to ten hours a day. He did not repeat the arguments which he had so often advanced in favour of the proposition, for these reasons,—the decision against it last year was rather of Ministers than of Parliament. Of forty-two representatives of factory districts, thirty-three voted with him. And, subsequently, experiments have been made which prove the truth and safety of his principles. Mr. Gardner, who has extensive mills at Manchester and Preston, has voluntarily reduced the time in his factories from twelve to eleven hours a day, with most happy results: the quantity of work done is not at all diminished; it is better performed; the wages of the work-people are not less; their health is better; the females attend more to domestic duties; habits of reading increase among the factory hands; and a better feeling subsists between them and their employer. Similar experiments have been attended by similar results at the mills of Messrs. Horrocks and Jackson, near Preston, and of Mr. Knowles in Bolton. Accounts from Prussia report equally well of reductions made in the time of work in that kingdom. The limitation of working hours effected by Lord Ashley in 1835, and 1836, has proved beneficial in many ways: there is a greater demand for children of a lawful age; parents send to the factory a greater number, at better wages; and the attendance at schools is better. Lord Ashley cited corroborative statements by the Short Time Association of Operative Spinners: and on this evidence he contended for the practicability and expediency of the proposed bill. Sir James Graham said that he should not oppose the introduction of the bill, though he would go no further. The experiments mentioned by Lord Ashley were very agreeable in their results, and good evidence against interfering with the natural course of things. The anticipated effect, however, had resulted from past restrictions on the labours of youth in factories—the whole machinery of factories had been limited in its time of working. At all events, it was better to postpone the further consideration of the bill until the House should have disposed of a measure intimately connected with the welfare of the working classes; Sir Robert Peel's financial measure. No arguments had yet been advanced which would induce Sir James to support the second reading. The bill was supported, on the ground of expected benefit to the "young persons," by Sir George Strickland, Lord John Manners, Mr. Colquhoun, Mr. Wodehouse, Mr. Muntz, Mr. John O'Connell, Mr. Fielden, Mr. Wakley, Mr. Sharnan Crawford, and Mr. Newdegate. It was resisted, as an undue interference with the rights of property and the natural state of the labour market, by Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Hume, Mr. Bickham, Esq., Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Philip Howard, and Mr. Bright. Mr. Bright said, Mr. Gardner's manager had told him that a further reduction to ten hours had been contemplated in his mill; but it was found to be impracticable. Lord Ashley's bill was introduced, and read the first time.

But another proceeding possesses still greater interest for us, resting as it does on the spontaneous and independent energy of the working men. The general committee of the Friendly Society of Operative Masons, at Liverpool, called a meeting of their body on the 20th of

January, at the Concert Hall, in Lord Nelson Street, between six hundred and seven hundred assembled; by far the greater number being Masons. The society have favoured us with their own report of the proceedings; and a very well executed report it is. The speakers stated their case in so able and interesting a manner, that we must devote as much of space as we can to an analysis of it. The great grievance of the trade, says Mr. Carter, the U.C. Secretary of the Society, is the surplus labour. By surplus labour he means that there are too many Masons travelling in search of employment, for whom provision must be made while so travelling, and who have to be supported, during the time they are out of employment, by their fellow workmen. The expense for that object alone, during the last seven years, had nearly averaged £1,000 per year. In the relief of tramps, for the last ten years, just £10,000, had been paid; but in one year alone, when the distress of the country was great, nearly £2,000 was paid to members in search of employment. For sick and funeral expenses, £6,000 has been paid by the societies since the amalgamation of its funds in 1840. There are about 8,000 Masons in England; and it is speaking within bounds to say that 2,000 are only partially employed throughout the year. Let these 6,000 Masons, who may be supposed to be regularly employed, give up one hour per day, and constant employment would be realized for 600 of those now only partially employed. Mr. John Senton reminded the meeting of the position in which Masons were, in England before the establishment of the union; and the system of persecution pursued by masters. "If one employer discharged a man, another refused to employ him—not because labour was scarce; but for fear we should get from them that power which had so long confined us in chains—that power that dragged the poor Dorchester labourers from their homes, from their wives and families, and sent them from their native land, because they dared to raise their heads and unite together as men—because they dared to seek their own protection, and refused to become the willing slaves of tyrants. The trade labour under other evils besides want of employment. It is a well-known fact that the average age of regularly employed Masons does not exceed forty years; the average duration of life in other out-door employments is from fifty to sixty years. In such a state of things as this, it seems to me an alteration is quite necessary. Now if we work one hour a day less we shall certainly escape a certain amount of injury to our constitution, besides having more time for recreative exercise and the improvement of our mental faculties. Mr. John Armstrong considered the short duration of life among Masons to be caused by hard labour, and tramping about the country in search of employment. Disease of the chest is their most predominant complaint. When a Mason comes to about 40 years of age, he is generally troubled with a cough; he goes to a medical man and tells his case. The doctor shakes his head, and says, "Well, my man, I have had several cases of this sort; it is the Mason's disease; all I can do for you is to give you some temporary relief—something to ease your breast." Three-fourths of the Masons die about their fortieth year, leaving their wives and families in poverty. But let the Mason have time for intellectual improvement, and he will then instruct his children, and when he dies he will be able to say, "I leave this world better than I found it." Another thing; this shortening the hours of labour, will, of course, raise the labour market. If the labour is equalized properly, you would nearly be all fully employed, and when employed would get good wages. When wages fall it is because labour is too abundant; make labour scarce, and wages rise.

Mr. Davies complained of the little sympathy displayed on this occasion by the upper and middling classes; none of whom attended the meeting. The same speaker compared the remuneration of working Masons with that received in the government departments, such as the Excise, &c. where those employed work only from eight till four, receiving at the very lowest estimate 4s. per week more than any mason who works ten hours per day. As a remedy to these various evils, a reduction in the hours of labour is suggested. If as much wages be obtained for nine hours labour as at

now received for ten, an advance on labour will be realised, and the employment will be better distributed. The two following resolutions were carried unanimously:

"That it is the opinion of this meeting, the condition of the masons of England is such, as requires considerable improvement, both morally, mentally, and physically; and we are of opinion that a reduction of the hours of labour in the summer months to nine hours per day, is better calculated to effect such improvements, than an advance of wages; and pledge ourselves to use our utmost exertions to carry it into effect." "That in order to carry out the spirit of the resolutions just passed, effectually, it is necessary that a good understanding should exist between every member of the trade; and to effect this, it is essential that all who are not members of the Masons' Society should enter it as early as possible, and that a committee be appointed by that society to convey our intentions to the employers of Liverpool and its vicinity."

A correspondent makes a favourable report of the progress of a movement commenced among the *Printers of Aberdeen*, several months ago, to reduce the hours of labour from eleven to ten hours daily. With a view to obtain a general co-operation of the trade throughout Scotland, the proposition has been remitted to the Northern Board of the Northern Trades' Association.

The dispute that has for some time been going on between Messrs. M'Michael and Grierson of Bridgnorth and the working *Carpet Weavers* in their employ, has not yet subsided. The discontent among the men, led to a strike on the 17th December; the masters went to law, and the men were brought before the magistrates in petty sessions at the Guildhall. The proceedings are given in the "Ten Towns' Messenger" of January 23rd. The hearing of the cases occupied two days, the 15th and 19th of January. Fifty informations were laid by the masters against the workmen, charging them with infringement of their contract in abandoning their unfinished work. Mr. Batte was counsel for the prosecution, and Mr. Doogood and Mr. Pullen for the defence. As the cases are almost identical in nature, that of John Jones, the first man brought up, will suffice to show the nature of the proceedings. Jones had been in Mr. M'Michael's employ for twenty years. On the 17th of December he and his fellow-workmen went up to Mr. M'Michael with a written complaint that the materials served out to them were bad; requesting to be supplied with better. Mr. M'Michael refused to accede to the request, saying, according to one account, "We are neither married, nor wedded, nor bound to each other: finish, and if you don't like it, leave it." Whereupon Jones and his companions struck work. In the course of the examination, Mr. M'Michael said, "the materials in question were purchased in Ireland, and paid for; we had no other to go on with, and they would not have lasted a fortnight." In proof that the materials were of good quality, Mr. M'Michael asserted that they had been shown to a deputation of the Kidderminster Union, who were satisfied with them. The counsel for the defence took objections to some points of the proceedings: Jones did not leave work wholly on the 17th, but had been working since; and by Mr. M'Michael's own testimony, he had said, "if you don't like it, you may leave it;" the word "finish" not being actually used. These objections were overruled. After a long consultation, the Mayor pronounced the following judgment:—"Jones, you are found guilty of the charges alleged against you, and, consequently, are liable to the fine of 2l., but taking the case into its consideration, the court sentences you to pay a fine of 1l. and the expenses, or in default to be imprisoned one month in Shrewsbury gaol, and kept to hard labour." Mr. Doogood observed that the form of sentence gave him no chance of appeal. The same sentence was passed in succession on twenty other men. Five of them accepted the offer made by the magistrates to acknowledge their error, and return to their employment, under a nominal fine of one shilling, and expenses; the expenses to be paid by Messrs. M'Michael and Grierson, and to be deducted out of the wages for the first piece. The other cases were adjourned. Messrs. M'Michael and Grierson were loudly hooted on their way to their resi-

dences, to which they were accompanied by the police. The next morning, Friday, the 16th, many of the prisoners had their breakfasts brought them to the gaol by their wives; and in the evening of the same day a considerable number of carpet-weavers held a meeting on the Cricket Ground to state their grievances, the result of which was that a body of them was formed which went round the town, the same evening, and collected a sum sufficiently large (nearly 20l.) to liberate the men who had already been sentenced; and they were released from custody about half-past eleven the same night.

The second day's proceedings in court were of much the same character. One of the prisoners having been fined in the sum of 1l., Mr. Pullen addressed the bench, urging upon them, if they convicted, at once to convict according to the act in the sum of 2l., thus giving the men the power of appeal to another tribunal. If they went to gaol at present, their only course to adopt would be to bring actions against the magistrates. After some consultation, the bench complied with this request. Two cases were selected to rule the rest, and the two men entered into recognizances to appear for trial at the next General Quarter Sessions for Bridgnorth. The settlement of the question thus stands over till March. The men persist in their resolution not to return to work.

Notices.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We can receive anonymous contributions to the *Annals of Industry*. Names and addresses may be furnished in a separate sheet, but we must have them as a guarantee of the writer's good faith.

It will be observed that this and the previous page are folioed separately, so that when the volumes are bound, the *Annals of Industry* may be removed altogether from the work, or permanently preserved in a collective form.

Many correspondents from time to time honour us by expressing great interest in the *People's Journal*, and by inquiring how they may help to promote its sale. We answer simply but emphatically, by distributing our *Prospectus* as widely as possible among their friends and acquaintances, and more especially among any associations or large bodies of men with which they may happen to be connected. We shall be happy to forward any number of *Prospectuses* for this purpose, free of expense, to parties who will apply for them, either at the local agents, or at the *People's Journal* office, 60, Fleet-street. It is hardly possible to overrate the good that may thus be done by any individual subscriber.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, February 14th, 1846.

THE world is sometimes appalled by signs of the state in which the industrious classes, the staple of mankind, exist. Long ago, a government commission made known the fact that in Ireland, annually, in the interval between the old and new potato crops, two or three millions are reduced to a state of destitution. The fact was not doubted; it has not been forgotten; but it has sunk to a state truism in statistical or political works; and nothing has been done to alter it. Statesmen have suffered that condition of the people to go unannounced; showing, however, that they cannot plead even the excuse of forgetfulness, by using it, from time to time, to point a sentence of some artificial oration in parliament or public meeting. Is that political earnestness or honesty? But that fact, shocking as it is, indicates a state of matters far more frightful. If among seven millions of people two or three are destitute, the rest, their brethren, must also be in a state verging on destitution. Such is the fact; we all know it, but what earnest efforts are made to alter it? Well, that is the ordinary condition of the people; but all people are liable to visitations of an extraordinary and disastrous kind—the state even of the Irish may be worse. And such is the case; the two or three millions of destitute are this year to be four millions famishing; and the time of death is to last much longer. Commissioners Professor Lindley and Dr. Lyon Playfair, have made a report to government on the subject, extracts from which were presented to the House of Commons by the Home Secretary, Sir James Graham, on the 6th of February. The report is dated from Dublin Castle, on the 29th January. The report is dated from Dublin Castle, on the 29th January. The extent of the evils thus described—"It appears, from undoubted authority, that of thirty-two counties in Ireland, not one has escaped failure in the potato crop; of 130 poor-law unions, not one is exempt; of 2078 electoral divisions, above 1400 are certainly reported as having suffered, and we have no certainty, until the receipt of the more minute returns now in progress of completion, that the remaining 600 have altogether escaped." The difficulty of providing relief by means of employing labour is the greater that the disease is not continuous in any one district, but that exceptions occur, thus causing a difference in the circumstances of persons occupying the same locality. Great importance is attached by the Commissioners to the existence of poor-houses. They mention that these asylums are not nearly full; but their progress towards repletion must be carefully noted, as furnishing an index to the state of the union in which they are situated. The ordinary expenditure of the Irish poor-houses for a year is about 260,000*l.*; but the Commissioners do not consider that the relief which the existing houses are capable of affording will be at all sufficient to meet the anticipated distress. As to the labour question, it also is beset with difficulties. "In all cases of public distress, it is necessary, as stated by the Committee of 1832 (May 16), 'to prefer small, local, undertakings, where employment in labour is to be given, to those on a great scale.' Works on a great scale have a tendency to invite an accumulation of numbers to a given spot, and probably to disappoint the greater part of them." That which is necessary on all such occasions is "peculiarly necessary now." Sir John McNeill estimates the distance to which the benefit of employment in public works extends at five miles only. On this branch of the relief question, the Commissioners "entertain the greatest doubt whether any adjustment of public works can be made to meet the need wherever it may occur; and it must be met, or death from famine may be the result." Such is the appalling state of the Irish people, such the alarming deficiency of resources to meet it! Government, however, have not been altogether idle; supplies of maize, a highly nutritive grain, have been procured from America; and parliament is called upon to authorise the employment of the people, at wages, in order to their sustenance. Out of this tremendous visitation there may

come good—the Irish may learn to depend upon a better state of employment and better food than those on which they have hitherto relied. Nor is England without its frequent signs of *Popular Wretchedness*. Mr. Ferguson, whom we have already mentioned as being engaged in distributing various articles of relief to the agricultural population of Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire, states in another account which he has lately published, that ten deserving and needy labourers on the Duke of Buckingham's estates, have each been supplied by him with a good linen frock, whilst others have been assisted to blankets and sheets. "I assure you," he continues, "I have not spared myself, but have gone from hotel to hotel, day after day, to see and examine for myself the untold and unreasoned sufferings of the Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire peasantry!"

We printed a statement in our third number from the *Bakers of Belfast*, in which they made complaint respecting the various hardships of their occupation; by the following observations in the "Banner of Ulster," it appears that the exertions of the workmen in question have not been wholly unavailing. "The agitation amongst the operative bakers," says the "Banner," "has served a good purpose in exposing the hollow character of the apologies made for Sabbath work in that business. The operatives have agreed, at all their meetings, that working on the Sabbath is not requisite. A large proportion of the employers have relinquished the practice, by a number of others it was never adopted—and these parties find no inconvenience from obedience to the Law of God, the dictates of reason, and the injunctions of humanity. The infringements on the Sabbath are shown, not to be the work of necessity in this trade, and it was never supposed to be one of mercy; so we now anticipate that it will be entirely abandoned. The practice cannot be long suppressed in one town and continued in another. It formed the subject of remonstrance from the operatives of London, some years since; and, if it be unnecessary here, it must be equally unnecessary there and everywhere." Sunday working, the writer intimates, might command a large field for useful agitation in many employments.

A paragraph is going the round of the papers, which states that the *Duke of Buckingham's Labourers in Stowe* and its neighbourhood are compelled to suffer from the mode of payment adopted by his grace. The duke professes to pay them once a month, though he rarely does so; but he thus exacts a still longer credit. Their wages generally run for six or seven weeks, and then they are paid for one month; so that the duke is generally some weeks' wages in the workmen's debt. This, to poor men, none of whose wages exceed 10*s.* per week, is a serious matter, often preventing them from laying out their money, to the best advantage, by compelling them to have recourse to the costly obligation of trust from others. This system, it is said, has been followed for some time.

The *Frame-work Knitters of Nottingham* still complain that the manufacturers continue to evade the Ticket law, whose purport was described in a recent number. The law requires that all causes of complaint are to be judged by two justices, and that one of these, at least, shall neither be a manufacturer, nor be either the father, son, or brother of a manufacturer. It is asserted that this clause has been lately infringed. A workman applied for a summons against his master for not delivering a ticket with his work. There were five magistrates to judge the case, all or most of them connected with the manufacture of hosiery. They declared that they could not entertain the question because the law was too indefinite to admit of a decision. Probably, if one of the magistrates was unconnected with the manufacture, there was no violation of the law there; but if the report be true, which we have no reason to doubt, it is only one of the many instances that laws made to bind all classes are efficient only against the poor, but are evaded by the rich.

The dispute mentioned in our fourth number between the *Journeymen Shoemakers* and their employers in Belfast, Lisburn, and Carrickfergus, still continues. A late number of the "Banner of Ulster," gives further

particulars of the movement. A public meeting was held at Belfast, on the 21st of January, by the journeymen shoemakers of the place, for the purpose of discussing their grievances. Besides a numerous assemblage of shoemakers, the meeting was attended by several representatives of other different trades. In detailing the grievances of his fellow-journeymen, Mr. McCann stated, that in 1840 a mutual agreement about wages had taken place between the masters and their men; but since that time the employers had attempted to evade, and had tried to lower their prices then fixed upon. "In October last, the journeymen formed a society, in order to resist such encroachments, and to look after the general interests of the trade. In prosecution of these objects, they then submitted a statement to the masters, which they (the journeymen) considered would give them a fair remuneration for their labour. Some of the items were objected to by the employers, and they were, in deference to them, reduced; and at length a scale of prices, to the satisfaction of both parties, was agreed to, to be printed at their mutual expense. But before this resolution was carried into effect, the masters required, as a preliminary step towards getting work, that each man should sign an agreement to work at the prices alluded to for a period of two years, and then, upon this being refused, for one year." The Committee would not sanction this proposal, and "accordingly the men, as a body, refused what the masters required. But the masters endeavoured to gain over the men individually, and thus to destroy the resolution of the society, and the society itself. They got a form of agreement drawn up by a solicitor, stating that they would engage to give any journeyman employment for twelve months, who would leave the society and do his work in a proper manner," being intended," said Mr. McCann, "as a loophole by which the masters might, whenever it answered their purpose, neutralize the bargain, by finding fault with the way in which the journeyman's work was executed." The speaker stated that the average amount of wages was 10s. or 11s., whereupon a voice cried out, "say 8s. and you will be nearer it." In consequence of the existing differences, 220 men, and a still greater number of females, had been thrown out of work at Christmas. Two resolutions were passed; one asserting the right of the journeymen to combine by fair and lawful means to protect their labour, and the other recommending that a joint-stock boot and shoemakers company should be forthwith formed, at shares of half a crown. A committee of twenty was appointed to take steps for carrying the last resolution into effect. This committee reports that the shares are already beginning to be bought up with avidity, and that the joint-stock boot and shoe company will in a short time be ready to commence operations.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

SIR,—Allow a working man, who is anxious for mental and moral improvement, to congratulate you on the publication of the *People's Journal*. There have been publications professedly designed for raising the working men, but they have proved to be mere speculations, or they have been connected with sectarianism; either of which only must destroy their power for good upon the minds of the people. There must be some thought about the "ways and means" in carrying on any publication, and no one can offer any reasonable objection to a trade, even in literature. But a work to succeed must be conducted in the *People's Journal* appears to be, with a real spirit of love for the improvement of the masses.

There is now a great desire for the best thoughts and the best words among the working population. Some years ago it was my lot to be with persons who expressed themselves as convinced, that it was best for working people not to be well informed! And why? "Because their better knowledge made them impudent to their superiors!" Those persons were not of the present generation, and are now past the influence of the march of mind. If there be such now living, they

must soon change their views; for truth is dawning upon us, and the improvement to be seen in the masses will force conviction. And why should not the people be entrusted with the best thoughts—the highest and noblest our nature is capable of? Many have said, that working men, if so nurtured, would be above their daily toil. No, no,—not so; but they find that an acquaintance with literature, science, and art, sweetens their toil; better their pecuniary condition; draws them from the haunts of dissipation, and makes them cherish kindly feelings towards all. Such employment, when the carpenter's bench, the shoemaker's seat, and the forge of the blacksmith are left to slumber untouched, begets a love of peace universal—love for freedom,—and a corresponding hatred of whatever would keep down thought and feeling in a sectarian or confined channel.

The department of the *People's Journal*, confined to well-chosen subjects for illustration, and so neatly, and at the same time so artistically, cut in wood by Mr. Linton, deserves much praise. One good illustration will be read again and again; for really such have a language, a voice that is sweet, and that must be heard and felt, while twenty indifferent ones will not speak, and are soon forgotten. A continuance of the same spirit as already manifested, wrought into form and being by the minds and pens of the class of writers employed, will secure a place for the *People's Journal* among the household treasures of the working classes.

Oh, how I like the Portrait Gallery! To see the features of such men as Dickens, Wordsworth, and the host of others, who, when plying their vocation as artists, as men of literature, or of science, do so for the benefit of the people. To see their features well drawn seems to bring you into their company, and in the absence of themselves, they do indeed speak to you in their portraits. I shall commune with the choice spirits introduced into your Portrait Gallery, because the two already brought out, show that they will be "God's and the people's nobles;" just the men and women I want to influence me. *People's Journal*, go on and prosper.

Your well-wisher,

JOSEPH TAYLOR.

Oxford.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, February 21st, 1846.

We have been much gratified by a communication from a master manufacturer, the first of the kind that has reached us; it is in the spirit that we most desire to see extended—that of *co-operation between the masters and men*. Mr. J. G. Stuart, proprietor of the Balgonie Mills, at Markinch, has sent us three addresses, delivered to the people of his factory, in November, 1844, in August, and in October, 1845; his object being to develop for the working men all the benefits of which the "factory system" is capable. "Recent events and public discussions," he says, in the first of the three addresses, "have brought into prominent view what has been termed the 'factory system,' and have placed it in a position of antagonism to the industry connected with agricultural pursuits. One consequence of this has been the appearance of advocates for the one or the other, who have deemed it necessary, for the support of the system to which they attached themselves, to reprimand on the other. . . . I trust I shall never be found so blinded by prejudice as to deny the existence of evils in the factory system; while I shall ever be ready to maintain that as a whole it is a great national blessing, at the same time, that it is the natural development of the ever prevalent and still growing system of association. Its evils, I believe, to be accidental, and not inherent in the system, and it will be a happy result of present discussions, if they shall lead to the removal, in whole or in part, of these evils. Let us, my friends, address ourselves as employers and employed, to work out as far as we can the deliverance of the system from the evils imputed to it, and to exhibit practically that while it is a necessary element in the progress of civilization, it is, indeed, an efficient means of promoting human happiness." In order to these ends, he inculcates the necessity of education for adults as well as children. The next address is devoted to an exhortation in favour of temperance—not the less effective for being moderate and practical. Mr. Stuart, too, has done his part by "providing such substitutes for the public house as he can devise." Accordingly, we find that, at his own expense, he has established a library, with books to be lent or exchanged every Monday; a reading-room, upon every lawful evening; a Sabbath meeting, for religious purposes; a Sunday school; an evening school four days in every week, at which children under sixteen years of age are expected to attend, and older persons may attend; a weekly lecture on various subjects, such as national history, historical biography, natural history, and the like. Some of these institutions have been established and at work for a year or more. If such a spirit actuated all masters there would be less discontent among workpeople, and, no doubt, so great an advance in their intelligence and good feeling as greatly to affect even the material interests of the masters. That consideration may possibly ingratiate many gentlemen of a "practical" kind, who can believe in no human benefit that is not indicated in the ledger; but it is an injustice to men of the class to which Mr. Stuart evidently belongs—they will value, for its own sake, every effort that tends to advance the welfare of their species.

A singular, but a very interesting convivial meeting, principally of foreigners belonging to the working classes resident in London, took place in the great room of White Conduit House, on Monday evening, the 9th of February. The society, we understand, is mainly composed of the natives of Germany, though members from all other countries are accepted; so that, as one of the speakers said there were in it Russians, Poles, Italians, Belgians, French, Americans, Turks, English, and Scotch. The great object of the Association is an endeavour to bring about a sort of brotherhood among the productive classes, founded on principles of universal justice and beneficence—on the spread of wholesome knowledge, and the love of man to man. At the top part of the room, near the chair, was placed a handsome transparency bearing the following motto in German, French, and English—

"All men are brothers."

The party, among whom were many females, sat down to supper about nine o'clock. When the eating was finished, the real business of the occasion commenced. The chairman, who was a person of imposing aspect, addressed the company in three several languages—German, French, and English,—stating in each language the objects of the society, and the progress it had made. It had a library of books in various tongues—had school classes for teaching geography, geometry, astronomy, German, French, English, &c., and it was altogether doing well. The society, he said, could not but be most useful in its great attempt of *fraternising all who live by labour in one common bond of fellowship—irrespective of clime or country*; it would thus point out the best means of improving their condition by lessening the present undue drudgery of their toil; so that the necessary leisure might be obtained for the greater security of health, and the advancement of intelligence among the whole world of workers at large. One of the company, an Englishman, also delivered a very energetic speech. Between these and other addresses, there were songs, accompanied with music; the singers and performers being members of the society. A dance concluded all. It is scarcely necessary to say, though the appliances of festivity abounded, the excellent taste which suggested this festival was in no instance violated.

A measure deeply affecting the *Working Classes of France*, and therefore of all those of the civilized world, is before the Chamber of Peers. It has in some manufactures been the custom for the master to keep a kind of register of the work performed by each person in his factory, with the date of the man's entry on the employment, the date of his leaving, and the payments made to him. This register is kept separately, and is delivered to the workman when he quits his engagement, forming a kind of certificate of his conduct to be shown to his next employer: it is called his *livret*. The law, which has existed in one form or another for about a century, has not been very strictly enforced; and the bill before the Peers is meant to extend it and to make it more stringent. It will now include in its operation most of those which are termed in this country working classes, exclusively of the agricultural labourers. It is now proposed to prevent the workman from obtaining any new employment unless he can produce his *livret*, and to subject him to penalties for not having it; on the other hand, if the master refuse to deliver the *livret* to a workman on his departure, the workman is enabled to claim damages at law; and the master is forbidden to include in the *livret* any reflections, whether praise or blame, on the workman's conduct. It is plain, however, that this system of universal registration may be made the instrument of much social tyranny on the part of the masters. There is no equality in it: the master is not subjected to a process of registration by his workpeople, and debarred from engaging others unless he, too, has his *livret*. It is presumed, with much probability, that the measure is intended as an auxiliary to the surveillance of the police, and as a preventive of political combinations among the working-men. It is strongly contested, clause by clause, in the Chamber of Peers, but we fear that there is little chance of its being defeated.

The subject of *Savings' Banks, and their advantages for the humbler classes of society*, is taken up in a paper which is said to emanate from the pen of the eminent Scotch divine and political economist, Dr. Chalmers. As one of the illustrations of these advantages, we find the following remarks on the way in which the savings of workmen may be made to subserve their interests in keeping up wages. "In these seasons of depression, which so often take place in the trading world, when, by a glut in the market, wages are brought indefinitely low—and so a dreary season has to be traversed of under-paid and ill-paid industry,—when, often for months together, workmen and their families have to live as they may in wretched starvation, or in wretched dependence on the allowances of a poor-house; the peculiar misery of such a condition is, that, to eke out a bare subsistence, the operatives are tempted to overwork, in order to compensate by the amount of their work for the deficiency of their wages. This we have

frequently seen among the Weavers of Glasgow; where, in those sad seasons of overladen markets and sunken wages, the practice was to keep the loom constantly going, so that it never lay idle all the four-and-twenty hours—the man and his wife sometimes taking their turns, and sharing the day's and night's work between them. Now mark the effect of this dire and frantic necessity, and the sort of wretched cross-purpose in which it landed the unhappy parties, inasmuch that the only result of this their strenuous and excessive labour was both to prolong and aggravate the mischief against which they were struggling with all their might, sorely, but ineffectually; seeing that the woeful predicament into which they are brought is caused by the very glut which they are doing their uttermost to feed and perpetuate. Were the weaver, therefore," says the writer, and the same argument will meet the case of every other class of workmen, "to put by, in the better paid period of industry, such overplus of money as he might continue to spare from his usual outlayings, such money might now become, as it may be very justly denominated, a lever of restriction;" for, thus, "the period of bad times might be incalculably abridged, with a consumption quickened by low prices, and a profligation lessened by the voluntary abstinence of the workmen, who could thus afford to relax and intermit their toils on every occasion of miserably low wages, till, in the happy conjunction of rising markets, with cleared and empty warehouses, their work came to be eagerly sought after by competing capitalists, and its remuneration again ascended till it reached, or, better still, if it overpassed, the standard from which it had fallen."

Concerning the erection of *Alms-houses for a London Society of Masons*, one who signs himself "a mason," writes thus.—"As I am informed that they intend to confine themselves solely to the masons of London, I would ask whether the two societies already established are not sufficient for the purpose of relieving distressed masons? Why the general union as a body is not called on to assist them? Whether the benefits of the proposed institution will exceed those of the general union, which gives ten shillings a week in sickness, and three shillings a week superannuation? and, lastly, whether the masons had not be much better united as a body, and not split about in half-a-dozen societies?" He then gives it as his opinion that the General Union, as he calls it, is the best; since, besides securing a home in old age, it has the other object of protecting the wages of members in their younger years.

A very praiseworthy association, called the "*West London Central Anti-Enclosure Association*" has been for some time in existence. Its principal objects are to secure as much as possible of open ground in the neighbourhood of Hampstead, Primrose Hill, Kilburn, and other adjacent districts. A correspondent, writing of this association in a late number of the "*National Reformer*," thus describes the project:—"Government having purchased but a small part of the Primrose-hill estate as a park for the people, the insignificance of such a plot for the purposes of a park will be considered, and petitions be sent to parliament, praying for an additional purchase to consist of the hill now used as a reservoir, and the land fronting it, including Harrow-hill place, and the walled-in enclosure on the west side of it, together with the great field behind, which would make one of the finest play-grounds in the metropolis, sloping, as it does, from a slow-rising hill, and commanding, as it does, a splendid view of the surrounding country."

We learn by a communication from Belfast, that the *D Belfast Tradesmen's Joint-stock Boot and Shoe Company*, established by the journeymen as a check upon the rapacious oppression which they allege against their employers, has been carried into successful operation, and is in full work.

The *Weavers of Dundee* are "on strike," and have formed themselves into a protective association. We regret to see that they formally denounce to their fellow workmen certain individuals as "black sheep," a dangerous kind of designation, which has led in Scotland to destructive and fatal consequences—to violence, blood, and transportation. All who join in the defen-

sive demonstrations of the working classes should be volunteers.

At the late industrial exhibition of the American Institute, the eminent poetess, Mrs. Sigourney, obtained the premium for the best pair of home-wrought silk stockings.

"We are happy to find," says the "*Staffordshire Mercury*," that the extensive *Colliers* in this district are all again in full and active operations, the partial strike, which existed last week have satisfactorily terminated, and the men appear perfectly contented. The consequence is, that coal is less difficult to procure, and no further advance in the price is anticipated."

There is a place now open for the purpose of *Mutual Exchange* at the Bank of Industry, Margaret Street, Oxford Street. We have received a communication stating that a number of Tailors and Shoemakers are desirous of exchanging their goods with those of other trades; more especially with Cabinet-makers, Picture-frame makers, and Carpenters.

A writer in a Welsh paper states, that in the district of the iron-works at Merthyr, the houses in the course of being built for the new influx of workmen employed in the *Manufacture of Iron*, are so numerous, that it is almost impossible to get bricklayers and Carpenters enough, even at the highest wages.

Policies.

We must apologise to the *TRADE* for delays in the execution of their orders; to *CORRESPONDENTS* for not having noticed their communications; and to our *SUBSCRIBERS* for the continued postponement of the Cancel Sheet, and of various subjects of interest and importance that we had intended to have commenced before this in the *PEOPLE'S JOURNAL*. The causes are simply these:—Having printed 15,000 of No. 1, and 10,000 each of Nos. 2, 3, and 4, we thought it inadvisable to stereotype those numbers until some evidence had been given that we were not deceived in thinking our work wanted, and that it would meet with the support it required. This support has been so promptly and effectually given, that the supply of the *Journal* has been utterly inadequate to the demand; and we now find ourselves compelled to enlarge the whole machinery of our Printing and Publishing Departments. What little delays may occur in the meantime, we trust to the indulgence of all parties to excuse.

Part 1. and the reprints of Nos. 2 and 3 are now ready. The Cancel sheet will certainly be ready with No. 5, and will be kept on sale but a short time.

STAMPED EDITION.—Errors as to the price of the stamped edition have accidentally crept into the copy of the advertisement that was sent to the newspapers. The price should be 3d. for a single copy, 2s. 3d. for a quarter, and 10s. 10d. for a year. Those parties who have sent us their subscriptions for a year at the price published (6s. 6d.) will oblige by requesting the return of their payments, if they are not fully satisfied forward to us the amount of the difference. The alterations about to take place in our place of publication, &c., render it inadvisable to stamp the work till they are completed; in the meantime we undertake, by paying the regular postage, to send the weekly copies free to all such subscribers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We can receive no anonymous contributions to the *Annals of Industry*. Names and addresses may be furnished in strict confidence, but we must have them as a guarantee of the writer's good faith.

It will be observed that this and the previous page are folioed separately, so that when the volumes are bound, the *Annals of Industry* may be removed altogether from the work, or permanently preserved in a collective form.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, February 28th, 1846.

Organisation of Labour makes progress in Scotland. The objects hitherto seem to be limited; but they are enlarging, and will enlarge. A numerous meeting of trades' delegates was held on the 5th instant, at the New Hall, in Adam Square, Edinburgh. Mr. Walter, hatter, was appointed chairman. Several speakers addressed the meeting, on the advantages and importance of general union, namely, Mr. Mancon, and Mr. Anderson, masons, Mr. Brogden, tanner, Mr. Bennet and Mr. Cockburn, bakers, Mr. George Mackay, letter-press printer, and Mr. Smith, sawyer. Down to 1823 there were no trades' unions in Edinburgh; but now they are multiplying. Mr. Anderson testified to the efficiency of the masons union. By persisting in their just demands, he said, the trades had succeeded in maintaining the rate of wages unimpaired. "If then," he observed, "when operative masons were limitedly united, they could effect this much, what might not be expected of them when their power and capacity were extended? No petty tyrant would then dare dictate to the working men. Their laws would become his laws, and not his laws theirs." Mr. Brogden gave similar evidence, "Our trade has been strongly opposed by the oppressor; but we have conquered. We have letters from all parts supporting us in our attempts to justify our just rights. In one town we had the pleasure of raising the wages of each man four shillings per week. Mr. Chairman, that will accomplish much in a man's family. I find, on calculating it, that it amounts to 10l. per year; and that's something for a man to labour for. In another place, the wages were raised five shillings per week, and in another town, to seven shillings per week each man, which amounts to 18l. 4s. per year. That is surely something for a man to struggle for." Glasgow which had been held out as an example of successful resistance by the masters, had at last yielded, and combination resulted in a rise of wages. If the trades were united, a halfpenny or a penny a week from each man's wages, would soon raise a fund sufficient to render them independent. Resolutions were passed, urging the duty of union in defence of the rights of labour; recommending unceasing activity and perseverance in promoting aggregate union until all the worst paid trades should receive a fair remuneration for their labour; and further recommending the nomination of a central committee for mutual protection and assistance. The delegates present were formed into a committee.

The *Masons of Liverpool* are carrying out the resolutions, passed at a meeting which they held some time ago, for obtaining a reduction in the hours of labour. They have issued a circular to the master masons of Liverpool and its vicinity, proposing that from the 9th of March the term of labour should be limited to fifty hours per week. Their reasons for preferring reduced hours to an advance in wages are these, "By reducing the hours of labour, as we propose, such time will be at their disposal, whereas an advance of wages, under the present system, will have a directly opposite effect. Then, again, the physical condition of every mason is much impaired by the peculiar nature of his employment, to which injury long hours must add considerably; and although we have no hope of an entire remedy, yet you will admit that shorter hours would in that respect be of great advantage both to you and ourselves." We also believe, that the reduction of hours we propose will have the effect of creating a better understanding between the employer and employed, in proportion as the condition of the latter is improved; for as they advance in the moral and social scale of society, so will their self-respect increase, their care for their wives and children be extended, and, as a consequence, better attention to business will be the result. In fact, it is our opinion, that by the adoption of our resolution, employers generally, as well as ourselves, will be benefited; for if we improve ourselves mentally and physically, so in proportion must our capabilities for labour increase, and thus aided both in strength of mind and body, more work will be done in nine hours than has in time past been executed in ten."

Writing on behalf of the *Frame-work Knitters* at Mansfield, a correspondent makes the following complaints:—"One of the principal grievances by which most trades are more or less affected, is a redundancy of hands in the labour market; another is the exorbitant amount extracted from us in the shape of ground-rent. We are paying for frames running from 28 to 30 inches wide, 2s. 6d., and in some instances 2s. 9d., per week. The original outlay in the frame would not exceed 27l.; it would work with an average workman eight years; and then, with little repairs, it would go as long as before. At the expiration of that term, it would require what we term "recruiting;" which would cost a further sum of 10l., and would then run eight or nine years longer. We think it unjust to be compelled to pay frame-rent. We hold that, the fair way of trading is, for a manufacturer to charge a fair remunerating price upon his goods, to pay for his machinery, and not tax poor men with its payments, whose average earnings do not exceed 7s. per week. Where is the farmer who charges rent for his ploughs, or harrows, or any kind of implements of husbandry? Or the wealthy cotton-spinner, or any kind of manufacturer, whose machinery is far more costly than ours? Echo answers, where? In a word, take the whole list of trades and we shall be found to be an exception."

We have favourable reports from the *Belfast Joint Stock Boot and Shoe Company*. An office has been taken; shares are beginning to be subscribed with avidity; so that all now wanting, as the editor of the "*Cordwainer's Companion*" observes, "is a due supply of money assistance, to enable the unemployed journeymen and their families to bide out the time when the operations of the Company will be brought into proper play."

We learn from documents forwarded by the Managers of the *Bank of Industry* at No. 8, Margaret Street, that it is believed that "commercial affairs are at present cramped and impeded by a currency that is unequal to the wants of society, or the growing unchangeable property of the country," and therefore it is suggested, that "a great increase of business may be created by bringing and connecting together the unsold stocks of the traders, provision dealers, and others, and exchanging the same against the otherwise unproductive time of the working classes; which there is every reason to believe amounts to not less than one-third, and in many cases one-half of the year; it is therefore proposed, that "by bringing these two elements together in close connexion, the present amount of trade and commerce may be increased to an almost unlimited extent from the increased power of consumption thus placed within the reach of the parties."

We have received the following correction of the account of the *Belfast Shoemakers*, in page 14 of the "*Annals*."—"The shares are a pound each, to be paid in instalments of half-a-crown."

A correspondent sends us a letter in behalf of "the humble shopkeepers and operatives," addressed to the Directors of the *Free Trade Investment Association*, and objecting to one of their standing rules. The rule runs thus: "That every member shall pay his monthly subscriptions as aforesaid, with all the fines to which he be liable; and every member neglecting so to do shall be fined according to the fines for omission set forth in the appended table. And should a member neglect to pay such fines until they amount to ten shillings per share, he shall be chargeable with an additional fine of one shilling per month, until the same amount to twenty shillings per share, and thenceforward with a fixed fine of ten shillings per share per month on such arrears of fines, until the same shall be liquidated. Any member (not having previously executed a mortgage) making default in payment of his subscriptions or fines, until the fine incurred thereby shall equal all the moneys actually paid by him as subscriptions, shall thereupon cease to be a member of the society; and his claim and interest, together with all moneys paid by him, shall be forfeited to the society." The writer considers that the penalties enforced in the rule tend rather to discourage than to encourage investment by the working classes; and he points out cases in which "the

infliction of the fines would be felt as a great hardship. The small shopkeeper (supposing him to be one of the investors) may experience a bad season in his business, so that his accustomed profits have fallen away so much, that one of two results must follow: he must either for a month or two, or three, perhaps, and so on, give up his payments to the association, or forego the purchases of the necessary stock whereby he can only hope to obtain such recompense for his late losses as may place him in an equally favourable position as he was in when he first became an investor. His business, probably, experiences no more than what might have been but a temporary stagnation; but as the knowledge of the positive and heavy fine-table falls upon his mind, he still continues his payments to the association; yet, in doing so, is compelled to keep only one of two, or, at best, three of five, articles for sale, when before he kept the full amount; and, consequently, should his usual number of customers again return for these articles, he then loses so much profit, and is thus, from the mere dearth of his little capital, deprived from regaining his former position as a dealer; while the longer these difficulties continue, the lower and lower gets his receipts, and he must at last even give up his payments; and then, eventually, the accumulating fines, equalling the amount of his subscription, he loses all, and is no more a member. The mere workman—carpenter, cabinetmaker, weaver, hatter, tailor, shoemaker, &c., &c., is still in a worse position; for here, when it is so marvellous a thing to secure employment from year to year, or even from month to month, or week to week, the penalties of this fine-table strike still more portentously. And, besides, in both cases, in that of the shopkeeper as well as workman, is it not a severity of proceeding almost tantamount to a positive injustice, when the liabilities of this table are to be enforced in consequence of the necessities arising from a bed of sickness—from a sick wife, or sick children—from the distresses occasioned through the destruction of a poor man's little household property, by fire from accidents in a hundred ways, and none, perhaps, more often recurring than the very liabilities of his usual employment—in the loss of an eye or eyes, hand or limb, or any other disaster from the machine, or insensate instrument, he may be, more or less, for ever brought in fearful contact with? I think, then, there might—and indeed, I will say more—I think there ought to be exceptions allowed in all such cases, so that when any misfortune of the description here set forth, or any other coming, not only within the same range of a wholesome benevolence but of justice, can be duly proved to the satisfaction of the directors of the association at large, that then this fine-table be not enforced, and in this way, the humble prudently-disposed investor still be permitted his fair chance of elevating his moral and social condition in the ultimate securing of a 'Free Home' for himself or his family, or whatever money-benefit he may suppose attainable.

I am, gentlemen, yours respectfully,

JAMES DEVLIN.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of "the People's Journal."

Carlisle, February 12, 1846.

Shortening the merely complimentary part of the letter, we may observe the writer considers the "People's Journal" a publication "likely at no very distant day to enjoy a large share of public favour, and to effect much good for the working classes." He then proceeds, "Belonging to that class myself, I feel anxious to see something done for their advancement in the social scale; at the same time I consider that they possess in themselves the best and most effective means of accomplishing that most desirable object. The legislature may do something, the press may do something, science and the arts may do something for them; but unless they exert themselves for themselves their case is hopeless."

"It appears to me that one of the greatest barriers to social, political, and intellectual improvement are the drinking customs of society. Nothing has more securely

riveted the chains of ignorance round the working man's neck. Nothing has robbed him of so much social enjoyment and domestic happiness. Nothing has placed him in so humiliating a position with his employer. A knowledge of the latter fact has led some of the most unprincipled of the employers to adopt the detestable plan of paying their workmen in the public house, keeping them waiting from five or six o'clock till nine or ten on a Saturday night, during which time they consider themselves bound to spend a part of their earnings (before they get them) for the good of the house. That there is some understanding between the publican and the employer in these cases there can be little doubt. See at page 8, 'Annals of Industry,' the practice of the undertakers compelling their men to meet at the public-house.

"And these evils must continue to exist until working men see it their interest to keep away from the public-house; till they look to some higher source of enjoyment than the foaming tankard, the obscene jest, the boisterous mirth, and the roystering of the pot-house politician. Any attempt to better their condition either physically, morally, socially, or intellectually while they continue to feel enjoyment in these dens of infamy, these graves of morality, must prove an abortion. This monster evil must be grappled with ere any good,—any permanent or substantial good can be done; and this much they can do for themselves. 'God helps them that help themselves,' is an old and true saying; and when the working people adopt it as their motto, and act upon that independent self-preserving principle, we may then hope for better things.

"Yours, &c.—RICHARD DUNCAN."

Notices.

We must apologise to the TRADE for delays in the execution of their orders; to CORRESPONDENTS for not having noticed their communications; and to our SUBSCRIBERS for the continued postponement of the CANCEL SHEET, and of various subjects of interest and importance that we had intended to have commenced before this in the PROPRIETOR'S JOURNAL. The causes are simply these:—Having printed 15,000 of No. 1, and 10,000 each of Nos. 2, 3, and 4, we thought it unadvisable to stereotype those numbers until some evidence had been given that we were not deceived in thinking our work wanted, and that it would meet with the support it required. This support has been so promptly and effectually given, that the supply of the Journal has been utterly inadequate to the demand; and we now find ourselves compelled to enlarge the whole machinery of our Printing and Publishing Departments. What little delays may occur in the meantime, we trust to the indulgence of all parties to excuse.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, March 7th, 1846.

By whatever means *Short Time* may ultimately be attained, whether by legislation, or by agreement between employers and employed, there is no doubt that it must ultimately be by the force of public opinion. If the House of Commons be compelled to legislate, it must be by public opinion; if the employers be induced to supersede legislation with spontaneous arrangements, they must be brought to that point by public opinion; and there are not wanting signs that the process of conversion has begun. The manufacturers of Manchester have held meetings to discuss the policy of shortening time in their mills; and though the project seems to have failed for the present, the mere fact that it has been so discussed is a cheering symptom. The shortening of the hours of labour, indeed, would be beneficial to the master class, no less certainly than to the working class. Had the long hours that produced the "glut" in the markets of 1842 been spared, there would have been proportionately less glut, the over production would have been less, prices would have been less fearfully depressed, and some of the work that was done fruitlessly—that is to say, done only to aggravate the glut—would have remained to furnish a little employment in that terrible season. For such reasons we are glad to see every movement to advance public opinion "out of doors," especially when it takes so imposing a shape as it did in the great meeting at Covent Garden Theatre. For the present, Lord Ashley is here not less useful to the movement than he would be in the legislature.

It was the fourth annual meeting of the *Metropolitan Drapers' Association*, and was held on Friday evening, the 27th of February. Between 6,000 and 7,000 persons were present. The house was so full that persons were standing outside the box doors in the lobbies to listen. Lord Ashley was chairman. The meeting was attended by the Right Honourable Fox Maule, M.P., Colonel Fox, M.P., Mr. George Thompson, the Reverend Dr. Cox, and many others of the clergy. Lord Ashley spoke at some length. He observed that so large an assemblage sufficiently declared the universality of the feeling, which, to achieve its object (the shortening of business hours), only needed combination of various trades in one great simultaneous effort. He urged perseverance in the principle of association. He had heard that many large houses in trade said that they would not be coerced. Why, who wished to coerce them? No one. Their only object was to bring to bear upon their hearts and consciences motives of patriotism, of justice, and of religion. Another establishment declared that intellectual capabilities in a young man was a disqualification for the duties of trade. Even if it were, which he utterly denied, would it be affirmed that moral amelioration, that habits of order, soberness, and integrity, were not essential. In answer to those who predicted the perversion of opportunity afforded by the extension of time and leisure, he instanced the good conduct of the operatives relieved from over-work by the Factory Bill as sufficient disproof. Mr. Fox Maule enlarged on the importance of the movement in a social and religious view. In the course of his speech he mentioned the fact that young men employed in commercial establishments from thirteen to fourteen consecutive hours a day, are kept standing all the time; for it is said, that if they were seen sitting, the credit of the establishment would suffer. Mr. Joseph Payne, Mr. George Thompson and several other gentlemen also addressed the meeting with very effective speeches. Resolutions were carried to the following effect:—

"That this meeting views, with deep apprehension the continuance of that system of protracted toil which is so prevalent in the shops and warehouses of this country; regarding it as destructive to the bodily health, to the mental development, and to the religious feelings of those employed therein, and as tending to deteriorate the moral and physical condition of the nation generally."

"That this meeting, being persuaded that the proprietors of shops would find it to their interest to close their establishments earlier if the public would cease to fre-

quent them of an evening, and, therefore, that the habit on the part of the public of evening shopping is the main support of the 'late hour system,' hereby pledges itself, individually and collectively, to co-operate with the efforts of the Metropolitan Drapers' Association to effect its abolition, by abstaining from making any purchases after seven o'clock."

In the course of the evening a collection was made.

We have received our first original communication from one of the class of employers, on the subject of a dispute with workmen. The matter in question is the *Tailors' Strike at Manchester*, an account of which was given by one of their own body, and published in our columns of January the 10th. Our correspondent describes himself as an employer of twenty years' standing. As his version of the affair is somewhat long, we must perforce abridge it. In the month of October last, he says the "House of Call" withdrew the men from the workshop of Mr. H. V., alleging for a reason that he gave out-door work. He acknowledged that he gave it out, but it was to a relative of his own; and he refused to discharge that workman. "He called upon the masters to support him," about twenty did so, refusing to acknowledge any longer the House of Call. After some days a deputation was received from the men; but terms could not be agreed upon. The strike continued. "Another deputation was more successful; and a sort of compromise was made between the disputing parties, the masters agreeing to withdraw their resolution not to acknowledge the House of Call on the condition that their men should not object to their giving out 'such work as would be necessary to the due conducting of their business.'" After this, the men returned to their work as usual; but at the end of a month, the society interfered again: "the men," says our informant, "were ordered from the workshop of Messrs. T. S., and Son, on the ground that they were giving out work in large quantities;" though it was ascertained, both from the wages-book of this house, and the declaration of the clerk and foreman, that the extent of work given out amounted to only "between three and four pounds' worth," whilst the amount of wages paid by the establishment was "between 50l. and 60l. per week." On this interference of the society, the masters refused employment to any of the "House of Call men," and have since supplied the place of their regular workmen with new hands. Our correspondent denies the practice imputed to the masters of employing "sweaters." He asserts that, where work is put out, it is in the peculiar instances of "light garments, waistcoats and trousers, which it is difficult to have made clean in a large workshop;" and which, in most cases, are given to men who had formerly been employed in the shop, but who preferred, from a failure of health, or otherwise, working at home. Quoting the remark that the present dispute has no reference to the matter of wages "the writer says that is true; observing—"the fact being that the wages in Manchester are (among this class of employers) about the highest of any town out of London." "I ought not to conclude without stating, that, after the second strike, Mr. Parker was called in by the men, and that he desired an interview. It was declined on the ground that the employers had resolved to have no further communication with a House of Call so ill-conducted, and that they were resolved upon maintaining the principle of employing whom they thought proper."

A correspondent has met with an extract from the writings of Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, copied in the "Montrose Review," against *Combinations of Workmen*. The Archbishop objects to the equalization of wages, as having the tendency to reduce all to the same level by repressing emulation in the best workmen, and by encouraging idleness and carelessness amongst all. He ascribes combinations to the spirit of agitation induced by the envious and ill-disposed; who, desirous of obtaining power, use intimidation and violence to preserve their authority. The results of a successful and unsuccessful strike are described as equally disastrous to all parties. Instances of the injurious effects of combinations are cited in the utter ruin of many trades in England and Ireland. The case of the shipwrights of Dublin and the almost entire cessation of the

ship-building trade there, is given as a striking instance of the usual effects produced by trades' unions. The combinations, according to Dr. Whately, have ruined or dispersed all the master ship-builders. To these animadversions our correspondent replies:—

"While I believe that Trades Unions are an evil, inasmuch as the fact of their being such institutions among working men, proves that there must be something radically wrong in the machinery of society, (else why should it be necessary to introduce such props to prevent the whole fabric from falling into utter confusion and ruin?) still I believe the Trades' Unions are not the blood-thirsty institutions which his reverence would picture. The Archbishop, after stating 'that some meddling, ill-disposed persons, who feel envy, and endeavour to excite others to envy, against every one who earns more than the usual wages,' get a combination instituted, and themselves made office-bearers, says, 'the committee-men having thus acquired their power, keep it by intimidation, and by violence to the persons and property of those who oppose them, or who refuse to join them.' These committee-men impose taxes on their fellow-workmen, and, says his reverence, 'a part, often a large part, is taken by the committee-men themselves.' Now, Mr. Editor, I can scarcely believe that his reverence thinks the great body of the working classes to be such simpletons as he herein depicts them. Does he really believe that while they have made so much progress in the path of civilization as to appreciate the advantages of public baths, &c., and also to display a relish for scientific lectures, that they are so careless of their—(pounds, shillings, and pence, was the expression at the end of my pen, but unfortunately it does not apply to them)—PENNIES, as to allow themselves to be thus swindled? No, Sir, their earnings have been so scanty that their accounts were too easily audited. I have been a member of a Trades' Union for the last seven years, and an office-bearer for the last four, and never yet received one half-penny; and I am not an exception—it is almost a general case. There are only two office-bearers paid in the Local Union with which I am connected, and they receive annually 11. 10s. between them! There must be some higher motive for their devoting so much time and attention for such a pittance, and that motive is—to prevent themselves, their wives, and their children from requiring the tender mercies of the charity-house.

"I do not intend to follow the Archbishop through all the mire which he has heaped together, but would call your attention to one or two passages which display the antipathy of which this professed minister of that 'charity which thinketh no evil,' has to the untitled of his fellow-men. 'Any workmen who disobey them, are beaten, blinded with vitriol, or murdered.' 'If they demand an increase of wages which he (the employer) refuses to pay, or if he discharge a workman for misconduct without their permission,' they 'command all the labourers to leave him, and to drive away, assault, and sometimes murder, any one who attempts to work for him.' 'At this time, the time they are out on strike, the door of the factory is open to them, but they dare not enter for fear of being assaulted, and perhaps murdered by ruffians hired by these tyrants.'

These are sufficient to show the spirit under which his reverence writes, and we may well say 'virtue is rare,' when we find men in the ministry vending such matter as the above. But with all deference to his reverence, such is not the fact. Our combination is based on the principle of right against might—of justice both to employer, and employed. It may be true, although I am not cognizant of the fact, that some of these horrors have occurred under the momentary leadership of some ruffian, but I deny that such is the characteristic of Trades' Unions, and defy his reverence to the proof. In one part of Scotland, lately, during the excitement natural on the spread of the great principles which have divided the church in that kingdom, there were riots of so serious a nature as to call forth the military; but would this apostle of Dublin denounce Free-churchmen as riotous and blood-thirsty demagogues, because some of their number were led into excess? Surely not. Neither should he palm off the actions of some riotous, and evil-disposed persons on Trades' Unions. Trades'

Unions denounce such conduct; their aim being to use all legal means for the protection of their own interests, and the interests of their employers—for the real interest of the one is bound up in that of the other.

"His reverence in summing up, has found out a new and somewhat novel cause for the lamentable state of Ireland. It is not to the church establishment, it is not to the policy of ministers, it is not to the low scale of civilization displayed by the natives themselves—it is not to any, or to the whole of these together, that Ireland owes her poverty and crime. No, it is to—Trades' Unions."

A NORTHERN UNIONIST.

Some benevolent persons in Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, Hull, Worcester, Bristol, Aberdeen, and various other places in the United Kingdom, have instituted a correspondence with their brethren in America for the furtherance of peace between the two nations, by "international addresses," recommending that disputes between contending states be settled by arbitration instead of war. Mr. Elihu Burritt, a "learned blacksmith," whom Lord Morpeth encountered in the United States, and introduced by reputation to the British public, has sent a hearty response to these addresses. He has taken up the subject in the *Olive Branch*; the name, apparently, of some small periodical which he publishes, and which has a large circulation. These and all other labourers in such a cause will have the earnest co-operation of the PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

Notices.

We must apologise to the TRADE for delays in the execution of their orders; to CORRESPONDENTS for not having noticed their communications; and to our SUBSCRIBERS for the continued postponement of various subjects of interest and importance that we had intended to have commenced before this in the PEOPLE'S JOURNAL. The causes are simply these:—Having printed 15,000 of No. 1, and 10,000 each of Nos. 2, 3, and 4, we thought it undesirable to stereotype those numbers until some evidence had been given that we were not deceived in thinking our work wanted, and that it would meet with the support it required. This support has been so promptly and efficiently given, that the supply of the Journal has been utterly inadequate to the demand; and we now find ourselves compelled to enlarge the whole machinery of our Printing and Publishing Departments. What little delays may occur in the meantime, we trust to the indulgence of all parties to excuse.

Part 1, and the reprints of Nos. 1 to 5 are now ready; also the Canceled sheet.

STAMPED EDITION.—Errors as to the price of the stamped edition have accidentally crept into the copy of the advertisement that was sent to the newspapers. The price should be 8d. for a single copy, 2s. 9d. for a quarter, and 10s. 10d. for a year. Those parties who have sent us their subscriptions for a year at the price published (6s. 6d.) will oblige by requesting the return of their payments, if they are not fully satisfied to forward to us the amount of the difference. The alterations about to take place in our place of publication, &c., render it undesirable to stamp the work till they are completed; in the meantime we undertake, by paying the regular postage, to send the weekly copies free to all such subscribers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We can receive no anonymous contributions to the Annals of Industry. Names and addresses may be furnished in strict confidence, but we must have them as a guarantee of the writer's good faith.

It will be observed that this and the previous page are folioed separately, so that when the volumes are bound, the Annals of Industry may be removed altogether from the work, or permanently preserved in a collective form.

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The Week,*Ending Saturday, March 14th, 1846.*

THREE are perpetually new discoveries of classes doomed to unceasing toil by the bad arrangements of business hours; a protracted daily labour to which employers are impelled by competition among themselves, but from which, now that it is universal, they gain nothing. Many of these suffering classes are hidden from public sight. "Entering Clerks," are an order of this kind, and one of their members sends us an account of the killing toil to which they are subjected. We may say in passing that the lines which he prefixes are not calculated to advance a cause which he urges so much better in the prose statement of facts. The entering clerks, he says, "write from very rapid dictation, calculating as they write, and thus, for a space of twelve, and far more often sixteen hours a day, they are cramped up in a small desk, amid piles of goods, breathing dust and gas, and all the hurtful fumes of a noxious atmosphere. The consequence is, that many die off: the disease is generally consumption; and if employers take any notice of it at all, it is some such remark as this—'Ah! poor fellow, we never thought him strong.' One often follows another in this way; and the only care of the opulent merchant is to get another who will slave as ardently and as cheaply as he they have lost." Many of these men appear in the list of accordants with early closing, and as far as shutting their doors, they keep their words; but, in cellars and back warehouses, after this time, the broil of excessive business, the flaming of gas, and the misery of those engaged there, are at their highest pitch. One of the largest merchants in the city has been known, but a short time back, to call his clerks from their beds at five o'clock in the morning, when they had retired but two hours before. This class of individuals, the nature of whose business demands no mean talent, are always thought the least of in the houses where they are engaged, and the salaries they receive are scarcely sufficient to keep them respectable, debarring them of all comfort, all assistance when ill, save the charity of friends, the hospital, or the workhouse." Men of this hard-worked class are often married—a misfortune, says our correspondent, under such circumstances, as they must then live far from their place of business, for they cannot find convenient lodgings in the neighbourhood. There is, therefore, more fatigue and more consumption of time. This touches upon another general subject of mismanagement and regret; our towns are needlessly built without reference to the comfort or health of the poorer classes; who must either keep aloof in the less odious and noxious suburbs, or run the risk of increased disease and mortality in their families.

The Association of Agricultural Labour is the subject of an interesting movement, just at present most active among the clergy of the Established Church. On a Wednesday evening recently, the Rev Joseph Brown, minister of one of the Bethnal Green Churches, gave an explanation in the National School, Hare-street, of a transparent painting, representing Mr. Morgan's design of a Self-Supporting Village Association for 300 poor families. The meeting was numerously attended, and great interest was excited.

The ninth annual meeting of subscribers to *The Tailors' Benevolent Institution* for the relief of aged and infirm journeymen tailors, took place in the Freemason's Tavern, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the 23rd of February. Mr. Adeney, of Sackville-street, was in the chair. The report, was read by the Secretary. It stated that the Institution had made steady progress. An Infirmary was proposed to be erected at the north end of the building at an estimated cost of £400. The inconvenience from imperfect drainage had been removed, through the liberality of Mr. Stultz. The Reverend Mr. Hellyer, chaplain, and Mr. Bird, honorary surgeon, had performed their duties in the most praiseworthy manner. The conduct of the inmates had been highly exemplary; showing a due sense of the advantages received. Four deaths had occurred since August

last; namely, those of Ruth Harcock, a widow, and an out-pensioner; John Carr, Thomas Williams, and Robert Jones, inmates of the Asylum. There was, therefore, an opportunity to fill up the three vacancies from the printed list of candidates. Some alterations had been made in the rules to suit the circumstances and increase the number of journeymen subscribers. Among other alterations, provision is made for the admission of "erased" members. The treasurer's account gave last year's income as 2,554*l.*; the expenditure, 1,603*l.*; the balance, 943*l.*, had been added to the funded property, which now amounted to 12,249*l.* invested in perpetuity in the Bank of England; the interest only to be used for the purposes of the Institution. The officers for the ensuing year were appointed; Mr. Stultz was elected president, and Messrs. Stultz and Hunter, joint treasurers. The balloting for pensioners then commenced, and the successful candidates were declared to be—Benjamin Mansford, Peter Spence, and James Henderson. Thanks were voted to the chairman and the other officers, and acknowledged; and the meeting separated much gratified with the day's proceedings. The utmost harmony prevailed, and the greatest desire to promote the interest of the benevolent institution. It is, we may add, established for the special benefit of journeymen tailors. All journeymen who may join it, under thirty-five years of age, are eligible to become candidates for its benefits. The allowance in money is 8*s.* per week; in the asylum, one room is allowed for each single man, and two for each married couple; with coals and medical attendance in addition. Such an institution possesses strong claims, especially on young men; who, for 7*s.* a year, may assist their aged and infirm brethren at trifling cost, and also place themselves in a position to become recipients of the bounty when old age or decrepitude shall disable them from labour.

The Secretary of the West London, Central Anti-Enclosure Association enables us to remedy some errors in the account given in our eighth number, and supplies us with some further particulars. The society, it seems, is only in its infancy, though it is already become of popular interest. The name of a place mentioned as Harrow Hill Place, is Barrow Hill Place; and the great field desired as an addition to the intended Primrose Hill Park, is behind Primrose Hill extending from the back of the Regent's Villas in Avenue Road, nearly to the Chalk Farm entrance of the London and Birmingham Railway tunnel. The object of the Association, as its name implies, is to afford protection against encroachments of buildings, by using strenuous means for the restoration and preservation of all public lands, to enforce the restitution of invaded rights of way, to treat for the retaining and securing of others; and to promote the means of exercise and healthy recreation among the working part of the community. The society professes to discountenance all hostility against landholders; and promises to all parties candid investigation and the fair discussion of disputed claims. The rules admit male and female members at the rates of 1*s.* per quarter; while for those who cannot afford that sum, the admission is reduced to 1*s.* per year; females paying half that subscription. A public meeting of the Committee and of the association is held each Friday evening, at half-past seven for eight, at the association, Investigation Hall, Circus Street, New Road, Marylebone. The central position of the present association, as well as other advantages of situation, suit it for remaining the head quarters of the organization; but extension by means of branch associations in different towns is contemplated. The efficiency of the association will be increased by the appointment of parochial and parliamentary representatives. It is proposed to make a collection of ancient and modern maps; and free contributions are solicited as valuable donations. Our correspondent says that the first endeavour of the association will be directed against the progress of a line of villas belonging to the Duke of Portland in the Avenue Road, by which the inhabitants of Kilburn are shut out from pathways leading from Primrose Hill; the erection of these buildings, it is alleged, has caused the disappearance of twelve regular pathways in that neighbourhood.

Circulars have been issued in which the enclosure system is deprecated, as the promoter of game laws. One circular mentions a new invention to detect "trespassers," called the trespass-detecting machine; an instrument by which a warning noise like a cannon is produced, without other harm to the trespassers than their discovery and fright. Another circular is adorned by the following lines from Ebenezer Elliott's "Splendid Village."

THE FOOTPATH.

"Path of the quiet field" that of yore
 Call'd me at noon, on Shoustone's page to pore;
 Oh, poor man's footpath! where, at evening's close,
 He stopp'd to pluck the woodbine and the rose.
 Shaking the dew-drops from the wild-briar bowers,
 That stoop'd beneath their load of summer flowers,
 Then ey'd the west, still bright with fading flame,
 As whistling homeward by the wood he came.
 Sweet, dewy, sunny, flowery footpath, thou
 Art gone for ever, like the poor man's cow!
 No more the wandering townsman's sabbath smile;
 No more the hedger, waiting on the stile
 For tardy Jane; no more the muttering bard,
 Startling the heifer, near the lone farm-yard;
 No more the pious youth, with book in hand,
 Spelling the words he fain would understand,
 Shall bless thy mazes, when the village bell
 Sounds o'er the river, soften'd up the dell.
 But from the parlour of the loyal inn,
 The Great Unpaid, who cannot err or sin,
 Shall see, well-pleas'd, the pomp of Lawyer Ridge,
 And poor Squire Grub's starvel maid and dandy bridge.
 Where youngling fishers in the grassy lane,
 Purloin'd their tackle from the brood mare's mane,
 And tumbt urchins, by the river's brink,
 Caught the fledge'd thrush, as it stoog'd to drink,
 Or with the ramping colt, all joyous play'd,
 Or scard the owl in the blue-bell'd shade."

Mr. F. B. Barton gave some "Readings from *Hahlet*," on Tuesday evening, the 24th of February, to the members of the *Hampstead "Reading Rooms"* for the Working Classes, in the National School-room; which was granted for the occasion by the rector. The attendance was very numerous; the readings appeared to afford much interest and gratification; and a general wish was expressed for another such Shakespearean evening.

Dr. McCormac of Belfast has favoured us with some interesting remarks on the *Potato Dearth*, its causes and effects. "The failure in the crop," he thinks, "is not owing to the wet, cold season; for it would be absurd and untrue to say, that the season was cold and wet over all Europe and America. The potato thrives wonderfully in these cool, moist regions, and produced well, during seasons equally wet and cold as the last. . . . The failure appears to be referable to another, and very different cause. It is a law, in the case of artificial, and, perhaps, natural vegetable productions, that there should be a periodical deficiency. This has been recorded of all crops, and in all countries, where any records have been kept from the earliest times." "I," says the writer, "I might assign a reason for this arrangement of Providence, it would be, that it was intended to force upon us the adoption of a variety of nutriment, so conducive to health and physical well-being. Accordingly, we never find that there is a simultaneous deficiency. One crop may be bad, but the rest are sure to be of average quality." As regards nourishment, the potato-starch, sometimes used for children's food as a substitute for arrow-root, is far inferior to common brown bread or biscuit; being deficient in what is vulgarly called "bone;" a resisting property in the substance of food which is essential to nutritive digestion (probably because without it mastication is deficient). Dr. McCormac, however, recommends a process which, he says, in some degree remedies this deficiency. "Potato-starch, sufficiently heated, till dry, stirring it all the time with a wooden knife or spatula, on a hot (not too hot) iron plate (a griddle would do), and then moderately sprinkled with water, say from the rose of a watering-pot, stirring, I repeat, all the time, is converted into a crumbly mass of coarse powder, which, in shops, bears the name of tapioca. This has a "bone" in it; and potato-starch, therefore, in virtue of this simple conversion, becomes comparatively excellent nourishment for man or brute. I consider the suggestion as one deserving of attention. Potato-starch is nearly worthless, as human food; whereas tapioca be-

comes nearly as available as grain." A delicious and nutritive pudding can be made with tapioca; while, however disguised, potato-starch is unpalatable and un-nutritive. He mentions some neglected articles of food. In slaughtering animals the blood, instead of going to waste, as is the custom, might be turned to account for food in the shape of black puddings. In Ireland, groundless objections are made to cow's liver, which in England makes wholesome food. "The fisheries should be encouraged. There is fish enough, and to spare, round the Irish coasts, to feed all the inhabitants over and over. The high price and scarcity of this most excellent and inexhaustible food is truly disgraceful."

Mr. Thomas Duncombe has introduced into the House of Commons a bill intended to extend the provisions of the Friendly Societies Act. The bill was read a second time on Wednesday, the 25th of February, when it was explained by Mr. Duncombe. By a recent decision of Mr. Justice Wightman, societies which could not be construed as bearing some relation to the declared object for which the act was passed, namely, the encouragement of societies for mutual relief and maintenance in sickness, &c., were precluded from its operation. In consequence of this decision, many societies now in operation, and exceedingly useful to the working classes, could not be legalised. Mr. Duncombe proposed by his bill to extend the application of the act, by adding the words "whether of the same description as heretofore mentioned or otherwise." Sir James Graham thought it would be necessary for him to consult Mr. Tidd Pratt before giving his entire approval to the bill. Sir James did not approve of the introduction of the proposed words, as they would include within the act societies of whatever kind,—such as societies to organize strikes or advance political objects,—provided they were not illegal; and many things were not illegal which the State might not deem it good policy to encourage.

The Managing Committee of the *General Literary Institution*, John Street, Fitzroy Square, have issued a circular to solicit further support in behalf of the institution. There is a debt on account of building and money advanced of £1491. Two methods are proposed by which the necessary funds may be raised. One is, that 250 persons guarantee 5*l.* each, as twelve years subscription to the institution (that being the unexpired term of the lease), the sum to be paid by an instalment of not less than (say) 1*l.* down, and the remainder at 5*s.* per month; which subscription should secure a title to be admitted free to all the lectures, and at half-price to all classes and festivals provided by the Institution. The other proposal is, that those who are unable to pay the amount of 5*l.*, should advance 1*l.*, 2*l.* or 3*l.* as may be most convenient, towards an auxiliary fund, which shall also (in proportion to the amount and period subscribed for) confer the like privileges of free admission to all the lectures, and of entry at half-price to the classes and festivals.

Notices.

Part I, and the reprints of Nos. 1 to 5 are now ready; also the Cancel sheet.

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The Clerk

Ending Saturday March 21st, 1846.

OUR Annals this week present stirring evidence of the activity among the working classes, and of the activity without their own class for them, to improve their condition. New strikes and combinations among workmen arise from day to day. A knowledge of these strikes, we have said before, is important to all—to masters as well as to men. The workpeople need to compare notes with their fellows in all parts, to see what they can get; and what they cannot; so that their wishes may be measured by their power, and their demands have all the force that can be derived from practicability. The masters will do well to learn all they can upon the subject: a due knowledge of practicability is necessary for them also: it might sometimes enable them to avoid appearing in a very odious light when triumphant, or a very foolish light when defeated, in a more generous light when not ill-disposed. That the "upper classes" entertain a real desire to benefit their poorer brethren is proved by Lord Ashley's persevering efforts to obtain what he believes to be the beneficial measure—a Ten Hours' Bill.

A word of that nobleman. Some expressions have reached us—have been even struck out of matter that we have published—strongly reflecting on Lord Ashley. His perseverance in the cause of the poor is too steady not to be the fruit of sincerity; and we were at some loss to reconcile this devotion on his part with symptoms of dislike in other quarters. If we are not mistaken, we trace it to a certain pride of manner, indicating, we suspect, no less pride of heart, which makes Lord Ashley show that he thinks himself to stoop even when he acknowledges a common humanity and seeks to serve. If that is so, it is a pity: but one defect of character cannot neutralise good services or good wishes. If that is what his censors mean, let them speak out, explain. He seems a sincere man, he has proved that he has courage and candour; all qualities that help a man to mend.

Another proof of the good feeling that is growing apace is the agitation to improve the dwellings of the poor, of which Dr. Southwood Smith is the unobtrusive apostle, Mr. Toynbee, his masterly disciple. But to our details.

The operative Carpenters and Joiners of Manchester, Salford, and the adjacent places, are at variance with their employers about the regulation of the hours of labour. The men wished to procure an equalisation of the labour-hours, and made two proposals for their masters' choice; one was to leave work daily at half-past five o'clock, and at four on Saturdays; the other, to work from six to six all the year round, except on Saturdays, and then to leave off at twelve o'clock: to commence, as usual, at seven on Monday morning. Both these propositions were refused, and the employers signified their intention of adhering to the "old-established" rule of sixty hours a week; offering their men, on those conditions, an advance of two shillings a week. The workmen allege, that the masters' proposal of sixty hours work, is a mere pretence of returning to "old-established rules;" as such an extent of work has never been usual; while the extra time required nullifies the advance of wages.

The Communicating Committee of the Carpenters' Societies of London, who meet at the Bell Inn, Old Bailey, have issued an address to their fellow workmen claiming their support in resisting infringement of their rights, which they would do by means of union. They urge on the societies, not at present represented by the committee, the importance of establishing a perfect understanding between themselves and other associations by means of delegates. The objects of the committee are, to give speedy and certain information to the whole of the societies composing it, when either of them is in any difficulty, or requires assistance; to keep up friendly intercourse between the societies by their representatives at a monthly meeting, as a means of facilitating assistance when needed; to promote, by every possible exertion, an amicable adjustment in cases of dispute between employers and their workmen; and to employ legal aid, where the just demands of members of the society are refused by their employers, or established regulations infringed.

A new association, called *The Poor Man's Guardian Society*, is about to be started. The proposal emanated from Mr. Savage, at a meeting held in Marylebone, and is the result of inquiries lately instituted into the conduct of parish guardians towards that class of paupers called "tramps." The office, as now filled, is asserted to be frequently perverted to purposes of trading in the work of the poor. In many unions, it is said, the guardians make a handsome profit on the shirt-making done by poor women at the pittance of three-farthings a shirt. The object of the proposed society is to secure the appointment of praiseworthy and disinterested persons to this office, instead of its being a question of self-interest. Resolutions were unanimously passed, appointing a committee for the Poor Man's Society, and empowering a deputation to wait upon Mr. John Walters, of Bearwood, to solicit him to become its president.

A correspondent complains that Mr. Ockroyd of Otley Mills, in Yorkshire, has reduced his printers one farthing per pound upon all wools, in consequence of the present depression in the Bradford market.

Lord Ashley has been making a tour in the manufacturing districts, in furtherance of the Short-time question. Preston was visited on the 3rd of March; and a public meeting held in the theatre in the evening, comprised clergymen of various denominations, employers and operatives, and a fair proportion of ladies. The chair was occupied by the Rev. J. Owen Parr, M.A., the vicar. The question was well handled by the chairman, who adverted, among other points, to the effects of protracted labour on the physical powers of the factory-workers. One pregnant fact was repeated: according to a carefully compiled mortality-table, it appeared that the lives of gentlemen in Preston averaged 47 and a fraction, the tradesmen 32 and a fraction, but that for the operatives there was only 18 and a fraction. Lord Ashley spoke encouragingly. He drew a favourable inference from the support which the question was now receiving from clergymen; mentioning that the ministers of the Church of England were among the foremost in protesting against the evils of the present system. He spoke also of his own position.—He had been compelled to abandon his seat in Parliament; but he thought only for a time, to preserve his consistency; an act which he considered had done more for the final consummation of the Short-time question than he could have done had he remained in Parliament and voted in accordance with his implied pledges on the subject of the corn-laws. "For when we shall have the trade of the country free as air, I ask what man will be bold enough to stand up before such an assembly as this, and say that he was under the necessity of keeping up the hours of labour, because he shrunk from foreign competition, under the existence of a law, of which the effect was to keep up the price of bread?" Lord Ashley has since passed into Yorkshire, and a public meeting took place at Bradford, on Tuesday evening, the 10th of March. Above 2000 persons attended the meeting. Mr. Pollard was chairman. In the course of his speech he mentioned an offer made by Mr. Marshall, to reduce his men's time by two hours a week; but he held that nothing less than two hours a day would be sufficient to relieve the factory-people. Lord Ashley encouraged perseverance in the endeavour to obtain the desired reduction, against all opposition, as a sure means of ultimate success. Mr. A. Smith, an operative, ridiculed the idea of an arrangement between masters and their men as totally insufficient without the authority of legislative enactment. Mr. William Walker, the extensive manufacturer, expressed his sense of the grievance involved in the long-hour system, and lamented the mistake of those factory-masters who think it advantageous. The attention he had bestowed on the question enabled him to say, that ten hours a day was as long as the young could work with safety in or out of a factory. Several other speakers addressed the meeting; and resolutions were passed to the effect, that labour for twelve hours a day was incompatible with the physical or moral development of factory-workers; that ten hours a day is a proper period to which the labours of young persons in factories should be restricted; that the meeting pledged itself "to use every legitimate means in its power to obtain a limitation of working hours to ten per day;" and

"that the factory-workers in this meeting are quite prepared to accept the Ten Hours Bill, leaving the price of labour to be regulated by supply and demand."

A general meeting of the shareholders of the *Metro-politan Association for improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes*, was held on Friday, the 6th of March, at the London Tavern, in Bishopsgate-street. Sir Ralph Howard, M.P., was chairman. Lord Morpeth, M.P.; Lord Francis Egerton, M.P., and Lady Francis Egerton; Lord Claude Hamilton, M.P.; Lord Ebrington, M.P.; Sir Henry Dukenfield; Mr. R. A. Slaney; the Honourable William Cowper, M.P.; J. W. Childers, Esq., M.P.; the Honourable W. B. Grey; Mr. J. C. Sharpe; Mr. Finlaison; Mr. Charles Cochrane; Mr. Powles; Mr. Toynbee; Dr. Southwood Smith, and other gentlemen, were present. A report, describing the objects and progress of the association, was read.—The founders of this association, impressed by the evidence adduced of the deplorable physical and moral evils directly traceable to those wretched dwellings, conceived the plan of attempting some improvement in the general construction of the poor man's house, and some addition to its convenience and comfort. They thought that it might be practicable, by the combination of capital, science, and skill, to erect more healthy and more convenient houses for the labourer and artisan; and to offer such improved dwellings to these and similar classes at no higher rent than they pay for the inferior and unhealthy houses which they at present occupy. The assistance was not intended to be offered as a mere charity; but to provide the working man with a comfortable and salubrious habitation at the same rate he now pays for discomfort and wretchedness. "The plan proposed by this association for the accomplishment of their object was to raise the necessary capital by shares, and to obtain a charter from the crown, limiting the liability of the shareholder to the amount of his individual subscription. The government approving of this principle, the main provisions of the charter now in possession of the association have been framed in accordance with it, and are as follows:—The limitation of the liability of the shareholder to the amount of his individual subscription; dividend not to exceed 5l. per cent per annum; 25,000l. capital to be subscribed before commencing works, and 10l. per cent. thereon paid up; the capital may be increased with consent of two-third parts in number and value of the shareholders, and sanction of the Board of Trade; the charter bears date the 16th October, 1845." With respect to the progress of the association, the report states that "the preliminary difficulties which the original promoters of the scheme had to encounter are overcome; and the directors are now in treaty for sites on which to erect the first dwellings." The speeches were very interesting. Lord Morpeth enlarged on the practical good to be derived from the undertaking, at the same time the advantages to shareholders fully equal those of any other speculation of the day. With his usual calm eloquence, Dr. Southwood Smith gave a definition of the inevitable evils of poverty, as distinguished from those not inevitable. There is, he said, no natural, no inevitable necessity, why the poor, any more than the rich, should live in a poisoned atmosphere, in habitations in which they can obtain neither air, nor light, nor water, nor be sheltered from the cold. Our common Father has given the great elements of nature to all his children free, without any necessity of our labouring for them, and therefore, without any necessity for the limitation—any limitation or any distinction in their distribution to the rich and the poor. But consider how much, how great a part of these physical elements constitute the very agents which sustain life. Air, water, light—these are the elements that sustain life, and without a due supply of which there can be neither health nor strength. Two other physical elements, indeed, are necessary, namely, food, and a certain degree of heat. Now, for food we must labour; for the means of maintaining a certain degree of artificial heat we must also labour. But all the other agents on which life depends are given to us freely; they cost us nothing; we have but to open our hands to receive them. The very poorest may have them, have as much of them as they need, as much as they can use, as well as the rich. Now, this is the object of our association; it is to place the poor in the condition in which

they may receive these heavenly agents, in which they may come to them freely. In proof of the disgust with which the poor themselves regard the dirty condition of their dwellings, he cited an account given to Mr. Liddle by a poor labouring man in Whitechapel. "After giving an account of the state of the court in which he is living, which is really too disgusting to be read to this meeting, he says—'I am frequently obliged to clean this place myself, which is a most filthy job. I would willingly pay a sum weekly to be saved the very unpleasant labour of cleansing this place in turn. If water were laid on in the house, all of us labouring men would keep ourselves much cleaner, and our homes would be much cleaner. I would willingly pay from 6d. to 9d. per week to have the court and outside of my house kept clean.' Mr. Finlaison mentioned a discovery which he had promulgated twenty-five years since, as to the superior duration of human life in comparison with what it was a century ago. This conclusion was founded on the examination of two tontines, one of the reign of William and Mary, the other Mr. Pitt's tontine, exactly a century later, and the difference in the duration of human life in favour of the latter, was the enormous amount of one-fourth. This astonishing circumstance was doubtless attributable to the widening of streets, the improved cleanliness of the houses, and in part, but not entirely, to greater temperance, for the difference in the duration of life applied equally to both sexes. These remarks were founded on calculations of the lives of the rich; but the causes of the improvement would operate more beneficially on the poor. The meeting separated, after returning thanks to Sir Ralph Howard for his kindness in taking the chair on this occasion, and on all other occasions connected with the progress of the society.

The spirit of combination is active among the *Handloom Weavers* of Lancashire and Cheshire. A delegate meeting was recently held at Wigan, and delegates were appointed to visit all places not yet in union, throughout Lancashire, Cheshire, Yorkshire, and Derbyshire, with the view of extending the associative body. The meeting also decided to petition Parliament for a standard length of yarn; as the effect of the present system is to place the workman at the mercy of his employer.

Notices.

The Publication of this Work is now REMOVED to the
PEOPLE'S JOURNAL OFFICE,
69, FLEET STREET.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Mr. Fox's Lectures are delayed for one week, in order to place our Journal more in advance of the period of their delivery than it is at present; and that we may thus be able to complete our arrangements for the earlier publication of the current numbers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We can receive no anonymous contributions to the *Annals of Industry*. Names and addresses may be furnished in strict confidence, but we must have them, as a guarantee of the writer's good faith.

We shall answer all communications received up to this date next week.

TO THE TRADE.—Part 1, and the reprints of Nos. 1 to 5 are now ready; also the Cancel sheet.

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The Week

Ending Saturday March 28th, 1846.

The *Short Time Movement in Yorkshire* has been the subject of agitation at a series of highly interesting and important meetings, last week. That the sympathies of the mass of the working classes are warmly enlisted in the cause was apparent from the immense assemblages which attended those meetings, and the enthusiastic unanimity which they displayed. The meeting at Bradford we have already mentioned. At Huddersfield, on the following evening (Tuesday), the Philosophical Hall was crowded with an audience of about 2000 working-men, assembled for the same purpose. At this meeting, also, several mill masters and clergymen took part in the proceedings. A slight opposition displayed itself on the part of a free-trade manufacturer, but it only served to bring out the enthusiasm of the meeting in favour of the object for which it had assembled. On Wednesday, the next night, a meeting of the same kind was held at Dewsbury, when the largest room in the town was filled to overflowing, and the resolutions in favour of the Ten Hours' Bill were unanimously passed. And at Leeds, on Thursday, the crowning meeting of the series took place: the large Music Hall of that town was densely packed by an audience of 2000 or 3000, numbers being unable to obtain admission. Dr. Hook, the vicar, occupied the chair, and he was supported by many clergymen and influential gentlemen; though the great mass of the meeting consisted of operatives. At all these meetings Lord Ashley was present, and delivered long and eloquent addresses, which were received with a delight which cannot be described.

"This cause, then," writes a correspondent, "makes rapid progress. Fair remuneration for work done has taken firm hold of the minds of the people, and struggles for practical realisation. Working-men have awakened to the important truth that they have souls and intellects which require opportunities for culture—that life is not to be a mere gin-horse routine of hard labour scantily remunerated. At those meetings, we were glad to perceive that the educational part of this great question was not lost sight of, but was put forward and urged in a manly, earnest, and convincing manner, by almost every speaker. The development of the human being, in his whole nature—physical, moral, and intellectual—what a noble cause is this! And how important, considered in regard to it, is this Ten Hours' Bill movement! How can man's physical nature be educated and developed, if confined to one eternal routine of task-work, requiring little muscular exertion, but the same postures, attitudes, and operations, from morn till night? The deleterious results of such task-work are but too evident in the stunted forms, and diseased constitutions, of the great mass of factory-workers. Then, as regards their moral, religious, and intellectual development, the influence of our protracted hours of labour cannot fail to be equally prejudicial. How can men, women, and children be educated, unless time and opportunity be permitted for the purpose? Of what use are schools and mechanics' institutions, if we keep the labourers toiling in their mills and workshops while those places of instruction are kept open? What are the friends of Education about, that they do not endeavour to secure for the operatives that leisure for instruction and improvement, as well as physical relaxation and recreation, which it is the object of the Ten Hours' Bill movement to effect?

"But the chief evils of the long-hour system are the obstructions to domestic comfort and happiness which it produces. Women who spend their whole waking hours in the factories cannot attend to their homes; cannot pay that attention to the well-being of their rising families which is indispensably necessary to the social well-being. When they reach their dwellings at night—after having spent the whole day, from six in the morning till half-past seven in the evening, amidst the whirling machinery which they tend—they are too much exhausted to commence the work of either domestic economy or intellectual improvement. And what is the consequence as regards the daughters of these women? They, too, are sent into the mill, as soon as the law permits; and they grow up

to womanhood, learning little else but the imitation of bad example. They have no leisure, nor opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the arts of domestic economy, and the arts of making a home comfortable; and they generally find themselves women without having acquired a single important branch of female knowledge. They get married, but, ignorant of domestic economy and tact, the slender means of the family run to waste; home becomes uncomfortable; the husband seeks comfort, such as it is, in the beer-shop; the children grow up reckless, uncared for, vicious, and uncivilised; and the evil reacts upon society in a thousand ways. Nothing can compensate for the want of an efficient home education; and it is because the enforcement of a Short Time Bill will tend partially to restore the mother to her family, and the children to their homes, that we go heart and soul in favour of this movement. A Ten Hours' Bill will, in our opinion, effect much practical good; but much more remains to be done, of which we will yet speak at greater length in another place.

The *journeymen Tailors of Leeds* have recently held a numerous-attended public meeting, for the purpose of considering the grievances under which they are at present labouring. The speakers united in condemning the "sweating system," as practised for the purpose of supplying the ready-made clothes-shops with goods at a low price. The mischiefs of the system, to the workmen themselves, as well as to their wives and families, were severely exposed; and resolutions were unanimously passed, urging on the public the necessity of taking immediate steps to remedy the evil.

The *journeymen Carpenters and Joiners of Leeds* have given notice to their masters that it is their intention to ask an advance of wages of 2s. per week, after the 6th of April next. The briskness of the building trade in Lancashire has led to a general rise of wages amongst the operatives in this department.

Mr. Isaac Ironside, of Sheffield, has addressed Mr. John Parker, chairman of the Manchester and Sheffield Railway, on the subject of a meeting recently held to commemorate the opening of the line. The writer indignantly comments on the utter disregard shown to the claims of labour; a general fact, which he illustrated by what took place on the present occasion. "Those," says Mr. Ironside, "who arranged the toasts and sentiments, took care that everything of importance, in their estimation, connected with the railway, should have a prominent notice: the chairman, landowners, engineer-in-chief, acting-engineer, tunnel-engineer, and others, were duly honoured. The order of the day appears to have been the bandying about of compliments. Even the gunpowder used in making the tunnel was noticed. Amidst all this, there was not the slightest allusion to the men who had made the railway." It is believed that between 150 and 200 human lives have been sacrificed in the construction of the works, yet "their memory had not even a passing notice! One would have thought that, as talk is so cheap, some of the guests could have given, 'The memory of the — brave men who have fallen in the enterprise.' They were surely as worthy of honour as those who fell at Waterloo, and died in as noble a cause." The writer demands for the labourer employed in constructing public works, some acknowledgment of his rights, by admitting him to participation in the general benefit accruing from his labour. Mr. Ironside mentions a movement, in behalf of the working-classes of France, set on foot by M. Dubouché, a Peer of that realm, who has brought the cause before the Chambers. "He called them [the labourers] his brothers, and opposed the Government for having allowed the soldiery to be brought against a numerous body of workmen that were on the strike. He also proposed an inquiry into the social condition of the people, with a view to the organisation of labour; but of course it was refused. He is now instituting a journal to appear three times a month, and to be entitled *L'Enquete Sociale* (Social Inquiry). Its object is to institute this inquiry into the social condition of the worker, and to establish an organisation of labour." The writer suggests two modes of alleviating a portion of the grievances in question: one is, that the sum of at least 10l. for each lost life should be appropriated,

out of the company's funds, to the assistance of the bereaved families; or, in the failure of this plan, he would collect a fund by subscription. In a letter to Mr. Ironside, Mr. Parker has promised to speak to his colleagues on the subject.

A correspondent points out the satisfactory results that have attended unions among his own trade, the *Journey-men Curriers of Scotland*. We had mislaid his communication; but as its purpose is not merely temporary, we may as well notice it now. In Edinburgh, says our informant, a principal currier gave notice to his men of an intended reduction in their wages, to the extent of twenty-five per cent. The men, backed by the union, resisted the proposal as an injustice, and after they had stood out for three weeks the master gave in, and the men resumed work on the accustomed and legitimate terms. Many members of the union in Glasgow were found to be working under the usual wages of 1*l*. per week. The union interfered to prevent their working under the established rate of prices, and at the same time offered to support, on equal terms with members, such workmen as did not belong to the union, if they would co-operate with their fellow curriers in resistance to the low wages. After a strike of a week or two, the object was gained. The same success has attended efforts made by the union in behalf of the working curriers in Musselburgh, Kirkcaldy, Linlithgow, and Colintonburgh.

The *Northern Star* of the 7th March gives an account of meetings held by the *Fraternal Democrats*, at their usual place of assemblage in Great Windmill-street, London, on a recent Sunday evening; Mr. Ross in the chair. The subject of the threatened war with America was brought under discussion by Mr. Julian Harney, and the propriety of adopting an address to the working classes of Great Britain and the United States was considered. The subject was renewed on the following Tuesday, when the meeting was numerously attended by European foreigners, and an address of the Fraternal Democrats assembled in London to the working classes of Great Britain and the United States was formally adopted. The address professes to express the general feeling of Europe in reprobation of the meditated war between England and America. Appealing first to the working men of Great Britain, it briefly explains the nature of the question at issue; and then proceeds to show, by reference to the history of our past wars, their injurious effects on the nation at large, and more especially the loss and suffering they entail on the working classes. As to the benefit of distant colonies—"Like the native land of your fathers, the land of the British colonies is monopolised by aristocrats and speculators. *There is no foot of land, either in Britain or the colonies, that you, the working-classes, can call your own.* The colonies are useful to your masters, because those colonies add to their wealth, power, and magnificence; but to you they are barren acquisitions, or add but to your burdens. Should the British government acquire the Oregon, its acquisition will benefit only your masters. *They will take the land—they will fill all the higher situations, civil and military, of the new colony—your share will be the slaughter of the combat, and the cost of winning and retaining the conquest.* The privileged classes only can benefit by the acquisition of the Oregon; if there must be fighting, let them fight their own battles." The working men of America are next called on to assist in the promotion of peace, as equally their interest and advantage. If an extensive national territory be desired, "you have it already; your republic is even now of almost illimitable extent. You own the sovereignty of land which, to even moderately cultivate, would require your present population to be increased ten-fold, and to call forth the full resources of which, your population should be enlarged at least a hundred-fold—yet you clamour for more land. Suppose you take the Oregon, who will be its masters? Not you, the working men. Like the working men of Europe, the great mass of you are landless in your own land. The old states, the states of more recent creation, and your newly-acquired territories, are, for the most part, in the hands of landlords and jobbers, to the exclusion of the great body of the people—the same system will be established in the Oregon should it be "annexed" to the Union.

Working men of America, would it not be well to insist upon having land for yourselves, rather than fighting to add to the enormous possessions of landlords and speculators?" The address points out to British workmen the tendency of war to distract public attention from their grievances, to which in time of peace it is able to be directed; while to the American working man it allows the opportunity of perfecting his institutions, and of establishing the sovereignty of the people. The following resolutions were adopted by the meeting:—"1. That the British and American journals be requested to give publicity to the address adopted by this meeting.—2. That this meeting appeals to the working men of Britain to immediately assemble in public meetings to protest against the threatened war with America; and to take into consideration the propriety of advising the British government to assent to and propose the independence of the Oregon territory." [The writers of this generally creditable address do not seem to be aware, that in the colonies the working man commonly becomes a landholder, and that the condition of the working classes generally is vastly improved there, especially in British colonies.]

Notices.

The Publication of this Work is now REMOVED to the
PEOPLE'S JOURNAL OFFICE,

69, FLEET STREET.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—On account of the injury done to the Illustration by the pressure of the type, and of the "rule" at the back, and in compliance with the wishes of a great number of Subscribers, we have determined to leave, for the future, a blank page at the back of the more important of our engravings; and trust the alteration (begun in the present number) will meet with the approval of all those who feel interested in the *People's Journal*.

Contributions declined with thanks:—"Hope;" "The Land of Burns;" "Our Daily Bread;" "The End of Poland;" "Musings;" "Oh, give me back the Country;" "Guillenne;" "Peace's Appeal" and other Poems; "Mr. Poppy's Urbanity;" "Worldly Disdain;" "Saturday Night in London;" "A Voice from the Night;" "Young Aspirations;" "Sorrow;" "Pure Spirit, Arise;" "Corn-Law Ballads;" "Happiness;" "Uses," and "Old Oak Coffin;" "Song of Famine;" "Reflections and Resolutions;" "Peasant's Hearth;" "Poor Man's Vision;" "Capital Punishments;" "A Temperance Rhyme;" "John Close, the Westmoreland Novelist;" "Lays for the Labourer."

Under consideration:—"Papers on Modern Painting."

TO THE TRADE.—Part I, and the reprints of No. 1 to 5 are now ready; also the Cancel sheet. We are now enabled to state decidedly, that on and after the publication of No. 15, the current weekly number will be in the hands of the wholesale agents in every part of Great Britain on *Thursday*.

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The Week

Ending Saturday April 6th, 1884.

Without presenting any strikingly novel events this week, our annals illustrate in many ways the great necessity for some more effectual spread of mutual information among the labouring classes on the matters of fact connected with their condition and trades. For instance, such experiments as those of which we have reports from Wisconsin, should be known to the whole working population of this country; not only that the experiments may receive every chance of full support, and thus be fairly tried, but that the working classes may know and understand the results, by having watched the process. Much more information, too, than we yet have is wanted to show the true working of loan societies, which profess to be an aid, and now appear to be an insidious trap to injure the working man—a kind of quack medicine for his poverty, and likely to flourish best while screened from the light of investigation. Other points in what follows will illustrate our meaning. But in order gradually to increase the efficiency of this part of our paper, we must rely on those whom we would serve for the raw material. We have, indeed, nothing to complain of in that respect, and, perhaps, in many instances we are favoured with all the information afloat. It cannot be too much for our use, it cannot be either too copious or too impartial.

We begin with the intelligence of the *New Co-operative experiment in America*. A small body of persons have recently emigrated to the territory of Wisconsin, in North America, with the intention of there founding a community on the co-operative system of Robert Owen. They base their society on his leading principles—the equality of man, and his belief that the character of man is formed by education and circumstances. Since the arrival of the little band at their destination, it has been found expedient to alter their laws, the principal of which now present themselves under the following form. The property of the community is held in shares of 145 dollars each, which are transferable at the will of the holder. The shares are at all times liable to attachment and execution for the private debts of the shareholders. Besides shareholders, the society admits members who do not hold shares; but the former only have the privilege of voting, and of taking a part in the business proceedings. The admission of a member requires the consent of at least three-fourths of the shareholders. Females, above the age of twenty-one years, are eligible to become shareholders, and, as such, are entitled to all the rights enjoyed by the other sex. The society admits no member who cannot subscribe to the fact “that the character of man is formed for him, not by him.” Each member, whether as head of a family or as an individual, is required to pay 145 dollars on admission to the society; but the Board of Management have, under peculiar circumstances, the power of admitting members for a less sum, or even without any pecuniary consideration at all. Shareholders will receive interest at the rate of five per cent per annum on moneys advanced; as soon as the profits of the establishment shall yield sufficient surplus for the purpose, 145 dollars will be paid to each shareholder; and those who do not become resident members will be considered entitled to a prior claim to such payment. All shares are transferable; but the holders of transferred shares have no claim to become resident members, unless by the consent of not less than three-fourths of the Board of Managers. The free toleration of religious opinion is enjoined, and every member is allowed protection in his opinions regarding religion. The *Herald of Progress* gives a letter from Mr. Thomas Hunt, a member of the community, reporting its career. Though equal to their own support, the limited numbers of the society have, for the present, prevented them from carrying out their views to the full extent of their wishes, by confining their efforts to land culture; whence they feel a want of hands for other occupations. They are, therefore, desirous of increasing the number of members; and the description of persons wanted by the society is thus set forth:—A schoolmaster, a cabinet-maker, two carpenters, a boot and shoe-maker, a wheelwright, a general smith, a bricklayer and plasterer, a gardener, a person who has been brought

up to agriculture, and an agricultural machine-maker. They thrive, however, even as it is, and their produce appears to be valuable.

The Shareholders of the Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes held a meeting at the London Tavern, in Bishopsgate-street, on Friday, the 6th of March. Sir Ralph Howard, M.P., was chairman. Lord Morpeth, Lord Ebrington, Lord Francis Egerton, Lord Claude Hamilton, Dr. Southwood Smith, the Rev. Wendell Sir Henry Dukerfield, and about twenty other gentlemen, members of the Association, were present. A report describing the object and progress of the Association was read. It stated that the Society originated in a wish to remedy the evils of crowded and unwholesome habitations among the poor, by attempting some improvement in the construction of the poor man's home, and some addition to its convenience and comfort. All this was to be effected “by the combination of capital, science, and skill, to erect more healthy and more convenient houses for the labourer and artisan; and to offer such improved dwellings to these and similar classes at no higher rent than they pay for the inferior and unhealthy houses which they at present occupy.” The benefit not being intended as a mere charity, the Association proposes that “the industrious man should pay the full value for his house, but that for the sum he pays he should possess a salubrious and commodious dwelling, instead of one in which cleanliness and comfort found no place, in which he could neither sustain his own strength, nor bring up his family in health, but must constantly spend a large portion of his hard-earned wages in the relief of sickness.” It is intended to raise the necessary amount of capital by shares, and to obtain a charter from the Crown, limiting the liability of the shareholder to the amount of his individual subscription. The dividends are limited to 5 per cent. per annum. Four thousand shares are required to be subscribed for carrying out the undertaking; but of that number only one thousand are at present subscribed. The plan has met with the approval of Government. Lord Morpeth enlarged on the practical good to be effected by the Association; while he observed, that as a matter of calculation it offered advantages to shareholders fully equal to those of any speculation of the day. As a question of mere profit, it had been calculated that 8, 9, or 10 per cent. might be obtained by the Society; but they thought it best to limit their own remuneration to 5 per cent., and to devote the rest of the profits to the Association. Lord Ebrington, Dr. Southwood Smith, Lord Francis Egerton, Lord Claude Hamilton, Mr. Cochrane, and several other gentlemen afterwards addressed the meeting; and resolutions confirmatory of the bye-laws of the Association were passed.

A meeting took place on Saturday, March the 14th, at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, to discuss a plan of providing *A Refuge for Discharged Criminals*. Mr. Sheriff Laurie, the active mover in the matter, was chairman. The meeting was but thinly attended. Mr. Laurie, the Bishop of London, Lord Kinaird, General Sir De Lacy Evans, M.P., Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., Mr. Alderman Sidney, and Mr. Under-Sheriff Wire, were the speakers; Mr. Bond Cabbell, the Rev. S. R. Catley, Mr. Anderton, and Mr. Jordan, were present. The object of the meeting was, to propose “the means of affording an asylum for destitute prisoners, so as to prevent their resorting to a repetition of crime for subsistence. These resolutions were adopted:—“That it is the opinion of this meeting, that it is necessary for the moral well-being of the community, that persons discharged from criminal prisons, without character, money, home, or friends, should be temporarily received into houses of occupation, with a view to their reformation, and placing them out again in situations where, by honest industry, they might obtain their living, and thus become a blessing, instead of a curse to society.” “That the expense of erecting and maintaining these establishments be borne by the state—that they be conducted by Government officers, under the inspection of boards of magistrates—that the inmates be occupied in public works, or in pursuits which may fit them for employment in the colonies, or in the naval and military services, or for voluntary emigration without the

brand of crime." A committee was appointed to prepare petitions to Parliament, and to communicate with all the corporations of the United Kingdom. Another resolution authorised a subscription; Mr. Wire to be treasurer.

The Central Association of the London Trades have issued an appeal to the societies and operatives generally of the United Kingdom, in behalf of the *Carpenters and Joiners of Manchester and its vicinity*, 1300 of whom, it is stated, are at present on strike, in consequence of differences between them and their employers as to the duration of labour throughout the week. We have already mentioned this strike; but hitherto have not had so coherent and clear account before us. It seems that the precedent of many years' practice has fixed the duration of work amongst the carpenters of Manchester at 59 hours per week in the summer, and 52 in the winter. For the last two years, however, employers have been agitating the question of an "equalisation of hours," to obviate the injurious effects of fluctuations in the trade, so detrimental to both employer and employed. It was therefore settled last autumn, by general agreement, that the hours of work should commence at seven o'clock every Monday morning, and at six on every other morning during the week; work to terminate at six each evening, except on Saturdays, when the men were to leave off at noon: thus the number of working-hours per week was limited to 57, instead of 59. This arrangement went on till the 1st of January, when the workmen were induced, by their knowledge of the flourishing state of the trade, and the advance of wages or curtailment of labour-hours in other districts and in other trades, to demand an advance of 6d. per day; the change to commence on the 1st of March. The answer to this notice was an invitation by advertisement, on the part of the masters, for the workmen to attend a meeting held on the 27th of February, 1846. The deputation was sent accordingly; was, it is alleged, kept waiting four hours; and then, by written reply, the men were informed that the employers would consent to an advance of 2s. per week; but the concession was accompanied by exactions: it was expected, by the masters, that the working-hours, for all but out-door hands, should be extended to 60 hours during the week all the year round; that out-door hands were expected to work from light to dark in winter; the pay to begin at four o'clock on Saturday, as formerly. This proposition was rejected by the men, on the ground that increasing the number of working hours has the evil tendency of creating a surplus in the labour-market. On the determination of the men to strike rather than submit to these terms, sixty of the smaller employers gave way, and the men resumed their occupation; but the larger masters combined together in association, and still refuse to yield. Having given a review of these transactions, the Central Association urge the claim of the Manchester Carpenters on their brother operatives to support and assistance, representing the helpless situation they are in, as well as their willing generosity on like occasions towards their fellow-workmen. Since the address was issued, it is added, the masters in other departments of the building-trade have discharged their men, to prevent their assisting the carpenters.

The *West London Anti-Inclosure Association* are agitating for the restoration of the Kilburn thoroughfares to Primrose Hill. Preliminary meetings are being held for the purpose of collecting information in proof of the right of pathway, disputed by the great landholders, the Duke of Portland and Colonel Eyre. A circular has been issued, offering free admission to any persons who will assist the society with information relative to the claim on the obstructed thoroughfares. In appealing for public support the Association say—"When we come to consider that the Duke of Portland and Colonel Eyre share nearly the whole of Marylebone betwixt them, and that neither will give to the landless a foot-path, unless they can demand it as a right; and, moreover, when we find other great land-owners pursuing the same ungenerous course, we are induced to question the 'Blessing' of that system which makes of the land 'Private Property,' and to ask ourselves whether it would not be better to return to that system, when, through the land being *National Property*, each had land and path-ways. There is a point beyond endurance in all cases."

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

SIR.—If you consider the following verses worthy of a place in your Journal, please insert them, and oblige

Yours respectfully, HUGH M'DONALD.

Colinslie Printworks, Paisley, Feb. 26th, 1846.

GUDESAKE, LET'S AGGREE.

(A song for working men, by one of themselves.)

AIR.—*Miller of Dee.*

Some eighteen hundred years ago,
Man's noblest Teacher said,
"A house divided 'gainst itself
Maun prostrate sune be laid."
Now, frae this text to puir folk a'
Gude counsel I wad gie;
Join hands, sing discord to the winds—
And Gudesake let's agreee.

The thralldom dre of priest and king
We a' ower lang hae borne;
The meed of a' our care and toil,
Insult and bitter scorn.
But, had my text been borne in mind
Sic wrangs we wadna dree;
Fell discord breeds us a' our wae—
Then Gudesake let's agreee.

We sow, and others reap the fruit;
We weave, and others wear.
We're scrippit baith in camp and cog,
That knaves may hae gude cheer.
But were we to ilk ither true,
Sic wrangs we wadna see;
'Tis discord fell breeds a' our wae—
Then Gudesake let's agreee.

Save in a bated beggar voice,
Our rights we daurna name;
They've blin'dhounds lured frae poostith's rank,
Ilk wae-wild heart to tame.
But were we to ourselves a' true,
Sic tools nae king wad see;
Our discord is the tyrants' power—
Then Gudesake let's agreee.

The priest, wrapt in his misty creed,
The chainless mind may ban;
Lorlading and king bar Freedom's path,
And mar the weal of man.
But gie's your hand, the day draws near,
These nicht-birds sune maun flee;
The puir man yet shall hae his ain—
We're learning fast t'agreee.

Notices.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—Many correspondents from time to time honour us by expressing great interest in the *People's Journal*, and by inquiring how they may help to promote its sale. We answer—

1st. By distributing our *Prospectus* as widely as possible among their friends and acquaintances, and more especially among any associations or large bodies of men with which they may happen to be connected. We shall be happy to forward any number of *Prospectuses* for this purpose, free of expense.

2nd. By purchasing for distribution (free or otherwise, according to circumstances) particular numbers that seem to the purchasers best calculated to promote the sale of the Journal in their own localities or circles. These will be supplied carriage free at 10s. per hundred.

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The Week

Ending Saturday April 11th, 1846.

We formerly reported the new law passed in the French Chambers, for rendering more stringent the system of "livrets," or labour registers and certificates. It is useful for our own countrymen of the working-classes, to watch what passes in other lands. It is true that some of the evils under which these classes labour are the effect of natural laws; explained—not always very perfectly—by political economy; but it is also true, that other evils are the direct result of arbitrary laws passed by the national law-making machine, in the movement of which the working-man has too small a share. In France, with the excessively restricted franchise, political power—that is, the power which involves a voice in the making of laws—is still further from the reach of the working-man than in England; in that country, the laws are made and administered in a spirit truly oppressive. We have before us a notable instance of the spirit in which those act to whom the administration is entrusted, and we see how complete a slave the registered and ticketed workman must be.

The particulars of a movement among the *Boot and Shoe Makers of Marseilles*, translated from a newspaper called *Le Populaire*, have been sent us. The account "indicates," as our correspondent observes, "the miserable dependence of labour, and power and capital under the present social arrangements." "In Marseilles there are nearly 240 boot and shoe-makers, and 2400 journeymen. The latter lately presented a new book of rates, augmenting a little the price of their labour: 162 of the masters agreed thereto; but the others coalesced and mutually engaged, under a penalty of 300 francs, not to employ any workman who should demand the increased rate of wages; then they discharged 130. All the other workmen spontaneously quitted their employment, without threats. Some of them essayed to form a co-operative workshop. The employers appeared to consent to the new book of rates; but the police interfered, after a silence of two months, and pretended that it was the workmen who should submit to the masters, and not the masters to the workmen. Seven of these were arrested, and twelve others pursued; and after an examination of three days, the nineteen were condemned to imprisonments of one, two, and three months. The king's solicitor maintained, that the workmen had no right to become masters, in forming together an industrial and commercial society. "We have been informed," says the editor of *Le Populaire*, "that the president said to the accused, 'it is quite useless for you to revolt; for there are the *gendarmes*; and if the *gendarmes* are not sufficiently strong, there are the *soldiers*—a piquet, a company, a battalion, a regiment—all that is necessary.'"

We have further testimony to the *Practicability of the Associate Principle*. A Hand-loom Weaver of Camlachie writes to us, reporting the happy results of partial co-operation in that village, among a body of 300 of his craft.

"It is because the people have not acted on these principles that they have done so little for themselves; but the time is fast approaching when they will see by the little they have done, that it is in their power to do a good deal more; and by the different towns and villages communicating with each other through your journal, and making known what had been done by each, they would thus stimulate each other to greater exertions, and induce those who had done nothing to make some exertions for themselves; and while each would be co-operating for their own advantage in their different localities, they would, at the same time, be learning to co-operate with each other on a more extended scale, and would thus be better prepared to act in concert, when the time arrives for universal association.

I read, with deep interest, the excellent article by Dr. Smiles, giving an account of what the people of Leeds had done for themselves, and think that every other town ought to follow the example he has set, and send a report

of their co-operative proceedings. I purpose, here, to give you some account of what has been done in our village.

The inhabitants are nearly all hand-loom weavers. Their wages do not average more than five or six shillings per week, and at the present time not so much as that, as trade is very dull, and many only partially employed; so that there is very little in their power in the way of helping themselves. Nevertheless, they have effected some little, by the wonderful power of co-operation. They have a Friendly Society, which has existed since 1772. Some years ago they had a considerable sum of money in one of the Glasgow Banks; they drew it out, and borrowed as much as enabled them to build an addition to a property which they had erected some years before; this property now brings them an income of nearly £50 yearly, besides supplying some of the members with good houses at a cheaper rent than they could get from any other proprietor, and at the same time enabling them to draw a greater interest for their money than could be obtained from any of the banks. The money they borrowed is all paid some time ago, and they have a considerable sum lodged in the bank, and will soon be in a condition to build again.

This is one way in which the industrious classes might erect improved dwellings for themselves. If the immense sums which they have sunk in the different banks were laid out in this manner, it would soon be discovered that it would be much better employed than in circulating for the benefit of other classes. If the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows had laid out the £36,000 which they spent in seven years on ribbons, sashes, and other non-essential paraphernalia of their order in this way, they would have reason to look back with more satisfactory feelings on their proceedings during that time.

But to return to our village; we have also a Funeral Society, which provides for a decent interment for its deceased members. Five years ago, I drew up rules for the establishment of another society, embracing in its objects the advantages of a funeral and friendly society, but could get only one individual to co-operate with me. We resolved to make another effort. At a later time we called a meeting, (better than two years ago), but only five individuals attended. Notwithstanding the smallness of the number, we resolved to make a commencement; and before three months, we had 70 members. We made it a yearly society, the surplus to be divided equally among the members at the end of each year; the second year we had 108 members. In these two years we have divided nearly £30 among the members, besides expending £43 in aliment and funeral money. This year we have 416 members, with a growing disposition among them to let their yearly dividends remain in a collective sum, to enable them to co-operate with it in some other way which will be more advantageous to them than in lifting it in small sums individually. Besides these societies, we have erected three large and commodious school-rooms, by our own subscriptions; they are occupied on Sundays for religious purposes, and through the week day and evening classes are taught in them.

I am aware that these are but partial modes of association; at best, they are only calculated to palliate the evils of the system which we now labour and suffer under; still they are useful, if it were only as so many schools of experience, to lead us unto associations of a higher order. If our employers will not admit us as partners, and co-operate with us as brothers and children of one great Parent, then the children of toil may be induced to set up for themselves, and take Sir Robert Peel's advice and take their affairs into their own hands. And when I look at what 300 poor hand-loom weavers have done in our own village by the power of co-operation, and I know that they have not done all that they might have done—when I look at the vast sums that have been expended in strikes, and the still more vast sums which Friendly Societies and the working classes generally have sunk in Savings Banks—when I look at the growing intelligence, and the deep manifestation for a more extended union of our order, I feel convinced that a great and unseen power is fast preparing us for a new and better era in the onward career of human progress.

SAMUEL WELLWOOD, Hand-loom Weaver.

Camlachie, March, 1846.

A member of the Communist Church, at Bedworth, Warwickshire, has furnished us with the following account. It will be understood that in this part of our paper we claim rather to report the acts and opinions of other men than to express opinions of our own, unless it distinctly appears that we are commenting, and not reporting. The letter is addressed to the Editor of the *People's Journal*, and dated from Bedworth, Warwickshire:—"Friend.—With thy permission, and at the request of a number of working men, members of the group of the Communist Church here, I will lay before the readers of the *People's Journal* the following report. The decided liberal and progressive character of thy paper, of which the PEOPLE may indeed be proud, as a herald of a bright and glorious future, has induced me to send it thee for insertion.

In October last, 1845, Goodwyn Barnby, from London, arrived here after an invitation to that effect. Soon after his arrival a room was procured, in which he lectured to a numerous audience on 'Societary Science, or the Philosophy of History.' The lecture treated of poetic cosmogony, the various theories of human origin. It defined the progressive states of society, deduced from the study of universal history, as follows:—Paridization, Patriarchy, Clanism, Barbarisation, Feudality, Municipality, Civilisation, Association, and Communisation. This last state, from considerations of prophecy, and the mechanical improvements and inventions of present society, it considered to be the future of our planet. About a week after, he preached a sermon to a still more crowded assembly than before, on 'True and Practical Christianity.' In this sermon it was fully proved that practical Christianity and Communism are identical, from the example of the early Christians, who 'had all things in common'—Acts, chap. ii, v. 44. chap. iv, v. 32; and also the testimonies of the fathers of the church. 'We,' said Justin Martyr, 'who loved nothing like our possessions, now produce all we have in common, and spread our whole stock before our indigent brethren.' 'Whereas the Jews,' says Irenæus, 'consecrated a tenth, they who live under the liberty of the gospel give all to the Lord's use.' Tertullian also says:—'We Christians look upon ourselves as one body, informed, as it were, with one soul, and being thus incorporated by love, we can never dispute what we are to bestow upon our own members; accordingly, all things are in common, excepting our wives.' St. Barnabas says:—'Thou shalt communicate all thy goods to thy neighbour, for if you associate for things incorruptible, how much more should you be united in things corruptible.' 'Nature,' says St. Ambrose, 'has given all things in common to all men. Nature has established a common right, and it is usurpation which has produced a private claim.'

On the 16th of February, 1846, Goodwyn Barnby again preached, on the 'Doctrine of Good Works.' As illustrations of the sermon, the examples of the Christians of Jerusalem, the Shakers and Rappites of America, the Jesuits of Paraguay, the Moravians, and, lastly, the White Quakers of Ireland, were cited. In speaking of the uselessness of mere credal opinions, the preacher said:—'Thou sayest, I believe the Bible: I say be the Bible. Be the book of God. Be the commandments of goodness scripted within thy soul; and let thy actions be the letters: then may we all read.'

On the 23rd of February he preached on the 'Life and Example of Jesus,' and again, on the 2nd of March, on the 'Sayings and Precepts of Jesus.'

Beautiful, indeed, were the truths developed in these sermons. As he stood, his countenance beaming with the love of which he preaches, I involuntarily said to myself:—'Oh, that the whole of my brothers and sisters of unrequited toil could hear these great and holy truths, how soon would they alter a state of society which makes men slaves and tyrants, and keeps them so! A state in which every pure and holy resolution is blighted almost before it is formed; in which the precepts of Jesus of Nazareth, and the good and wise of every age and nation, are but as so many printed characters without any practical application. On behalf of the Bedworth group of the Communist Church, thine in truth,

JESSE JONES.

Notices.

The cordial and generous assistance lent to this publication, from its commencement, by

MR. AND MRS. HOWITT,

while they could feel no other interest in it than that which sympathy with its objects inspired, demands from the Editor one word of grateful acknowledgment, before the opportunity of doing so with propriety passes away. Mr. Howitt now joins the Editor and his fellow-partner, Mr. Turrell, in the

Proprietorship of the People's Journal

We are authorised to add, that both Mr. and Mrs. Howitt will use every exertion to aid in carrying out the object the Editor had in view in the establishment of the work—that of combining, in the direct service of the people, a greater amount of Literary and Artistical Excellence than has ever before been known in this country in connection with any similar publication.

We shall endeavour to make all our mechanical arrangements equally worthy of those to whom the JOURNAL is addressed. We shall improve our paper, we shall improve our printing; and in various minor, but still important ways, improve the general aspect of the publication. Whatever defects of this nature may be perceptible in the numbers already published are to be ascribed solely to that fruitful source of mishaps, hurry; and, with that, will shortly and permanently disappear.

In a word, no expense, no labour, will be spared by the Editor and his fellow proprietors to place the PEOPLE'S JOURNAL among the first periodicals of the age, for beauty of appearance, variety of information and entertainment, enunciation of great principles, and a genial and generous tone of criticism.

London, April 11, 1846.

JOHN SAUNDERS.

Mr. Howitt commences in the present number a series of Letters on Labour, addressed to the Working Men of England.

Mrs. Howitt will translate, for the following number, an ORIGINAL PAPER she has just received from the distinguished Swedish Novelist,

FREDERIKA BREMER,

ENTITLED,

CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN;

A Letter to a Friend in England.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—With this Number we give an extra leaf, containing a new portrait of Miss Martineau; the former one having been materially injured during the printing, in the edition sent out in numbers.

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The Week

Ending Saturday April 18th, 1846.

A CORRESPONDENT makes a grave accusation against the working-classes—that of not appreciating the advantages held out to them. He does not write for publication, and we will not violate his confidence as to names of men and places; but his strictures are worth the attention of the working-classes. Our correspondent's immediate object is to vindicate the upper classes from the charge, so frequently urged, of indifference to the progress of their poorer brethren. He points out instances of scientific meetings held at a place in a southern county, showing "that the gentry are not so opposed to knowledge as many think." "You will observe," he says, "that the Bishop of — and family were among others who formed a crowded audience at a lecture on Geology, delivered by a banker of liberal politics, and a churchman of evangelical sentiments." "Another lecturer," says our correspondent, "is a churchman of what is termed the orthodox party, and —, who lectures on conchology, is a clergyman of the Evangelical denomination." "The Natural History Society owes its origin to a disenter, the master of an English day-school, and a teacher of mathematics and the natural sciences; who has raised himself to high repute from the station of a sailor-boy." "I grieve to say that Mr. —'s labours in the cause of science have been much less valued by the working-classes than by the educated gentry. Indeed, in the country, it is very difficult to induce the mechanics and working-men to avail themselves of intellectual advantages. Sometimes, at our Institute, after paying a lecturer 27. we do not receive 5s. at the door, in shape of tickets; and the ex-collector, a tailor, has turned out a defaulter to the amount of 97., through other extravagance and idleness, for here there is no want of work, our poor-rates being only sixpence in the pound; day-labourers receiving 12s. per week; and masons, carpenters, and plasterers about 17s. or 18s." Our correspondent writes in so good a spirit as to forbid the idea that there is nothing in his bill of indictment. At the same time two facts are to be borne in mind. His experience is founded on the occurrences of a town in the agricultural districts; where the labouring classes are undoubtedly less prepared for intellectual cultivation than in the manufacturing districts. And the advantages at — seem to have been offered to the labouring people rather in the way of patronage, which is often distasteful to those who are to be served. No one likes to have his acceptance of a favour presumed; the favour then becomes a burthen imposed. But we might express a more sweeping doubt: it will be found, we suspect, in most cases of failure like this, that the proffered entertainment, instruction, or whatever you choose to call it, has been of a too purely didactic kind. Man lives not by bread alone—the human stomach will not thrive if confined to those elements of food which are most "nourishing;" and the mind needs its salt and its sugar, especially when it has to be roused from a state of apathy, and trained to relish a more refined style of nutriment.

Among *The Strong Boot and Shoe-makers* there is a movement to resist the encroachments of the employers, by a self-supporting society. The proposal is embodied in a pamphlet by Mr. Devlin, well-known among working-shoemakers for his intelligence, and successful use of the pen. The agitation arose among the men lately in the employ of Mr. Kendall, an extensive master in that branch of the trade. The men have been on strike since January; having been forced into the measure, they say, by their master's conduct. They thus describe the affair. Mr. Kendall was opposed to the unions, in which his men had joined; having secretly provided a large stock, and secured himself from inconvenience or loss, he gave notice to his men of his intention to withdraw his employment from all those who would not agree to give up their union; alleging as a reason, that he had been informed of an intended demand, on their part, for higher wages. The men denied having meditated any such demand; but objected to Mr. Kendall's proposal; and they were thrown out of work. A deprecatory letter from his workmen, pledging themselves to seek no advance of wages if he

would promise to enforce no reduction, was sent by deputation to Mr. Kendall, but he treated it with contempt. Thrown into strike without funds (for they had just assisted their prother workmen in Belfast, in a like emergency), they managed to procure help from other associates in their trade, which enabled them to get on, until the second week in March, when the suggestion was made that they should establish a place to manufacture for themselves. Various meetings were held, and were attended by delegates from about half the sections comprised in the London districts. At a later meeting, the progress of the Society was checked, however, by the disagreement of some of the City delegates in the measures proposed; and as the support of the districts that agreed was found insufficient for the desired objects, the "strong trade" determined to proceed with the plan by themselves. To enable them to carry out their wishes, they solicit from their own or other trade societies, donations or loans towards the funds for commencing the contemplated enterprise.

A correspondent supplies us with some details of a new building society which is in the course of formation, called *The West End Economic and Mutual Benefit Building and Investment Institution*. Its professed purpose is the investment of capital by low weekly instalments, to buy land for building. The funds are to be raised by weekly subscriptions of one shilling per share, or not more than two shillings. "The payments are weekly, in order that the industrious classes may deposit a small portion of their earnings as they receive them—out of the reach of the publican. There are no mere depositors, although a member withdrawing will receive 4 per cent. for his investment. In existing societies' 120l. are to be paid the lender at the end of 10, 11, 12, or 13 years, for the payment of 10s. per month, per share; in other words, he gets 120l. for a five years' loan of £60

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It is feared the majority of borrowers will not be able to continue the payment of such an exorbitant rate of interest, and many forfeitures will be the consequence; as was the case of a society which closed in Liverpool some time ago, in which there were, at that period, only 40 borrowers, out of 190 members! Did the 150 lenders or investors get their promised 120l. per share? Is it possible? The industrious classes have, I think, been induced by flattering promises to join such societies without due consideration." A new feature in the arrangements of the society is, that all the members have an equal share in its management; in cases of inability to pay up the instalments, no fines are exacted; and in the cases of sickness, death, failure in business, or cessation of work, the society is open to an arrangement for continuance of the subscription by the member, his widow, or surviving family.

An effort has been made to remove certain difficulties in the shape of duties, which operate as restrictions on building societies, by petitioning Parliament for their amendment. "Such difficulties and hindrances," says the petition, "are increased by all persons joining such societies (and obtaining advances from the funds of the same,) being liable to certain *ad valorem* duties, imposed by Acts of Parliament, on the consideration or purchase-money and on the deed of mortgage, and other stamp duties, which in the circumstances of many of your petitioners, added to the arrears on subscriptions, (especially when the society has been in existence for any considerable time,) with the Conveyancer's and other charges often amounting to a considerable sum, prevent them from availing themselves of the great advantages held out,—thereby leaving your petitioners, in case of want, sickness, age, or other infirmity and their respective families when not otherwise provided for, dependent on parochial, charitable, or other uncertain aid, which your petitioners are most anxious, by every legitimate means, to avoid,—as being in their consequences alike calculated to destroy every feeling of independence, and of the best interests of society of remedying."

The reports of a meeting held some time ago, in the National Hall, Holborn, for the purpose of forming a *National Band and Building Association* were over-

looked at the time; but the fact is too interesting to be omitted. Mr. Wakley was chairman, and explained the objects of the association; which are set forth in a circular—"In this institution persons may have the security of freehold property, and four per cent interest, or they may at any time convert the whole or any portion of their investment into a life annuity, on liberal terms, upon the same security; or they may, for the small sum of £5 (extending upwards to £10 and £15, according to the age of the individual), obtain a habitation in a healthy situation, which will be their own freehold for life, subject to no rental, and conferring the right of voting for members of parliament for the county. Those who pay a small additional sum may have a freehold habitation which they can bequeath at their decease. Persons may deposit large or small sums, descending downward to as little as sixpence per week; or sixpence at any one time, and upwards to any amount. No fines nor forfeiture if the individual finds it inconvenient to continue his or her subscription." A numerous attendance of the working classes showed their interest in the subject under discussion. The proposers and seconders of the following resolutions were also working men. "That it is the opinion of this meeting that freehold land furnishes the most secure basis which can be conceived for the investments of the accumulated savings resulting from the industry of a nation, whether as a reserve for sickness, old age, or any other contingency, or as a provision for families; moreover, that the possession of landed property in this and every country, has usually been accompanied with political power; that freehold land also furnishes the groundwork on which the combined skill and industry of the people could easily provide commodious and healthy habitations for every individual of the population, workshops and factories for their industrial pursuits, schools for their children, and public buildings for the purposes of recreation, as well as for scientific, moral, and religious instruction; and, therefore, that an institution which possessed the requisite organisation for realising these results, would be entitled to the most cordial support." "That it appears to this meeting that The National Land and Building Association is calculated to produce the results mentioned in the first resolution; and, seeing that through it the right of voting for Members of Parliament may be obtained at a much smaller cost than has previously been made known, this meeting cordially recommends it to the working classes throughout London and the provinces."

By an accident, more easy to be made than needful to explain, the exordium of our Annals in a late number referred to some matters not included in the sequel. We allude especially to some strictures on the *Abuses of Loan Societies*, sent to us by a correspondent who promises further particulars. "I have before me," says the writer, "the guide to a hundred Loan Societies in London. Upon examination, ninety-seven of them may be termed injurious, and many of them are positively swindling transactions. Your talented and philanthropic correspondent, Mrs. Gillies,* has begun her exposure of them in good style. I have to inform you that, the metropolis having become too warm for them, they have now begun to extend to the provinces. We have this week seen posted in our town a prospectus of a Loan Society, offering loans to people in the country. The interest and charges are about 20 per cent, and there is a clause as to the money paid for inquiry not being returnable when the money is not advanced." In proof of what he advances, our correspondent furnishes us with a placard, offering advances of money to persons in the country by a society in London. As a loophole for eluding the contract, an insidious clause signifies that, in cases of refusal, "it is to be particularly observed that the managers will not undertake to assign the reason why the loan is not granted." Another clause notifies that "The bill-stamp, and charge for inquiry, must be paid for when the application is made."

Our attention has been called to the attempt made by a few working men to establish a *Friendly Co-operative Fund Society* for their mutual benefit. A prospectus of the Society states that the first objects of the fund are to

* The article alluded to is a tale in our Fifth Number, by Mrs. Caroline A. White, entitled "The Artisan and the Loan Society."

accumulate—by entrance fees of 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., or more, and by weekly contributions of not less than 3d.—a capital, for the twofold purpose of purchasing and selling articles of general consumption, and accommodating members with loans of money, on personal security, in all cases at the moderate interest of 5 per cent. It is also intended to carry out a more extended plan of *United Interest*, in the way of an exchange of labour, mutual employment in trade, building or renting houses or land, &c., for the benefit of subscribers. The offices of the Society are at Investigation Hall, Circus-street, New-road.

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MR. AND MRS. HOWITT,

while they could feel no other interest in it than that which sympathy with its objects inspired, demands from the Editor one word of grateful acknowledgment, before the opportunity of doing so with propriety passes away. Mr. Howitt now joins the Editor and his fellow-partner, Mr. Turrell, in the

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We shall endeavour to make all our mechanical arrangements equally worthy of those to whom the JOURNAL is addressed. We shall improve our paper; we shall improve our printing; and in various minor, but still important ways, improve the general aspect of the publication. Whatever defects of this nature may be perceptible in the numbers already published are to be ascribed solely to that fruitful source of mishaps—hurry; and, with that, will shortly and permanently disappear.

In a word, no expense, no labour, will be spared by the Editor and his fellow proprietors to place the PEOPLE'S JOURNAL among the first periodicals of the age, for beauty of appearance, variety of information and entertainment, enunciation of great principles, and a genial and generous tone of criticism.

London, April 11, 1846.

JOHN SAUNDERS.

To SUBSCRIBERS.—Mr. Fox's Lectures to the Working-classes are suspended for the present; on their resumption, the reports will appear, as usual, in the *People's Journal*.

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The Week

Ending Saturday April 25th, 1846.

THE Easter recess reminds one of Parliament, and provokes the question, what has the legislature done to earn its holiday?—what particularly for the working classes? Alas! but little. Mr. Thomas Duncombe has made an attempt to improve the law relating to benefit societies; which are at present kept under, in point of scope and number, by the most absurd restrictions; while from defects in the wording of the statute, the control necessary to regulate the societies and their officers, and so to secure honesty, sometimes proves ineffectual! In amending the law, Mr. Duncombe tried to loosen those needless restrictions; Government, however, interposed, undertook the change requisite for the proper working of the existing law, but forbade all extension. With that negative and grudging justice the working classes must remain content. Some indirect share of the general advantage, indeed, they will derive from the measures to substitute free-trade for the protective system; but they only take their relative share with other classes—no particular advantage is given to fetch up the long arrears due to them. And even that possible share is imperilled by the practices which multiply chances against the passage of every good measure. To say nothing of adverse interests and hostile persons, Parliament is a bad workshop for the people. The labouring man and the senator have this in common, that at Easter both rest from their labours; but how much good solid work has not the labouring man turned out, while the senator has indeed but little to show for his industry. Yet Parliament has not been idle. The holiday is needed as well by the jaded maker of laws as by the jaded maker of shoes; only the way of doing business in the great law-manufactory is so wretchedly bad, that weeks and months of drudgery are nearly devoid of tangible fruit. The working men must, after all, be their own great benefactors.

The co-operative principle which has so long existed among them, in the form of trades'-unions, seems attaining a maturer shape, in the formation of self-supporting institutions for employment, by which the working classes hope to emancipate themselves from thralldom. This novel application of the principle has been tried with success in several instances. The *Journeyman Hatters of Manchester* have been testing its efficacy during the last five years, with favourable, if not the most brilliant, results. In 1811, about 2400 working hatters of Manchester, Oldham, Stockport, and Denton, were thrown out of employ, in consequence of their masters' refusal to accede to a demand made by a portion of the men for an equalisation of wages. A strike of fifteen weeks ensued; during that time the funds of the union to which the men belonged, amounting to 1200*l.*, were expended in their support. The struggle, however, proved ineffectual. A counter-union of the masters, and the exhaustion of their means, obliged the men to submit without achieving their object. But the failure suggested the formation of a Joint Stock Company, for the manufacture and sale of Hats, on account of the union; affording the members employment at fair remuneration. At a meeting in Ashton-under-Lyne, attended by 1600 hatters, the society was constituted; and operations were commenced by the foundation of a wholesale manufactory at Denton, and the establishment of retail shops in Manchester, Hyde, Ashton-under-Lyne, and Dukinfield. In 1844, the progress of the company was reported: its profits for the year were stated to be 143*l.*, and it was calculated that, with a capital of not more than 700*l.*, employment had been given to about sixty persons. But though the society advances, and though experience shows the advantageous nature of the plan, if it could be fully carried out, the progress is not so rapid as could be wished.

By way of advertisement, the company have issued a broad-sheet almanac for the present year, containing a great deal of information on general subjects, and a variety of interesting and useful details respecting joint-stock companies and benefit societies.

The *Letter-press Printers* are old hands at combination; and an intelligent correspondent adduces their union in

proof of what might be done more generally. "The first and easiest step towards the general organisation of labour would be the centralisation of each trade individually—that is, the amalgamation of each entire trade throughout the kingdom into one association. Every trade doing this separately, the fusion of the whole into one great body would be greatly simplified. The great recommendation of this plan is its practicability; having been carried out with remarkably happy results in one profession already. We allude to the printers; of whose system the following is but a very faint outline. The United Kingdom is divided into five districts, each governed by a distinct board and officers; subdivided into numerous local boards, governed by a council and officers chosen in each locality. A correspondence is kept up by the five district secretaries; and no important step is taken without the consent of the whole kingdom. The advantages of such an association over the old system of disjointed trades'-unions in every town is apparent at a glance; and the greatest stride towards the organisation of labour on a firm basis would be accomplished. Moreover, other trades will have the advantage of a model—a model that has been tried, and works well with the difficulties contingent upon a new system. The amount of power that would be thus obtained, to elevate their moral condition, is incalculable. When the principle has been carried out completely, and in the same energetic way it has begun, the foundation of a "United Trades' Association," for mutual improvement and protection, will be firmly laid. A central board, consisting of officers appointed by every trade, might be formed, which would give stability by centralising the whole. The above project would carry out, in a more efficient and surer way, what has already begun at the National Hall. The idea was good, but they seemed to have commenced at the wrong end. It must be plain to the commonest understanding, how much easier it would be to call an army of a hundred thousand together when formed into regiments, than to form one of the same number of individuals; the plan so far can be tested by actual knowledge. When such a time comes, there is room to hope for a much higher development of the social system as connected with the labouring classes; and it will then be seen to what degree of intellectual attainment the 'masses' may arrive at under more genial and humanising influence. The experiment is worth trying, were it only for the latent talent the effort may bring forth, that is now borne down by excessive toil and privation."

Leeds Redemption Society.—This society held its first quarterly meeting for 1846, at their rooms, Austin's Temperance coffee-house, Newnam's-yard, Briggate, on Monday night, the 6th inst., when the regular election of officers for the quarter took place, and the rest of the routine business was transacted.

We are happy to inform the public that the report for the quarter showed a steady increase. What is still more satisfactory, members of the middle ranks of society are giving it their support, and its progress amongst all classes, and all creeds in religion and politics, is encouraging. A rector of the Established Church, eminent for piety and benevolence, has written a very encouraging letter to one of the officers. The collectors perform their duties with exemplary perseverance, and all are determined to command success. The following address to the people was unanimously adopted, and it is hoped will have a good effect:—

"Fellow Countrymen.—You complain of grievances, which only exist from your want of will to destroy them. Your power is sufficient to render you prosperous and happy. Can you be induced to exert this power? The great cause of human misery in all countries is the disunion in the proprietorship of capital, skill, and labour; and the true remedy consists in uniting these. *Labour, mental and bodily*, creates all wealth; therefore, in a properly ordered state, all wealth would appertain to the labourer in mind and body; but labour, whether of mind or body, to be most efficient must be combined. All co-operative economics, when properly conducted, have ever been found to be attended with the greatest advantages. A co-operative state of society will benefit all classes, whether rich or poor; it will confirm the wealthy in their position, and it will elevate the labourer; therefore, all

are interested in its success. These views are now understood and advocated by many of the benevolent rich, as well as by many talented authors, and by great numbers of the more intelligent labouring classes. A general feeling has been gradually rising in the public mind, that some practical method of giving beneficial action to this general mind should be attempted. The Leeds Redemption Society has been created to meet this want. It aims at a complete co-operative's union of land, capital, skill, and labour. It is enrolled, and under the full protection of the law. All parties connected with it, in offices of trust, are men of property, and are bound in full legal securities. All officers perform their duties gratuitously, salaries being made illegal. All contributions to the society, whether of members or donors, are purely gifts irrevocable, and cannot, without a breach of law, be applied to any other purpose. Thus, the society acts for the public, debarring its members from all individual pecuniary gain. It is bound by its laws to manage the public funds for the specified public purposes.

"Any person can be a member whose character will ensure him a majority in any ordinary meeting; yet to ensure stability in the government of the society, all persons must remain candidates for six months, paying one penny per week. The whole entrance (money) fees are only 1s., for which he receives two Acts of Parliament and the rules of the society; so that the government is both liberal and stable—stability of character being the real test required. Perhaps no society was ever founded with greater care; and, as far as human prudence can prove, it is infallible. One great feature is, that the society shall not purchase anything on credit; this principle the reader must keep in view. The association now consists of between 300 and 400 members and donors; thus recognising the great principle that mankind are the children of one Almighty Parent; and seeks, by the union of the wise and of the good of all parties, to build up enduring homes of happiness for all.

"Leeds is divided into fifteen districts; there are collectors for all of these, who call upon the contributors every week. The funds are lodged in the Leeds savings-bank. The books of the collectors are audited every Monday night. Collectors are as liable to punishment for fraud as the collectors of the poor-rates are. The banking-book is kept by the president; and no funds can be withdrawn, except by an order from a general meeting, and signed by the president and secretary. When sufficient funds are accumulated, an estate will be purchased in the neighbourhood of Leeds, in the best situation for manufacturing and agricultural purposes that can be met with; then workshops, schools, and factories will be created, and such manufactories will be prosecuted as appears to the society best suited to the locality and the times. The various works will be executed by men selected from the members and donors by election. The best and most improved machinery will be employed, and every invention adopted that will facilitate production; for here, for the first time, machinery will be an unalloyed good to the labourer; it will be his property.

"This is an outline of the mode which the Redemption Society proposes to commence the great emancipation of mankind; and it calls upon all men desirous of a legal and peaceful change to assist in the great work. Any person in Leeds may become a member or donor, by calling any Monday night, from eight to ten o'clock p.m., at the society's rooms, Austin's Temperance Coffee-house, Newham's-yard, Briggate; or, if desirous of becoming a donor only, they may leave their address at Mr. Elijah Russell's, boot and shoemaker, 162 Briggate, Leeds; or at Mr. David Green's, bookseller, 166, Briggate, Leeds: all such persons will be waited upon by the collector of the district in which they may reside. Friends, in all parts of the United Kingdom, may send donations by post-office order, or small sums in postage stamps; all such letters must be addressed to Mr. William West, treasurer, tailor and draper, Talbot-yard, Briggate, Leeds; all such sums will be acknowledged by letter from the secretary, and by the public papers. The society calls upon all persons friendly to the cause to form districts, and make regular collections amongst the people in all parts of the country; all such collections to be transmitted by post, with all particulars. Persons in any part

of the country may become members, by sending their address, and other particulars respecting their character and intentions, providing such particulars shall satisfy the society of their fitness. All such communications must be accompanied with 1s.; sixpence of which is the entrance-fee as candidate, and sixpence to pay the postage, &c., of the applicant's rules. All such applications must be addressed to Mr. David Green, bookseller, 166, Briggate, Leeds."

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The Week

Ending Saturday May 2nd, 1846.

The most striking incident which we have to record this week is one of those ceremonies peculiar to our own day, in which a new spirit among the aristocracy pays a tribute of respect to the worth and hardships of the "labouring classes." The party that gives utterance and body to that generous sentiment has been nicknamed "Young England;" but, by whatever name known, its behaviour merits the acknowledgments of the working classes. Not "gratitude;" there is no need for those classes to be "grateful," because a modicum of their just rights is at last surrendered. Nor is the due tribute complete. Lord John Manners and his companions address the working classes, however "affably," still with a condescending reference to social distinctions, which are not waived. The benefaction is accorded *de haut en bas*—but it is accorded. That which was for ages denied has been expressly allowed, and the "gentleman" is the avowed companion of the working man. The Young Englander professes to derive his practice from ancient times, when the serf was part of the family, and the villein had rights in the soil; but the language which the high-born speaker now uses—of eloquence, of reasoning from man to man, of bookish converse—attests the immense difference between the dependents of the real feudal noble and Lord John's independent hosts at Birmingham. There is no resemblance between them, and the less the better. Such crotchets, however, derogate from one's sense of the young nobleman's understanding of the head, rather than his understanding of the heart.

The Birmingham Athletic Institute celebrated its fifth anniversary on Tuesday, the 14th of April. The attendance was not so much adorned by the presence of aristocratic guests as it was last year, but was more numerous. Lord John Manners was faithful to his post as President, at the head of the table, and he spoke with all his hearty feeling. Notwithstanding cavil and misrepresentation, he said, public approbation had been stamped upon their institution, and its affairs are in a flourishing state. "Well, then, gentlemen, all honour, I say, to those young working men of Birmingham who dared to be founders of such an institution, and who dared, against no little obloquy and misrepresentation, to cherish the infant tree which now gives rest and recreation to so many under its spreading branches. The fact is, there are many excellent people whose knowledge and ideas are bounded by their own experience, and who dread the slightest departure from the beaten track they have ever trod, and who mistake all change, whether it be the renovation of an old custom or the adoption of a new one, for a revolution: thus, all work and no play having become the characteristic of modern English industry, any the slightest return to those heartier, more just, more manly, and especially more English habits and customs, which acquired for our country the name of 'merry England,' was, and in many instances still is, regarded by that very respectable class of modern critics as a dangerous innovation, subversive of the morals and industry, and sure, in the long run to end in the destruction of Church and State." And what has the society done under such discouragements? "Why, we have shown without parade, without unnecessarily shocking those prejudices I have alluded to, seizing whatever opportunities were afforded us, that the people of England, who work so hard and so readily, can stand the trial of a few days holiday in the course of the year, that a cricket-match does not necessarily imply the howling down of the pillars of State, and that a village dance need not end in dancing off the crown from her Majesty's head. This the workmen of Birmingham have done; and by this means they now see 'the gradual dispersion of those mists of money-getting prejudice,' which would deprive the working man of that time for recreation which in other days was his undoubted right. For theirs is no isolated attempt; but a movement is now going on for shortening the hours of labour, and enlivening a life of toil, all throughout the manufacturing districts; and even the Ten Hours' Factory Bill, though hitherto defeated, is at length on the eve of being passed into a law." The

earlier closing of shops is part of the same movement. "In the rural districts, too, a great advance has been made. The may-pole is erected in Kent, and cricket and manly games are fostered and encouraged; and I look forward, in the course of a few weeks, to be present at a festive meeting of those rural villages, where, after a service of the church, by those who wish it, the rest of the day will be spent under the walls of my father's castle in manly games and harmless amusement—and I do not despond of being able in a few years to say with the poet—

How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pasture circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed."

Why did he refer to these things, but because they all emanate from the same source as their own institute. But much still remains to be done; and he hoped that a day's recreation would never be perverted and disgraced by immorality or drunkenness, which could not but do much to retard the onward movement, by giving a handle to their opponents. But their society does not stop at giving relaxation to the body—it also provides improvement for the mind, making "a sound mind in a sound body" its joint object. "And by this wise tempering of work with play, and both with intellectual study, and all under the mastery of religion, how ennobling becomes the life of an English artisan!" He earnestly besought them to place confidence in their fellow-Englishmen, so that the aristocracy and the working millions may regard each other with mutual good-will—all doing to the best of their power their various duties in these days of care and fretfulness, and looking forward to the future with hope and trust. Several other gentlemen delivered speeches. The evening closed with a ball, and dancing was kept up till a late hour in the morning.

A meeting of the Trades of Liverpool was held on the 31st of March, in the Commercial Hall of that place. A crowded room attested the strong interest felt by those present in what was going forward. The meeting was convened, as the placards stated, for the purpose of "taking into consideration the resolution come to by the Master Builders' Association on the 23rd ultimo, and to adopt the best means of protecting those workmen who have been turned out of their employment for being members of the various trade societies." Mr. William Leggett, joiner, was chairman. The other speakers were Mr. John Tanner, plasterer; Mr. Richard Buck, and Mr. James Wilson, joiners; Mr. John Sifton, shoemaker; Mr. John Carlisle, and John Gibson, masons; Mr. J. Davies, Mr. John McKiernan, and Mr. William Wilson, bricklayers; and Mr. Richard Shepherd, brass-founder; who all spoke with the earnestness of men satisfied of the justice of their cause. Mr. Tanner noticed the contradiction displayed by employers in availing themselves of the very principle they formerly opposed: he referred to the combination of the master carriers in Scotland, as well as to the present instance. "There was one great error," said the speaker, "which seemed to prevail: it was this:—In Manchester there was a strike for an advance of 2s. or 3s. a-week amongst the joiners; in Birkenhead there was also a strike amongst some branch of workmen; but in Liverpool there was no strike at all. So that let no one present, nor any one who might read the account of that meeting, labour under the idea that the men of Liverpool were seeking a reduction in their hours of labour, or an advance in their rate of wages. They were agreeable to work under the present regulations, provided their kind-hearted masters would admit of it." In conclusion, Mr. Tanner read the following document, to which the men were required by their employers to subscribe. "We the undersigned, do hereby declare that we are not, or will not remain, members of any trades' unions, or of other societies, under whatever designation they may be known, which have for their objects any interference with the rights of labour, or the arrangements that may be entered into between employers and workmen. And, we further declare, that we will not appropriate, and, as far as we are able, will not permit to be appropriated, for the purpose of supporting a turn-out

here or elsewhere, amongst the building branches or otherwise, any sum or sums of money belonging to any sick, burial, or other society, which has been established for benevolent purposes alone." All the speakers strenuously urged peaceful but determined resistance to the present demand. The following among other resolutions was adopted:—"That it is the opinion of this meeting, that well-regulated trade societies are both just and necessary, as well for regulating the price of labour, as to keep in check avaricious and tyrannical employers, and are also of opinion that, those men who have been discharged from their employment for refusing to sign a document that they would abandon those societies, are deserving of both public sympathy and support."

National Land and Building Association.—A meeting of members and friends of this Institution was held on Monday, at the Coffee Room of the National Association, 242, High Holborn, for the purpose of considering the best means of giving effect to the resolutions of the public meeting at which Mr. Wakley presided; the resolutions having strongly recommended the measure for the adoption of the working classes throughout the metropolis and the provinces.

As the best means of giving effect to the resolutions, it was then resolved:—"That an auxiliary Committee of not fewer than fifty persons be appointed for the purpose of disseminating a knowledge of the Institution in their respective localities. The committee have since met, and reported favourably of the success of their operations. Several letters were read from different parts of the country, expressing great interest in the Institution and its proceedings. A letter was read, moreover, from Stafford Allen, Esq., of Cowper-street, City, giving in his adhesion to the Association, and manifesting his sincerity by a liberal donation to the auxiliary fund. This gentleman is a wealthy member of the Society of Friends, well known for his active exertions in the Temperance Movement, in the Peace Society, the Anti-Slavery Society, and in other public measures of progressive improvement: facts that render his adherence to the Institution the more important. He is a nephew of the late William Allen, of Plough-court, Lombard-street, a well-known philanthropist. A letter was also read from the honourable member for Finsbury, Mr. Wakley, proving that his interest in the success of this measure was not limited to the assistance which he rendered it at the public meeting, for the letter intimated his intention of being present at the next meeting of the Committee, being anxious to afford the undertaking every aid in his power."

Two lectures on *The Public Health* were delivered at the Beaumont Institution, Mile End, on the 13th and 20th of April, by Joseph Toynbee, F.R.S., senior surgeon to the St. George's and St. James's General Dispensary, at the request of the Metropolitan Working Classes Public Health Association, of which he is Treasurer.

In the first Lecture, "On the Sources of Disease," it was shown that an enormous amount of disease and misery afflicted the human race, and that a large proportion of it may be wholly prevented. The causes of this disease were pointed out as consisting in the absence of plans for Ventilating and Warming of all buildings—Deficiency of Light in houses, especially in those of the labouring classes—the Impurity of Water and the Deficiency in its supply—Defective Drainage and Sewerage—Insufficient Exercise and Recreation—Unsuitable Abodes—the Bad Condition of Schools, and the Burial of the Dead among the Living. The different diseases abounding in the human race were closely as possible traced to one or more of these sources, and it was clearly proved that whenever these sources had been removed, disease and mortality had at once very much diminished.

In the second Lecture, "On the Means of Preventing Disease," various improved plans were pointed out. (1.) In the Ventilation and Warming of Houses and Public Buildings; (2.) of supplying Water in an unlimited quantity at high pressure and from a pure source. (3.) Efficient and economical Drainage and Sewerage; (4.) the provision of pure Food and Beverage; (5.) the establishment of Exercise Grounds and Gymnasias; (6.) the erection of Wholesome Homes for the Working Classes; (7.) the provision of proper Schools; (8.) the

universal use of Cemeteries. Attention was then directed to the "Public Health Cause," as one of the most extended and useful that had ever been advocated. The Government "Health of Towns Bill," the labours of the Health of Towns Commission, and of the numerous societies throughout England were alluded to, in proof that the Cause of the Public Health had already attained possession of the minds of the people. It was shown that by this cause the root of those evils were seized upon, which palliative measures had hitherto rather tended to nurture than to overcome.

The Lectures, which lasted nearly two hours each, were listened to with the deepest attention by nearly 1,000 persons; the audience to these lectures being larger than to any that had ever been delivered since the foundation of the institution. The enthusiastic bursts of applause which followed the demonstration of the means of overcoming the numerous evils at present existing, attested the interest taken in the cause.

On the evening after the second lecture, a Conversazioni was held in the Lecture Theatre, at which specimens, models, diagrams, plans for ventilating, draining, supplying water, &c. &c., were exhibited. Between 300 and 400 persons were present, who attentively listened to the description given by the members of the committee of the Metropolitan Working Classes Public Health Association, who attended at the various tables; the articles were examined, their prices, the names of the makers, modes of use, &c., were written down by the visitors, and the greatest interest excited.

After the Conversazioni, a meeting took place in the library of the institution, when "The East of London Public Health Association" was established, and a committee of fifteen gentlemen enrolled themselves to carry out its objects. It is hoped that this example will be universally followed. Further information can be obtained by a perusal of the "First Address" of the Metropolitan Working Classes Public Health Association, published by John Churchill, Princes-street, Soho-square, at one penny each, or six shillings per hundred, of which 5,000 copies have been already circulated; or by application to the treasurer, Joseph Toynbee, F.R.S., 12, Aigyle-place, Regent-street; the Honorary Secretary, Thomas Wilson, 20, Hart-street, Bloomsbury; or to any member of the committee, the names of whom are printed in the address.

Notices.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Mr. Fox's Lectures to the Working-classes are suspended for the present; on their resumption, the reports will appear, as usual, in the *People's Journal*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We can receive no anonymous contributions to the *Annals of Industry*. Names and addresses may be furnished in strict confidence, but we must have them, as a guarantee of the writer's good faith.

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The Week

Ending Saturday May 9th, 1846.

THE more we see of the *Benefit Societies' Bill*, as altered by Government, who took it out of Mr. Duncombe's hands, the less we like it. While professing better to define the law to secure the rights of subscribers, it also limits the law, so that the number and scope of such societies must be restricted. Sir James Graham and his colleagues labour under two kinds of mistake: they think it sound political economy to prevent the working classes from using organised funds to raise wages, for which purpose they would prevent benefit societies from supporting strikes; and they would debar the working classes from forming funds in aid of political objects. Those restrictions they cannot really enforce. To attempt enforcement is unjust, while the middle and upper classes are allowed to have their Anti-Corn-Law Leagues and Agricultural Protection Societies, their Reform Clubs and Carlton Clubs, their societies to prosecute ill-conducted domestic servants, their quarterly meetings of ironmasters, and hundreds of other combinations with funds, to effect political purposes, and to act indirectly on prices or wages. But the end, we say, cannot be attained; and the only effect of the endeavour to taboo such objects against the working men must be, that they will be driven to shifts and to concealments, and so placed more at the mercy of dishonest men, who trade on the difficulties of their class. Some of such men, we know, had no small hand in fomenting the Lancashire disorders of 1842. There is one simple course open to Government, which would attain every just end with safety to all: authorise the organisation of all benefit societies and funds, with a proviso that illegal objects shall render any society illegal, and forfeit the rights of the subscribers. There would then be perfect freedom in the establishment of benefit societies; while the onus of ascertaining that their objects were legal would fall on the subscribers; and the onus of proving them to be illegal would fall on the accusers of the society.

An extensive *Contest* is going on between the *Masters and Journeymen of Liverpool and Birkenhead*. The continuance of strikes has led to a combination among the master tradesmen, to effect the abolition of unions among their journeymen. With this intent, at a meeting held by the employers on the 23d of March, the following resolution was passed:—"That each of the masters now present will require every workman in his employment to sign a declaration that he does not, and will not, belong to nor subscribe to the funds of any trades' union, and will discountenance any appropriation of the funds of any sick or benefit society to the support of a turn-out of their own or other trades. And each employer now present (testified by his signature to this resolution), hereby declares that he will not employ any workman who refuses to sign such a declaration." A placard was also issued by the masters, setting forth their reasons why trades' unions should be abolished. In consequence of this movement among the masters, the *Central Committee of the National Association of United Trades* have addressed the trade societies, and working classes generally, of Great Britain and Ireland, calling on them for support and assistance in the emergency.

We have a report that the *Joiners of Aberdeen* still hold out on strike. It appears that some of the masters expressed willingness to advance the rate of wages; but the concession was nullified by their requiring the men to sign the following paper:—"We hereby declare, that we are not in connection with any union, or association, whereby we are prevented from dealing individually with our employers in regard to wages, nor are we in connection in any way with any association which collects funds for the purpose of supporting men who have struck work on account of wages, or interferes in any way with those men who are willing to keep their work."

The *Operative Bakers of Aberdeen* lately held a *soiree* in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Queen-street, to celebrate the

establishment of the association. Mr. John Graham, the chairman, recommended continued efforts to attain the same privileges as their fellow-workmen had obtained in sixteen Scottish towns which he named, where the journeymen bakers only worked ten hours per day, and had one-third more wages than the Aberdeen workmen, who were labouring eighteen hours out of the twenty-four.

The anniversary meeting of the *Canterbury Mechanics' Institution* was recently celebrated by a *soiree* at the Guildhall Rooms in that place—Alderman Brent in the chair. The meeting was numerous attended. The entertainment was varied with music, and several speakers addressed the meeting. The report stated the successful progress of the society, and announced a donation of fifty volumes to the library from Mr. C. Brock, as well as several pecuniary gifts.

A correspondent, who deplores the injurious effects of the *Pawnbroking System*, and the fraudulent practices of many loan societies, directs our attention to a plan which, he says, has been partially adopted with benefit to the poor, by attaching "loan societies to all the savings' banks;" thus extending the convenience of banking to the humbler class. "We know," continues the writer, "how serviceable are the loans the middle and higher classes get from the banker at fair interest. Many are the emergencies which fall for the loan among the poor—fitting out a son, buying a cow, a mangle, &c. Why should they not use their surplus savings as the rich and middle classes do? The machinery is in existence: savings' banks, with competent officers and responsible trustees, would, under Government authority, carry on the measure efficiently."

A *School of Design* is in course of organisation at Leeds, under the auspices of the *Leeds Mechanics' Institution*. More than 70*l.* has been subscribed towards the expense, and the Government are to make a grant of casts, models, &c.

One of our readers at Worcester makes a complaint against the *Chartist Co-operative Land Society*. "This society," he says, "engages to furnish its members with from 2 to 4 acres of land, with an humble cottage thereon. This property is either to be leased to the tenants for ever, or to be sold; the price of which the Chartists will not particularly state, which causes great dissatisfaction, and makes their laudable undertaking look suspicious. Were they to fix a price, say 10 per cent more than the price paid by the directors, confidence would be immediately restored, and a sufficient sum would be raised to purchase other lands. I wish the Anti-Corn-law League would establish a similar society upon somewhat similar principles; the plots to extend from two to ten acres."

A correspondent, who takes an active part with the *Anti-Enclosure Association* in resisting the encroachments on public pathways in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park, makes a suggestion for giving publicity to such inroads on public right of way. "I have lived for many years in the west of England, and have too often witnessed the perpetration of these public robberies. It was sufficient for the owner of a field through which an ancient footpath or byway passed—and who wished to divert the same, or entirely close it up, with a view to exclude his humbler neighbours from a too close approximation to his mansion, or for the better preservation of game—to prevail on two (perhaps brother) magistrates to sanction such a step, and then appeared the large board with the black letters on a white ground, or more frequently the reverse, and a 'Take notice, this footway is stopped by order of two justices; &c., and all trespassers are to be prosecuted.' I have seen too many instances of this selfish, iniquitous system, and in the majority of cases, where a mere diversion is made, the public have been the sufferers by the exchange. It is true the public have the power of resisting such acts of aggression at Quarter-sessions; but he must possess more than ordinary courage and independence, besides no little spare cash, who would attempt it. It would really not be labour lost, if your numerous readers in the various parts of the country were to furnish you, from time to time, with the particulars of such acts as have come within their own

experience and observation, for publication in the *People's Journal*; which, if it did not afford some check to similar intrusions, at least would serve as a curious record of facts under the head 'Encroachments,' and as evidence for future reference."

A concise report on the *State of Employment in Carlisle* is furnished us by a correspondent:—"In this town the inhabitants are principally dependent upon their industry in manufactures for their daily bread. Cottons are the principal material. There are four extensive mills in the city, and four or five in the suburbs. Independently of the labour executed in these large mills, an immense number are employed in weaving, which they execute upon their own premises. At the present time this branch of industry is by no means brisk; but, so long as the employers deal fairly and impartially with the employed, much complaint is not made, on account of only an indifferent supply in the labour market. The agricultural pursuits in this part of the country vary but little, except in such extreme failures as have been experienced in this country, when Carlisle suffers equally with other places. And, indeed, were it not for those extensive railway undertakings (the Lancaster and Carlisle, the Caledonian Branch, and other lines not far distant from the city), we would undoubtedly have experienced ere this a scarcity of labour. But the contractors of these railways offer such inducements to the artisan as he is inclined to accept; and thus in Cumberland, as well as in many other districts, railway speculations have tended greatly to stimulate trade."

Just as we are about to go to press, the particulars have reached us, in the daily papers, of a meeting held at Exeter Hall, on the 29th of April, for the *Abolition of the Punishment of Death*. Most cordially sympathising in that object, we cannot but express our gratification at the sight of so many eminent men, holding widely dissimilar views, met to concur in a common hostility to death punishments. Among the speakers were Lord Nugent, Mr. O'Connell, M.P., Mr. Bright, M.P., Mr. W. J. Fox, the Rev. Dr. Mortimer, Principal of the City of London School, Mr. Samuel Gurney, Rev. Dr. Candlish, and others. From Mr. Fox's address, which was most enthusiastically received, we transcribe the following passage:—"He said that the movement for the abolition of capital punishment was supported by persons and classes of every variety of opinion. With one class the argument was Scriptural. They take the type of the first murderer and the punishment upon him, namely, that he should go forth unscathed, to live in misery and repentance in the presence of his accusing conscience. Others appeal to the law of our inner moral sense, which shrinks from the degradation of the human form, and its laceration, in public. Others have arrived at this conclusion by the invincible logic of statistical calculations. Others have arrived at the same result, like Mr. O'Connell, by personal experience. Others, again, have poetically and metaphysically depicted the last agonies of the convicted criminal, and thus aroused our sense of common brotherhood. By your crowded and attentive meeting, you prove that the popular mind has joined the confluence of all thinking minds, towards the same great object, in one great tide. The "people's voice" now warns legislators that the hour is come for revising an obsolete, barbarous, and self-defeating law, and for bringing it into uniformity, instead of placing it in antagonism, with morality and religion. Before he sat down he should propose the adoption of a petition to both Houses, that they should take the subject into consideration. What business in which the subject is of greater importance? Is it education? But education here is of a more vital character than ecclesiastical, sectarian, or factory. Let them stop the education of strangulation in which the gallows is the college; and in which to take a degree is to propagate all degrees of crime: let them not stop judicial assassination and refuse to shut the gates of mercy on mankind. He was highly gratified by the testimony of the present crowded meeting. Public opinion had always preceded legislation in similar reforms. It was public opinion which went before Romilly and Macintosh in procuring the legislative mitigation of capital punishments. The savage laws became inoperative."

Correspondence.

[We present the following just as it has reached us. If we may judge from our own feelings in reading it, we should venture to assure the writer, his song of complaint will "find an echo" in others than the class to whom he addresses it.]

To the Editor of the *People's Journal*.

SIR,—If you consider the following lines worthy of a place in your Journal (perhaps they may find an echo in the breast of some one doomed, as I am, to toil on the loom from morn to night to meet the daily cry for bread), please insert them, and oblige, Yours respectfully,

CHARLES M'HARDIE.

Fues of Kirriemuir, April 13th, 1846.

THE WEAVER'S SONG.

They tell me there's a world where the sun shines bright,
And many a flower doth bloom;
But all the world that I must know
Is bounded by my loom.

They tell me there's music by the green woods to walk,—
Hear the breezes go and come;
I don't believe 't, for no music I hear
But the shuttle's dreary hum.

They tell me it is good for to walk,
It makes the limbs supple and strong;
But my limbs are aye weary and aching with pain
Though I walk on the trades the whole day long.

And I hear them tell of things that are fair,
Of mountain, of stream, and of wood;
But never can tell if it's true or a lie,
For my bairnies would want if I should.

Notices.

We shall shortly publish in these pages ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS by

MISS MARTINEAU,

MISS MITFORD,

CHARLES MACKAY, L.L.D.,

(Author of the "Voices From the Crowd," in the "Daily News")

MRS. LOUDON,

H. F. CHORLEY, &c.

Among the Engravings in Preparation, is one from an ORIGINAL DESIGN by

T. CRESWICK, R.A.

This will appear in the People's Picture Gallery.

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The Work

Ending Saturday May 16th, 1846.

The Association for abridging the hours of labour among Dressmakers and Milliners held its annual meeting on the 30th of April; Lord Ashley in the chair. Mr. Grainger, the secretary, read the report; which announced that since the foundation of the society, three years ago, a great diminution of the hours of work has taken place in many establishments; and he enlarged on the important fact, that where such diminution had taken place, both employers and employed bore testimony to the advantages which each derived therefrom: an equal amount of work better done has been the invariable consequence of shorter hours; while the workers are spared exhaustion and suffering. He connected this fact with the result of the Factories Act; stating that the testimony of the manufacturers themselves proves that shortening the hours of labour among the children has produced unmixed good to the employers. Mr. Redmayne, of Bond-street, corroborated this view of the subject; declaring that whenever the masters had adopted shorter hours for their assistants in their shops no pecuniary loss whatever had been experienced. The details of other portions of the report, touching medical aid, the registration-office for obtaining situations for dressmakers out of work, pecuniary assistance, and the enforcement of ventilation in work-rooms, were satisfactory; but the operations of the society were declared to be limited for want of funds.

Amidst the general efforts to remedy the evils of protracted business-hours, one class of sufferers has been neglected. "Whilst the drapers, grocers, and other trades," says a correspondent, "are receiving a fair portion of commiseration from the public, the poor Druggists is passed unnoticed. The greater part of Druggists' assistants are engaged in their avocations from 15 to 17 hours per diem—a duration of diurnal labour greater than that ever exacted by the heartless slave-holder from his negro slaves." Unlike other trades, Sunday brings no relaxation to the druggist; and it is not an unfrequent occurrence for his night's repose to be disturbed by the horrible tinkle of the 'night-bell.' Prescriptions are taken to be dispensed, quite boldly, at 10 o'clock at night, which have been carefully 'pocketed' since the morning. I would here remark that medicine frequently takes two hours in preparation. Why do not the druggists follow the example of the drapers, to endeavour to bring about a result replete with so many advantages?"

The second annual meeting of the Birmingham Association for Abridging the Hours of Labour among the different departments of shopkeepers' assistants, was held on the 1st of May, in the Town Hall. Mr. Scholefield presided as chairman. The report stated very satisfactory progress.

The second reading of the Factories' Bill was proposed in the House of Commons, on the 30th of April, by Mr. Fielden. It will be remembered that this bill was left in his charge by Lord Ashley. In his speech, Mr. Fielden referred to the satisfactory results in the instances of Gardner's mill at Bolton, and of others who have tried the plan of working for short time. "My opinions on this point," he said, "are principally formed from past experience, and I think that there would be no diminution of production, no diminution of profits, and no reduction of wages attendant on the shortening of the hours of labour that this bill provides. I have, with all my brothers, been all my life engaged in the cotton manufacture. I have been in the business ever since the first Act for the regulating of factory labour was passed, and extensively engaged in it, too. I and my brothers are still engaged in it. We employ, altogether, between 2,000 and 3,000 hands. We are now increasing our works greatly, and I, myself, am bringing up all my sons to the same business. I state these things by way of assurance to the house that I have experience in the business of which I am speaking, and a great and increasing interest in its prosperity. I am capable of speaking of the effects of past legislation; and if the Bill be so destructive as its opponents have represented, it is a Bill to abolish the business of myself and my family. Let me remind the

house that no Factory Bill was ever yet passed without the house being stunned with predictions of the ruin that would ensue to manufactures; and all these predictions have been falsified by experiment." Mr. Fielden showed that, notwithstanding predictions by political economists, no ill-consequences have arisen from the restrictions on factory labour since 1819, when the first Act was passed. "You put a stop to night-work in all cases, except by adult males of 18 years and upwards, which has practically abolished night-working in mills. You reduced the labour of children between 9 and 13 years of age from 14 hours a day to 6 hours a day. You reduced the labour of all females above 13 years of age from 14 hours a day to 12 hours, and thereby the labour of all working people in factories has been reduced to 12 hours the day. And what have been the effects of these reductions of the hours of labour? According to the predictions of mill-owners and political economists, foreign competition ought to have destroyed our manufacturing and commercial system, our mills ought to have been standing still, our manufacturers ruined, and our workpeople starved! Have any of these evils overtaken us? No. I challenge anybody to show that wages for labour in factories were not as high in 1845 as at any time since the Act of 1819 for regulating factory labour was passed." To show that the trade at large has not suffered, he cited the increased consumption of cotton. In 1819 the consumption was 109,000,000 lbs., and in 1845 it was increased to 532,000,000 lbs. Mr. Ainsworth seconded the motion. He enlarged on the advantages of reduced hours, and was desirous that the matter should be compromised, by limiting the time of labour to eleven hours. Mr. Hume opposed the measure, from a feeling that it was in direct contradiction to the principle of free trade; and he contended that it would also be an injurious interference with the labour market. He, therefore, moved an amendment that the Bill be read a second time that day six months; which would virtually be its rejection. Sir James Graham concurred in resisting the progress of the measure, and disapproved of further limitation on the hours of labour. He considered that diminution of hours must inevitably result in reduction of wages, and so aggravate the evils already endured by the working man. The experiment at the cotton mill of Messrs. Horrocks had been by no means successful. It had been said that as much work could be produced in the shorter time as in the longer; whereas the amount produced in 60 hours, was 307,525 yards; in 64 hours, 285,240 yards. After a discussion, the debate was adjourned for some days.

The class of Journeymen have failed to better their condition by repeated efforts to obtain from the liberality of masters a higher share in the proceeds of labour, or to extort it by the force of "strike" to raise wages. "A Journeyman Carpenter" sends us an address to his fellow-workmen, suggesting what he accounts a more efficacious plan of action. "The superintendence of your labour," he says, "the conversion and application of the materials you use—all is done by men of your own class, men whom a sixpence or a shilling a-day alone has raised above you; the master furnishing capital, and giving only some general directions. Look, I say, around, and for one moment ask yourselves the question, why you are not, as you are able, skilful, and sober, united in partnership for your common interest, and superintending and executing the work for yourselves?" "I wish to suggest the outlines of a plan of a Joint-stock Builders' Association, to consist of 500 working-men, composed of the proper complement of each branch of the trade. These, by 25l. shares would raise 12,500l., a capital sufficient to commence work, in a twelvemonth; eligible premises could be obtained, and superintending clerks, draughtsmen, and operatives from among themselves, at liberal wages, could undertake any building or buildings to be erected, either in or out of town, to be procured, by entering the field of general competition, from those (not a few I trust) who would rejoice to see this effort among the working classes tried; looking upon it as the dawn of redemption to the tolling millions of the whole world. I conceive that three such associations might be formed in London; and this would take 1600 of the most skilful, sober, and industrious mechanics from the shops of the

masters; and the chain would, soon be broken that has so long banded us together as slaves. Turn out against masters would be done away with, the hours of labour would be shortened, reading and coffee-rooms could be established, baths could be constructed, machinery could be erected on the premises, and all the available knowledge in the management of joint-stock concerns brought to bear by their own enlightened committee of management, so as to further the interests of the society. Working men, it is your hands that complete the largest contracts: you possess, many of you, a few pounds lying idle, or nearly so; by joining this together, you might soon witness that the Co-operative Builders' Society would stand as well in the eye of the public as the magic names of Grissell and Peto, or the still more celebrated ones of Messrs. Cubitt and Co. I omitted one feature in connection with the premises you would require; namely, a timber and deal-yard. The restrictive duties being removed, this will become a thriving trade, and of itself would be no bad speculation among yourselves; but joined to your other plan will make it a safe investment for your united capital."

We have been requested to publish the subjoined resolutions. We do so with pleasure, though not without hesitation; but we will not baulk the good-will of our friendly readers by any "pride which asks humility."—"At the weekly meeting of the Friendly Co-operative Fund Society, held in Investigation Hall, Circus-street, New-road, on the 23d of April (John Lake in the chair), H. D. Griffiths proposed, and William Wynne seconded a resolution—"That a vote of thanks be given by this Society to the editor of the *People's Journal*, for the very prominent manner in which he has placed the objects of the Friendly Co-operative Fund before his numerous readers; which was carried unanimously." "Adopted unanimously, at a meeting of the Committee of the West London Central Anti-Enclosure Association—"That the Committee of the West London Central Anti-Enclosure Association earnestly recommend to 'village Hampdens' the *People's Journal*, as a work well calculated to promote their objects, viz.—the freedom, sports, and festivities of the country." It would be evidence of a grudging spirit not to accept the thanks with pleasure, as we do; but we may take this occasion of saying, that we are still more sensible of another good office rendered to us by the two societies, in furnishing us with information—a more substantial service, as an example to other associations of the people.

A meeting of the inhabitants of Westminster, in support of the *Poor Man's Guardian Society*, took place on the 1st of May, at the Western Literary Institution, in Leicester-square. A numerous assemblage attended. Sir De Laey Evans was appointed chairman, and several speakers addressed the meeting in behalf of the institution; the object of which is to enable the poor to secure the intervention of the law in their applications for parolial relief. Resolutions in furtherance of that object were carried unanimously.

The *Birmingham Gazette* reports a *Strike* among the *Coal and Ironstone Miners* in the employ of Messrs. Lloyd, Forster, and Co., of Wednesbury; Messrs. Addenbroke and Sons, and Messrs. Bills and Mills, Darlaston; Messrs. Bagnall and Sons, Wednesbury; and Mr. Jones, near Darlaston. It began on the 27th of April, in consequence of the above masters proposing a reduction of 3d. per day in the men's wages. "A man from every pit-company in the field had an interview with Mr. Samuel Lloyd, the acting-manager, when the subject was gone fully into, and he told them he did not think it right that he should pay 4s. for work which other masters were only paying 3s. 6d. for having done all round Bilston, Sedgley, and Wolverhampton; but if they could get the men to have 3s. 9d., then he would continue to pay them 3d. per day more than what they were having. This offer to Mr. Lloyd seemed to produce a favourable impression upon the minds of the men who were present. In the course of the day the bellman was sent round the town, giving notice that a meeting would be held in a piece of land called "the Lodge Holes," between Wednesbury and Darlaston, at seven o'clock the next morning,

and in an hour and a half about 100 men and boys, out of the 700 to 800 hands who are employed by Messrs. Lloyds and Co., assembled; and after the question had been discussed, a miner put a resolution to the meeting that they should not go in again at the reduction of 3d. per day. The meeting then quietly dispersed. It is expected the men will not continue out many days."

Another institution for the *Instruction and Amusement of the Industrious Classes* is in process of being organised at Chelsea. The plans of the association augur favourably for its success. The first object of the society is to provide a suitable building for the various purposes of lecturing, reading, and the instruction of classes, as well as the foundation of a library. The sum required for the purpose is calculated to be 3,000*l.*, which it is proposed to raise by 600 shares of 5*l.* each; while an extra fund, by means of donations, is calculated on as a further aid. In order that the society may begin its operations as soon as sufficient means are subscribed, it is proposed to open an institution in suitable premises, to be hired until the building be constructed.

Notices.

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We shall shortly publish in these pages ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS by

MISS MARTINEAU,
MISS MITFORD,
MRS. LOUDON,
H. F. CHORLEY, &c.

Among the Engravings in Preparation, is one from an ORIGINAL DESIGN by

T. CRESWICK, R.A.

This will appear in the *People's Picture Gallery*.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, May 23rd, 1846.

THE Great Strike of the Carpenters, Masons, &c., at Liverpool, and the large towns of the North of England, still continues; and wears a very serious aspect. The Master Builders, in addition to their attempt to compel the men to sign a certificate to abandon all connection with any Trades' Union, and besides, moreover, pledging themselves not to employ any man who retains such connection, have held a meeting to propose a *Masters' Combination*, and threaten to extend this all over the kingdom. The men, notwithstanding, remain firm. The strike extends not only to Liverpool and Birkenhead, but also to Manchester, Bradford, Birmingham, and parts of Yorkshire. According to some accounts, not less than ten thousand hands are out of work. The master-builders of Manchester have imported a considerable number of "Knobsticks," as workmen from distant places, willing to supply the places of those who have turned out, are called, from Plymouth and Devonport, *via* Liverpool. The strike is said to have been much protracted by the Liverpool Dock Trustees having a large number of men in their employ, most of whom are contributors to the funds of the union. It appears, however, that on Thursday week the trustees gave notice of discharge to seventy of those men who are acknowledged unionists, unless they would cease to belong to that body, and we are informed that the Birkenhead Dock Commissioners expressed their readiness to suspend their extensive works, provided the Liverpool Dock Trustees did the same. The builders who have contracts for buildings, bridges, &c., on the railways, are said in various places to be obliged to suspend their works, and are unable to fulfil their contracts. It is therefore feared that an appeal will be made to Parliament, which may lead to measures restrictive of the degree of freedom of combination now allowed to workmen. At the meeting above referred to, which was held at the Portico, Newington, Liverpool, a great many railway contractors who had suffered by the strike appeared, and signified their readiness to join the *Masters' Association*; and a general meeting was appointed to be held at Newton, on Thursday last, at which delegates from all the large towns were to be present, to form a National Masters' Association. On the other hand, the masons of London held a meeting, May the 1st, at the Craven's Head Tavern, Drury-lane, London, pledging their firmest support to their brethren engaged in the strike in Liverpool and the North. At a general meeting of the Trades' Union, Thomas Duncombe, Esq., in the chair, held at 30, Hyde-street, Bloomsbury, was announced the adhesion of 171 Block-printers, making a total of 2581 of the Gately handloom-weavers, of the frame-work knitters of Hucknall Torkard, and the handloom-weavers of Glasgow, all animated by a desire to assist in supporting the masons and carpenters in their strike. A meeting was held at the Victoria Tavern, Three Colt-street, Limehouse, to consider the position of the turn-outs, where delegates from Manchester and London attended. At Leeds, the masters have advanced the 2s. demanded by the men, but have refused to receive again into their employ twenty of the most active of those who conducted the strike. These men have formed a joint-stock company, and gone into business for themselves, and are said to be likely to prove formidable rivals to the masters. At Bradford, the masters have not only given the required 2s., but have withdrawn from the Liverpool and Manchester Association.

Meantime, this disposition to strike appears contagious. The *Miners of Bolton* in Lancashire, and the *Colliers and Miners of South Staffordshire*, in various places, are out. The *Coppers of Liverpool* are now to be added to the number: 400 are generally employed in that town. The *Tin-plate Workers of Ashton-under-Lyne* are also out in consequence of the masters refusing to shorten the hours of labour from 60 to 50 hours per week.

The *Working Tailors of London*, at their conference, have decided upon forming a joint-stock company in sums of ten shillings each, to employ its own members.

Emigration from Ireland, of its distressed and ejected inhabitants to America, continues at a great rate from various ports. The *Waterford Chronicle* gives returns of the number of passengers in the vessels which have left that port for America; by which it appears that 2162 persons have already emigrated, and that several emigrant ships have not yet sailed. In addition to this, three large vessels have sailed from Ross, containing, it is supposed, between the three, some 800 persons. The *Chronicle* says that after the season is over, upwards of 3000 individuals will have gone from the port of Waterford alone.

Drunkenness in Cork.—What will greatly surprise English readers is the following return from Cork, the home and head-quarters of the great Apostle of Temperance. "According to the *Cork Constitution*, the number of drunkards committed to the City Bridewell, for twelve months, ending the 1st of April, in each of the following years, was as follows:—

Year.	Drunkards.	Year.	Drunkards.
1841	2087	1844	2452
1842	2812	1845	3374
1843	1607	1846	6622

Something more potent than Mathewism is required at Cork."

Amongst the features of *Amelioration of the Social Condition*, we notice the following recent movements:

The *Society for better cleaning of the Streets and employing the Poor* has held a meeting to consider what can be done in promoting those objects.

• **The Ten Hour System in Leicester.**—Messrs. R. Harris and Sons, we are happy to hear, have introduced the ten-hour system into their factory. From the second Monday in March to the second Saturday in September, the factory will be open at half-past six, and close at half-past six; half an hour being allowed for breakfast, and an hour and a half for dinner. From the second Monday in September to the second Saturday in March, the factory will open at eight, and close at eight; the same time being allowed for meals as in the former case.

On Wednesday last the *Association for the Protection of Women* held its anniversary meeting, the Lord Mayor in the chair. The attendance was stated to be but slender, but we were glad to see it reported that the subscriptions amounted to 1000l. This association, which is established under the patronage of many of the highest members of the peerage, and the greater portion of the Bishops, as well as the most distinguished philanthropists, deserves the warmest support of every friend to morals and humanity. The condition of unfortunate women in London is becoming so awful as to rouse the attention of the most careless. The tide of demoralisation which is poured through our streets from this source may be faintly conceived, at least, from the fact the other day made known by the public reports that upwards of 2000 unhappy creatures of this class, during the last year, were in the hands of the authorities. This, however, gives no idea of the wholesale horrors connected with this subject. Those which have been made known through the medium of this society are astounding, and render mere common-place the atrocities of negro slavery. The system of alluring unsuspecting young women from the country by false announcements of extraordinary advantages, and kidnapping them into the haunts of infamy, are such as set one's blood on fire with indignation. We have rejoiced to see, of late, advertisements in the *Times*, and other newspapers, from benevolent individuals, warning the thoughtless against this practice. But nothing but the most strict, active, and severe attention of a public body to the nuisance will succeed in checking it. The secrets of these prison-houses of woe, which have lately come to light, are terrible beyond conception. The inveiglement as into a respectable family, the strait-jacket for the resisting victims, the wadded-rooms whence the most piercing shrieks can never reach the ear of those without, are portions of the system which has sent so many frantic creatures under the arches of the bridges of London, and daily fill our police reports with crime and deeds of terror. We again express sincere delight that an association is organised to pay a vigilant attention to this sad subject, and that it publishes a monthly magazine to report its pro-

ceedings, and diffuse information on the question, called *The Female's Friend*. It is a sign of the awakening of a more true feeling of duty, that ladies of most respectable standing and connection, discarding all false delicacy in behalf of their miserable, lost sisters, are actively engaged in disseminating printed appeals to the philanthropic on their behalf, and in promoting subscriptions and co-operation. We say most heartily—God prosper them!

Mr. R. B. Sheridan, the worthy grandson of the celebrated orator and dramatist, has again drawn the attention of the public, by a letter to the *Times* of May 7, to the *Condition of the Dorsetshire Labourers*. His descriptions, a year or two ago, of them and their abodes, and mode of living, excited universal astonishment. There were few who were before aware that in many parts of this proud island, which sends out missionaries to the heathen, and succour to foreigners in distress, there were whole tribes of people living in destitution as shocking, and moral neglect as complete, as any heathens of any land; and this, too, in the midst of the richest harvests, and the best paid of parish pastors. Mr. Sheridan states that his expositions of these things have drawn upon him much odium. Landlords do not like even a landlord and magistrate to lay such scenes bare to the public. It puts them to the trouble of redressing the most crying portion of the evil. Mr. Sheridan thinks his exposures, besides the abuse, have had this beneficial effect; but really, on reading his present statements, we are at a loss to perceive the reformation. His attention was drawn to the subject by a labourer of the name of Soper, who, earning but 5s. a-week, and his potato crop having failed, was unable to procure a pair of half-boots to work in. He had applied to the parish officers to allow him a pair, as he was not able even to find food for his children. They refused. Mr. Sheridan laid his case before the Commissioners at Somerset House, as one of peculiar distress coming within the provisions of the Act. They confirmed the refusal, except he chose to go into the House, as *not being a case of peculiar distress*! What is a case of peculiar distress in the opinion of these well-fed and well-paid gentlemen? We may judge when we go a little further, and see what is the condition of Soper's neighbours. A letter was again written to Mr. Sheridan by a labourer—a more touching one in its tone of deep distress, humility, and strong sense, it has seldom been our lot to read. It complained that the labourers got only 6s. or 7s. a-week; that the farmers who paid Mr. Sheridan and other gentlemen about 30s. per acre for land, re-let it to their workmen for potato plots at 4s. per acre! That such was their deficiency of the most wretched food, that they had not strength to do their work. He went at once on a domiciliary visit to the labourers' cottages, and what did he find as their staple food? Let all England hear it! Let Ireland hear it, and grow satisfied! The sole food was—*boiled horse-beans and turnip-tops*! If Mr. Sheridan, in this case, would redress the grievances of the labourers on his estate, and set an example to his brother landlords, he has only to give the labourers allotments of a few acres each of land at the same rent as to the farmers, and that will soon cure any poverty to complain of.

A society has recently been formed, entitled *The British and Foreign Society for Promoting the Colonisation of the Holy Land*. The Committee of Management contains many names of distinction—as Lord Albert Conyngham; Mr. Ewart, M.P.; Major Maizen; the Rev. Stephen Isaacson; F. O. Fleibner, of Leipzig; Mr. Aglionby, M.P.; Mr. Buckingham; the Rev. T. Drle, canon of St. Paul's; Dr. Von Esser, Brussels; Monsieur Albert, Paris; Henri Everard, Heidelberg; &c. The object of this society is to turn the attention of England to the Holy Land, as a most desirable country for colonising. Its peculiar situation, so accessible by the Mediterranean; its fine climate, and fertile districts; its location on the way, and as a sort of half-way resting-place, towards our Indian territories; its desirableness, as forming a bulwark against the progress of Russia, invited by the weakness of Turkey. It is argued that there is a growing and now very general desire amongst the Jews to return thither; and that in many parts of the world there are large classes

of Jews who are purely agriculturists, and therefore just the people to flourish there; that, whereas some years ago there were but about 2,000 Jews resident in Palestine, there are now about 40,000. This society, however, does not propose to promote the removal merely of Jews there, but of English or other Europeans. Many high authorities are quoted amongst our travellers and journalists, as the *Times* and the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, as earnest advocates for this measure. We shall endeavour to give a more extended notice of this striking association in an early number of our journal.

Mr. Morgan's plan of an *Institution for the working classes*, upon which the Rev. Joseph Brown gave two interesting lectures a short time since in Bethnal Green, is, we are glad to observe, to be brought before a public meeting at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday evening, May 27, at seven o'clock, under the denomination of the Church of England Self-supporting Village Society. The Hon. William F. Cowper, M.P., will preside.

Notices.

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MISS MARTINEAU,
MISS MITFORD,
MRS. LOUDON,
R. H. HORNE,
H. F. CHORLEY, &c.

We have been favoured by a friend with some

ORIGINAL POEMS

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

We give the first in the present Number.

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The Week

Ending Saturday May 30th, 1846.

VICTORIA PARK is now on every fine Sunday crowded to excess. It was visited, on the lowest estimate, on Sunday se'nnight, by upwards of 25,000 persons. Neat iron hurdles are placed round the different lawns and plantations, which are very far advanced. Nearly 30,000 trees and shrubs have been planted in the grounds, which are all in a thriving condition.

The Truck System.—A correspondent in Abingdon, a *Brussels' Carpet-Weaver*, complains of the prevalence of this unjust and mischievous system in that place. He says it is not generally so in their trade, but that almost every house in Abingdon lies under the pressure of it. He considers it to have the most direct influence in maintaining monopoly, as it induces the masters to put all into the hands of the great contractor who sends in the lowest price. Masters, in the next place, having got food for their workmen at this low price, compete with each other in the price of this article, and the whole falls on the workmen in the shape of low wages, and a very inferior article, both of food and clothing, given to them in exchange for their labour. He asserts that it can be readily proved that by these transactions the tradesman gains twenty per cent., and often more, out of the poor man's hard-earned wages. It is, as he justly terms it, a *hidden reduction* of his wages; and a taking of it out of his bones and sinews. By this system the workmen are completely enslaved to their employers, who seldom pay any money, but keep the poor people who have families ever in arrears for provisions. The young single man, who is generally considered to be well off, is especially injured by the truck system, for, consuming few provisions, he is the last to be employed, and the first to be discharged. This ungenerous practice deals out evils in every direction; as there is no money, nothing can be spent in books, or even the cheapest productions of the press. The press should therefore be active in calling on Government to put an end to this nuisance. Our correspondent says, in this trade, the Venetian carpet-weavers are the worst off, and that in that branch a young man can get very little to do. It is a crying wrong.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we record the establishment of *A Working Shoemakers' Association* in London. The men in the "strong shoe trade" who had turned out of the employ of Mr. Kendall, of Drury-lane, for what they considered great injustice towards them, having laid their case before Mr. Thomas Duncombe, M.P., the president, and the directors of "The United Trades' Association," those gentlemen immediately resolved to rescue them from oppression, and to place them in a situation to maintain themselves. Funds were advanced to enable the workmen to commence business for themselves. A shop was taken, No. 151, Drury-lane, opposite Long Acre, and in the immediate vicinity of the principal establishment of their late employer. They state in their handbill that—"The men have already a large stock of Boots and Shoes of every description, of the very best material, and of first-rate workmanship, which stock they are offering for sale at the 'Working Man's Own Shop,' No. 151, Drury-lane. Let then, working men support their 'own order.' Let the friends of humanity uphold the oppressed! Let the public generally buy at the best and cheapest shop! Because, 1.—The workman, employed by and for himself, will receive the highest rate of wages, much higher than he received from Mr. Kendall. 2.—The workman is the vendor of the goods manufactured by him; and, as such, participates in the profits of his business. 3.—The public are supplied with boots and shoes of durable material, and superior workmanship, instead of having old 'vaiped-up' leather, and 'slop work,' imposed upon them. 4.—The public are supplied at the lowest possible price, because the workman and salesman is one; there is no employer to grow rich at the expense alike of the producer and purchaser, and the 'Workman Trader' is content with 'fair profits,' in addition to 'good wages.' The working classes, but more particularly members of Trades' societies, and of Chartist localities, can at once insure the success of this important

effort, by forming 'Boot and Shoe Clubs,' to be supplied from the *Workman's Own Shop.*" It may be supposed that this event has excited no small sensation in the trade and public generally. The shop was opened on Saturday, the 9th inst. Hills were distributed at the door, a crowd was collected about the window all day, and at night, when the working classes had received their wages, a good sale was effected, limited, indeed, only by the stock which had been prepared in the short time allowed. So lively is the interest which Mr. Duncombe takes in the success of the experiment, that he was observed in the course of the day to pass and survey the place and what was going on with evident pleasure. Every friend, indeed, to the well-being of the working classes in this country must take a deep concern in the success of this experiment. We, ourselves, have not failed to pay a visit to the *Workman's Own Shop*, and were much gratified by the business-like air of the whole establishment. The Association comments in its handbills on the inadequacy of strikes, and adds—"that the capital hitherto expended ineffectively, if employed in the purchase of land, the erection of dwellings and workshops, the purchase of raw materials for manufacturing and handicraft purposes, and the employment of the unemployed members of the trades in these establishments, would remove, if not all, some of the evils universally complained of, and be a moral as well as a more reproductive method of using the funds collected for improving the position of labour. How to achieve the great and good objects here indicated will be best ascertained by an attentive perusal of the 'Rules and Regulations' of the Association: a copy of which may be procured on application to the secretary, Mr. Harris, United Trades' office, 50, Hyde-street, Bloomsbury, London. At all events, the directors trust "that the support extended to the 'Workmen's Boot and Shoemakers' Own Shop' will be such as to justify the establishment, by the directors, of similar shops, for every other branch of industry, not merely in the metropolis, but in the principal towns of Great Britain. The way will thus be cleared for those more extensive, complicated, and centralised operations, contemplated by the Association, which will eventually conduce to the peaceful and complete emancipation of labour. It should be further borne in mind, that the success of the 'Workmen Traders' will materially benefit the workmen employed by individual masters, inasmuch as the certainty that labour can and will, if oppressed, secure its own independence, must operate as a wholesale check on the aggression of capital!" The importance of these observations, and of the whole experiment, cannot be overated. We pray earnestly for its success.

In Paris the master-manufacturers, &c., having established what they call a *Jury of Reward to their Workmen*, the workmen have also formed themselves into a *Jury of Encouragement to Employers*. As the masters propose to give rewards for diligence and good behaviour, so the men propose to reward those masters who distinguish themselves by kindness, fairness, and words to their workmen, by a public testimony of their approbation. "If," say they, "it be true that good masters make good men," then their position is unshakable. At first view the whole appears a clever quiz—a *jeu-d'esprit* worthy of *Punch*. The workmen, however, appear serious enough, and there is something startling in this idea of the matter. It marks a new and elevated conception of the relative position of employers and employed. It reminds the former and the world that all alike are men, and entitled to adopt towards each other the same measures for marking and rewarding moral qualities. The rules are published in the French newspapers. The reward on the part of the men is to consist merely of an annual publication of the names of those masters whom at least half of their workmen shall join in testifying to be of good private life, who have anxiously watched over the health of their workmen, and have not feared to be at some expense to make their shops healthy; those whose workshops are regulated by a discipline emanating from the workmen themselves; those who have never gone to law with their workmen; those who have not wished to drop wages, spite of the example, solicitations, or menaces, of their confederate fellow-masters; and lastly, those who, without infringing on the proper wages of their workmen, have admitted them to a share, however small, of the profits

of the business. What would our master manufacturers, and other employers, say to this in England? and still more, what would the agricultural associations say to a reciprocity movement of this kind in those to whom they give the association-coats with association-buttons? We should like to see.

Female Association for the Employment of Needlewomen in the manufacture of shirts and underclothing. Every week now brings us fresh and numerous proofs of the growth of the grand principle of industrial association amongst workpeople. To the tailors and shoemakers we have now to add the needlewomen. This interesting, overworked, and underpaid class of our countrywomen, towards whom so much sympathy has been excited by Hood, Dickens, and others, have now found friends who have formed an association for them. Rooms have been taken at No. 13, Denmark-street, High-street, Bloomsbury, near St. Giles's Church; and from the experience already gained, it is certain that extensive benefit would result, if it were carried out on a larger scale. It is proposed, therefore, to issue shares at 1*l.* each, and to afford the women employed in the establishment the opportunity of becoming shareholders, by weekly payments of sixpence on each share. That five per cent shall be paid only for the subscribed capital, and whatever surplus shall remain over the outlay shall be divided quarterly amongst the workpeople. The establishment to be governed by a committee of thirteen shareholders, including treasurer and secretary, all to be chosen annually by ballot. It is confidently anticipated that by these arrangements good wages may be paid for labour, and that very superior articles will be offered to the public at moderate prices.

Ten Hours' Bill.—The old cry is raised, that the reduction of two hours per day would ruin the whole trade. How often has England been to be thus ruined, and never was yet. It is pitiful that the master-manufacturers should now allow themselves to be put into the shoes of the old slave-masters, for this is precisely the argument which was used against the abolition of slavery. Let them make themselves sure of one thing—that the *law of humanity is the law of profit*; the man that finds his interest in being merciful to his beast, will find it equally so in being merciful to his brother, and his brother's child. As it was found that the abolition of slavery neither caused the ruin of the West Indies, nor the throats of all the proprietors to be cut, as was threatened, so neither will the reduction of the two hours in the mills ruin the mill-owners. It is high time that it became a fixed principle of public opinion in England that its people shall not be constitutionally injured, and the race deteriorated, on any mere plea of any man's, or set of men's, *interests*. The interests of humanity are paramount to all other interests, and will be found always to be the only real interests of the nation at large.

Our attention has been drawn again to the progress of the *Chartist Land Society*, and we have been requested to call from time to time the attention of landlords to the good that has been done by the *Allotment System*; and which good might be done by carrying the system further, by renting lands to the poor at a moderate rate, and building cottages, with good ventilation. These are subjects that we have much at heart. We propose to give articles and plans expressly on the subject of cottages for the middle and labouring classes; and are promised the assistance of men eminent for their skill, and zealous in their benevolence. To the benefits of the allotment system we can bear the most decided testimony, having seen it in operation in various parts of the kingdom, and everywhere productive of the most thorough benefit to all parties concerned. To the labouring man it is a constant source of interest, and substantial comfort to his family; and there is nothing which tends so much to knit up again the ties of kindly sympathy between landlord and labourer, of late years only too much weakened. Our correspondent thinks the League ought to assist the poor by getting them an acre or two acres, and adds that there are many landowners amongst them who could carry out this system. He urges it as a means of relieving the parishes, as the poor would soon relieve themselves if they had anything to fall back upon.

Notices.

A LIST

OF THE AUTHORS AND ARTISTS who have contributed, or who are about to contribute to

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

AUTHORS.

Miss Martineau	Miss Mitford
Miss Bregier	Nancy Cornwall
W. J. Fox	Mrs. Hewitt
William Howitt	R. H. Hume
Ebenezer Elliott	Mrs. Leman Gillies
Mrs. Loudon	Miss Toulmin
Richard Howitt	Charles Mackay
Angus B. Reach	Thomas Cooper
Joseph Mazzini	Thornton Hunt
H. F. Chorley	Arthur Wallbridge
Arnold Weaver	Mrs. C. White
Mrs. Wentworth	W. J. Linton
Dr. Spilley (of Leeds)	Caldar Campbell
Miss Novello	John Fowler (of Sheffield)
Joseph Gostick	Mrs. Bartholomew, &c. &c.

ARTISTS.

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Kenny Meadows	William Harvey
Miss M. Gillies	F. W. Topham
Edward Dunbar	John Franklin
John Absolon	J. W. Archer, &c.

Contributions declined with thanks—"The Cricket on the Heath;" "Oh! welcome as the earliest dews that fall," "On the pleasure and advantage of having something to think about," "April, and other Poems;" "Let not that man, &c.," "A Song of Blood;" "Stanzas to two eminent Living Writers," "R. S. P.," "G. T. P.," "The Press;" "Philosophy;" "The Greatest Pleasure;" "True Glory;" "The Advantages of Scientific Knowledge, &c.;" "When were the Good Old Times?" "Story of the Drunkard's Wife;" "Truth, Peace, and Liberty;" "The Enslaved;" "Lectures on the Spirit of Burlesque;" "Oh, where, where are they?" "Death and Sleep;" "The Itinerant Vocalists;" "Amor Patria;" "Constantine the Avenger;" "Schools for the Middle Classes;" "Restrictions on the Hours of Factory Labour, by a Commercial Traveller;" (If the author of this paper would send us any contributions of suitable facts for the *Annals*, they would be valued.) "A Poor Student of Merthyr Tydvil" will shortly find his wishes practically carried into effect.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, June 6th, 1846.

The Ten Hours' Bill was lost again on Friday the 22nd, but only by a majority in favour of Ministers of 10. Another introduction will probably carry it. Public opinion is fast travelling towards its triumph. If nothing else had been gained, it were worth the whole trouble which the bringing forward of the question has given to those concerned in it, to have produced the speech of Mr. Macaulay. That is a speech which will spread a wide conviction on the subject. It dealt at once with the great principles of the question—whether governments had a right to interfere in the restriction of the amount of labour; to interfere between the employer and the employed, and if so, on what grounds; and it declared—as it appears to us according to the best of all philosophies, common sense—that it has a right, and is called on to interfere, where the health and happiness of the subject clearly demand it. The right honourable gentleman showed that this interference had long been recognised and acted upon, and that clearly to the public advantage. He said we had interfered to protect hares and partridges, and that surely we might extend that interference to human beings. He might have added that we had interfered to protect dogs from overwork, and had, by Act of Parliament, abolished entirely their drawing in carts; nay, by the act against cruelty to animals, we have interfered to protect all sorts of brute creatures from abuse; surely, then, that must be a singular argument which should seek to establish a bar to such protection for our fellow-creatures. But he showed that we had interfered repeatedly, and in factories too. We had, thirty years ago, reduced the hours in factories from fifteen to twelve. We had again interfered to reduce the hours of youths under eighteen, and females. They were not allowed to work in the night; and children between the ages of eight and thirteen were restricted to six and a half hours per day. Had these regulations produced injurious effects to trade? Nobody pretended that they had. There the right and the benefit, too, were established. He might, also, have instanced the restrictions and prohibitions respecting females and children working in mines. He reminded the house that by their Buildings' Act and Health of Towns' Act, they interfered essentially for the public health. People were not allowed to build houses without certain conveniences, nor streets less than of a certain width. If people would not whitewash their houses, Government would do it for them. The case and the necessity of interference were most logically established. The right honourable gentleman put the question again on its right basis, by the doctrine that the health and happiness of the people must be made paramount to all other questions, that of interest, our mere trading interest must be secondary. This doctrine was well maintained. We have no right to allow men, for their private profit, to overwork their fellow-creatures, merely because they are not their property, when they would not overwork their horses or asses, because they are their property. Mr. Macaulay, however, observed, that the doctrine of a loss to the manufacturers, by the reduction of undue hours of labour was a fallacy. He showed that two hours a-day, or one whole day in every seven, had been taken from all labour throughout the Christian world for these eighteen hundred years, or, in other words, a period of fifty years had been taken from labour during that time, and was the world any poorer for it? On the contrary, he believed it was richer; inasmuch as unceasing labour exhausts the finely constructed human frame, which he happily termed the machine of machines. That was the case as to the regarded days' works. It was not a fact that the much work could be done in ten hours as in twelve hours of any given day, it was true as applied to a series of long days. And this is the fact, as it regards the manufacturing districts. The system of forced labour and close confinement is deteriorating the race, and shortening human life; and there is a frightful idea started when we tell the on Mr. Macaulay's assertion, that though a man might do more work in twelve hours of one day than in ten, he could not do the same through a course of ten years

and that when one ten is put to the end of another, and this operating from one generation to another, the consequences become fearful to contemplate.

We feel satisfied that the triumph of humanity on this question is not far off. The alarm of reduced profits and unequal power of competition with other countries, we believe to be utterly groundless. On the one hand, unlimited working of factories only leads to a keener competition amongst manufacturers, to the production of far more manufactured produce, and thereby to reduced prices, bringing with them reduced price of labour. On the other, men—and still more, women and children—working fewer hours, will avoid exhaustion, debility, and disease; while, by checking over-production at one period, it tends to spread it more regularly over others; and thus manufacturers, as men of foresight, will be induced to work more at slack times, a circumstance particularly favourable to the working class.

The Lace Factories' Bill was thrown out on Wednesday, the 20th, by a much larger majority—85. It is to be regretted that the object of this bill was not embodied in the general Ten Hours' Bill by simply extending the wording to lace, as well as silk, woollen, and cotton. There is no reason why children and women should not be protected from over-exertion in lace factories, as much as in factories of any other kind; but the extension of the principle into private houses requires, at least, serious consideration. Labour may be classed as involuntary and voluntary. In factories people are pitted against machinery, and subject to the regulations of the masters. This may be styled, to a certain degree, involuntary; but in private houses lace-machines worked by hand imply voluntary labour, and it is quite another thing to attempt to prevent a man working at his own will and pleasure. As both these bills are for the present done with it will be well for those who are likely to come forward on the next occasion with measures for the same object, to consider earnestly how far the whole may be comprehended in one bill, and whether it will not be better to cut the private machines loose from the main question.

At the Oldham petty sessions, on Monday the 18th, various Master Manufacturers were charged by the Sub-Inspector of Factories with infringing the acts for the protection and proper employment of the workpeople, and were fined. May 11, a meeting of the inhabitants of Dundee was held to inquire into the legal treatment of the six factory girls, by the Messrs. Baxters and the magistrates, when thanks were voted to Mr. Thomas Duxercombe for laying their case before Parliament; and to a resolution passed to carry the case before the Cor. ballot, Session.

Strike of the Shoemakers at Arbroath.—Messrs. of Dundee appear in Arbroath and other neighbourhoods, to be assuming pretty much the same Birmingham Park, that the master builders and their night are the bankers. We Liverpool. The *Wheelwrights*, announcing that the prime have come to agreement, an invaluable institution has, with a game into work. cannot be too highly estimated, pur-

Irish Land.—Even half an acre of land adjoining the Not-time Park, and on the south side of the Catholic church; and the necessary preparations for building 'The People's College' were last week commenced. The building will be in the gothic or pointed style of architecture of the decorated period, being about the date of the year 1320, when gothic architecture attained its greatest perfection. The ground-plan comprises a large lecture-hall, 54 feet by 36 feet, entrance tower and staircase, passages, and three class-rooms."

Advantages of a Joint Stock Company amongst the Workmen in the Building Trade.—We have received an able address from one of this class to his fellows, which we much regret that our space does not allow us to give at length. The writer calls on his fellow men to consider what the present great masters in that trade in London were, and are. They were once, or their fathers, all working men. He says—"I believe that thirty or forty years ago Thomas and William Cubitt were journeymen carpenters: Mr. Peto's uncle, the originator of that immense concern, I believe worked once in a flannel jacket. Mr.

Baker, then, dates the origin of his great wealth to another persevering and lucky man of the same class. The father of Mr. Jackson, of Pimlico, one of the largest contractors, was not many years ago a journeyman stone-mason. I will mention no more names; these are the *aristocracy*, who make the laws of your labour-market; and I do not mention their former condition, or that of their fathers, as a disparagement; I only point them out as a feeble illustration of what you can do, and what you ought to do. The firms I have mentioned have constructed immense workshops, erected powerful machinery, seized upon every new invention to facilitate toil and cheapen labour. The saw-mills of Peto and Cubitt have thrown a preponderance into their scale of competition that is incalculable. Less labour is heeded in the preparation of all plain work; they either get immense profits; or, in order to beat others out of the field, they allow the wealthy companies or individuals who employ them to get their works erected much cheaper than they otherwise could; the consequence is, the burden falls upon the working class, and through them on Society." The writer then states that the price of work, both by the day and piece, has suffered considerably in consequence, and that a few weeks ago twenty men, who had worked at one of these great firms from twelve to twenty-five years each, had the choice given them to be reduced sixpence a day or quit, and that only one felt himself warranted in leaving. This the writer calls a strange prospect for sober, skilful, industrious men, who are creating the fortunes of others. To the character of Mr. William Cubitt for kindness he bears a high testimony; but instances the huge fortunes, and the conduct of others, as calling upon the men to unite and secure the fruits of their own industry. He calls on them to avoid the dilemma of the workmen of Liverpool and Manchester. He concludes that all things point to the necessity of combination for labour and profit, and not for strikes. "Our masters," he says, "have built us no comfortable cottages near their shops, provided us no books, founded for us no institutions for improving our skill, no reading-rooms to amuse and instruct us. They have looked on our unions, such as they are, as merely hotbeds of a spirit of antagonism which were to be met with more grinding and selfish measures. And, perhaps," adds he, "they were right; for nothing can be further from working out the redemption of the working men than such plans. We must bring our capital to bear upon a widely different point, before our position will be altered. We must alter it ourselves. We must co-operate for our united interest." The writer then points out to the working men that, once having accumulated a capital, a new and wide field opens to them, in which they can at once add the pleasure of working for the public good to that of working for their families. "The calls of humanity," he writes, "the wants of society, urge us to see what can be done for improving the dwellings of the poor!" Here they can, he very properly contends, form an association of their trades; the carpenters to build, and the cabinet-makers to furnish, houses for the working class, on "the model plan," by which means they procure comfortable houses for themselves and others, while they accumulate property and insure interest on their savings, far more than savings-banks, funds, or other investments, can offer. "I wish," continues the writer, "for no recrimination. Let the past go, it cannot be helped; let the masters keep those who are willing to follow their plan; but let the path of fair competition be open, and let us strike out a new path, and my firm belief is, that we shall be hailed by the generous voice of every man who rejoices in the happiness of the many more than in the aggrandisement of the few. Let the voice of the *People's Journal* be heard, and the day will soon come when we shall have no struggle to make, nor any concession to offer or receive. We shall all, masters or united men, be honourably employed according to the free, open spirit of England, which is favourable to the aspirations of every man who will do his best for himself and his fellows." This is the right spirit, and the track indicated the right track. In fact, so widely is the conviction of this co-operative-labour principle extending, that it will undoubtedly, ere long, work in the labour-market and the condition of the operative, the greatest revolution that modern times has seen.

Encroachments on Field-paths.—The spirit of these encroachments is daily becoming more daring, and demands the most decided check by the public. Anti-enclosure associations should be established in every town for the purpose of watching over and resisting all encroachments on right of way. London has set a good example; it should be universally followed. While Government is becoming daily more sensible of the necessity of giving to the people of London, and the manufacturing towns more space and scope for exercise and fresh air; while new parks are making in the metropolis, and public walks in Manchester, "the little tyrants" of different places are as greedily stealing the land and rights of the public. In the newspapers of this week we find that Hagg Dell, near Hertford, one of the favorite resorts of the people there, is shut up; and that in Scotland the access to that lovely and classical region, Roslyn Glen, is stopped! This is too audacious. The spot where Drummond, Ben Jonson, Burns, Mackenzie, and almost every poet and prose writer who has lived in or has visited Scotland has wandered with delight, and made classical ground of it—what! will the people of Edinburgh permit the possessor of the soil to dispossess the possessor of the right of access—the public. No! we will not for a moment believe it. Let the soil-lords look at what is doing in Parliament, and take warning. There the whole assembled host of the representatives of aristocracy are bowing their heads to the power of the people, and letting fall one of their many monopolies—the Corn-Law. Is it wise for them to provoke the people, who are destroying the monopoly of corn to look closer into the monopoly of land? Certainly not. All sorts of road, carriage-roads or footpaths, are as much the right of the public as the land is of the proprietor, and the people are not just now in the humour to be robbed. We shall be glad of any accounts of such encroachments well authenticated.

Notices.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—Many correspondents from time to time honour us by expressing great interest in the *People's Journal*, and by inquiring how they may help to promote its sale. We answer, simply but emphatically, by distributing our *Prospectus* as widely as possible among their friends and acquaintances, and more especially among any associations or large bodies of men with which they may happen to be connected. We shall be happy to forward any number of *Prospectuses* for this purpose, free of expense, to parties who will apply for them, either to the local agents, or at the *People's Journal* office, 69, Fleet-street. It is hardly possible to overrate the good that may thus be done by any individual subscriber.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, June 20th, 1846.

Conference of the National Association of United Trades.

The meeting of the delegates of this great national body in annual conference is a very striking event. It is another of the many features of the popular co-operation in maintenance of the rights of labour which are now showing themselves. It is one of the most prominent and significant. Trades have long united their own members for this purpose; but now they take another step—they unite with each other for still further strength, and a more universal, equal, and easy diffusion of it. The measure itself is a proof that the working classes have felt the benefit of even the partial operation of the principle, and have now learned a most important lesson, that they can work together—that there are intelligence, public spirit, and moral disciplining enough among them to enable them to act before the world with thoughtfulness and order, and to teach to their myriad brethren that they have amongst them men, minds, and practical statesmanship enough to guide their own affairs, and even that of the nation if need were. The effect of this must be powerfully felt everywhere. It must inspire courage, confidence, and an honourable ambition in every working man's mind. Every one will feel that he belongs to a mighty body; that spirit and deliberative talent are the monopolies of no class; that it is in the power of the people to put to shame the legislative and executive talents of aristocratic statesmen, and to conquer from capital its own dues, by the very awe of widely extended and firmly but modestly exerted power. Every young man stooping over the last or the plane will feel that there is, if he deserve it, a great and most honourable field of distinction open to him—the field of the great parliament of combined labour, in which men of practical knowledge and weight of character will have their value acknowledged, and may win a solid distinction as having helped to promote the good of the majority of their fellow-men. The very field of this upward change will do more to stimulate solid cultivation of the mind, and of the practical knowledge of trade and the true popular interests, than anything else, and will thus react by producing a numerous race of able men of the people in the bosom of the people, insuring to the popular cause still progressive triumphs.

It is another striking feature of this movement that it is headed by an aristocratic member of parliament. Mr. Thomas Duncombe has nobly come forward, careless of the sneers of his own class, to act for and with the people. There was a time when a man of family, and a member of parliament seating himself as president of an assembly of shoemakers, tailors, and the like, would have been a butt for the wittings of the age—but that age is gone by. There is a meaning in the fact that makes even the shallow dandy look grave. The people meeting in their own parliaments of business, and members of the aristocracy taking their place amongst them as chairmen and counsellors, point to future scenes and unions for more national purposes, which are inseparably connected with great though silent changes in this country of the conditions and the opinions of men. Mr. Duncombe's steady, manly, straightforward conduct in connection with the working classes is deserving of all praise, and will be productive of more good to his country than any other track which he could possibly lay out for himself.

The conference commenced its sittings on Monday, June 1st, in the Hall of Science, Campfield, Manchester. Mr. Duncombe, in his address, thus stated the great object of the Association:—After briefly describing the leading objects of the Association to be the adoption of means "by which the surplus labour shall be absorbed, or kept out of the market, and an equality be maintained between the work to be done and the number of those required to do it," he said, these objects were proposed to be carried out by the labouring classes expending "their funds in the erection of machines that will work for and not against them, and in the purchase or rental of land, whereon they can set to profitable employment the re-

dundant hands who, if suffered to remain in the labour market, would reduce the wages of the whole trade to which they belong. These measures are proposed not to supersede, but to aid those already adopted by organised trades." It is proposed to render them more effective, by extending their sphere and operation. A general union of trades, for the purpose of regulating trades' matters and trades' strikes, for collecting information and funds to "one common centre, and thence distributing them effectively, was also resolved upon by the conference. By means of this union the united strength of the whole Association would be enjoyed by every individual trade in any case of strike or dispute with employers. An organisation so general and powerful could, not only in the majority of cases prevent the commission of injustice and the occurrence of strikes, but, when they did unavoidably take place, would bring them to a speedy and successful termination. We desire to create no invidious or antagonistic spirit in society; but simply to pursue, by fair, open, and peaceable means, a course which shall give to the operative classes a fair participation in the wealth they assist to create. With politics, as party politics, we do not meddle. The social and industrial position of the labourer, and the means by which it may be improved, are the great objects at which we aim; and we invite the co-operation of good men and true, not only among the working, but all other classes of society.

It is needless to say how entirely and cordially we unite with these views, for they are those which from the commencement of this journal we have been zealously advocating. It appeared that there were present 126 accredited delegates, representing 48,000 paying members. The subject of preventing strikes was much dwelt on, and strongly recommended. Mr. Hayes, of Liverpool, said that the trade which he represented had in hand 20,000*l.*, the result of small weekly payments. Let only four other trades do the same, and there would be a fund of 100,000*l.* at once, which would effectually preclude all hope in masters of compelling men to strikes by unjust diminution of wages. It was finally agreed that a fund of 20,000*l.* should be created out of a general weekly contribution from each member of twopence in the pound on the amount of his earnings, and that the allowance to members out of employment should be on the data of twopence per centage on the average wages of the trades comprised in the association, as follows:—

Wages.	Support.	Wages.	Support.
s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
3	2 6	16	10 8
6	5 0	18	11 4
8	6 0	20	12 6
10	7 6	24	14 0
12	8 0	and above	

The committee further recommended that the central committee should apply these sums by employing the men when out of work, wherever practicable.

The conference then proceeded to the election of the officers and committee for the ensuing year. A ballot was taken, which resulted in the appointment of the following as the central committee:—*Metropolitan Members.*

—Mr. Williamson, tin-plate worker; Mr. Bond, carpenter; Mr. Allen, tin-plate worker; Mr. Robson, ladies' shoemaker; Mr. Green, morocco leather finisher. *Provincial Members.*—Mr. Clougham, miner, Holytown; Mr. Blythe, carpenter, Leeds; Mr. Lynn, carpenter, Belfast; Mr. Leneagan, handloom weaver, Wigan; Mr. Jacobs, cabinet-maker, Bristol; Mr. Gouldin, maker-up, Manchester. T. S. Duncombe, esq., M.P., was unanimously elected President of the Association for the year ensuing, and in reply said, that the continued confidence of the Association gave him much pleasure, and so long as he continued to be so honoured, he would promise them his cordial assistance and support to the utmost of the means in his power. Mr. Bush, joiner, London, was elected vice-president, and Mr. Barrat, secretary; Messrs. Grimblett and Snelthouse, auditors. Mr. Robson, of London, introduced the establishment of the Working Men's Own Shop to the conference, and stated that though the men had only been at work a few weeks, they had already realised profits at the rate of 340 per cent per annum on the capital expended. The question of such establishments was earnestly discussed, and seemed to

only with it the zealous sympathy of the conference. This was the chief business up to the moment when Mr. Dunscombe was obliged to leave for London, on Thursday, leaving Mr. Bush, vice-president, in the chair.

Poetry frequently reaches us from members of the working class, which is evidently intended to express with greater intensity than prose admits of, the feelings and views of our toiling brethren. As these feelings, which belong to whole classes, ought to be heard if we are properly to sympathise with their condition, we propose occasionally to introduce a short piece of the kind into *The Week*; and we now insert the following as illustrative of what has gone before.

THE COTTON WINDSTRESS.

By ALLEN DAVENPORT.

Deep in a court, foul-smelling, and obscure,
Among the wretched dwellings of the poor,
I saw a shadow—it was then midnight—
It seemed a shadow by the flickering light,
But I discovered on a closer view,
It was a maid fringed o'er with cotton-flee.—
A wretched orphan! sitting on a stool,
Condemned to turn the everlasting wheel.
She seemed to walk in pain and anxious care,
And down her cheek fell many a silent tear.
And though still young her hair was turning grey—
Incessant labour wore her flesh away;
Her dark blue eyes had lost their wonted fire,
Her lips like one just ready to expire.
In vain on her the voice of pleasure calls,
She sees no object but her snowy balls.
Toll, toll, toll, toll, with scarce a moment's ease,
Yet every day her sorrows but increase.
For still it is her task to wind, wind, wind,
No respite for the body nor the mind!
"God help thee, maiden!" to myself I said,
For saint nor angel with more fervour prayed,
"When will thy threads of misery all be spun?
When will thy life-consuming task be done?
Is there no manumission for the slave,
No resting-place for labour but the grave?
Oh! could the flaunting ladies of the court
Who dally their gay equipages sport;
With numerous servants waiting their command,
To serve up luxuries from every land;
With splendid robes brought home from every part,
Composed of threads drawn out with aching heart!
And glittering gems, such as Victoria wears,
Raked from the mire, and washed with human tears!
Ah! could they sit upon poor Julia's seat,
And turn the noisy wheel, for bread to eat,
One day—one single day, I ask no more,
I need not then their sympathies implore."

Owing to the pressure of other matter we can only briefly notice the following facts of the week. *The Bookbinders*, at a general meeting in Theobald's Road, resolved to establish boot and shoe clubs in support of the Workman's own Shop; and to call on the trade generally to do the same. *The Cotton Spinners of Oldham* threaten a turn-out on account of wages. All the *Framework Knitters of Chesterfield*, and its neighbourhood, are out of employ, and have been for some time. Their distress is great. *The Spitalfields Weavers*, at a meeting in Bethnal Green, resolved to petition the House of Lords against the proposed reduction of duty on foreign wrought silks, &c. *The Carpenters of Havre in France* have given notice of strike immediately, because their wages are lower than those of this trade in Rouen, Paris, and other towns; and their days longer. *The London Strong Trade of Boot and Shoemakers* have resolved to leave the Cordwainers' General Association, and to adopt what they consider a plan of more effectual mutual assistance. The *Carpenters of London* have contributed 600*l.* to the support of the Manchester strikers.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

SIR—Replying upon the good feeling which you have shown towards the working classes from the commencement of your Journal, I, a humble member of that large body, am emboldened to make a few remarks on a subject which has no doubt unintentionally, not hitherto received that consideration which it deserves.

In the article on "Picture Exhibitions" in your last

number, the absence of the working classes from the exhibitions there enumerated is attributed to the high price which is charged for admission to them. That this is partly true, I readily admit; that it is wholly so, I respectfully deny. To my certain knowledge, there are hundreds of mechanics in London to whom the price of admission is but a secondary consideration; the primary one is, how are they to find time to visit these exhibitions. It matters little to them whether the admission be expensive or gratuitous; the hours during which the exhibitions are open for visitors are the most valuable for working purposes—viz., the middle of the day. They are not previously to or after the hours forming the working day: how, then, are mechanics to visit them? When they have work to do, they cannot go to them; when they have none, they will not. In the first place, they know that employment is not so abundant as to enable them to risk its loss for the sake of pleasure; for employers are not proverbial for being so enamoured with the fine arts as to readily afford facilities to those in their employ to gratify their love of art, if it be imagined that the most trifling inconvenience to business may be caused thereby; and, in the second place, although it might be supposed that the desired opportunity is apparently afforded, a prudent man is unwilling to use money for pleasure which he may require for more serious purposes, as he knows that, when once out of work, it is very uncertain when his employment will be resumed: besides, under such circumstances, it cannot be expected that the state of his mind will allow him to enjoy the pleasure to the extent he wishes to do.

Allowing, however, that these exhibitions were open in the evening (which I believe they are not), how is the working man, after the day's labour, to avail himself of the opportunity? He is then too much fatigued to relish any pleasure which cannot be enjoyed in a sitting position, especially if he has to walk any considerable distance to the place of exhibition; and unless the body, as well as the mind, be at ease, where can be the enjoyment?

This is, therefore (in my opinion), the cause of the "practical exclusion" noticed by your correspondent; but how it is to be removed, unless the number of working hours be reduced, or unless the exhibitions be opened for inspection on the day which in this country is thought too sacred to be used for such a purpose, is a question which involves considerations too important to be disposed of otherwise than by a careful consideration of the matter in all its bearings, and into which I am not prepared to enter at the present time. I trust, however, that I have written enough to induce you to give your attention to the subject, and that you will, in some future number of your Journal, say something respecting it. In the meanwhile allow me to subscribe myself,

Your constant reader,

Islington.

FREDERICK WILLIAMS.

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The Clerk

Ending Saturday June 27th, 1846.

The Ragged School Union.—The second annual meeting of this society was held in the Music Hall, Store Street, on the evening of the 9th instant; Lord Ashley in the chair. His lordship stated that he had drawn up queries, and obtained answers from many of the schools in town, and he gave the answers from one as a specimen. At this school the average attendance was 269, and the ages of the children ranged between five and seventeen years. Of these appeared that forty-two had no parents, twenty-one had step-mothers, and seven were the children of convicts. In answer to the question what was their means of livelihood, it was stated that they lived by picking up coals on the river's banks, by selling things in the streets, and by habitual stealing; of the number twenty-seven had been in prison. In reply to the question, what drove them to crime, the answer was, that some were guilty because their parents sent them out, and told them they must get their living the best way they could; and some who had no parents had stolen when they could not beg; and thirty-six of them had run away from their homes, nineteen slept in lodging-houses, forty-one lived by begging, twenty-one never by any chance slept in a bed, seventeen had no shoes on their feet, thirteen had neither hat, cap, nor bonnet, and twelve no body linen whatever.

The report stated that there were 100,000 children in London whose instruction had been totally neglected. The number of such schools in London now are twenty-six, containing 2,600 children and 250 teachers. To some of these schools libraries and washing-houses are attached. They have already produced much and manifest good; the great difficulty is to procure sufficient teachers. In Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, schools have been established, and others are in progress in Birmingham, Nottingham, Windsor, Croydon, and other towns of England.

Too much cannot be said in praise of these schools. They have taught the public as well as the poor children that the public has learnt how much there is to do yet for the poor in London and other great towns. In London though there are now 2,600 children in these schools, that is only so many out of 100,000; only about a fortieth part of them; they show, too, how much needs doing for this host of children when they are of an age to quit school, to have the trade of the country, in that free and healthy state that they may find other employment than begging and thieving. Till then there is great need of a number of establishments in England like that at Mettray, in France, where children, outcasts and criminals, are educated, taught a trade or agriculture, and brought up to maintain themselves by their own labour till their habits are fully framed to industry and virtue. This may be a next, as it assuredly would be a most beneficent, step.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals held its twenty-second meeting on the 10th instant, the Bishop of St. David's in the chair. It appeared that it had through its various officers, prosecuted during the last year 250 cases of cruelty practised in various ways upon horses and other animals, in which they had met with the most prompt and cordial assistance from the magistracy in both town and country. Since the last meeting 1000*l.* had been given to the society by Mr. Ord of Calcutta, and a bequest by another gentleman, which would produce 4000*l.* of funded property. The auxiliary and corresponding societies of the same character in Munich, Paris, Dublin, Belfast, and, as well as in Scotland, were stated to be making great progress in suppressing cruelty.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

June 5, 1846.

SIR—At the request of the committee of the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Labouring Classes, of which I have the honour to be Chairman, I take the liberty of asking attention to the inclosed appeal

in behalf of an object involving, I firmly believe, matter intimately connected with the welfare of the industrious classes of this metropolis.

I am, Sir, your very obedient humble servant,
ASHLBY.

P.S. Towards this object, which will require a sum of from 4000*l.* to 5000*l.*, we have already to acknowledge the following donations.

H.R.H. Prince Albert	£100
The Lord Bishop of London	20
Samuel Gurney, Esq.	20
Rev. E. Holland	50
Mrs. Holland	50
Mrs. Bird	20
Miss Portal	100
Rev. H. Brainwall	10

[We do not know that we can better promote Lord Ashley's benevolent object than by appending a portion of the document that accompanies the above letter—namely a passage from a speech delivered by his lordship at the Manchester Square Rooms, in the course of last month. In this he states—“We have established a certain number of houses for artisans of a certain standing in society, persons who may be estimated as making from 15*s.* to 30*s.* a week on the average. We have also established models of houses for destitute persons, for widows, who may there enjoy every comfort, quiet society, with every material advantage, at a very low rate. We are now proceeding, and if we succeed in obtaining the requisite funds, we shall proceed to found a building which is of far greater importance, with a view to general imitation, than almost any other institution that I can well conceive, in this great metropolis. Our intention is, if, by God's blessing, we succeed in obtaining the funds, to erect in the heart of the parish of St. Giles's, a model lodging-house—a house where a young man coming up from the country for the first time, or others, who wish to live in a place where some, at least, of the decencies of life are observed, may find a place of retirement and of shelter at a moderate rent. No person can know, except those who have been in the habit of going over this great metropolis, no person can know the condition, physical and moral, of the various lodging-houses in this town. This very day I had an interview with a person of very great experience in these matters, and who has gone over these various lodging-houses. He tells me, there is every reason to believe that many of these dens are places where half the burglaries and half the violence perpetrated in London and the neighbourhood are concocted by the parties occupying them. Now, just conceive the condition in which many of these young people are. Many of these young men come up, having received a decent education, and many of them charged with very good principles and very excellent intentions, without anyone to advise or guide them. They betake themselves to the first lodging-house which they find on their path, which affords them a bed for four-pence or three-pence half-penny per night. The probabilities are most terribly against that party, that he may fall into the worst connections by taking up his abode in that lodging; and I believe that if you trace the first cause of the fall of many of these men who come up from the country to engage in the various artisan trades that are carried on here, you will find it to be owing to the bad connections they formed within the first few days of their arrival, by having been driven to betake themselves to some of these lodging-houses, which are the resort, and necessarily the resort, of the worst characters in the town. And it is to no purpose to appeal to the police. You may say to them—Here is an evil house to be got rid of; and the police interfere; but it is only to knock it down in one place to set it up in another, because those persons have no better refuge. The occupants of these lodging-houses are persons of the worst description; and if you drive them from one locality, they only betake themselves to one a little removed. And, therefore, unless some parties in the condition of this society will come forward and institute buildings such as I have mentioned, which will give them eyes, and they can require, placed, too, at the same time, under careful and moral regulations, I do not think

that you will be able, in any one degree, by resort to the law or by the aid of the police, to abate the smallest fraction of this great and prevailing mischief."]

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

Windhill Crag, Yorkshire, May 25, 1846.

GENTLEMEN,—It is only a few weeks since the first part of the *People's Journal* fell into my hands; and its contents have so delighted me, that I could no longer refrain from expressing my gratitude to the host of worthies whose contributions adorn your pages.

I could hardly wish that any portion of your truly valuable space should be occupied by anything that I may be able to say; but, gentlemen, I think it will cheer and encourage you in the great, good, and holy work which you have so manfully and earnestly commenced, to be assured by a *working man*, that labours such as yours cannot fail to be appreciated and approved by the largest and most influential portion of that class, for whose especial benefit they appear to be directed: and I think it is not predicting too much to say, that ere long the *People's Journal* will become the most popular as well as the most able advocate of the rights of industry that has ever been published in this country.

The bold and business-like manner in which you have commenced the bloodless campaign, and the tried heroism and well-known talent and moral courage of the generals composing your staff, are cheering evidences of your efficiency as leaders in the struggle, and afford an earnest of eventual success and complete victory for the armies of industry.

It cannot be denied that the people's cause has formerly suffered in the hands of imprudent leaders; and good and holy principles have been desecrated and brought into disrepute by unwise or unprincipled advocates: but you, I believe, do not need reminding of the responsibility you are taking upon yourselves in becoming the people's advocates, or the sacred deposit which will be placed in your hands as leaders in their cause. The many unsuccessful attempts at amelioration in which they have for a long series of years been engaged, have thrown a dispiriting gloom over the masses, and have almost given them to think that their lot is hopeless and irremediable; the *Journal* is just the thing that was needed to pour the healing balm of consolation into their wounded spirits, and cheer them in their toils, by convincing them that the master-spirits of the age are for them and with them.

The sickly milk and water stuff which has been written and spoken upon the relations of the employer and employed by a mongrel class of political economists, comprising all the different shades of tory, whig, and radical politics, has given the working classes, who know best their own wrongs, a thorough contempt and hatred of the whole class. And although I am very far from thinking that political economy, *properly understood*, is that hard, unfeeling, and wicked thing which many of my class persist in thinking it, I nevertheless think that the manner in which it has been advocated—its complete lack of moral justice, and the apparent contempt with which it inspires its votaries for the sufferings of the industrious classes—are circumstances which, to a great extent, justify the strong opinions which some, even of the best of our class, have entertained, as to its utter heartlessness and inhumanity. The political economists have not sufficient faith in the goodness and perfectability of human nature to enable them to assist in raising that nature to its proper dignity. The labourer never enters into their calculations as a being containing within him the germs of intellectual and moral beatitude, but merely as a thing for producing material comfort, of which he rarely enjoys any sufficiency. In their system the harmony and happiness of man yields to the "wealth of nations." They would starve and crush the immortal spirit in a mad attempt to clothe and enrich the perishing body.

"A brighter morn' awaits the human day." The interests of the masses are now acknowledged to be paramount above all others, even by tory statesmen. Mind is beginning to shed distinction among men, and aristocracy of titles is passing to the toils of the Capulets.

It is to my mind the most cheering feature of your journal, the faith which it inspires and fosters in the undeveloped goodness of human nature—the unawakened sympathy which "is not dead but sleepeth" in the breasts of all men, and waits only for the kindred spark and proper conditions to blaze forth upon the world in acts of kindness, generous sympathy, and love of virtue and goodness; and full sure am I that if the editors and contributors to the *People's Journal* could be invisibly present on some such occasion as I have witnessed, when their productions have been read and commented on at the cottage fire-side, after the close of the day's labours, and could have heard the warm responses drawn forth by the manly sentiments and true philanthropy of William Howitt, or the rapid and glowing eloquence and sterling truth of W. J. Fox, or have seen the tears of human sympathy trickle down the cheeks of the listeners, and emotion choke the utterance of the reader, in reading the true and living fictions of Mary Howitt, Mary Leman Gillies, Camilla Toulmin, or others of your little band; you would each and all take new courage in your glorious cause, and the certainty of ultimate victory would animate you, from the firm conviction of the truth and justice of your cause, which such scenes would inspire.

The oft-quoted lines of the poet Gray are not beautiful in poetry merely; for it is a truth to which every philosophic observer of humanity, as found in the humbler classes, will subscribe, that hundreds of individuals of the brightest natural gifts are never heard of beyond the precincts of their native hamlet, or perhaps their very genius is perverted to their own destruction. A few have struggled up, and these may serve as a sample of the mine of wealth there is below.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Yours in the cause of humanity,

JOSHUA CLARKSON.

Notices.

In order to complete our serial subjects, it has been found necessary to print an extra half-sheet (price one penny) containing the Index, &c. To that we have added

OUR ENGRAVING

for the week, consisting of a Title to the volume, emblematic of the objects of the *People's Journal*. Should it be ready too late for issue with the present number it will accompany the next.

AN ELEGANT COVER FOR BINDING

the volumes will shortly be in the hands of the Agents.

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